

The Catholic Courier And Journal

Official Paper of the Diocese of Rochester. Published at 217 Andrews St., every Friday by THE CATHOLIC COURIER AND JOURNAL, Inc.

Subscription Rates: One Year \$2.50, Foreign, one year 3.00

Make all checks payable to Catholic Courier and Journal, Inc. Advertising Rates gladly furnished on application.

Editorial Staff: 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, April 3, 1931.

NO EASTER IN RUSSIA

There will be no Easter Sunday in Russia, as there was no Christmas. All workers, under government orders, must report at their place of employment each morning during Holy Week so they may earn money to be contributed to the fund of the 'godless movement.'

Mr. Phillips says that, excepting Poland, no land on earth has ever made such a joyous festival of Easter as Russia in the past. Now the Easter season will be the saddest of the whole year for Russia, he writes.

A SAMARITAN OF LEPERS

In St. Francis' Hospital, Honolulu, Brother Joseph Duffton closed his eyes in death last week. For forty-four long years this man had been a good Samaritan among lepers on the island of Molokai.

Native of America, Protestant born, soldier in the Civil War, lover of society and of the frivolities of the world, he suddenly turned to God after "years of sowing of wild oats," was baptized in the Church that appealed to him most of all as exemplifying the noblest service to God.

Other hands and other hearts, sacrificial like his own, came to Molokai, so that he was not alone in his martyrdom like Damien. Sisters of St. Francis, priests and other helpers came to give, as he was giving, their labors and their lives to God's afflicted children.

Thus Molokai merged into eternity for him. Kalawao will see him no more; Kalaupapa never again will feel the touch of his moving feet. Kauhako, mounding of old bones free upon the world, will frown upon others but not upon him.

It will therefore follow, says Judge Norton, "as a logical conclusion and as I believe necessarily from the review of the foregoing facts that the council never at any time made any findings nor was there any basis of the opinion that the public peace, health, safety, or morals were in jeopardy by the industry involved."

Rabboni!

"Why weepst Thou?" 'Twas a stranger's voice at the break of the morning gray; And a lonely heart in its grief replied: "They have taken Him away!"

TIMOTHY MICHAEL HEALY

"Tim" Healy is dead. Loving hands carried him Saturday to a peaceful resting place in historic Glasnevin cemetery, Dublin, Ireland. There, his memory and his deeds treasured in the hearts of his countrymen, he shall sleep until the Judgment Day.

"Tim" Healy was the last of that great band of heroic champions of Irish rights and liberties. Friend and co-worker with Parnell, champion of the Land League, champion of every law and every movement that pertained to the betterment of the Irish people, he was for thirty years an outstanding figure in the British House of Commons.

Master of irony and of sarcasm, gifted with a rapier-like wit, possessed of an uncanny knowledge of Parliamentary law and of governmental affairs, "Tim" Healy stood in the front rank of debaters and of agitators. He feared no man; all of his political foes feared him.

A Sinn Feiner, bitter critic of the murderous "Black and Tans," and powerful champion of complete liberty of Ireland, he nevertheless accepted appointment as the first Governor-General of the Free State. He filled this position with rare ability.

THE OREGON SCHOOL CASE

Some years ago the State of Oregon had a school case that rocked the entire United States—an attempt on the part of a majority of the voters to destroy the Parish school system of the State. The United States Supreme Court, breathing the air of liberty and not of bigotry, declared that law unconstitutional.

Now Oregon has another school case, limited to the city of Portland, but apparently a new experiment in bigotry, with the same old end in view—the destruction of the Parish School. The city passed a zoning ordinance in 1926, and recently refused to grant a permit to a Catholic parish for the erection of a parish school upon property purchased for school purposes twelve years before the zoning ordinance was adopted.

What Judge Norton says is of interest to every lover of parish schools, and of American liberty. The Judge says the exercise of police power in the matter of zoning "rests upon consideration of the public welfare, public health, public safety, public morals and like considerations affecting the public as distinguished from the private individual."

