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And Journal**

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A NOTABLE CONVENTION

The National Council of Catholic Men will hold its eleventh annual convention in Rochester during the coming week, opening Sunday morning with a solemn Pontifical Mass in St. Patrick's Cathedral. The Convention headquarters will be at the Columbus Civic Center. The delegates, we are sure, will find this one of the finest and most attractive buildings of its kind in America, and one of the best kept.

The convention of the National Council of Catholic Men is coming to Rochester upon the invitation of the Right Reverend John Francis O'Hern, D.D., Bishop of Rochester, and he will be the chairman of the convention. We are sure the delegates will find him superb in hospitality, delightful in personality and most interested in the work and the ideals of the organization. This will be the first time the Council has ever held a convention in Rochester. Our hope is that the delegates will like our beautiful city so well, and find our people so kindly and hospitable, that they will want to come again and again, individually or as an organization.

The complete program of the convention is published in this issue of this paper. It is a splendid program, with features that will appeal to and inspire all Catholic people. Every session of this convention should have capacity attendance. Notable speakers, important subjects, and a superb special feature—newly-made motion pictures of the Sacrifice of the Mass, supreme in film photography and correct and exact in every detail—surely these will combine to make this convention a splendid one, outstanding in many ways. May each and every delegate have a happy time here, and may he go home feeling that Rochester is a delightful city, rich and warm in kindly hospitality and in cordial Christian comradeship inspiring to the mind and elevating to the soul.

A SCOTCH PRESBYTERIAN

A Scotch Presbyterian, with the kilted name of Angus MacDonald, has returned to America after spending several months in rebuilding the shelving in the Vatican Library in keeping with American methods and system. He had numerous informal conferences with Pope Pius XI while he was doing this work. The Pontiff, formerly a librarian himself, is arranging the immense Vatican library upon a strictly modern basis, grouping the books, cataloging them, and having indexes made so that any article on any given subject can be found immediately. The task is a tremendous one, and Pope Pius XI has given much time and thought to the work. What Mr. MacDonald thinks of the Pope will interest many of us.

"I found him most delightful," he says. "He has the keenest kind of intellect; instant comprehension, and is possessed of a charming dry humor. His outstanding quality is kindness. Yet one is instantly aware that he has stalwart character and great strength."

If Angus MacDonald took with him to the Vatican any ancestral feeling towards the Pope, we may be sure he has none of it now. It is another in the glorious succession of men from the lovely character of the Scotchman who will treasure among the most precious memories of his life the time he spent with the successor of St. Peter. If all the world could see the work of the Vatican, as Angus MacDonald has done, the Christian framework of the world would be rebuilt as helpfully as the Vatican Library, and as religiously as the Pope.

Just a Boy

Got to understand the lad—
He's not eager to be bad;
If the right he always knew,
He would be as old as you.
Were he now exceeding wise,
He'd be just about your size;
When he does things that annoy,
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

Could he know and understand,
He would need no guiding hand;
But he's young and hasn't learned
How life's corners must be turned.
Doesn't know from day to day
There is more in life than play,
More to face than selfish joy,
Don't forget—he's just a boy.

Being just a boy he'll do
Much you will not want him to;
He'll be careless of his ways,
Have his disobedient days,
Wild, wild and headstrong, too,
Things of value he'll destroy,
But reflect,—he's just a boy.
—Selected.

OUR DIOCESAN SCHOOLS

This issue of the Catholic Courier & Journal carries the annual report of the Rev. John M. Duffy, M.A., Diocesan superintendent of schools. The reading of this report gives one an impressive idea of the size and importance of our Diocesan schools—seventy-two parish or elementary schools; seven private schools, and nine high schools, with a total attendance of 30,685 students. The report shows that in the past seven years a total of \$3,360,779 was expended in the erection of seventeen new school buildings in the Diocese—fine new buildings, thoroughly modern, some of them with cafeterias and nearly all of them with auditoriums and gymnasiums. Mention is made of the fact that Nazareth Academy students won eight out of the twenty-five scholarships awarded to Monroe County by the State. Growth of high school work is stressed, and emphasis is given to the fact that the Church "gathers her children about her and teaches them that Christ may dwell by Faith in their hearts."

