

A Miniature Tyrant

A SHORT STORY

By Patricia Hart

Thrusting its huge nose into the world fields the Blue Diamond store on through the afternoon. Like an angry bear it hissed its way across the Great Plains. The wheel, glowing in the late afternoon sun, resembled the cargo it so jealously guarded—a huge shipment of gold.

In one of the cars seven people sat peacefully. A banker, a school teacher, an elderly grandmother, a prim old maid, a salesman, a tittering shop girl on her vacation, and a lawyer. Each in his own way of just looking out of the window at the flying, but almost level landscape.

The train slowed, stopped and then upon this tranquil scene burst a young bomber in the person of Bobby Baker, age ten. Such a bounding, energetic, animated, mischievous creature was never seen before. He was a cherubic rascal, a young boy with red hair that resembled the comb of a rooster, freckles that flicked his stubby nose and a devilish twinkle in his sparkling blue eyes, which saw everything and which proclaimed an Irish ancestry.

Young Bobby was en route to visit his grandfather, and incidentally destined for a bit more spoiling. He was dressed in a blue suit the pockets of which bulged in typical fashion.

Upon entering the car, he announced himself with a war whoop that would have been worthy of the most ferocious Irishman ever born.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

At a glare from the "old maid," he settled in a corner. But not for long. Taking a piece of string from one pocket, a fish hook from another, he fashioned a line. Looking about for a piece of paper, he found a lost check. He landed in the victim's hair. With a slight tug the banker's hair and off, revealing a shiny, naked head.

Angry almost to the bursting point, the banker retrieved his toupee and resumed his seat, grumbling.

Next in the line of victims was the school teacher, who, tired after a long ride, had dozed off. Stealing up the aisle, Bobby awoke her by blowing a whistle in her ear.

While the spinster was busy comforting the teacher, Bobby proceeded to slip all the Baker's off her knitting needles. Then retreating to his corner, he began to brew more mischief.

The quiet which had descended again on the car was broken by the creation of the sales girl who had been so engaged in her dime magazine that she had failed to notice Bobby's approach.

A dead pollywog extracted from one copybook pocket was dropped unobtrusively upon her reading matter. After much giggling and screaming on the part of the young lady, the offensive animal was removed while Bobby moved on to other scenes of activity.

Taking pity on her fellow passenger, the grandmother called Bobby and began to tell him a story. He was all ready to scoff when she launched on a tale of pirates and buried treasure. But all good things can't last forever and "Granny" ran out of stories. In the salesman's hand each had a chance to exercise patience.

The salesman took the easiest way out by showing Bobby his wares such as soap, scouring pads and ammonia.

Suddenly the silence was again broken not by Bobby however but by a harsh voice saying:

Hands up!

The teacher almost fainted and the school girl became most indignant.

What is the meaning of this," she demanded.

"This means, lady, the bandit ripped that I'm taking some of that gold back there," jerking an arm toward the freight cars, "and all of your money, too."

Whereupon the teacher, relieving them of their money, jewelry and watches.

"Hands up yourself," cried a voice.

The bandit whirled and found himself confronted with a very small but determined young man with a very menacing water pistol held steadily before him.

"Well, look what we have here," remarked the bandit, sarcastically. "Tah look! retalliated Bobby and proceeded to shoot his water pistol straight into the bandit's eyes."

"Hey, he p. he shot me, my eyes," screamed the bandit in pain.

He was quickly taken into custody by the conductors arriving on the scene. Bobby then became the hero of the day, but he merely remarked to the salesman, "That's swell ammonia you sell cause it sure fixed him." Then he returned to his mischief—Mercedes Mercedes—Our Lady of Mercy High School.

Society for Propagation of the Faith

The REV. JOHN S. RANDALL, Director
50 Home — Foreign Stone
Chestnut St. Catholic Missions 4 0 1 3

MISSION INTENTION: That the National Aspirations in India may not harm Christianity.

