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CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, FRIDAY, MARCH 27, 1931.

TELEPHONE MAINLER

The Catholic Courier And Journal

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Maitorial Staff::

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

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Friday, March 27, 1981

GOD BE WITH YOU!

"God be with you!" said President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State, in clos-ing his Rudio 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 their children leaving one by one for America, the land of hope, of liberty and "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-s prayer that is never frogotten by those who share in its music and its meaning. God be with you!

THE GREATEST WOMAN

The greatest woman who ever lived in Chariatian times, or any other is St. Catherine of Sienna, according to the Rev. James M. Gillis, C.P., editor of The Catholic World. This is a strong statement, many people will say. But Father Gillis says: "Read her life, and I am sure you will agree with me." How many of us know anything about her life? How many of us know that such a Saint ever lived? We know about Greta Garbo, Mary Pick-ford, Carrie Nation, and a lot of other women, but how much do we know about 'the greatest woman who ever lived in Christian times, or any other?" 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. Her books rank among the great classics of the Italian language, and to read her life is to walk in paths radiant with love and fidelity to God, and consecrated with love and sacrifice to mankind.

Into the woods my Master went, Clean forspent, forspent. Into the woods my Master came. Forspent with love and shame. But the olives they were not blind to Him, The little gray leaves were kind to Him; The thorn-tree had a mind to Him

Trees and the Master

Out of the woods my Master went, And He was well content. Out of the woods my Master came, Content with death and shame. When Shame and Death would woo Him

When into the woods He came.

last, From under, the trees they drew Him last. Twas on a tree they slew Him-last When out of the woods He came. -Sidney Lanier

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. The Denver Methodists' Preachers Association passed resolutions expressing regret over his retirement, and a Protestant newspaper, "The Christian Century," said of him:

"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. He has always given to the more socially minded of his own leaders his hearty cooperation in making known the industrial teachings of their Church. He not only sanctioned the Colorado industrial conferences; he participated in them.'

Similar feeling will be found to exist among bishops and priests all over the land. The Catholic Church never has and never will turn its back upon the laboring man, but stands ready, always, to champion his just cause in the interests of humanity, of justice and love of God.

A NEEDLESS WORRY

Bertrand Hussell, worried about the growth of Catholicismi, prophesises that within the next hundred years America will be an overwhelming Catholic nation. and that the liberties of the country will be endangered then. The gentleman is suffering from an indigestible mental stew.

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 brethern in Christ; to love, protect and care for their families; to uphold and respect lawfully elected rulers and obey and repect lawring laws of the land; to protect the virtue of womanhood to care for the sick, the needy and the helplens, and to shape their lives in moordance with the ideals and teachings of Jeaus Christ. ful to this nation to be dominated by such If Mr. Russell thinks it would be harmful to this nation to be dominated by such a people one hundred years hence, we suggest that he make arrangements to have his body interred elsewhere. We doubt if it would rest quietly, or assimilate happily with the soil.

PALM SUNDAY

And a very great multitude spread their garments in the way: and others cut boughs from the (palm) trees, and strewed 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." And when he was come into Jerusalem the whole city was moved, saying: "Who is this? And the people said: "This is Jesus the Prophet, -St. Matthew XXI:8-11. from Nazareth of Galilee!"

THE BLESSING AND DISTRIBUTION OF PALMS, AND THE PALM SUN-DAY PROCESSIONS IN OUR CHURCHES COMMEMORATE THIS TRI-LIMPHAL 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!" Do this-the blessing of bread and wine, the consecration, the distribution to the people of His body and His blood, all a part of the unbloody sacrifice of Calvary, the Mass.

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. Three hours pathetionly, and, then death, burial, all Nature" in violent revolt—then the glorious **Repure**ction, Christ triumphant over sin and over death.

Let us I during this Holy Week, walk-not too far apart from our Saviour and our Redeemer. For His pathway leads to eternal happiness and glory.

