

# General Business News

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## Father Cox Leads Army To the National Capitol

(Continued from Page One)

Senator James J. Davis and Representative Clyde Kelly of Pennsylvania met them at the Capitol steps and introduced the petition presented and asked that it be inserted in the Congressional Record.

While Senator Davis and Representative Kelly were greeting the leader of the marchers the men themselves stood at attention and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner," "America," "There's a Long Long Trail" and "Keep the Home Fires Burning."

**A Sharp Contrast**

The demonstration at the Capitol was so sharply in contrast with the one staged on the day Congress convened on Dec. 13 and 14, 1918, that the police withdrew all but details actually necessary to patrol the streets by which the army paraded.

Congress was petitioned to appropriate \$5,000,000 for public conservation as well as provide help for the various states in distributing relief.

Father Cox was accompanied to the White House by several lieutenants of the marchers, including Matthew Dunn, blind State Senator of Pennsylvania; Edward J. McCloskey and Father C. F. O'Rourke of Trautman, Pa. President Hoover conversed with the visitors for twenty minutes.

**Police Fled the Crowd**

While Father Cox was visiting the President, the unemployed returned to Maryland Avenue, where army food kitchens had been set up and food provided by the Washington Police, under the direction of Inspector W. E. Brown, acting superintendent.

Special funds were used for some of the necessities, business houses donated other supplies, and army of food at Fort Meyer sent the field stores.

Afterward the unemployed went to the tents of the Unknown Soldier, moving slowly across the city and back to Washington, D. C., where they were received, hours to March Arlington Cemetery. Father Cox addressed his followers in the amphitheater.

**Keep it Hungry, Tomb**

"I know how hungry, how cold you have been and how you have suffered on this trip," Father Cox said. "You will live to tell your grandchildren of this event, of the courteous treatment you have been accorded by every one in the city. This is God's doing and God will be able to help you. He will give you what you need, only for your God-given right to work. So long as I live and have a tongue and can breathe, I will work for you and all of the common people.

"We do not know who this unknown soldier we are honoring is. We do not know his race, his religion, only that he kept the faith. And that is what we ask all public officials to do with their country."

Men and women wept. It was cold and some of the bedraggled were shivering in want of warm clothing and warm food.

Father Cox called on Senator Reed of Pennsylvania at his office and presented a petition identical with that already introduced in Senate and House.

"I have known Father Cox for many years," Senator Reed said. "The word he brings to Washington is not news to those of us who have seen conditions in Pittsburgh with our own eyes. I think it is right when he says this accident test for the present organization of society, who are our brother's keeper to the extent of doing everything in our power to put an end to present distress. Let each of us individually search his own heart and ask himself if he is doing his full share."

**Musicalian Collapses**

John Cylkouski, 50 years old, a Pittsburgh musician who had joined the "march on Washington" collapsed on the street. At the hospital he was found to have 41,000 hidden in his clothing. When he recovered consciousness, he explained that it was his life's savings, which he had withdrawn from a bank in fear, and which he kept in his pocket. John Yeager of Terrell, Pa., who said he had been out of a job for three years, was treated for a nervous ailment.

Of the meals provided by police for the marchers, the estimated 500 pounds of coffee, 100 gallons of milk, 1,500 boxes of doughnuts and buns, 300 pounds of sugar and 1,000 apples of breakfast. At luncheon, they were served with 1,500 pounds of wieners, 2,500 pounds of sauerkraut, 450 loaves of bread, and 600 gallons of beer.

Senator Davis contributed \$100 and the local Catholic welfare fund \$200 towards a gasoline fund for the cars and trucks bearing the men on their return to Pittsburgh.

Father Cox and Senator Davis broadcast addresses Thursday afternoon over the Columbia radio network. Both paid high tribute to the character of the man in the crowd.

## St. Patrick's Cathedral Radio Hour

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Thank you, John, for your wonderful courtesy."

**Plan of Instruction**

I explained to him just what plan of instruction I would follow. I told him that it would take some time to cover the course; that he was free to ask any question which the chance and that at the end of our conversations if he felt unconvinced, he should go his way and was welcome to what-over I had done for him. "Bernie" no doubt, being sound, would decide for himself.

Our meetings in private were once a week. I had many others who for various reasons were upon the same mission. I did my best to make the teachings of our religion simple and plain. He seemed interested and to his credit he said that he would attend an appointment.