Every adult Catholic in this Diocese should read this school report. It inspires interest, pride, loyalty, and even amazement. That the Catholic people of this Diocese, the very great majority of them in moderate circumstances in life, should build, equip, maintain and operate close to one hundred schools, caring for more than thirty thousand children; building buildings that cost many millions of dollars—and willing to build more when there is need for them—surely, these things call for expressions of gratitude to God for such amazing generosity, and for expressions of pride in the fidelity and selfless zeal of all our people.

There will be interest in the details furnished in the report about each school, its number of students and teachers, and in the many other details that make this report one of great interest to all our people. In these schools future generations of Catholic citizens, men and women, are nurtured and trained—educated so they will make intelligent citizens, true and faithful to our beloved country, and true and faithful to Church and to God. Blessed, indeed, is any community that gives so generously of its money, its time and its people that religion may go hand in hand with education, so that boys and girls may be better trained for the problems and trials of life, better safeguarded in habits and morals and better equipped for the noble duties of citizens and Christians. Our hundreds of visitors to the convention of the National Council of Catholic Men will be interested in our schools, and they will find inspiration and joy in visiting some of them, if time will permit.

DWIGHT W. MORROW

Dwight W. Morrow, distinguished citizen, notable diplomat, outstanding statesman, kindly and charitable Christian gentleman, sleeps now quietly in his grave.

Death, swift and unexpected, took him from his family and from the Nation, leaving a great army of mourners to weep by his bier and, we hope, to pray by his tomb.

Long ago Dwight W. Morrow endeared himself to all people of America, and to all people of our sister republic, Mexico, where he served brilliantly and well as Ambassador from the United States in time of deep trouble and travail. Bitterly hostile were the rulers of Mexico to the Catholic Church. Much blood had been shed, churches close and confiscated, religion interdicted. Presbyterian though he was, Dwight W. Morrow brought all the influence of his official position into efforts for a peaceful and just settlement of this sad state of affairs. He was fair to the Church, a strong, sure friend in her hour of need, and he did much to bring order out of chaos, friendship out of bitterness. Public thanks was expressed to him long ago by the hierarchy of Mexico, and out side of his own family none will grieve more in spirit at his tomb; or pray with deeper faith for his soul.

Often, when we become exercised over the sayings or doings of rabid enemies of our Church, we are prone to forget the numberless splendid friends we have among all denominations—men like Dwight W. Morrow who are willing to walk with us in the shadows, pray with us in our sufferings and help us in our difficulties. May his soul, sweet with the spirit of Christian charity on earth, rest happily with God in Heaven.

National Council of Catholic Men

The National Council of Catholic Men is a lay organization which has subordinate councils in all parts of the country, and many thousands of members. The Council is an important department of the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which has received the following commendation from the hierarchy of the Church:

"We have grouped together, under the National Catholic Welfare Conference, the various agencies by which the cause of religion is furthered. Each of these, continuing its own special work in its chosen field, will now derive additional support through general cooperation.

"The task assigned to each department is so laborious and yet so promising of results, that we may surely expect, with the Divine assistance and the loyal support of our clergy and people, to promote more effectually the glory of God, the interests of His Church, and the welfare of our Country."—From the Pastoral Letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of the U. S.

A CRUSADE OF MERCY

Pope Pius XI, in a recently issued Encyclical, calls upon the world to take part in a new crusade of mercy—to work, help, pray and encourage everything that can possibly be done to relieve unemployment and consequent suffering and want. With particular commiseration, the Supreme Pontiff says, he is moved to pity the enormous number of children, most innocent victims of this sad state of affairs. He warns the world that the want of so many families and their children, if not provided for, threatens to push them to the point of desperation. This point has been reached already in many places, with resultant riots, looting of stores, and bloodshed.

Viewing these things, Pope Pius XI asks all people to take part in what "may almost be termed a crusade of charity and relief." Such a crusade, he says, will provide assistance to the body and will also give comfort and aid to the soul. It is, therefore, a crusade of mercy and love, and unquestionably of sacrifice as well.

In making his appeal, the Supreme Pontiff emphasizes the fact that we are "all sons of the one Father, members of the one and the same great family, God's family." True charity is built upon this foundation, and it is well that the Holy Father brings it home so pointedly and so convincingly to the people of all nations. Closing his Encyclical, the Supreme Pontiff asks all to join in the prayer that Christ himself taught us: "Give us this day our daily bread."