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. Actors and actresses who keep religion close to their hearts are not apt to play leading parts in evil or salacious dramas. It is refreshing to read, therefore, that a large group of Hollywood start, members of the Catholic Motion Picture Guild, recently held their annual communion breakfast, and had as their guest of Monor the Rt. Rev. John J. Cantwell, D.D., Bishop of Los Angeles and San Diego Among those who attended were May

McAvoy, Anita Page, Pat O'Malley, C. F. Sullivan, James Gleason, Jack Coogan, Sr., Eric von Stroheim, John J. Gain, James Ryan, Fred Niblo, Jr., Ruth Clifford, Mrs. Lucien Hubbard; Sam Taylor, Mae Murray, Johnny Hings, Sally Blane, Albert Conti, Catherine Moylan, 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.

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 towardsthe 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 Carrell 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. Ambassador von Prittwitz of Germany will read the diploma. Ambassador Claudel of France, Dr. Carrel's native land, will attend and Dr. W. Coleman Nevils, president of Georgetown University, will preside.

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 by establishing a prize

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 re-peal 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 f'r 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 madehistory by their industry, ability and energy. It is good to read about men of this type.

PLAY BALL!

The Catholic Courier & Journal this week announces the formation of a Parechial School Baseball League. All All parish schools of the city are invited to join. A committee of priests, Rev. F. William Stauder, Rev. Leo C. Mooney, Rev. John Duffy, Rev. Leonard Kelly and Rev. George Vogt will act as Board of Ad-visers, with Father Vogt as President and Manager. Bishop O'Hern heartily approves the formation of the League, and will present a silver trophy to the winning team at the close of the season.

There is an old axion—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 de-veloping initial, the healthiest and best kind a source initial clean sports with hip, distime second clean sportsmanning, us-entry control thinking, courtesy and well-courtesy. The spirit of the game second by those who play and those And it is a good

We look for it to be the beginning of a widepressible of all kinds of widepressible of all kinds of widepressible of all kinds of where the second second

FRIENDS OF LABOR

3.0 Two outstanding events recently em-manual the fact that in the Catholic Automatic to be found justice and fair-An and the second second second fair-for the laboring people of the land. In Rt. Rev. Joseph Schrembs, D.D., the of Cleveland, D. in an address at the second seco

HOLY WEEK

The last week of Lent, beginning this year with Palm Sunday on March twentyninth, 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!" We stand by His side as He drives the money changers from the Temple. We see the blind, the lame and the sick flock around Him, seeking His mercy, His help. We see the chief priests and scribes glaring at Him in indignation. We hear His teachings-words of warning, wisdom and faith. And while he restores sight to the blind, cures the lame and heals the sick, Judas is away, bargaining for his blood money. The shadows of Calvary are appearing on the horizon. The Gross is being built. The hate in the hearts of His enemies is seething like a caldron.

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 mirade for the ages—the Holy Eucharist. Taking bread and wine He blessed them, and said: "Take ye, and eat: This is my body. Drink ye all of this. For this is my blood of the new testament, which shall be abod for many unto remission of sins." The first Mass, this, ever celebrated in the word. The first consecration. The first "For love lies not in littlences; it reaches Beyond all dreams of outspread, orb-lit

Yes, in the outer darkness it beseeches For suns, more sums, to glorify its face."

A DEPLORABLE PRISON TRAGEDY

A Catholic pileon chaplain, the Rev. Eligius Weir, and a Protestant prison chaplain, the Rev. George L. Whitmeyer, Episcopalian, itoli a shocked legislative committee in Joliet, Illinois, Saturday, that they believed a 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 chaplam said.

Father Weir said: "Neither the parole law nor parole regulations are at fault. - It is the Parole Board members. Their atti-tude 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 insame 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 kindliness, to forgetfulness of the teachings of God. The corruption of dishonesty taints and besmirches every. thing it touches, and in the whole per-sopiel of these two great institutions of the great State of Elinois there are just two men who stand up brayely and expose

A CONTRACTOR

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το 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, ingainly 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 "But I just wanted to see the place. man. 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 sanatarium 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

and the former of

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 Bannèr." 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-watery 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 anglicise 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 Exchequor, to the effect that, in the matter of national anthems, it was not the words but the fune 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 Englandi Let this, also, be remembered. When-ever 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 Mation to tell 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 and and renewed loyalty to a war-town land.

the offer of the second of a