It will therefore follow, says Judge Norton, "as a logical conclusion and as I believe necessarily from the review of the foregoing facts that the council never at any time made any findings nor was there any basis of the opinion that the public peace, health, safety, or morals were in jeopardy by the industry involved."

The First Easter

Mary Magdalen had gone to the tomb of Jesus on the first day of the week, while it was yet dark in the morning. She saw the stone rolled away, and she ran and told Simon Peter and "the other disciple whom Jesus loved."

arising from motive of self interest, prejudice or otherwise, to control their final actions."

These are mighty plain words, and they are not creditable to the Portland city council. Judge Norton says if any other conclusion was reached in the case "the legislative power and duty of the (city) council would be prostituted to the unreasoning prejudice or motives of self-interest of the property owners."

That the school site was in the heart of a residential section did not influence Judge Norton. He says:

"I do not think it provident that schools should be required to be established in 'business' or 'industrial' districts for pupils residing a considerable distance away in restricted districts, and undoubtedly considerations of public policy would require a reasonable proximity of the school to the residential zone, and I see no grounds to discriminate between private schools on the one hand and denominational schools on the other, regardless of what denomination may be involved."

That the school was a parish school did not influence Judge Norton, either. He says in his opinion:

"The religious rights guaranteed to citizens undoubtedly carry with them the right to religious training in connection with intellectual training in schools suited to the religious beliefs of the parents, and the fact that religious principles are inculcated in the minds of the pupils along with intellectual training does not differentiate the rights of a school of this character from schools where religious training is not a part of the curriculum."

This is in effect what the U. S. Supreme Court told the State of Oregon in the original case. It covers, to our mind, the whole matter—religious freedom and the right of parents to educate their children in parish schools, if they so desire. In conclusion, Judge Norton says the ordinance "is discriminatory and unreasonable, and cannot be sustained."

It is regrettable that any State would try to discriminate against parish schools, or any reputable schools. Never in the history of America has the teaching of religion been so necessary to the youth of America, running riot now in morals and in conduct. But it is good to know that the courts of our land are Gibraltar-like in their support and defense of constitutional rights, and that they are not swayed by prejudice or passion. Thank God for America!

KNUTE ROCKNE

"When verification reached Notre Dame of the death of Knute Rockne, hundreds of students turned away silently and went to Sacred Heart Church, where they remained, praying, all the afternoon. No one spoke aloud. All feelings were submerged in silent prayer."

Thus the news dispatches tell how Notre Dame received word of the sudden and startling death of its beloved football coach on Tuesday this week, when a Transcontinental plane, carrying him, five other passengers and two pilots to San Francisco, crashed on the prairies of Kansas, killing all occupants. Knute, convert to the Church, exemplified in his life, in his work and ideals, the spirit of the Church—clean, manly living; love and service of humanity; love and devotion to his family; fidelity to duty, to country and to God.

Heroic leader of more than a hundred football battles during the thirteen years he was coach at Notre Dame; friend and father to every boy who played under him; guide, adviser and inspiration to the many thousands of students at Notre Dame during all these years; champion of cleanliness, honesty, energy and skill in sport, he is credited by experts the country over with having been the greatest leader, the brainiest coach, the most uplifting force that football has ever had. He stood for far more than mere perfection in sports—he stood for character, noble, clean character, and when he joined the Church a few years ago he told his friends he was moved to this purpose by the sincere piety, devotion and deep religious feeling of the boys who played football under his direction.

