

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Friday, March 27, 1931

GOD BE WITH YOU!

"God be with you!" said President Cochrane of the Irish Free State, in closing his radio talk to America a few days ago.

"God be with you!" many an Irish father and mother called, as they stood in their little cabin doors long, long ago and saw their children leaving one by one for America, the land of hope, of liberty and of opportunity.

"God be with you!" many an Irish mother still says as she sends her children away to work, to school or to travel.

It is a beautiful salutation, expressive of the deep piety and faith of the children of Erin. It rings true from the soul—a prayer that is never forgotten by those who share in its music and its meaning.

THE GREATEST WOMAN

The greatest woman who ever lived in Christian times, or any other, is St. Catherine of Siena, according to the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.P., editor of The Catholic World. This is a strong statement, many people will say.

Birth controlists would murder her today before she was born, for she was the youngest but one of a very large family. Her life is a veritable halo of spiritual beauty and sacrifice.

PLAY BALL!

The Catholic Courier & Journal this week announces the formation of a Parochial School Baseball League. All parish schools of the city are invited to join.

There is an old axiom—a sound mind, a sound body—that fits beautifully into a work of this kind. A boy playing baseball is not developing bad habits. He is developing, instead, the healthiest and best kind of clean sportsmanship, discipline, thinking, courtesy and well-balanced energy.

FRIENDS OF LABOR

Two outstanding events recently emphasized the fact that in the Catholic Church we do find justice and fairness for the laboring people of the land.

Trees and the Master

Into the woods my Master went, Clean forsook, forsook. Into the woods my Master came, Forspent with love and shame.

at the mercy of the employer who too often will bargain for labor at its lowest cost. If ever there comes the day when labor will be disorganized, we shall again find men standing ready to sell their labor at any price that will be given.

"The employer of today who is not concerned with the welfare of his employee is doing more to create bolshevism than all the soap box orators in the world. The time is past when even the common laborer can be considered a mere cog in the wheel of human industry."

In Denver, Colo., recently the Rt. Rev. J. Henry Tihen, D.D., Bishop of Denver, retired because of advanced age and failing health. All people of Denver united in expressing regret over his retirement.

"Bishop Tihen is regarded more as a father than a prince in the Church" by thousands of poor workers whose cause he never failed to espouse and to defend, particularly in times of such crises as the Colorado coal strike of two years ago.

A NEEDLESS WORRY

Bertrand Russell, worried about the growth of Catholicism, prophesies that within the next hundred years America will be an overwhelming Catholic nation, and that the liberties of the country will be endangered then.

It will not be dangerous to the liberties of America to have this land overwhelmingly Catholic, unless it will be harmful to a nation to possess a people who are taught to live honestly; to live morally; to shun divorce, as one would shun poison; to deal squarely and fairly with their neighbors of every description—black and white, Christian and Jew—and to look upon all peoples as their brethren in Christ; to love, protect and care for their families; to uphold and respect lawfully elected rulers and obey and respect all just laws of the land; to protect the virtue of womanhood; to care for the sick, the needy and the helpless, and to shape their lives in accordance with the ideals and teachings of Jesus Christ.

HOLY WEEK

The last week of Lent, beginning this year with Palm Sunday on March twenty-ninth, is Holy Week. During all the days of this week we walk in spirit in the footsteps of our Divine Saviour. We follow Him into Jerusalem, crying with the multitude: "Hosanna to the Son of David. Blessed is he that cometh in the name of the Lord. Hosanna in the highest!"

On Holy Thursday Jesus goes with His Apostles to the home of one of His disciples for the feast of the Pasch, a solemn banquet of thanksgiving. For the last time He observes the ancient liturgy of the Jews. Then He institutes the new one of the Catholic Church, that marvelous miracle for the ages—the Holy Eucharist.

PALM SUNDAY

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way: and others cut boughs from the (palm) trees, and strowed them in the way: And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried: "Hosanna to the Son of David: Blessed is He that cometh in the name of the Lord: Hosanna in the highest."

THE BLESSING AND DISTRIBUTION OF PALMS, AND THE PALM SUNDAY PROCESSIONS IN OUR CHURCHES COMMEMORATE THIS TRIUMPHAL ENTRY OF CHRIST INTO JERUSALEM

Holy Communion: And for all ages since, in all countries and climes, the priests of the Church of God—lineal descendants of His Apostles—have been following His injunction—"Do this for a commemoration of Me!"

On Good Friday we go with Jesus along the sad way to Calvary. We see Veronica wipe His face, we see Simon of Cyrene help Him carry the Cross, we see the cruel nails driven, the Cross raised aloft—never to be lowered again in the Christian world—and we see Mary, His Mother, weeping at the foot of it.

CATHOLIC MOVIE ACTORS

We cannot help but feel that the cleanliness of American motion pictures will be better safeguarded by the character of the men and women who make them than by any other means.