The odious principles of nationalism have already captivated many European countries. Such a doctrine is particularly injurious to Catholicism. In fact, it is entirely contrary to the fundamental beliefs of our holy Religion, teaching that Christ died for all mankind, and neither race nor nationality shall constitute a barrier. Nationalism in missionary countries is especially dangerous, for the Church in these lands depends upon a foreign clergy who would be quickly expelled should it obtain a foothold.

India in her struggle with Great Britain is becoming a hot bed of nationalistic belief. Our late Supreme Pontiff suggested that we recommend to your fervent prayers the plight of the Church in this country during the month of April. We earnestly encourage you to avail yourselves of the rich treasures of grace during the month, joining your prayers with those of our new brothers in India.

Home Missions
Dear Father Randall:
Permit me to call your attention to the extreme need of a church in this neglected portion of the Lord's vineyard. We are hoping to erect a new

every blessing for the coming Easter season. I am Gratefully yours in Christ,
Rev. Ambrose Koehrschmer,
St. John's Mission,
Waynesville, N. C.

A Holy Night
Honnan China.—A great deal has been written of the war in China. This conflict has proved, from one point of view, most disastrous to the Church, while on the other hand, it has offered to our priests and sisters a marvelous opportunity. Their charitable work has singularly impressed the natives, even to the extent of arousing a curious interest in the religion that encouraged such charity.

This has been especially noticeable in Kiating China. When the war moved into this locality, our missionaries began to organize first aid stations to care for the wounded. Over 24,000 soldiers have been attended under conditions that far exceed description.

This work must be continued for conditions are rapidly becoming worse. To add to the catastrophe the Yellow River overflowed its banks some few days ago, rendering approximately 4,000,000 people homeless. These unfortunate face starvation and disease—some come to the rescue. Even today many families are subsisting on a diet of leaves and bark. That the mission-



church at Cherokee near Bryson City N. C., the first Catholic church between Knoxville, Tennessee, on the north, Atlanta, Ga., on the south, Asheville, N. C., on the east, and Chattanooga, Tenn., on the west.

THIS TERRITORY WITHOUT A CATHOLIC CHURCH contains a total population of 1,000,000 people and covers an area of 28,000 square miles, the size of Ireland or the States of Massachusetts, Vermont, Connecticut and Rhode Island, combined. As far as the few local Catholics are concerned, I could well get along as previously by saying Mass in their homes. But the tourist season is coming on Cherokee is right at the gate of the Great Smoky Mountains National Park. It has no facilities to provide for the hundred and more Catholic tourists who desire to attend Mass at the gateway of the Park over steadily.

May I ask you to contribute a mite to help erect this sorely-needed church? Wishing you

aries may continue their great work, they need your assistance. Your donations to this cause will be sincerely welcomed and we shall deem it a privilege to forward them to priests in charge.

Last Call!
Within the shadow of Holy Week this Society sends out its last call for Lenten Sacrifice in behalf of the mission cause. The end of the period of sacrifice is at hand. Will Easter find our readers able to rise to the glories of the Resurrection or will that blessed day still find them entombed in their funeral wrappings of indifference to the real meaning of the redemption? Christ's sufferings and death were endured that ALL MEN SHOULD BE SAVED, but they cannot be saved without the help of the laity of the world. Give by prayer and sacrifice to the missions through The Society for the Propagation of the Faith and make possible for the Redeemer to reign in the hearts of His children in every quarter of the globe.

I Believe - I Battle

The Right Rev. Msgr. Peter M.H. Wynhoven
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

B. and B. Holy Name Societies, But—
Some years ago, I was out duck hunting in the Louisiana marshes. My guide, a half-breed Indian, was smart in his own way. When he saw something a mile off winging its way toward us, he would tell by the flight whether it was a mallard, a Mallard or a Teal, and he would at once start calling accordingly. He had one bad habit, he would use the name of Our Lord in every trivial sentence he uttered. After a while, I called his attention to this verbal abuse. Said he, "You priests are never satisfied, you kick because Jesus pleads with them to hold fast to the world-saving principles of Christianity in their organizations have been set up to combat the un-Christian trend of the day. But not enough of this has been done. One grievous cost-benefit mistake has been made; we have not sufficiently realized that the very people who should hear Christ's mandates seldom or never come to church and, therefore, are kept in ignorance as to the correct social program or solution of the world's ills. They can be reached only by the printed word, and we have made no serious attempt to reach them. The Catholic press in general has received so little encouragement and such meager support that it is a financial impossibility to make most of our papers readable and an instructive good."

