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And Journal

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Prioris of the Diocese, -Maurice F. Sammons, Managing Editor

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Friday, March 18, 1981.

ST. PATRICK

Next Tuesday, March seventeenth, is St. Patrick's Day. On that day, fourteen hundred and thirty-eight years ago, the Apostle of Ireland closed his eyes in death. In every part of the civilized world, in every nation and among all peoples, Irish people will pray to St. Patrick on that day. In thought and spirit they will go back to the motherland, dear always to their hearts, and unforgettable for them and their-children. And they will walk in the where Patrick walked, pray where he prayed, and feel in their souls the subline inspiration, loyalty and love which he initiated into the hearts of the Irish peopla many centuries ago.

One thousand years before America what discovered, his life work done, the Irish mation converted to the faith of Jesus Christ, the whole land dotted with schools, wards - Lieaven in every settleat the ident? Fatrick closed his eyes ath. His name has never been forgotthis influence has never died. The people and their descendants, loyal to

in life, and to the Faith he taught have never awerved from the pathto God marked by him. Persecuted, ared, slaughtered, oppressed, robbed, desnoi

The Fighting Race

"Read out the names!" and Burke sat back, And Kelly drooped his head, While Shea-they call him Scholar Jack-Went down the list of the dead.

Officers, seamen, gunners, marines, The crews of the gig and yawl. The bearded man and the lad in his teens.

Carpenten, coal-painers-all. Then, knocking the ashes from his pipe, Said Burke in an offhand way: We're all in that dead man's list, by Cripe!

Kelly and Burke and Shea, "Well, here's to the Maine, and I'm sorry for Spain," Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

"Wherever there's Kellys there's trouble,"

said hurke. "Wherever fighting's the game, Or a spice of danger in grown man's.

Said Kelly, "you'll find my name." "And do we fall short," said Burke, get-

ting mad, "When it's touch and go for life?"

Said Shea, "It's thirty-odd years, bedad, Since I charged to drum and file Up Marye's Heights, and my old canteen

Stopped a rebel ball on its way. There' were blossoms of blood on our

sprige of green-Kelly and Burke and Shea-

And the dead didn't brag.". "Well, here's to the flag!"

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

- "I wish 'twas in Ireland, for there's the place," Said Burke, "that we'd die by right,
- In the cradle of our soldier race, After one good stand-up fight.
- My grandfallier fell on Vinegar Hill,
- And fighting was not his trade; But his rusty pike's in the cabin still, With Hessian blood on the blade." ""Aye, mye," said Kelly, "the pikes were

great When the word was: 'Clear the way!'

We were thick on the roll in ninety-

Kelly and Burke and Shea." "Well, here's to the pike and the sword and the like!" Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

And Shea, the scholar, with rising joy, Said: "We were at Ramillies;

We left our hones at Fontenoy And up in the Pyrenees;

Before Dunklick, on Landen's plain, Cremona, Lille and Ghont-

- We're all over Austria, France and Spain, Wherever they pitched a tent. We've died for England, from Waterloo
- To Egypt and Dargai; And still there's enough for a corps or a
- crew, Kelly and Burke and Shea."
- "Well, here is to good honest fighting blood!

Said Kelly and Burke and Shea,

"Oh, the fighting races don't-die-out, If they seldom die in bed, For love is fist-in their-hearts, no doubl,"-

- Said Burke; then Kelly mid: "When Michael, the Irish Archangel,
- atanda, "The angel with the sword,
- And the battle-dead from a hundred lands-
- Are ranged in one big horde. Our line, that for Gabriel's trumpet waits,
- Will streich three doep that day From Jehoshophat to the Goldon Gates-
- Kelly and Burke and Shea." "Well, here's thank God for the race and
- the sod! ** Said Kelly and Burke and Shea.

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largest lake, the greatest river, and, with one exception, in the loftiest mountain in the Kingdom. Irish products are famed the world over-the marble of Connemara, the china of Belleek, the crochet of Cork, the lace and becon of Limerick, the linen of Belfast, the poplins and tweeds of Dublin and other centers. There are the ship yards, the tobacco factories, and the breweries among the largest in all the world. There are great cathedrals, great universities, great libraries and great museums. - William Charles O'Donnell, in "Around the Emerald Isle."

THE FIRST SUBMARINE WAS INVENTED AND BUILT BY AN IRISH-MAN NAMED HOLLAND.

ABOUT PROSELYTING

When Pope Pius XI recently protested in a vigorous way against promiscuous proselyting in the city of Rome, there were some in this country who were quick to say that the Pope was showing an intolerant spirit towards non-Catholics. It is always well to know both sides of a question before jumping to conclusions. A recent issue of the Osservatore Romano, published in the Vatican City, and the semi-official Vatican organ, gives the side of the Supreme Pontiff.

