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The saw Appendix Wills
TO A STREET JAMES COWARD KEARNEY, D. D.
Bloom of Redector

American of the United States & C. C. C. Reve Service (Washington, D.C.)

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CATHOLIC COURIER and JOURNAL INC.

APPROLIC COGRIFIC has my most enthusiastic appropriate became an assential performance on assential performance of the control of the control

JANES E. REABNEY, Blubop of Rucheslet.

The Victory of Christ

Reast power of evil in the world was arread against Christ, "Why have the General against Christ," Why have the General against the Lord the serious met together, against the Lord serious met together, against the Lord serious tip, cuiminated in His death on liver. Therefore mend to prevail, to the serious Him publishy as a criminate done to death by religious and authority. They were ready to rejoice in sectional the Response of His ruin.

Recurrection! The Christ comes in Recurrection! The Christ comes in the His toenh, triumphant over death, constalt the forces of evil, He is confront which first brought death into his He been just another victim trailed. He would have remained to the mural of the history was added from many Secondary was many or when an could be proud. The secondary of His murning the systemetress of His murning the systemetress of His murning the systemetres of His murning the systemetres of His many has been dead from the systemetres of His many has been dead from the systemetres of His many has been they stood up and met has been been to the stood. The stood up and met has been been to the stood up and met has been been to the stood up and met has been been to the stood up and met has been been to form the sent they was a stood of many part and the stood was a quite exponent in his latter years of soing good in an unobtrusive way, and the stood was a poles in the producing and marketing was a poles in the producing and marketing the been resident to the many private appeals that came to him. Mr. Stafferd was a poles in the producing and marketing the producing the producing and marketing the producing the producing

will draw unto Himself the hearts of with the peoples, will lead men to turn away the peoples, will lead men to turn away the service of the devil unto the service will bring to men that peace which the will being to men that peace which the will can not give.

Whether is the seal of the Risen Christ!

Whether is the seal on with Geophia, with the eleven, an they ad Lat be be risen with Him that we man walk with Mith in newness of life!

Wale, Street-Cars! Ave. Buses!

History is in the making these cave! The of an era is at hand and the birth of a with era is upon us. The last of the streetcare has passed over its tracks to the barn drain which it shall never more go forth. The are down, tracks are marked for re-moves, poles and guy-wires shall soon be a Rochester is following in the way Nochester is following in the way of a vother cities and eventually to be used by all cities. The day of the street come the day of the pus is at hand!

That a world of wonder came with the car! First it was the horse-car, a bless-bess who wished to travel about the label to Main St. hill by an extra the label to Main St. hill by an extra the electric car with codies of horse-sell styling force to replace the pulling of horses.

college they were at first, with at against the sidewalls at sach other as they rode, Grossmane as an improvement, open accepteding trailers for increas-committees with a partial throwse older le seats. The old conduc-

ward in speeding up traffic, eliminating noise from clash of metal on metal and from flat wheels, and in promoting comfortable riding. While we gladly welcome the triumph of the buses, we can not pass over our debt to the friendly old trolly-car in all its forms. City lines, summer resort and interurban, our cars have nad an honored place in our life-program; they have borne us to school and to play, to work and to recreation. We appreciate what they have meant to us and what they have done for us. As we board the speedler and more nimble bus, we shall not forget the tried and true friend of our earlier years, the good old trolley-car.

He Is Risen!

The holy women went to the tomb of Christ on Easter morning not with the thought of His resurrection, but rather with the thought that they should embairn the body with sweet spices as a preparation for its permanent burial. Christ had frequently told His Apostles that He would rise again. But the experiences of the last three days be-fore the Pasch culminating in His death, had closed their memories to that promise and prophecy. These holy women were close to Christ, must have heard from the Apostles. some word of the promised Resurrection: yet they are found on Sunday morning approaching the tomb with sweet spices to embalm the body.

They saw the stone away from the door of

the repulchre, wondered why it had been removed and how, Curiously they come closer. eriter a short ways into the tomo. Then they see the young man clothed in white garments, and are afraid. Then they hear his words announcing the fact of Christ's Resur-

'He not affrighted. Ye seek Jesus of Nazareth Who was crucified. He is risen. He is not here. Behold the place where they laid Him." This was the first announcement of Christ's risings from the dead. It is the Eastern and the state of the contract of the contrac ter message to all the world. It is a message that brought joy to the hearts of these holy women, to the Apostles, to all who loved Christ. It is a message that has brought comfort and consolation to weary hearts in all the generations since Christ. Let it be the theme of our observance of Easter Day — "He is risen—He is not here."