"Catholic life cannot flower and flourish, where the love of the Catholic press is not deeply rooted. The necessity of warmth and good will toward this vital manifestation of Catholic Action has been enlarged upon and emphasized by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. Frequently has he told us that Communism and its ilk, and irregularities capitalize upon the least apathy to the Catholic press. Hence, His Holiness has fixed loyalty to the Catholic press as the highest form of Catholic Action if our Holy Name Societies would, besides their negative objective, adopt a positive work, namely, the spread of the Catholic press. Then, not only would God's name not be sinned against, but we would soon be on the way where "every knee in heaven, on earth, and under the earth" would be made to bow in the name of Jesus.

pleading with them to hold fast to the world-saving principles of Christianity in their organizations have been set up to combat the un-Christian trend of the day. But not enough of this has been done. One grievous cost-benefit mistake has been made; we have not sufficiently realized that the very people who should hear Christ's mandates seldom or never come to church and, therefore, are kept in ignorance as to the correct social program or solution of the world's ills. They can be reached only by the printed word, and we have made no serious attempt to reach them. The Catholic press in general has received so little encouragement and such meager support that it is a financial impossibility to make most of our papers readable and an instructive good."

"Catholic life cannot flower and flourish, where the love of the Catholic press is not deeply rooted. The necessity of warmth and good will toward this vital manifestation of Catholic Action has been enlarged upon and emphasized by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI. Frequently has he told us that Communism and its ilk, and irregularities capitalize upon the least apathy to the Catholic press. Hence, His Holiness has fixed loyalty to the Catholic press as the highest form of Catholic Action if our Holy Name Societies would, besides their negative objective, adopt a positive work, namely, the spread of the Catholic press. Then, not only would God's name not be sinned against, but we would soon be on the way where "every knee in heaven, on earth, and under the earth" would be made to bow in the name of Jesus.

Rochester Diocesan Council N. C. C. W.

536 Columbus Civic Center

Extension of Religious Education
Mrs. Thomas Dignan of Great Falls, Montana, National Chairman of the Committee on Extension of Religious Education, says:
"The purpose of our committee is to aid in extending and perfecting the Reign of Christ upon this earth. The Council urges full cooperation with the work of the Confraternity of Christian Doctrine wherever the Confraternity is established."

"Where the Confraternity is functioning, N. C. C. W. Chairmen should contact the Confraternity leaders and offer the services of all the Council members for fields where each may best serve.

"Before we are aware of it, another school year will have slipped away and we shall be preparing for the vacation school. Now is the time for the helpers to be busy about assembling their material. There is much that can be utilized in this handcraft work, and everyone can assist in assembling, preparing and turning it over to the helpers.

"It is very heartening to note from the various reports that we are beginning to realize that it is just as important for the teacher of religion to be well trained as it is to have a well trained teacher for any other subject. In fact, it should be much more important for often times religion poorly presented does an incalculable amount of harm.

"It is the parents' prerogative to lay the foundation for future religious training in the minds of their children. It is the responsibility of the parents to be hoped that before very long every diocese in the United States will have such a plan, for it has often been stated from the pulpit and platform, "In religion the worst enemy a child has is a poorly trained and untrained teacher. If the home does not take the lead in giving religious instruction."

THE INSTITUTE ON INDUSTRY is the most important project for the Industrial Committee during the whole year is its Institute on Industry. The promotion of this summer school is indeed a project of accomplishing the work our Holy Father has outlined for us the work that was so near to his heart.

Here are a few questions and answers about the Institute to give a better understanding of it and thus give reason for promoting it.