Proselyting activities in Italy, this paper says, have recently been redoubled in intensity, accompanied by the wide distribution of pamphlets in which the most grossly false attacks are made against the Catholic Church and its dogmas.

"To attract humble people with the bait of money," the paper says. "to introduce clandestinely into the homes of good Catholics pamphlets in which the Papacy is described as the creation of an Oriental emperor who was among other things an assassin; in which confession is asserted to be an invention of the thirteenth century; in which Rome is accused of having falsified the decalogue-can all this be considered religious discussion? Such methods cannot be approved even by cultured and enlightened Protestants themselves.

'Such methods must be curbed because the good faith of the simple people must be defended, not exploited. We cannot concede and do not concede what God and reason do not concede—namely, equal rights for error and truth."

HOW CLOSE TO THE HEART

How close to the heart of great events are we, is shown by the recent death in Lourdes of Bernard-Pierre-Soubirous, the last surviving brother of Blessed Bernadette, the little French peasant girl to whom our Blessed Mother appeared many times in the grotto at Lourdes-the little peasant girl whose glorious visions resulted in the founding of one of the most famous shrines in the world.

Bernard was born in 1859, the

Nature made a fireman out of him right from the start, for at the age of three he set fire to his father's cabin in Ireland, and barely escaped with h is life. When fourteen years of age he took to the sea, and thus had plenty of experience with fire and water before reaching manhood. It was a fairly common thing in New York to make a policeman or fireman out of an Irish immigrant before he took his hat and shoes off after landing. So John Kenlon had no trouble in getting into a uniform, and before he had the uniform wet or soiled he had a wife, Katherine Fitzgerald, fresh from the "ould sod," and as proud and happy with John to-day as she was when they were married fortythree years ago. None of this companionate business for John. Marriage was something sacred to him and Katherine, and both of them would turn the fire hose on Judge Lindsey if he ever came around to talk his nonsense to them.

John Kenlon had been chief of the New York Fire Department nearly twenty years. He was known as a "tough boss," and strict disciplinarian, as well as one of the greatest fire fighters in the world. The secret of it all is that, like the average Irish immigrant of his day, he was not afraid of hard work, was loyal to his duty, faithful to his superiors and devoted to his God. A combination like that will open the treasure gates of success for nearly every man. Along with this, Kenlon had gumption enough to climb two ladders at once, the ladder of success, and the ladder that led closest to the flames lie had to fight.

Now, all New York honors this man who five decades ago was a penniless and friendless Irish Immigrant. "I don't want any cheap publicity, boys," he said to the reporters, when going home from his life's work. For he had smoke enough in his forty-four years of fire-fighting.

"There were two great days in our married life," said his wife; "one when John came home as fire chief, and the other when he came home and said : 'I am through." For youth loves power and glory, and age loves sweet comradeship. And that is the way of the world.

BETTER DAYS IN THE SOUTH

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The dry law is not wet, the United States Supreme Court rules.

Mayor "Jimmy" Walker of New York has achieved fame at last-he is being made the subject of pulpit sermons along with the Volstead Law and other passages of the Bible.

Russia is not opposed to religion, persuasive men and women tell us every little while, as they go about the country, lecturing. Russia recently issued an order forbidding the importation of Bibles and religious works of all kinds, under penalty of seizure. Figure it out for yourself.

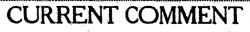
Signs of Spring: We saw a robin. The Fordham football team has commenced to ... practise. Babe Ruth hit a home run in the South. Knute Rockne has been interviewed. Our coal dealer wants a check. Overcoats are cheap. Our son traded the family snow shovel for a baseball bat. Connie Mack says the Athletics have wintered well. A dog bit our neighbor in the calf of the leg. Drug stores are advertising spring tonics instead of sofa pillows." Women are getting ready to clean house, and a lot of churches are holding missions.

Columbia University, presided over by Nicholas Murray Butler, that arch foe of hypocrisy, petty and political tyranny, has a total registration this year of 37,984 students. This includes 13,731 graduate and professional students, and 13,887 who are registered for Columbia's summer school. The total is very impressive, and it won't be President Butler's fault if one member of that great student body leaves the university without having his soul filled to the brim with the finest kind of honest and staunch Americanism.

"A lot of people have the idea that George M. Cohan, famous actor, is a member of the historic Hebrew race. But George is as Irish as Brian Borou, or Red Hugh O'Neill. His father had the euphonistic name of Jerry, and he was an actor of much ability. His mother, Irish, too, was an actress of much talent. So George was born for the stage. The kind of a boy he was to his parents is beautifuly expressed in his mother's will, just probated, which left the bulk of the estate, \$172,568, to George:

"I desire to state that whatever property my beloved husband and myself have, die possessed and seized of, has come from the unselfish generosity of my beloved son, who has earned and enjoyed our everlasting gratitude and affection.