Three Catholic Leaders Pass

This week saw, the passing from life of three prominent citizens of Rochester. Each hald an important position in the list of our public men. Mr. William J. Hunt, Protunación for the past eight years, Democratic leader in Menroe County for two decodes, was a man of whem all could be proud. Morn in Livingston County, graduated from General Normal School, a temphar, an amiliantly religious and traumants expectation a assessions leader of

The Pence will in His own good the Northeast Sector in Co., and also into the manufacture of Electromatic Typewriters. He remained an official of the Northeast-miti its transfer to General draw unto Himself the hearts of

Loyal readers have not been slow to tell us how Loyal readers have not been glow to fell us how much they like the CQURINIR of today, how they appreplate the brighter make up, the newsy style that has been developed, the apecial columns by becal and national writers. Advertisers have come to accept the CQURINER at its proper worth, as a newerful medium for presenting their offers of worth-white merchandize to the high-type homes have which the CQURINER game. From a few harms into which the COURIER goes. From afar have come alpere words of approval and congratulation

from interested readers.
All this has meant encouragement to the state of the COURIER in their constant efforts to better the paper. To see the results of planning, the ful-filment of drams, the nearer approach to the ideal of a good Catholic nawspaper, means much to those who have labored long and hard for the cause. To know that others likewise see the improvement that aincere praise a paper can receive, means even more

than inside testimony.

Our Ninth Anniversary will stand as a reminder to the Courier and its staff to strive for ever-higher standards of excellence. Every man and woman in the office, the newsroom, the composing and printing room, the sales force and the subscription department, will continue to give the same sealous partment, will continue to give the same sealous service to the paper and its readers that they have given in the past. Prosent good points will suggest still better things to be done. We are grateful to our readers, our patrons, our subscribers, for the taithful support they have given the COURIER, and we hope to show our gratitude by the best service we can render in the future issues of the COURIER.

Five Years Ago-

-in the files of the CATHOUC COURIER

identifie seats. The old conduction of their football training coldered and shoved their way. State were more anticable than they had been in the past was the opinion expressed by the Most Rev. Richard Downey, Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in London who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past in the city. Archbishop Downey, who proposed the past was the past From April 9, 1936, Edition

De Ri Ret Mart. Joseph M. Corrigan of St. Castles Series Seminary, Overbrook, Philadel-

SECOND COMING

By Sister Maryanna, O. P. (Written for N. C. W. C. Ranter Supplement)

(And very early in the morning, the first day of the week, they

She knelt alone to greet the dawn The other women forth had gone Each with consoling word. No sorrow dwelt within her hearly She smiled to see below her start A swift up flying bird.

The rush of wings recalled the day So long ago—so far away When Gabriel foretold That she would weave as on a loom The flesh of Christ within her womb, Her God, as Son enfold.

She waited: He would come, she knew: No spirit, but the Man-God true Whose victory was won. With loving sagerness she yearns: A radiance, a Voice: she turns. "My Mother!" "Christ, my Son!"

Right Rev Mags Peter M. H. Wynkzoven Editor in Chief. Catholic Action of the South

Why Long Sermons?

"I'll beat those egg whiten for you, Fran. You" get to work on the frosting " The girls were making a cake for the sodality food sale, and they felt that the manterplace should bear the weight of their combined talents. "I hope we'll get a good speaker for the ban-

quet, Fran. Have you heard any

"Not an ink," Cedie"
"Whoever it is, he will have a tough job to equal last year's apeaker. I wished then that more people who needed it could have

of our Sunday sermons."
"Darling, go lightly on those egg whites. Every sermon preached by a priest is the word of God. It should be listened to That may work with you, Fran, because you're so deeply re-ligious and devout, but-

"But what, Cedio" "We-e-ll, Fran, you'd say I'm an average Catholic, now, wouldn't "Better than average With

your disposition and "Hold your words of praise. darling They may not apply when I finish." "I bet they will. But, give me your argument."

"It's really not an argument, It's simply that most of the talks. I hear in church can't help me, or interest me very much Now, wait—let me hang myself. Remember, I don't say that the sermons aren't O. R. I say only that they don't hold me.'