This Encyclical is timely, and it emphasizes a point that again and again has been impressed upon the world, that the Holy Father is concerned for all peoples at all times, not only in times of suffering and want, in times of tragedies or calamities, but all times. His is the one voice in all the world that can be and is lifted in appeal for all peoples. He speaks not only for himself and for the Church of which he is the head, but he speaks for God. His appeal, we may be sure, will be answered with action and service, and will do much good for the needy and for the generous. And it will bring home to the world what the Holy Father so carefully emphasizes, that human force, without Divine aid, will never suffice to gain our purpose. Prayers to God, love and service of God—these are what the Pope asks of a stricken world, "that He may shorten this period of tribulation."

THE POPE CABLED TWICE

Thomas A. Edison, the great inventor, dangerously ill a few days ago, received messages of the Supreme Pontiff were the world. Pope Pius XI cabled twice. The messages of the Supreme Pontiff were made public by John Eyre Sloane, Edison's son-in-law, and a Catholic. The first message asked about the health of Mr. Edison; the second message said:

"The Holy Father desires further information about the health of Mr. Edison. Please ask the family direct and inform them of the Holy Father's interest."

A prompt reply was sent to the Holy Father. The sending of the messages was heralded all over the world and was featured in all the great dailies. Mr. Edison is a Free Thinker, but has a fine regard for the Church. That the Pope, undoubtedly the busiest man in all the world, should give such kindly thought and consideration to Mr. Edison, is but one of numerous illustrations, evidenced again and again, of the kindness and thoughtfulness of his nature, and of his close touch with the world, its great affairs and its great men.

FOOTBALL AND PIETY

Some people have the idea that the principal occupation of students at Notre Dame University is playing football and weeping over Knute Rockne's grave. They are wrong. Playing football at Notre Dame is a pastime, a recreation, one might almost say a joy. It is likewise a satisfaction.

But there are other and better things. For one thing, the scholarship attainments are high, and graduates leave the university well fitted for life, its problems and its troubles. Then, too, there is the spiritual side, which is never forced upon a single student. They imbibe it, almost like one does the ozone of the pines when in the woods, or the aroma of the flowers when in a rare and beautiful garden. There are twenty-seven chapels at Notre Dame in which the Blessed Sacrament is kept for the reception of Holy Communion and for the adoration of students. There is a beautiful grotto to the Blessed Virgin, the center of devotion for hundreds of students, and at six o'clock every morning there are as many as a dozen Masses being celebrated at one time. All of these Masses are being attended by many hundreds of students. Daily communions are numerous, and confessions are heard every morning and evening.

A religious bulletin is issued every day, and has been for the past eleven years, and copies are delivered to all students living in the halls. There is also a pamphlet rack filled with Catholic newspapers and booklets, and in many other ways the main purpose of life—love and service of God—is kept before the students. Indeed, it may well be said, that the secret of the great success of the university in football is grounded in the spiritual life of the students. They make every effort to love God sincerely, and this love inspires them with the feeling and belief that God will help them in all their undertakings—in their studies, in their troubles and in their sports. This gives them an almost unconquerable feeling of fervor in their games, and they go into their various contests with something of the spirit of the Crusaders of old. And who will say that this is not a good thing for clean, manly sports, as well as a good thing for the boys themselves? The record of Notre Dame in athletics and in scholastics is the best answer to this question. And it is a convincing affirmative.

SIR THOMAS LIPTON

Everybody loves a good sportsman. Sir Thomas Lipton was that, and he was close to the hearts of the people in every land. Especially here in America. For America, in a large sense, made him what he was. He came here a penniless, friendless boy, seeking work, seeking a future. He was keen. He was shrewd. He was a student of men and things. He found a new business spirit here—the spirit of advertising, then feeble compared with now; but far in advance of British methods. He worked hard in America, doing heavy manual labor, and at times riding the bunkers of freight trains. Once he traveled as a stowaway on a Southern ship, going to New Orleans in the midst of many bales of cotton. There a motherly woman baked him luscious pancakes, patted his lonesome boyish head and consoled him as he wept, heart-sick for home. Years afterwards, while the New Orleans Chamber of Commerce was exalting him at a great banquet, a waiter whispered to him that a shabby old lady, in the lobby of the hotel, refused to go away without seeing him. Excusing himself, he went below. In a moment she was in his arms, sobbing—the woman of the pancakes. Sir Thomas wept with her, and never afterwards did

WAYSIDE WHEAT

By the Managing Editor

There are a lot of people yelling for beer these days when they might better be looking for their winter potatoes.