Winter was closing and spring at hand. How my heart was overjoyed at the prospect of seeing the little blue come popping from the ground. Of course, I hired winter with a blanket of snow and invigorating air, but somehow, it did not appeal to me as it once had when skidding, coasting, skating and rolling on the banks of snow were a part of the daily exercise. It was not a question of Mother those shaking her feathers, but of the snow which was so beautiful.

One evening, toward the latter part of April, I had been to the hospital to visit some of our sick. You know in them we see Christ Himself, because He said, "Inasmuch as you do it for the least of these brethren, you do it to Me—and I had scarcely entered the hallway of the rectory, when Mary, the housekeeper, hurriedly called me and said:

"A strange sick call."

"Father, a sick call just came over the phone. The party who called, asked that the priest come at once."

"But, Mary, I said, 'who is the party and where is the house?'"

"Father, it is over on Main Street, No. 763. They did not tell me who, but what the trouble—before I could ask this information they hung up."

"Strange way to send a call," I thought, "whether I should take the Blessed Sacrament with me or not, whether it is urgent or not; I guess that they must think me a kind reader. Seems rather mysterious, does it not?"

"But you will go—will you not, Father?" seriously questioned Mary.

"Yes, I shall go. But I do not like these indefinite affairs. It would seem that they would have common sense to realize that often under circumstances like this it is precious Precious—because a saint might go out before I could properly administer the last Sacraments to the dying."

I will admit that I did not relish the uncertainty of what I was facing. Ordinarily, my face would be wreathed in smiles at the prospect of doing a spiritual good for someone, but a deep seated feeling of danger made the smile from my features and it was a question of a dark cloud for a while with perhaps the silver lining underneath.

I walked calmly down Evergreen Avenue until I reached Main Street. The streets seemed deserted for some inexplicable reason at that hour. This only gave me further opportunity for meditation and you can imagine under the circumstances that the subject revolving in my imagination did not diminish my anxiety.

**Mystery About It**

I reached number 763. An all appearance it was but a business place. There was a stairs along side and slowly I mounted accompanied by our faithful dog. Upon reaching the first landing I took a chance by rapping at the door on the right with the hope that someone could give me further information in regard to the sick person. As far as results were concerned, I might just as well have been in a lighthouse festering upon a hollow tree, for there responded only the echo from the knock. I tried a second and third time with no response.

"Strange," I said talking out loud to myself. I wonder if Mary made a mistake in taking the number of the place over the phone. No—it is no mistake for I have noted the number and street name. This is a newspaper. Well, I'll go down stairs and see if anyone there has heard of a sick person hereabouts."

Down the stairs I descended with the contented dog at my heels. I opened the door of the grocery store at the left and immediately faced a friend of mine.

"Say, Harry, I just received a call over the phone to attend a sick person at No. 763. Do you know of anyone who is ill around here? I've done my best to locate the call but it seems like a mystery to me. You couldn't help a fellow to scare up a sick party around here?"

"No, Father," replied Harry, with a somewhat puzzled look upon his face. "I have not heard of a person being sick around this neighborhood. I'm sorry. Father, that I cannot manufacture one for the occasion," as a big smile broke upon his face.

I was in no mood for smiling and, in perchance, one sneaked from the corner of my lips, it surely was sickly.

"Well," I said, "of all the indefinite ways to summon a priest this certainly takes the prize. I will go

back upstairs again and if I do not return within ten minutes Harry call the police or the undertaker. Perhaps both will be needed."

Harry took the hole affair as a good joke but I can assure you that it was no joke matter for me.

**A Weak Voice**

Again I ascended and duplicated the procedure. Scarcely had I found upon the door when a voice very weak and in the distance could be heard saying "Come in."

I was in a frenzy at once, for I pictured to myself a poor neglected old creature, alone and in great distress. Suddenly my demeanor changed and in the depth of my heart I uttered a hurried, fervent prayer to think that I had found my lost sheep.

"Yes, I had found my lost sheep but not the kind that I had expected. For as I opened the door wide and I went my inquisitive dog, there before me was seated a scene that paralyzed me for the moment and made my blood run cold.

Upon a sofa, covered with blankets was a human form. No movement was perceptible until my voice broke the stillness of the room. "Who is sick here?" I fairly shouted.

"I am," said a sobbing voice, as a face appeared over the wall, and I have called you to witness the end of it all."

"Did my eyes receive me? Was I in a dream? No—it could not be possible that anyone in the right senses would ask a priest to visit a tragedy so malicious. Still only quick thinking could avert a calamity. There was only one thing to do and do it instantly, even though it meant death for the innocent victim of it all.