"But Cedie, maybe-" You said I was a little better than the average Catholic, didn't "Yes"

"Then that makes me a specimen of the general braid of Cath-olics altending any Sunday Mass,

Yes, but-" No-it's my turn to lecture. I'll let you give me the works when I'm finished" "All right; proceed, Mr District

Attorney

Thanks. According to your acknowledgment; then, my opinion reflects the mind and attitude of most people in church Well, my opinion is that the sermons we

get, especially at low Masses, are often too long and too uninteresting. A stereotyped talk, full of deep theological arguments, is a waste of time for the average listener. The only ones sufficiently disposed or well educated enough to accept and digest the material, are those who don't need it. When I've beaten these eggs to a fare thee well Fran, have I ruined them completely?" "No, darling-not quite. I'll take them now. There's a lot in what you've said, Cedie What most of those in the congregation should have, is a short sermors, illustrated with a religious amendate or with daily-life examples and ar-

"I think you're right, Cedle"
"Don't tell me you really agree for once"

"Definitely. You should hear my paster on the subject of long sermons. He started a sermon the other day by saying that he didn't mind seeing people look at their watches while has talking it only begins to bother him when they hold the watches up to their cars and shake them." That's a beauty I hope I can

You know. Cedie it always impresses me that priests who preach long, circlutty prepared Want to be exact in their duty of preaching, and in satisfying hemselves on the point of duty they don't bother to benefit the majority of the congregation.

How's the cake coming along. "It's all ready; open the oven. There. Now, let's go into the living room and pray that it doesn't

Right, After all our combined reputations are at stake. Or, should I say in cake. Ha hadon't laugh at that pure I know it's punk Come on Fran."

Diocesan Recordings

There is some sart of record chalked up for the National Counell of Catholic Men and the more than 233 local Catholic laymen and laywomen in arranging the astounding broadcasts, of that many throughout the country, of the Sacred Drama, The Living

This unusual presentation of in Passion and Death of Christ which is beling heard this week over Station WSAY. Rochester, at P. M., and over Station WHCU, Ithaca, from Monday to Friday, at 7:15 P. M., is not a national hook-up but an electrically transcribed presentation. That means that the original broadcast had to be made by the nationally known radio and motion picture stars in Hollywood some time ago, duplicate transcriptions had to be made, and lay organizations throughout the country contacted to see what could be done about

getting them on local stations. The National Council of Cath-olic Men's headquarters in Washington did an admirable and ex-haustive job, but they did it with the wholehearted cooperation of the local radio stations which with the intensive effort of local people who made the con-

tants. In Rochester the programs were arranged by George L. Mc-Kay of the Catholic Activities Committee of the Knights of Columbus, Now we learn that spon-sored by the Rev. Donald M. Cleary, Chaplain, and his Cornell Newman Club, the presentation was arranged by Harry J. Hennessy, law student at Cornell and a regular and prominent an-nduncer on Station WHCU, Ithman, owned and operated by Cor-nell University. All three have brought to this diocese the un-usual in radio presentation of the greatest drama of the ages and deserve much commendation.
Linteners to both the WSAY
and WHOU broadcasts are urged to send their letters of apprecia-tion to those stations. Both sta-

Sheen's Easter Sermon on Sunday It is just as important for us as Catholics to commend the radio for cooperation as it is criticize something we do not like on it.

Dramatizing the "Page My Pastor dialogue presented on this page each week by the Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wyn-hoven is the latest stunt carried out by one of our Sodalities. Not

Spiritual Thoughts

God is a spirit and they that adore Him, must adore Him in spirit and in truth.

In the soul which is united to Along God it is always Spring. -St. John

We need food, medicine, guidance, joy of spirit and consola-tion of heart; and all of these are the proper effects of Holy Com-

God does us honor when He is pleased that we should tread the same road which was trodden by His Only-Begotten Son. -St. Paul of the Cross.

Feast Days

Menday, Apr. 14-ST. BENE-Tuesday, Apr. 18-ST. PATER-Wednesday, Apr. 16-ST. OPTA-

Thursday, Apr. 17.—ST. ANICE-Friday, Apr. 18-ST. APPOLO-NIUS. Saturday, Apr. 18.—ST. ELPH-EGE. tions will carry Monsignor

Easter Garland

By REV. BENEDICT EHMANN

Let the poets of Christ's good news bear witness to the mystery of our Redemption. First the un-known singer of the Dream of the Bood, heroic and splendid vision of Calvary's gallows-tree. The Holy Cross spenks:

I am remembering in the long ago How at the forest-edge they hewed me low And stem-cut thence strong fors took me to stare Upon, and bate me outcast men to bear. And hillward bore me shoulder high and then Foes fixed me there. I saw the Lord of men In His might hastening there me to pacend Yet dared not break asunder nor me bend Nor disobey for God's commandment's sake Though Earth I saw in all her bosom quake I stood, who might have thrown the foes to sod. Then gathered Him, the Warrior young called God Almighty, resolute and strong, unbowed,

Of courage went He up in sight of crowd Upon the lofty Cross manking to fend.

