

Rev. Thomas F. Ryan Named Head Of St. John's College, Brooklyn

Brooklyn, Sept. 4.—The Very Rev. Thomas F. Ryan, C. M., has been appointed president of St. John's College, conducted by the Vincentian priests in this city. Announcement of this appointment was made last week by the Very Rev. Frederick J. Mann, Provincial of the Congregation of the Mission, Germantown, Pa. Father Ryan will be in office for six years. He succeeds the Very Rev. John J. Gibbon, who has just received a new assignment.

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Our Lord, before giving great gifts and graces to his servants, sends them great trials and temptations, in order by these means to prove whether they can drink His chalice and help Him to carry His Cross.

Reconstructing the Social Order

Twelfth of a weekly series of articles on Pope Pius' Encyclical, "Pari Years After," by the Department of Social Action, National Catholic Welfare Conference

Washington, D. C., Sept. 4.—Not temporal upheavals, disasters and ruins but danger to souls is the chief evil of the economic system, in the mind of the Encyclical of Pope Pius on Reconstructing the Social Order.

"How universally," the Encyclical explains, "has the true Christian spirit become impaired, which for many centuries produced such lofty sentiments even in uneducated and illiterate men! In its stead, man's one selfishness is to obtain his daily bread in any way he can. And so bodily labor, which was deemed by Providence for the good of man's body and soul even after original sin, has everywhere been changed into an instrument of strange perversion."

One cause is declared to be "the uncertainty of economic conditions and the whole regime, demanding the keenest and most unceasing strain of energy." "As a result, some have become so hardened against the

Daniel O'Mara Nominated For The Assembly

Popular Young Attorney Honored by His Party in First District—Widely Known in City and Vicinity.

Friends all over Western New York are congratulating Daniel J. O'Mara, of 511 Hurstbourne Road, on his nomination for member of Assembly from the First District on the Republican ticket. Mr. O'Mara was the unanimous choice of the ward and town leaders of the district, at a special meeting called for the purpose of selecting a successor in place of Supervisor Jesse H. Hannan, who decided to remain as Supervisor of the town of Perinton and not run for the Assembly. Mr. Hannan was the original nominee, but he prefers to remain as Supervisor.

The choice of Mr. O'Mara is a happy one. He is one of the best known and among the best liked young lawyers of the city. He has



DANIEL J. O'MARA

been practicing law since 1911. At one time he was in charge of the veteran's relief in three states, and had 3,500 subordinates under him. He did this work remarkably well, and had the good will, the friendship and the gratitude of all who knew him. In educational training and ability he is especially well qualified for the office of Assemblyman, and his friends will be glad of an opportunity to give him every possible support in this candidacy.

Mr. O'Mara has long been active in civic and fraternal affairs in Monroe County and vicinity. He is a member of the Rochester Knights of Columbus, and for two years was president of the Columbus Luncheon Club, a position he filled with unusual success. He has been unusually successful as an attorney, has a most likable personality and is held in good regard by all who know him.

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STAIRS OF SAND

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 3)

Sara's light rejoinder "that she had about decided to be an old maid," brought a duet of protests.

"Why, I'd rather marry anything than nothing," declared Mrs. McFavish. "Lord, knows McFavish ain't much to look at, and he's been a worriment, but I'd do it over again! Old maids, with no man to pester about, sets and furies about themselves, and that's the worst kind of worrying there is. There ain't but one thing worse than an old maid and that's an old bachelor."

"It's God's truth," spoke up McFavish, as if he were bearing witness in a law suit. "I was one old I know. We've always been poor, and she's the naggin' woman on the top of the earth, but when I think of the lonesome nights here before she came, I say, I'll stand anything if I've somebody to stand it with!"

A wailing cry from the youngest McFavish, interrupted the duet of married contentment, and Sara took advantage of it to make her escape, wondering why all conversations led up to the subject she wished to avoid.

The first of July and no word as yet from the newly-weds. To Sara, Cherry Lane Farm had never been more entrancing. She sometimes wondered if it was because she was about to transplant what was left of "the Jacob Leavitt family to new environments."

Nature indulged in all manner of gay coquetries, making drifts of white clouds of dogwood, scattering patches of white and pink wild roses over the hillsides, flinging handfuls of purple and yellow violets in every hollow.

