The Catholic Courier

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NEGROES IN THE NORTH

"The Colored Harvest," a magazine devoted to the work of the Church among negroes, has an interesting article in a recent-issue by the Rev. John T. Gillard, S.S.J., entitled "Our Changing Negro Population."

The so-called "Negro Problem" in America is rapidly shifting from the South to the North, according to Father Gillard. In all the cities of the North for which latest census information on the Negro has been given out, the increase in numbers of the Negro in the North is amazing; while in most states in the South there has been a substantial decrease in the coloredpopulation. From 1920 to 1930 the colored population of Alabama decreased from 884 of the total population to 85.7; Arkansas, from 27.0 to 25.8; Florida, from 84.0 to 29.4; Georgia, from 41.7 to 86.8; Emitticky, from 9.3 to 8.6; Maryland remained stationery at 16.9; Mississipply from 52.2 to 50.2; North Carolina, from 29.8 to 29.0; South Carolina, from 51.4 to 45.6; Virginia, from 29.9 to 26.8. West Virginia is the only state which showed a alight gain in colored population, an increase of 5.9 to 6.6 per cent of the total population.

In 1900 the Negroes were 58.6 of the total population of Mississippi, as against 50.2 now; South Carolina, 58.4, as against 45.6 now; Alabama, 45.2, as against 35.7 now.

The Negro population of Philadelphia increased 63.6 per cent during the period 1920-1930, while during the same period the white population increased by only 2.4 per cent. The colored population of Cincinnati increased 59 per cent, Indianapolis 65 per cent, Omaha 100 per cent. In New York State and in New York City the Negro population has more than doubled in the past ten years, the increase being 108 per cent for the State and nearly 115 per cent for the city. Manhattan Borough during the decade lost more than half a million people, but it gained nearly 116,000 Negro residents. Twenty years ago out of every 1,000 persons in New York County 26 were Negroes. In 1930 there were 120 Negroes. The last census counted 327,706 Negroes. The last census counted 327,706 Negroes in New York city and 412,814 in this State.

"The redistribution of the Negro population of the United States consequent upon the large Negro migration from 1918 on has brought a definite problem to the Catholics of the North," Father Gillard says. "No longer may they consider Catholics work among Negroes as an obligation confined to the South. That the north-large Market and the problem is evident from the number of new churches for Negroes being started in industrial centers of large colored population. At the same time the increasing number of colored Catholics attending white churches gives ample evidence that Catholicism is defing a tremendous service in breaking

Lest we Catholics be accused of claiming too much for the Catholic Church and her efforts in behalf of the Negro, let me have introduce corroboratory evidence from one whom no one can claim is a friend of Catholicism. Mr. Clarence Darrow. Writing on "The Religion of the American Negro in the June issue of The Crisis, Mr. Darrow, after his customary and now repetitionally tiresome attack upon our "White issue of Negro Caureles." He writes: "Of course it is only

Carrele Be writes: Of course it is only
that one great Church, the
school of Chirch has carned the rethat the course it are the
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The Nursing Sisters

You know you have our praise, but what are praises?
Love is your only fee
Who wipe in every dabbled head upon a pillow
The brow that sweated in Gethsermane.

We seek the blithe; you turn aside to angulah.

We levilles who pass by Hail you Samaritans who halt your journey
Because you hear a fallen traveller's

Not for yourselves, for silver, or for glory,
You labor, gentle host;

Because in every wound you bind you see the lashes That once were suffered at the flogging post.

Midnight or hoon you choose the wrackedand helpless

And never count your loss,
Because in all the parched whose lips are
staken
You hear the thirst that mouned upon
the Cross.

-Eileen Duggan

HIRING TEACHERS

The recent survey made by Clyde R. Miller, Director of Educational Service, Teachers' College, Columbia University, in the matter of hiring teachers for the public schools of America shows a regrettable condition. Widespread and definite prejudices enter into the hiring of many teachers, this educator finds, and these apply most often to Jews and Catholics, while Negroes have little or no chance of obtaining positions. Unitarians are affected to some extent, and in many schools applicants for positions are asked bluntly what their religion is, what their politics, and sometimes their race.