And now he is dead. Falling, like a meteor out of the sky, he met death, we may well believe, with a prayer upon his lips and an ejaculation to God. He will sleep, as Mrs. Rockne has already requested, "at Notre Dame, amid the surroundings and the boys he loved so well." His name, his deeds, his spirit, his clarion call to victory and to duty—these did not die with him. And they shall not die. They will become, in future generations, well-loved legends at Notre Dame, and the boys who shall endow themselves with his grave,

year after year, will walk with him in spirit, and hold fast to his ideals of duty, loyalty, service and sacrifice. And we may well believe that many a Notre Dame football team, racing madly to victory in the future, will have by their side and in their midst a ghostly leader and mentor, running with them, speeding their feet with the old glad cries, and crossing with them the goals of triumph. For in our age and time Knute Rockne shall ever be an integral part of the team that climbed with him the heights of glory, and found time, always, to worship God and pray to Him in simple faith and love. Son of the Vikings of old, may he rest in peace. Our prayers for his soul; our tears for his beloved wife and four fatherless children. May the good God comfort them all!

HIS BLESSING AND HIS SHIELD

A touch of the dramatic took place in the Church of the Visitation in Chicago the other Sunday. The Rev. Daniel R. Daly—"Deacon Dan," his pals call him—a member of the Chicago police force for twelve years, had just celebrated his first solemn high Mass. Six hundred fellow-policemen, and hundreds of other friends were in the congregation. Deputy Chief of Detectives Lawrence Rafferty—the Irish, God bless them, are always on hand for God—was among the first to receive the blessing of the young priest at the altar railing after the Mass. As Father Daly raised his hand to give his blessing to his former superior officer he turned in his police shield to him. He would use it no more, need it no longer, for the Cross was his symbol now, symbol and shield until death.

When the Eighth-Sixth Division fought in France, "Deacon Dan" was in the 311th Ammunition Train, up at the front. When he came back home—, unscathed by bullets or other evils, he joined the Chicago Police Force. He made a good cop. He was faithful, loyal, honest. A bit prayerful, too. So his pals called him "Deacon Dan." Then he set out to become a real Deacon, and more. He came to St. Bonaventure's Seminary year after year, on a leave of absence from the force. Back on the beat in vacation time, he walked jauntily, happily. Back in the Seminary he studied zealously, carefully. All the while his name was kept "on the force," for his superiors were proud of "Deacon Dan." No need to worry about him. He was a joy to his superiors, a true pal to his comrades.

So it went for several years. Then the great day came for "Deacon Dan." Bishop Hoban ordained him to the priesthood in Rockford, Illinois, on March twenty-first. The next day he celebrated his first solemn high Mass, raised his right hand to bless his pals and his superior officer, and in the same gesture turned in his shield. He will make a good priest, just as he made a good soldier and a good policeman. If burglars or rowdies ever trouble His Eminence Cardinal Mundelein in Chicago, he need never say: "Send for the police." For it will be his pleasure and privilege to say: "Send for Deacon Dan, the best cop of them all!"

METHODISTS STUDY CHURCH

The managing editor of the Baltimore Catholic Review, a layman, recently gave an address to a Methodist congregation in that city. He spoke for two hours on Catholic doctrine, then answered questions for one hour. Among the topics discussed were the Mass, Marriage, the Rosary, the Confessional, the use of images, statues and crucifixes in the Catholic Church and Catholic homes, Purgatory, the Catholic view of the Bible, the Holy Name Society, the Parochial School, Catholic religious Orders, Catholic charity work, the Retreat Movement, the Infallibility of the Pope, and the loyalty of Catholics to the Pope and to their own country as citizens.

The pastor of the church asked the editor to arrange to have his people attend Mass in a Catholic Church, and to have some one explain the meaning of the ceremonies to them. This will be done in the near future.

This incident is a sincere attempt on the part of our fellow-citizens of the Methodist faith to learn something about the Catholic Church from Catholic sources, and not from professional bigots who invariably sow discord and breed hate. We firmly believe that every one of these good Methodist people will have a sincere respect for the Catholic Church hereafter, and a warm and true confidence in the Christianity and citizenship of the Catholic people. There is no better way in the world to put an end to suspicion and distrust than the way taken by the Methodists of Baltimore.