Better tribute than that could not be paid to any man.



IRELAND * inv *

In that little country, smaller than the State of Maine, are to be found the

held fast always to the Cross, read true always to the Faith, and kept atrick, his name, his ideals and his in their hearts. First after year, the world over, for many hundreds of years his feast y has been a day of gladness and of recing, of prayer and thanksgiving, in the will be children of Ireland, the exiles sermons on him are preached each year, my thousands of banquets held in his r, and countless tributes paid to his me and to his memory. For the Irish people he is more than their patron-he is their friend leading them to God.

RELIGION WITHOUT DOGMA

One of the tendencies of the modern world is to ask for a religion without a dognasa. Something easy to swallow, beautiful to talk about and entailing no sacrithes. The visible merging with the in-visible, at the aroma of apple blossoms initial with that of clover blossoms in the filds in Spring. Or anything poetical like that.

Well, it would be just as sensible to expect a child without life to walk, or a mainbout eyes to see. "To ask for a Painton without dogma," says the Rev. Dr. Painton Jasheen of the Cathelic University at Washington, "is to state a dogma. "A dogma is a thought, and when a

than begins to think, he thinks dogmas, e accept without question the every-day formas of science, and the only difference and the dogmas of science and those science in the that the former are grounded a the authority of fallible men, wherehe latter are grounded upon the authe of God

The not no why we should accept the Christ."

a who hold that religion should the name list the sermon is full

And the second second

-Joseph I. C. Clarke.

NEXT TO RUSSIA

America holds the unenviable position of standing next to Russia in the number of divorces granted, according to a report just made public by the Reich Statistical Bureau of Berlin, covering the divorces of the world. The statistics are based upon the population of each country, and they tell a sordid story of matrimonial conditions in Russia and in America.

Russia, whom we profess to scorn because of the Soviet and Communism taints upon her national soul, has 305.7 divorces in every one-hundred thousand population; the United States has 163.3. Austria, strange to say, comes third, with 89.6. England makes the best showing of all nations, with the remarkably low record of 8.6.

In spite of our already bad record in the matter of divorces, three states recently enacted laws to make divorces easier and quicker — Idaho, Arkansas and Nevada, while a fourth state, California, is considering the question of adding to the charm of its sunny scenery the new attraction of easier divorces. The necessary legislation is being prepared now, and to "Sun-Kissed Oranges" we may soon have "Sun-Kissed Divorcees." Idaho and Arkansas will grant divorces hereafter after a residence of ninety days in these states. ifforts were made to reduce these limits, but they were fought by hotels and boarding houses. Nevada, home of the infamous Reno, is planning to offset the Idaho and Arkansas attractions by reducing the necessary residence limit for divorces to seven weeks. Some champions think thirty days is long enough. No wonder Senator Duane Bush satirically suggested that divorces be placed in the mail order list, making them as easy to get as automobile tires or hair dyes.

The stability of a nation is never in its armies or its battleships half as much as it is in its homes. For in the home is cen-tered all law, all order, all patriotism, and when the stability of the home dies, these die also. Our national existence, therefore, depends, upon the stability of the Liona. Divorce is a cancer which eats into the vitals of a home, and it must be childred of runed if we are to exist as a na-lion and a public. Added to this is the volume of our Greator reverberating through The area What therefore God hath joined : after the Blessed Virgin had appeared to his sister. Bernadette was his godmother when he was baptized. He was seven years old when she entered the convent, dedicating herself completely to God. Sixty- six years after his birth he sat in the great Basilica of St. Peter in Rome, and witnessed the impressive ceremony of the beatification of his sister. Now death has folded him in her arms. and he goes to the sister who loved him, and to the God both of them served with fidelity and devotion.

Thus are we reminded that in our own day and time miracles are not entirely of the mystical long ago, but are of our own age and hour-for the great miracle of Lourdes has brought health, happiness. comfort and consolation to many thousands of afflicted people the world over. From all the world hundreds of thousands of pilgrims flock each year to Lourdes, to walk where Bernadette and her brother Bernard wälked; to pray where they prayed, and to feel with them something of the overpowering goodness and majesty of God.

"Miracles," says the cynic, "are mirages of ages long ago dead and forgotten.

But here-here, just laid at rest, is a man who was brother and godchild to a girl who saw and talked with Mary, the Mother of God. And in the shadow of the dominant mountains where this took place -in the grotto where Mary smiled upon the child she loved-many hundreds of positive miracles have taken place-cripples walking who had never before walked; deformed children blessed by the Godgiven benediction of physical perfection: chronic invalids made well-and all of these cases beyond medical help or relief.