The publication of this survey should do some good. Cowards and bigots are invariably afraid of the light, and when a prominent educator turns the light upon such methods there is bound to be a

healthful reaction. In many village and country schools in the State of New York-and this applies to some communities not far from Rochester-it is almost impossible for a Catholic teacher to obtain a position. Catholic graduates of the Eastman School of Music, for instance, have had the doors of public schools literally slammed in their faces when they applied for positions as teachers of music in village schools. There was no question raised about their fitness, their personality, their ability. The matter of religion killed their chances, and no other reason. Jewish applicants are companions in misery with Catholic applicants.

It is most regrettable that such prejudice should exist in any community in America, and especially in this State. where the Catholic Church has such a marvelous record in educational work, and her schools are at the forefront of all schools in the excellence of work done, and in the superiority of results obtained. Good will, friendship, respect and confidence—these anould obtain. Detween all classes of Deoble at all times, and especially in the matter of building up and bettering the schools of the country. There is too much sorrow and misery in America now because of the follies and waywardness of youth. These should not be increased by the hiring of school teachers whose jobs, whose work and surroundings are enveloped in bitter and degrading prejudices.

Religious quarrels are deplorable things in any community. But it is high time some concerted and vigorous action was taken against trustees and principals who show prejudice, religious or political, in the hiring of teachers. Such officials are a menace to the excellence of the work of the schools of America, and a menace to the good-will that should be a prized treasure of American life.

"JUST MR. MURPHY"

Hugh Campbell died in St. Louis the other day, in his eighty-fourth year. He was a bachelor. He lived with an invalid brother, on whom he showered love and affection in abundance. His father, a North of Ireland mari, was one of the pioneers of the West, a fur trader with Indians, a frontier storekeeper, a Rocky Mountain business man.

Of immense wealth, Hugh Campbell cared little for society. Some people thought him a bit queer. He lived with his invalid brother in a three-story house of gray painted brick on a street once in a fashionable residential district, but long ago given up grudgingly to business. All except the Campbell home. Here the grass was kept green, the trees spread cool, protecting arms over yard and house, and the aged lord of the ancient home came and went in slow, leisurely fashion. His servants, grown gray in his service, fairly worshipped him. The children on the streets ran to him with glad, happy faces.

They loved him.

Six years mgo an accident sent "Mr. Hugh" to his home for the rest of his life. The children, looking in vain, missed their friend. When he died, some who remembered him of other years, wept. Not far away was Father Dunne's Newsboya' Home and Profectorate, where more than one hundred and fifty boys are sheltered and protected. Here everybody wept. For they learned that the unknown friend who had given them Thanksgiving and Christmas diversity year under the name of first Mr. Murphy" was Hugh Campbell At St. Joseph's Institute, for

Catholic Missionary Activity

There are more Catholic missionaries at work in mission fields in the East and the Far East than all other forms of Christianity combined. The Catholic Church is a vast missionary society. Its very purpose was imposed by Christ when he said 'Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature.' (Mark, 16, 15.) Hence the Catholic Church is at home everywhere, with 60,000 missionaries laboring among Pagans in heathen lands.

GIOJA, THE FATHER OF SCIENTIFIC NAVIGATION, AND THE DISCOVERER OF THE MARINER'S COMPASS, WAS A CATHOLIC

the Deaf," conducted by the Sisters of St.
Joseph, there was similar weeping. For
the Post-Dispatch of St. Louis says:

'He often gave dinners for the children of St. Joseph's Institute for the Deaf in the anonymous manner. He always sought the best caterers to provide the newsboys' dinner, and some of the feasts cost over \$1,000. He also provided the waiter service and a string band. In his younger days he attended many of these dinners, standing in the doorway of the dining room after the dinner and shaking hands with the young guests.

He gave vestments of cloth of gold for the altar boys, and altar decorations for the Newsboys' Home chapel. All his gifts were of the lavish sort, rich and expensive, for he was not much attracted by plain things. He had been known to give a child a toy train with settings of gold."

In all of these benefactions he loved to keep his identity secret. He asked to be known as "just Mr. Murphy." He gave with a generous and far-reaching hand. He left the bulk of a great estate to Yale University, in memory of another brother, who died more than a generation ago. Now, brought forth by death, he emerges from the ranks of "unknown friends" and sleeps in soil sanctified by prayers and tears. Maybe he was a bit "queer," for a man who gives his life devotedly to an invalid brother, and who goes out from time to time to bless and brighten the orphans, the poor and the stricken, is out of step with the smart young men who like to pose as modern and progressive in this hustling world of ours. He is not of them, nor with them, in thought, aims or ambitions. But, somehow, we think God will love him as his servants and the little children loved him, devotedly and deeply. The spirit of "just Mr. Murphy" will not be confined to any