- (1) What is the Institute on Industry?
It is a summer school for young women workers.
- (2) Where will it be held?
At the National Catholic School of Social Service, Washington, D. C.
- (3) When will it be held?
June 18-24, 1939.
- (4) What does the Institute teach?
Its teaching centers on a study of economic problems as they affect workers in industry and the economic life of the country as a whole. It attempts to meet the educational needs of the workers who today have a share in making decisions affecting their own welfare.
- (5) Who will give this instruction?
Leading exponents of Catholic social thought with intimate knowledge of the workers' educational needs. Last year there were full time teachers: Dr. Elizabeth Morrissey, Professor of Economics, College of Notre Dame, Baltimore, Md.; Dr. George Brown, Professor of Economics, School of Social Science, Catholic University of America; Sister Vincent Ferrer, O.P., Professor of Economics, Rosary College, River Forest, Ill. Guest speakers were among the best that could be found from labor leaders, government bureaus and the Catholic University.

(6) What is the purpose of the Institute?
To equip young women to be leaders in their own groups, to be government and consequently employers recognize collective bargaining that the worker has a voice in decisions regarding wages, hours, working conditions etc. The worker should know the reasons of her group and what she must give to her work and what she has a right to expect. The Institute gives young women Christian ideals by which to govern their thought and action on this subject.

Remember the Rochester Deanery Meeting, Friday evening, March 31 at 8:15 in Room 511 Columbus Civic Center.

Bailey Burke president of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, New York City will address a luncheon meeting to be held at the Powers Hotel, Wednesday, April 5 at 12:15 P. M. His subject will be: Some Human Aspects Involved in Future Control of Turbulent Industry. Our women are cordially invited to attend. The price of the luncheon is 85 cents. To make reservations call Stone 650.

Catholics in Africa Carry Spears To Mass

Catholics in the United States are not likely to think of fellow-Catholics going to Mass on Easter Sunday morning carrying spears in their hands and ready to use them to save their lives. Yes, this happens in Africa, where converts sometimes have to make long and tedious journeys through jungles to attend Mass, and are in constant danger of being attacked by lions and leopards. It is not unusual in such places for large groups of natives to leave their villages at midnight and travel miles over rough country and through dense growths to arrive at the Mission Station for Mass in the morning.

GENERAL COUNTY TAXES

Payable in 1939
Monroe County Treasury

Rochester, N. Y., January 3, 1939
The assessment rolls for the general county tax levied in 1938 and payable in 1939 have been placed in my hands for collection. All persons named thereon are required to pay the tax assessed to them before the 15th day of April next, subject to the following conditions as provided in Section 13 of Chapter 441 of the laws of 1938.

FEES WILL BE ADDED AS FOLLOWS:
All of January without fees.
February 1st to 28th, inclusive, 1 per cent.
March 1st to 31st, inclusive, 2 per cent.
April 1st to 14th, inclusive, 3 per cent.
After April fourteenth said addition of 3 per cent and also fees and penalties at the rate of 8 per cent per annum.
In case of default a warrant will be issued for the collection thereof according to law.

On August 1st an additional fee of \$1.00 for advertising will be charged on the 15th day of August a list of all unpaid taxes will be published. On the 20th day of August all unpaid taxes will be sold, and can be redeemed only by paying advertising and sales charges with interest.

Office hours—9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Saturdays to 11 A. M.

It will not be necessary to call at County Treasurer's office for bill. Send postal or letter, giving ward, name, lot number and street; tax bill will be mailed. Then mail bill with check to County Treasurer's office and receipt will be returned.