The age of miracles has not passed. For God, the author of miracles, still lives and reigns!

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

The way of the world is not such a hard way, after all, for some of us. Life has its blessings, its comforts and compensations if we live aright, work zealously and faithfully, and love and serve God with zeal and devotion.

Seventy years ago, on a Christmas. morning when all the neighbors were wishing each other a happy and blessed Christmas, John Kenlon was born in a little cabin on the shores of Dundalk Bay, County Louth, Ireland. Last week, after fortyfour years of service, he retired as Chief of the New York City Fire Department, and will receive a pension of \$12,500 per year for life.

We have always felt that the heart of the American nation is inherently sound; that its pulse beats normally, and that its soul is safe.

Two years ago the State of Texas. for the first time in its history, went Republican in a Presidential election, though it is normally a Democratic State by a huge majority. That change was caused not by politics, nor by Prohibition, but solely because a vicious, lying, false un-Armerican whirlwind of propaganda was carried on in opposition to Alfred E. Smith, Democratic candidate. on account of his Catholic religion. A great many ministers took part in this propaganda during the campaign.

This same condition existed throughout all of the Southern states, and with disastrous results to Mr. Smith. The Catholic population in all of these states is appallingly low, ranging from one per cent. slowly upwards. Texas has approximately ten per cent.

What were the results? Politically, of course, the results were more sharmeful to the states than to the man who was villified because of his religion. But in Americanism, in tolerance, in kindliness, and in neighborly respect and regard one for another, what were the results? Happy is the answer, for there was a complete revulsion of feeling-almost a removeful revulsion-throughout the entire South. Many of the men who led that vicious religious propaganda were retired from political life by the voters they had deceived. All over the South there arose a great demand for Catholic literature, and for knowledge of the Catholic faith. The popularity of Alfred E. Smith, defeated for the Presidency, grew by leaps and bounds in the very states that had helped defeat him because of his religion. In other words, the sound heart of America, and the safe soul of America, resumed their normal places in the lives of the people.

And now we have another wonderful example-the Legislature of the State of Texas, by a unanimous vote, invited his Eminence Patrick Cardinal Hayes to address it on Friday of last week. It was the first time that a Cardinal of the Catholic Church had ever received such an invitation from a Southern Legislature, and the first time in the history of the South that a Catholic prelate had ever appeared on the rostrum of a State Senate. No wonder Cardinal Hayes declared that the invitation was "pregnant with benediction, and with inspiration to this entire country' a harbinger, in other words, of better and happier days betwen the peoples of allreligions.

INGRATITUDE OR FORGETFULNESS

The human memory is exceptionally short. Back in 1919 the streets of our towns and cities were lined with madly cheering throngs to welcome the homecoming of young men who had made the world safe for democracy. We thought that we couldn't do enough for them then. We praised their valor and promised them our pocket-books. It turned out that our praise was stronger than our promises.

Eleven years after we became scared to death that lending them a billion dollars would bankrupt us. We could lend billions for battleships and bullets. We could sacre fice thousands on the battle fields of Europe's carnage but when it came to lending them a few hundreds of dollars, we drew back. Well, it is the same old story ' We just forget. We forgot to be thankful that American young men were willing to forget all for this country. And while we forgot, we were unmindful of the fact that. we have spent and lost three times as much to enforce a law that has caused more deaths than the actual loss of life among American troops in the fields where the poppies now grow above their sunken coffins. — Catholic Union and Times, Buffalo, N. Y.

The Texas Senate chamber, crowded to capacity for this unusual event, presented a most impressive scene as the Cardinal appeared in his beautiful robes before the assemblage. One can almost see how profoundly moved these good people of Texas were when the Cardinal said to them: "Under my Cardinal's robe is a heart that pulsates with the highest sentiments of gratitude to the Almighty God that I am at the same time an American citizen." And when he said: "My heart throbs the faster when I think that God, in His Providence, designed to have me born under the Stars and Stripes!"

Cardinal Hayes-the fine Christian patriot that he is-spoke beautifully, impressively, eloquently. His presence on that rostrum, and the fine American spirit of his thoughts and words, will not soon be forgotten in the State of Texas. When he closed with the beautiful prayerful wish: "May God's blessings come down upon this great Commonwealth of Texas, may they rest upon the Legislature," there was a solemn and significant silence, followed by a storm of applause and cheers. The heart of America in Texas had answered the heart of America throbbing devotedly beneath the robes of a Cardinal. It was amomentous event, pregnant of great good for the Church in the South,