THE LAND OF DOOM

George Bernard Shaw, chirping like a robin in the morning sun, comes home from Russia, singing the praises of the Soviets. Winston Churchill, former Chancellor of the Exchequer, swings a cleaver for Shaw's head. He says Shaw has always preached public ownership of private wealth, but no person in England yelled louder than he when Lloyd George announced a tax on incomes. He calls Shaw a double-headed chameleon who has involved in mockery and discredit every cause he has championed. As for Russia, which Shaw praises so fervently, Churchill says:

"Here is a land where God is blasphemed and man, plunged in this world's misery, is denied hope of mercy on both sides of the grave. His soul, in the pregnant phase of Robespierre, is no more than a genial breeze dying at the mouth of the tomb.

"Here we have a power actively and ceaselessly engaged in trying to overturn existing civilizations by stealth and propaganda and, when it dares, by bloody force.

"Here we have a state 3,000,000 of whose citizens are languishing in foreign exile, whose intelligentsia has been methodically destroyed; a state nearly a half-million of whose citizens are reduced to servitude for political opinions, rotting and freezing through the Arctic, tolling to death in forests, mines and quarries, for indulging in that freedom of thought which has gradually raised man above beast.

"Is it not strange that decent British men and women can be so airly detached from realities that they have no word of honest indignation or even sympathy for all these agonies?"

OLD HICKORY

Long ago we had set Andrew Jackson Old Hickory—up on a strong and sturdy pedestal. We had pictured him as something of a cousin to a pirate fighting a duel with blazing eyes and deathly gun for the fair name of his wife; waving his sword at New Orleans like a Captain Kidd and shouting to Britain's Napoleonic veterans of-General Pakenham to come on and be slaughtered, "by the eternal!" We could almost hear him shouting that immortal political battlecry: "To the victors belong the spoils!" We could see him, jaw extended, seating pretty Peggy O'Neill at the table with the wives of his Cabinet members, after an ultimatum had been delivered to him that the ladies wanted nothing of Peggy. And in a hundred other ways we had known him as a fighter, and a determined one.

Now it seems he had a soft side; a kindly and lovable side. His private letters, just published, show him to have been head over heels in love with "dear little Rachel," his infant granddaughter, and to have been greatly concerned about her future, so much so that he wrote to the little tot's mother:

"Whilst we are thankful for the gift of this charming child let us not forget how thankful we ought to be to Him who gave her, and how earnest-we ought to supplicate a throne of grace for her preservation and that she may live to become an ornament to society, and a true disciple of her blessed Saviour."

If he had swashbuckler ways, he wasn't anxious to leave them to posterity, for he wrote to his adopted son as a preacher might have written, only better. He urged that young man to shun "dissipation" and especially "intoxication which reduces the human being below that of a brute."

Old Hickory had a horror of the man who promised to pay money on a certain day and didn't keep that promise. If he were alive, and in business to-day, he would be shouting "By the Eternal!" at many a customer for failure to keep his word. For he wrote to his son: "Nothing can be more disgraceful... than the charge truly made that he has promised to pay money at a day certain, and violating his promise." Andrew was a little short on grammar, but long on common sense.

"Buy nothing on credit," was a frequent injunction in his letters to his son, and to Rachel's mother.

There were busybodies erecting religious barriers those days, just as there are to-day. For these Andrew had no use, for he wrote to a friend:

"I was brought up a Proshutorian to

"I was brought up a Presbyterian to which I have always adhered. Charity is the real basis of all religion. * * * We ought to consider all good Christians whose walks correspond with their profession, be him Presbyterian, Episcopalian, Baptist, Methodist or Roman Catholic. * * No established religion can exist under our glorious constitution."

Good Old Hickory! You can come down off the fighting pedestal where we have had you many a day, and you sit with the best of them.

CURRENT COMMENT

THE VOTE OF PRUSSIA

Germany treated itself to a generous instalment of the very best kind of self-help on Sunday when the two-thirds of the German people who live in Prussia decisively rejected the Fascist proposal for the recall of the Prussian Diet. In the present state of world economics and world nerves it is not difficult to imagine the disastrous consequences of a victory for the Hitler program of provocation

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

British Columbia announces a profit of \$2,003,104 on its liquor business for the six months ending March 31st last. There's something wrong. Al. Capone makes more than that in a month in a dry country.