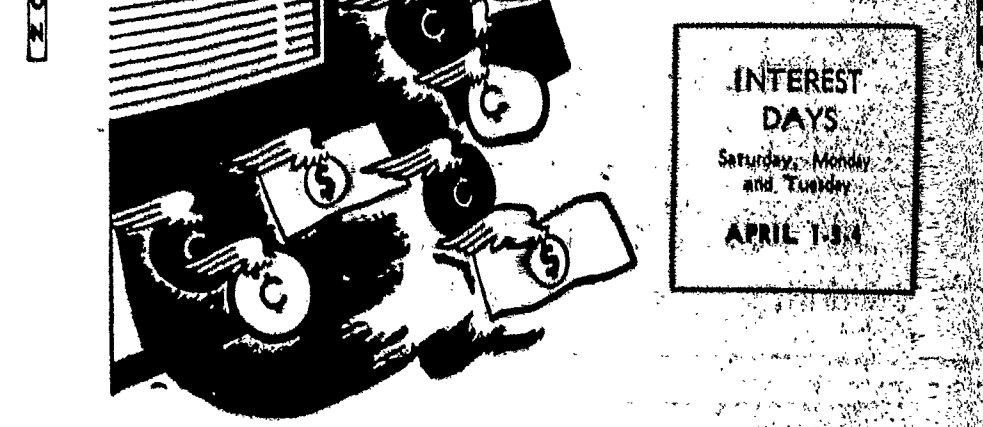
Town taxes cannot be paid to County Treasurer until June 1st, but should be paid to the Town Collector, whose address will be furnished by the County Treasurer on request.

CLARENCE A. SMITH,
Director of Finance.

Odorless Hat Cleaning
Speedy's 50¢
112-216 COURT ST.

EAST SIDE SAVINGS BANK

CORNER MAIN AND CLINTON



ARE YOUR DOLLARS LIKE THESE?

TEST yourself for thrift. Are your dollars taking flight? At the end of the week do you find that you have nothing left to save?

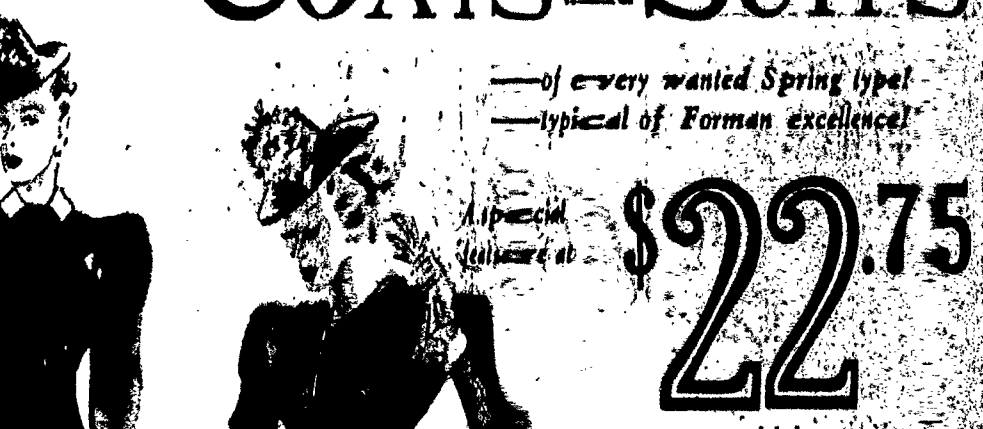
Why not reverse this present order? Deposit a small amount in a savings account each week before you start to spend. Your deposits are draws that show which way the thrift winds blow.

Why not open an account now at the East Side Savings Bank? Money deposited on or before Tuesday, April 4, draws dividends (interest) from April 1.

SEE OPINES AN ACCOUNT

B. FORMAN CO.
CLINTON AVE SOUTH

EASTER... COATS and SUITS



of every wanted Spring type—typical of Forman excellence!

\$22.75

• An outstanding example of Forman value plus Forman fashion authority! Coats and suits in black, navy, beige or gray—at 22.75!

• Dress and sports-type coats—fitted, boxy lined—of twills, nubby wools and tweeds. Detailed with charming ingenuity.

• Suits of the new "soft" type—dressy and sports in character and effect—two-piece and three-piece. Twills, tweeds and novelties.

Navy regulation Coats

4-45

All-wool cheviot with brass buttons, no sleeve buttons. Tailored in the Forman manner, with berets to match. Equally good for wear by girls, and perfect for those who like to dress. And 4 for \$44. (Third Floor)

7.75
Hat Shop... Street Floor