Among those who attended were May McAvoy, Anita Page, Pat O'Malley, C. E. Sullivan, James Gleason, Jack Coogan, Sr., Eric von Stroheim, John J. Galt, James Ryan, Fred Niblo, Jr., Ruth Clifford, Mrs. Lucien Hubbard, Sam Taylor, Mae Murray, Johnny Hines, Sally Blane, Albert Conti, Catherine Moyer, George Cooper, Jose Bohr, Junior Coghlan, Dolores del Rio, Count de Ramey, June Collyer, Nancy Drexel and Neil Hamilton.

There were many others, of course, and the spirit of the occasion surely sent them all back to their artistic labors with souls attuned to better, brighter and happier plays.

"For love lies not in littleness; it reaches beyond all dreams of outspread, orb-like space. Yet, in the outer darkness it beseeches, For sun, more true, to glorify its face."

A DEPLORABLE PRISON TRAGEDY

A Catholic prison chaplain, the Rev. Eligius Weir, and a Protestant prison chaplain, the Rev. George L. Whitmeyer, Episcopalian, took a shocked legislative committee in Joliet, Illinois, Saturday, that they believed "State Parole Board, and "the Parole Board only," was responsible for the recent seething riots in the State's twin penitentiaries at Joliet, resulting in the deaths of three convicts, the injury of many more and the destruction of more than one million dollars' worth of property.

Discrimination against poor convicts, attempts to force prisoners to inform on friends outside the prison as a condition of release, and interference by the Cook County (Chicago) state's attorneys office in paroles were among the specific charges. Prisoners with influential relatives and friends were well treated by the Parole Board, while those without them were treated abominably; visitors who were well dressed and who looked prosperous received every possible courtesy from the Parole Board, but visitors poorly dressed—oftentimes the mothers and sisters of the convicts—were given scant courtesy, and were often denied a hearing, the Episcopal chaplain said.

"Neither the parole law nor parole regulations are at fault. It is the Parole Board members. Their attitude has caused the trouble. There are boys of sixteen imprisoned here with hardened criminals; and at the state reformatory, built for wayward youths, there are men of thirty, and there are insane criminals here who should be in the asylum at Menard."

Here, as always, man's inhumanity to man is directed against the very poor. The troubles and the tragedies, as in public life, may be traced to lack of Christian charity and kindness, to forgetfulness of the teachings of God. The corruption of dishonesty taints and besmirches everything it touches, and in the whole personnel of these two great institutions of the great State of Illinois there are just two men who stand up bravely and expose

the evils—two chaplains of different faiths, but one in heart, in honesty, in fearlessness and in determination. Here, as in the world, victims of tyranny and of brutality find that their best friend and staunchest champion is religion—for the hands of God are reached always towards the lost sheep, and His love awaits them even in their darkest hours of sin and suffering.

MAN'S HUMANITY TO MAN

To-morrow, at Georgetown University, Dr. Alexis Carrel of the Rockefeller Institute, New York City, will be presented the Dr. Sofie A. Nordhoff-Jung prize of one thousand dollars and a diploma four outstanding work in the medical field for the relief of cancer.

Dr. Nordhoff-Jung, member of the medical staff of Georgetown University, announced the award today. The commission entrusted with awarding the prize was headed by Dr. Ernst von Romberg, Professor of Medicine in the University of Munich. It included Dr. Max Borst of the University of Munich, Dr. Albert Doederlein of the University of Munich, and Dr. Ferdinand Sauerbruch of the University of Berlin.

"In the judgment of this commission," the citation read, "Dr. Carrel has added new laurels to his great achievements in surgery by expanding the method of tissue culture, and by its objective application he has vastly aided in the elucidation of fundamental questions relating to morbid growth, especially the development of malignant tumors."

Dr. Nordhoff-Jung, a native of Germany, has been a leading women's physician in Washington for upward of forty years. She became interested in cancer research before the World War. Unable to continue her research work in later years, by reason of failing health, Dr. Nordhoff-Jung determined to stimulate the study of cancer by establishing a prize to be awarded every two years.

It is heartening to know that there are men and women in the world to-day who give their lives, their energy and talents to the great work of relieving human suffering. God's blessing surely rests upon such work, and it is pleasing to know that the great Catholic University of Georgetown is a big factor in it.

THE HEART OF A GREAT MAN

The city of Richmond, Va., heart of the Confederacy, rocked with the tramping feet of thousands of Union soldiers in April, 1865. It had fallen at last. Gloom overwhelmed the hearts of the inhabitants, and sorrow, and terror. A tall, ungainly man knocked heavily upon the door of a modest little home. A young woman, holding a baby boy in her arms, opened the door slightly, and peered out, frightened.

"Is this George Pickett's house?" a deep voice asked. "Yes, sir," gasped the woman, fearing dreadful news; "yes, sir, but he is not here."