Canada pays the railroad fare of her jobless men to rural communities where they may obtain work on farms. We do better than that—our politicians give them speeches on prosperity to read.

Angelo Brovelli, giant fullback on St. Mary's College, California, football team, fell asleep at the wheel of his auto the other day and removed a telephone pole from the side of the road. Mr. Brovelli is summering in the nearest hospital.

A big hole was knocked in the business depression the other day. Babe Ruth hit his thirty-third home run, and took his place at the head of the boys who are trying to get in touch with Mars via the baseball route.

Lots of times when a man gets a sock in the eye he thinks he's being treated to the worst kind of entertainment in the world. Well, he's not. There's Jack Dempsey, for instance. Hundreds of men, with fists like the left heel of a mule, have tried to knock his nose around to the back of his neck, and push his eyebrows to the top of his head. Jack has just fild a suit for divorce, charging his wife, Estelle Taylor, movie star, with "mental cruelty." A domestic battle is a hundred times worse than one in a ring. We have a friend who told us so one day when he had a yard of adhesive plaster over his right eye.

The 101 Wild West Show died a financial death in Washington, D. C., the other day. The cowboys and girls stranded, the horses hungry, the treasury empty, the circus gave up the ghost and is trying to get back home, where hearts are warmer and alfalfa grows. These are perilous times for every kind of business. Prayer and economy are needed, and faith and hope, as well as cash. Thousands of people, especially boys, will regret the collapse of this splendid Wild West Show, a joy these many years to the youngsters of America who like to see the spirit of the plains in action.

abroad and the mailed fist at home. A Fascist victory would have meant more than the downfall-of the Bruening Government and the passing of moderate control in Prussia. It would have meant the rejection of the moderate policies and the destruction of the coalition of middle parties which through many vicissitudes, have dominated since the armistice. It would have been a challenge addressed to France as a whole and an opportunity presented to the very considerable element in France that has no love to lose for Germany. Economic, political and social crises would now be hanging low over the Continent if the Prussian people had not done its duty to itself and to the world.

Party lines in Republican Germany as reflected in the popular voting have held with remarkable firmness as between extremist and moderate blocs. The moderate majority, after the first short period of overwhelming Socialist ascendency, has never been very large, and within the last year has at times been down to a score or two of votes in the Reichstag. But the margin has always been there in favor of self-restraint and common sense. A just appraisal of the German position will thus take note both of the fifteen million irreconcilables and the twenty million moderate voters. For other Governments the enlightened policy is obviously one which will not make it too hard for the German moderate majority to keep its minority menace in check.—The New York Times.

A MISUNDERSTOOD JESTER

The organ of British Communism, The Daily Worker, thinks it has a grievance against Bernard Shaw. Having asked him for an interview, or a comment, upon that Russian Communism which he had been delightedly observing, it received, after a long delay, a communication from Mr. Shaw's secretary stating that his "contracts" with the "capitalist press" do not allow him to give free interviews to any other paper.

Thereupon The Daily Worker did a little railing at Mr. Shaw for his alleged (inconsistency. Professing to be an ardent friend of British workingmen, he loftly refused to have anything to do with "the only working class newspaper in Britain." On the contrary, he gladly sold himself to the highest bidder among capitalist newspapers.

This is plainly to misunderstand the real nature and the fundamental motives of Bernard Shaw. He has deliberately adopted a sneering attitude toward all life. Doubting the sincerity of every other man, why should he pretend that he himself is sincere? After a long course of scornful laughter at other people, he now laughs at himself. Instead of being in the least mortified by the attack upon him by his fellow-Communists, he will be hugely pleased by it. It is another hit of self advertising, therefore so much to the good.—The New York Times.

When You Make Your Will

Always, in every Diocese, there are churches and institutions which have heavy financial but lens, and whose work is handicapped by these burdens. When you make your will, the best way in the world to help these needy ones is to insert a paragraph something like this in the will:

"I give and bequeath to the Rt. Rev. John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of the Catholic Diocese of Rochester, N. Y., or his successor or successors in office, the sum of \$\frac{1}{2}\$. to be used at his or their discretion for the work or the institutions of the Diocese."

If you are interested in some particular church, charity or institution a clause like this may be added: "I am interested particularly in Bequests, large or small, are a great blessing to religion, and it is highly edifying to read of them in any will. No Catholic will should be without one or more mail bequests.