Never had the birds gone crazier with joy—robins love-making in the bushes, Orioles calling to their sweet-hearts. Big birds, little birds, singing, whistling, darting here and there.

Usually at this time of year, Sara spent every spare hour ranging the fields and woods, looking for iris, or searching fence corners for trailing arbutus, or loitering in the Glen.

This year she shut her eyes and mind to the glories outside her window, and day after day bent resolutely over her desk hoping to finish all the orders at hand before the much dreaded morning arrived.

One morning when Sara picked up her brush, she realized that every muscle in her neck was contracted and the pain in her head would not permit her to work. A sudden apprehension for the little room filled her, also the smell of paint, and the half-finished canvases before her.

A robin perched on the window-sill made it worse by chirping at her. She rose listlessly and went to the kitchen. If only Aunt Emory would stop singing "Jes one mo' ribber ter cross!"

Aimlessly wandering across the fields, she entered the woods, and before she realized it, found herself in the Glen where she and Neil Cramer had spent a happy afternoon not so long ago. She flung herself down on the ferns and buried her face in her arms. She had no idea how long she lay there, but after her loneliness and sorrow had spent itself, she was dimly conscious of the comforting warmth of the sunlight as it fell across her shoulders, of the feel of tender blades of grass beneath her fingers. The fragrance of the teeming earth filled her nostrils, the sound of the winds in the treetops, and the murmur of waves breaking on the shore of the little lake, made a gentle lullaby. Gradually her muscles relaxed and she began to notice the beauties around.

The mystery of growth and beauty took possession of her. How the Great Creator must have loved the world to fill it with such beauty!

Up to the present she had lived in a world of distractions, of clashing personalities, of conflicting duties. Perhaps there was a meaning to all this—a place where one could really see life as a whole.

Holding fast to the idea, she determined to bring her new understanding to bear upon the problems of herself and family. It was quite a new Sara who emerged from the woods and swung across the fields toward home.

Memory is a delicate instrument. Like an old music box it will be silent for long intervals; then a mere nothing, a jerk, a tremor will start the spring, and from beneath its covering of dust it will talk to us of forgotten sorrows and desires. Some memories are thus moved at sight of a ribbon, a faded flower; others at the sound of a voice or a piece of music, or an arrangement of skies views against a well-known background.

For Sara, it was Aunt Emory singing "Darling Nellie Gray," that brought Nedda close to her as she used to coo the colored mammy to repeat this favored song. Grandmother met her at the door, her little spent body tense with excitement.

"Where have you been when I wanted you so bad?" she questioned.

"Mrs. McFavish hasn't been well, so I talked there quite a bit," said Sara. "I wanted to tell them they wouldn't have to move. What's the trouble, anything new?"

"It's about this here letter of Anne's. She lost her husband two or three months ago and will have to live alone until her only daughter, married and living in Trumant can break up her home and moves down to her. Anyways she wants me to come and stay with her until her daughter comes. She's eighteen years younger than me and she doesn't realize what that means at our age. Anyway I wouldn't desert poor Jacob."

"It would be just lovely if you would go," Sara urged. "Just buy your house to suit yourself and Lois and I will move, with Emory's help—oh, maybe it would be better for Emory to go with you."

"Emory wouldn't leave Wash, no how!" Grandmother laughed. "Now, this is the way I've planned this here thing. I've ordered a car and I'm going right down and buy the Donaldson House across there from the Baptist church. There's plenty of room and Lois can on one side and us on the other."

"Maybe they wouldn't care to do that, Grandmother," Sara interposed. "Don't you rather dread to order the lives of others? I have often wondered at the self-confidence of politicians, reformers, and such like, who are prepared to force upon others measures contrary to their convictions. I have always hesitated to give advice because after all what do we really know about each other? I haven't made of my own life a complete and rounded thing."

"Sara, you should have been a preacher. Let me finish what I was saying. Lois will save rent, heat and many other things living with us. When we are moved and settled you can pack up and go to Anne's."

"Me?" Sara's surprise was complete.

"Yes, you. Isn't it about time you had a chance to break away and see what you'll find?"

"Oh, Grandmother! It would be glorious if you can get along without me."

"Sara, your being away will make no difference with your father. He pays no attention to who is with him anymore."

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