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

Sinclair Lewis, back from Europe with the Noble Prize laurels wreathed upon his brow, had his face slapped the other evening by Theodore Dreiser, noted American author, because Lewis called Dreiser a cheat and a plagiarist. The incident happened at a dinner for authors in the Metropolitan Club, New York City. No arrests were made, but considerable advertising was obtained.

F. Scott McBride, superintendent of the Anti-Saloon League, announces to a waiting world that neither Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt of New York nor Governor Albert C. Ritchie will be acceptable to the League as presidential candidates. This announcement should make presidential possibilities of both. If memory serves aright, Carrie Nation left a balky mule to a thirsty world. We suggest that Mr. McBride and his associates dig up this animal and run him for the White House. Maude, like his mistress, used to drink nothing but water.

A total of 21,942 old age pensions has been granted since the first of the year. The officials in charge expect that this number will reach 40,000 before the end of the year, as 44,282 applications for pensions have been made already. The old-age pension law is a good law, a comfort and a blessing to aged people who will find happiness and joy in receiving a little help in their declining years. The total cost to the State will not exceed twelve million dollars per year, it is estimated. A good healthy grafter could get away with nearly that much every year, providing he was let alone. Al Capone pays that much in graft in six weeks, it is reported, so he will be permitted to deliver nicely labeled hootch to dry, law-abiding Americans, suffering from thirst and from the 18th Amendment.

A VIGOROUS IRISH PROTEST

A vigorous protest has been made in Ireland against an article in The Daily Mail newspaper, giving high praise to a book by Dr. Robert Eisler. The book has been called "A Sensational New Uncensored Life of Christ," and it contains an especially blasphemous passage on the Saviour. Public protests have been registered all over Ireland, non-Catholics joining with the Catholics in denunciation of the book and of the newspaper article extolling it.

Ireland has an effective censorship law, giving authorities the right to exclude all indecent or obscene publications from the country. But it has no provision as to blasphemy, for blasphemy has long been a stranger to Ireland, so deep-seated in the hearts of the people are feelings of love and respect for God. Now there is talk of amending the censorship law to cover articles of a blasphemous nature. Before the matter is settled publishers will find that Ireland means business when it comes to enforcing decency in literature, no matter what form the objectionable publicity may take. Love of purity and goodness in life, love of common decency in every form, and love of God in the highest and finest way—these are Irish attributes which no publisher will dare antagonize, and hope to escape just penalty.

SAVING SOULS ON A BICYCLE

In the thickly populated sections of America we have grown away and apart from the primitive. We have beautiful roads, comfortable sidewalks, convenient churches, and many of us ride to Mass in our limousines, and have ushers escort us to our pews when we arrive in church. All of which is very fine, and so commonplace that we seldom stop to marvel about it.

But there is another side to religion in America and in many other lands. In many sections the churches are few in number and far apart; the roads are bad; traffic is slow and hard; the people are pitifully poor, and every cent they give to the church is a monumental sacrifice. The same is true of most of the mission lands. This week we read a letter written by a missionary in India. He rode a bicycle from one mission to another, fifty miles apart, riding nearly all of the way on the high ground or "aisles" between rows of rice. His "road" was scarcely a foot wide, with grass and weeds so dense on either side that he could not see the earth. Every little while the bicycle wheels would wander out on the grass, drop down, and the poor missionary would take a head dive into the rice fields. In several places the "aisles" were broken, and he had to carry his bicycle on his back. All of this he did cheerfully, gladly, happy in the thought that a group of hopeful converts were awaiting his coming at the end of the long journey.

We read with pride and wonder of the sacrifices of the early American missionaries—of the rivers, lakes and forests they traversed at imminent danger of death; of the sacrifices they made, and the hardships and sufferings they bore with fortitude. The same heroic story is being written over and over, age after age, in this and other lands, by the missionaries who carry the Cross. These men are the Marines of our Church. Let us help them gladly, generously, gratefully, at every opportunity given us. Let them go forward, ever forward, even to the death!