Can you imagine the thoughts which scared my brain? What would these people below think when it was over?—Would they be attracted by even the muffled sound? Would they judge me innocent or guilty? What verdict would the foreman of the jury render as his face went blank? Oh! I had been within the shadow of the chair as a chaplain in a hospital, would it turn out now that the burning odor of delectated flesh would foul the nostrils of my death-watch?"

**A Six-Shooter**

I was nearly mad for the moment as I saw the six-shooter suddenly appear from its hidden security, the quills and deliberately raised muzzle-end to the forehead. What was I to do? "Oh! Blessed Mother!" I prayed. "Help me."

Like a panther I crouched for the instant. No! I was too far away. Discretion must be employed. I dashed rapidly.

"What are your thoughts of?" I said "to bring a priest here to witness such a foul deed? Do you not realize what you are about?"—and all the time I was slowly, yet rapidly toiling my way to the weaponed hand. In an instant I was there. Those moments, however, seemed like centuries. Oh! will I ever live there over again?

Skillfully I grasped the uplifted hand. In less time than it takes to tell my fingers closed about the wrist. Super human power was mine now and Oh! how it crushed. Tighter and tighter, deeper sunk the nail of my thumb, whiter grew the weaponed fingers, farther away moved the arm, thought of personal danger never entered my mind.

"Release your hold on that trigger," I hissed, "don't you dare to pull that gun. Leave go or I'll sever the artery in your arm."

"Arty in your arm?"

"The artery became limp. The hand relaxed. The revolver was mine but what a rag it was by this time. In fact so palsied had my body become that the gun kept time with its serpentine rhythm.

"Keep it if you wish," came a hoarse voice, "there is a vial of poison on the mantle which I can take at leisure."

Above the sofa hung a Rosary. "Take those beads," I said, "into those suicidal fingers and ask the Mother of God to change your thoughts. Bless yourself. Say the 'I believe in God' out loud. Now the over Father. The three Hail Marys. The Glory be to the Father. So on through the Rosary we went."

Meanwhile I spotted a phone on a ledge. "Pay no attention to me," I said, "keep up the recitation of those beads and aloud."

Seneca 46. I called. "Hello, Father Clement, this is Father Shlay. Would you kindly come over at once to 763 Main Street. Ask no more, I said."

Father Clement There

In no time the door opened. Father Clement was at my side.

"What's the matter, Father?" he said.

I narrated for him as I gave him the dangling gun what had occurred. The Rosary had ceased for the moment.

"Father, come home with me," he said. "If that vial is to be emptied, it will be emptied. Let God's grace work alone within that heart."

I can assure you that despite all my anxious description of the details of how, when and what I met only a laughing user from Father Clement. Perhaps his purpose was to

## W. H. Fitzpatrick Of Buffalo Dies In New York City

Former Power in Democratic State Politics Stricken While On a Visit to the Metropolis.

Buffalo, Jan. 15.—William H. Fitzpatrick, formerly Democratic leader of Erie County and a power in State politics for 35 years, died in New York City on Thursday last week at the Hotel Pennsylvania. He had gone to New York for a brief visit and on Wednesday was stricken with a heart attack.

On learning of his illness his three sons, William H. Jr., Paul E. and Walter Fitzpatrick, chartered an airplane and flew to New York, arriving Wednesday night. Their father was in a coma and he died without having recovered consciousness. The body was taken to Buffalo.

Former Governor Alfred E. Smith said of him:

"I learn with regret of the death of my old friend, William Fitzpatrick. I have known him all through my political life and he referred to me as 'Big Charley' of the State Democratic organization. He was a very charitable man, and a devout Catholic. He is survived by three sons, a brother, Jerome Fitzpatrick, and a sister, Mrs. William J. Hillery.

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## Two More Priests Are Captured By Chinese Bandits

Rome, Jan. 15.—A dispatch from Shanghai reports that the Rev. Kolman, Buhler, German Salvatorian, Father and missionary in Fukien Province, China, has been captured by bandits. Another dispatch reports the capture of the Rev. Stephen Eteban, S.J., of the Vicariate of Wuhu, near Nanking, by bandits in Wartenberg, Germany. He has been in China for four years, having gone there with Father Geser, who last June was shot down by bandits.

Two other missionaries, Father Turk, D.F.M., of Hankow vicariate, and Father Gasser, S.F.M., of the vicariate of Wuhu, have been released by bandits after having been held in captivity for some time.

Happy he who desires the companion of Our Lady; happiest, presumably, he who in compassion and gentleness becomes like the Mother of God.

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