Gandhi, going home to India from England, after many conferences with the British, should be grateful that they didn't take his shirt.

An Irish servant girl died in New York the other day and left a bequest of \$500 to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, \$5100 each to two orders of Sisters, and the rest of her small savings to relatives. This is a beautiful will, well worthy of emulation.

In these days of sad depression let us raise our voices in paeons of praise for "Alfalfa Bill" Murray, Governor of Oklahoma. He stood on his head on the lawn of the executive mansion the other day just to show the newspaper boys that his gears are reversible and well oiled.

A woman out West permitted a Gypsy spiritualist to bless the money in the cash drawer in her store, so it would multiply like a mathematician in school. When she went to pay a bill a little later there wasn't a blessed cent left in the cash drawer. Blessings, like breezes, have a way of departing mysteriously.

It was a terribly rainy Sunday, and the old couple had come many miles to Mass. They were greeted at the door by the young priest who likes to use big words. "Well, well," he said, "I suppose it was inspiring spiritual motivation that brought you to church in this heavy rain?" "No, indeed, Father," said the old lady, bowing happily, "it was the old bus."

We often hear of an Irish Jew, though we think they are about as scarce as a generous Scotchman. Now we have a Dutch Jew, Father Simon, C.S.B. He was recently ordained to the priesthood in Holland, and is a convert to the Faith. Immediately after his ordination he gave Holy Communion to a fellow-Jewish convert, and later in the day there were many prominent Jewish converts at a reception held in his honor. Holland, by the way, has a remarkable record in its splendid work for the missions, and the country has thousands of converts to the Church.

Some of us think of Texas as a State filled with cowboys and a lot of others who didn't vote for Al Smith. But there are close to one million Catholics in the State, about half of whom are Mexicans. There are six dioceses, many splendid schools and beautiful churches. This week the Discalced Carmelite Fathers of San Antonio are bringing to a close a two-weeks celebration in connection with the consecration of a magnificent new shrine erected by them in honor of St. Therese, the Little Flower. The shrine is said to be one of the finest in America, and it will help emphasize for all of us the growing spirit of Catholicity in the State of Sam Houston.

Some of us feel old at ninety-three, and others at thirty-nine. The average employment expert, who probably knows how to count the vitamins in a can of peas and the fleas in a dog's tail, usually thinks you are old at thirty-five, and tells you to go elsewhere for a job. You tell him the same, only different. But out in Youngstown, Ohio, Patrick Walsh, a product of old Ireland, died the other day at the age of 101. Just as his relatives were beginning to proclaim him the oldest recently dead man in America, "Uncle Billy" Smith of Camden, N. Y., up and dies at the great age of 113. If the wets and dries would analyze the lives and habits of these two men they might be able to tell us which was which and how the drinks should be mixed, if at all. This reminds us what a kindly neighboring doctor said the other evening: "If we only live long enough, we are liable to die of cancer."

she want for the comforts of life. Numberless similar instances could be told of him; for he had an Irish heart that warmed always to the poor and the needy. More than that, he had, though not a Catholic, a heritage of Irish faith in God—the silvered spiritual breath that all imbibe who live in and love the land of St. Patrick. Everywhere he went, we are told, he carried with him his mother's Bible, and his mother's picture, and the memory of her love, her kindness, her faith. Fortune, coupled with industry, skill and business genius, placed him among the very great. But his heart clung to the simpler things of the old days. The world raised him above humanity, but Sir Thomas Lipton always climbed down and walked with humanity. In death he exemplified this; for the bulk of his great estate—many, many millions—goes to charity. One would expect nothing less from him. It is a fitting finale to a life rich in sympathy, golden with good deeds, priceless in an exalted human commiseration. His like comes too seldom. His memory will be loved, and it will be an inspiration to many, many

When You Make Your Will

Always, in every Diocese, there are churches and institutions which have heavy financial burdens, 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 \$ _____, 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 _____ Requests, large or small, are a great blessing to religion, and it is highly satisfying to read of them in any will. No Catholic will should be without one or more such bequests."