"I know that ma'am," said the tall man. "But I just wanted to see the place. Down in Quincy, Ill., I heard the lad describe the home. I am Abraham Lincoln."

"The President?" gasped the woman. "No, ma'am," said the tall man; "just Abraham Lincoln, George Pickett's old boyhood friend."

"I am George Pickett's wife, and this is his baby," the woman said, opening wide the door and holding the child out to him. Reverently the man took the child, kissed it tenderly as it smiled up into his face, then handed it back to the mother, and said, speaking to the child: "Tell your father, the rascal, that I forgive him for the sake of that kiss and those bright eyes."

The tall, awkward man walked away, and the mother closed the door, to worry no more. Her husband, George Pickett, was a noted Rebel general, and that was Abraham Lincoln's way of telling her to feel sure about his safety. Mrs. Pickett, treasuring this incident in her heart all these years, died Sunday in a sanitarium at Rockville, Md.

Many thousands of people in Rochester and vicinity have heard the Rev. William P. Ryan of St. Bernard's Seminary tell this incident in a way that brought quick tears to their eyes. Mrs. Pickett wrote it down herself in one of her books. She was only eighteen then, the child bride of the man who led that famous and tragic "Pickett's

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

The baseball season has opened. Three of our garage window lights are missing.

President Hoover has promised to aid the suffering Porto Ricans. That will give the farmers of America a good laugh.

A church in Pittsburgh has been given \$10,000 anonymously. Maybe it's some New York policeman getting rid of his surplus.

A railroad section foreman nearly lost his job on March 17th. He was caught putting green ties in the roadbed.

President Hoover is going out to make a lot of speeches. Aren't we bad enough off without that?

Senator Wagner says the dry law repeal is inevitable. Well, for that matter, so is judgment day.

A new railroad brakeman, Irish, was found running up and down the tracks one night. "Whist!" he said, when they tried to stop him. "Lave me alone. I'm doing me penance—making the stations."

"Me grandmother died," said the new office boy, "and I'd like to get off Saturday fr her funeral." "Here," said the wise boss, who was also human, "enjoy her funeral in a front seat," and he gave him a ticket for the ball game.

Henry Ford says America is really enjoying good times, but that only a few people know it. The millions of men and women who are out of work don't know it. The millions of men who are on the verge of bankruptcy don't know it. The millions of men who are penniless and hungry don't know it. But America will right itself. Conditions will improve, and times will get better, please God.

In New York City the other day there was buried a County Galway Irishman who came to America when sixteen years of age. He was penniless and friendless. He saw a sign: "Join the Navy," and he believed in signs. He served under Admiral Farragut, then he joined the army, and sixty years ago got a job as day laborer with the New York Central Railroad. When he died he was the father of eight children, the superintendent of a great freight terminal in New York, and was noted for his charities, and for doing kindly acts for the poor. John J. Loftus was his name, and he was one of the rapidly dwindling army of Irish immigrants who came here three score and more years ago with faith and hope in their souls and nothing in their pockets, but who made history by their industry, ability and energy. It is good to read about men of this type.

CURRENT COMMENT

ONE BATTLE IS WON

The fact that "The Star Spangled Banner" is now officially the National Anthem of the United States of America will be gratifying to every American.

For more years than we care to count The Irish World has led in the fight to recognition of "The Star Spangled Banner." Those who opposed it offered flimsy and even ridiculous reasons why it should not so be honored.

Actually, those who opposed the official recognition of the anthem were actuated by only one motive: They wanted "America" adopted in the place of "The Star Spangled Banner." They wanted this milk-and-water rameish because it is set to identically the same tune as the English Anthem, "God Save the King." It was all a component part of the ceaseless effort being made to anglicize this Republic and make it as English as it is possible for these paid propagandists to do.

Almost coincident with the passage of the bill making Francis Scott Key's poem the official anthem came a declaration from Philip Snowden, Chancellor of the English Exchequer, to the effect that, in the matter of national anthems, it was not the words but the tune that counted. This, finally, disposed of the contentions of those who maintained that "America" is an American anthem. Snowden rightfully said that whenever anyone hears the strains of the music he instinctively thinks of "God Save the King" and recognizes the fact that it is being played in honor of the king of England.

Let this, also, be remembered. Whenever you hear the strains of "America" bear in mind that it is the same tune as "God Save the King" and that, as Snowden said, it is the tune that counts.

From now on, there is no longer any excuse for the playing of America at any public functions.—Irish World, New York.

Charge at the bloody battle of Gettysburg—led it and lost, at the cost of many thousands of brave lives. It was the Christian heart of Abraham Lincoln that gave to the world this beautiful touch of human kindness—the heart of a great man who turned aside for a few brief moments from the cares of a Nation and a young woman he had never seen not to worry about her husband who had tried to dismember that Nation. That was his way of helping to bring true peace, unity and renewed loyalty to a war-torn land.