I trembled in His arms but darned not Library bend Or earthward fall, but firmly had to

Signpost stand.
On me, the Cross, the mighty King The Heaven's Lord, yet dared I not to quali

You see the wounds, dark piercing of the Nail And open gashes. To none dared bring I bane. They accorned us both, and I was made astain. With Blood forth from His Side that flowed. When He like Man His Chost sent on its road. And many were the bitter pangs I hore Upon that hill. The Lord of Hosts I saw Unkindly set upon, and darkness shroud. The Ruler's corpse with covering of cloud In face of shadowy night day's splendour leapt All wan beneath the walkin, All creation wept

Almost a thousand years later George Herbert classed as one of the "metaphysical" poets of the 17th century wrote his Easter Wings with its quaint artifice of thought and design:

Lord, who createdst, man in wealth and store, Though foolishly he lost the same, Decaying more and more.
Till he became Most poor. With Thee O let me rise. As larke harmoniously And sing this day Thy victories.
Then shall the fall further the flight in me

Africe Meynell, who died within our own life time, wrote a poem called Easter Night to remind us of something it is so easy for us mortale to forget All night had about of men and cry Of worful women filled His way. Until that noon of sombre sky

My tender age in serrew did beginne:

And still with sicknesses and shame Thou didst se punish simme,

That I became

Most thinne. With Thee

Let me combine. And feel this day Thy victorie.

For if I imp my wing on Thine, Affliction shall advance the flight in me:

On Friday, clamour and display Smote Him: no solitude had He. No silence, since Gethsemane.

Public was Death; but Power, but Might, But Life again, but Victory. Were hushed within the dead of night, The shutter'd dark, the secrecy. And all slone, alone slone He rose again behind the stone.

Though Edwin Arlington Robinson had a far from Catholic mind, his Calvary shows a remarkable understanding of the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Friendless and faint, with martyred steps and slow, Faint for the flesh, but for the splirt free, Stung by the mob that came to see the show, The Master toiled along to Calvary:
We jibed Him, as He went, with boundish glee,

Till His dim eyes for us did everflow. We cursed His vengeless hands thrice wretchedly,— And this was nineteen hundred years ago. But after nineteen hundred years the shame Still clings, and we have not made good the less That outraged faith has entered in His name.

Ah when shall come love's courage to be strong! Tell me O Lord tell me O Lord, how long Are we to keep Christ writhing on the Cross!

(Alice Meynell's Easter Night is printed here
through the courtesy of Charles Scribner's Sons.

New York City, Edwin Arlington Robinson's Calvary, through the courtesy of the Macmillan Com-pany New York City >

Leopard and His Spots

By REV. JAMES M. GILLIS, C.S.P., Editor, The Catholic World

to have some one in whose judgment you trust call that book "the outstanding hokum of the year." In half a dozen places, perhaps in this very column, I have said an appreciative word about Archibald MacLeish's brochure The Irresponsibles. MacLeish, now Librarian of Congress, used to lean to the left. He was a "follow-traveller" if not a Communist. But he saw the error of his way repented and confessed are doing something similar to that just now It has become the vogue. Therefore the wary observer of this phenomenon of mass conversion may be tempted to be skeptical.

When the first converts began to come in, they had to brave unpopularity. They courted contumely They ran the risk of economic loss. If they were writers there was danger that the circulation of their books and consequently the size of their roy: aities would be cut down. But as soon as it became

Sursum

When I praised Dr. MacLeish I was, of course aware of all that. But I waved aside suspicion because I thought his confession of a new faith or at least the repudiation of the old faith, rang true. That could be determined only by the exercise of one's literary judgment, unless of course one could

far as The trresponsibles is concerned I still think

However and there is the real point of this piece I think it will be just as well for all of us to cultivate an "Oh Yeah" attitude now that ex-communists are flip-flopping all over the piace. As Miss Paterson says This Fellow-Traveller fashion changed so quick the disrobing had to be made practically in public Most embarrassing proceedure. Take another case, that of Jan Valtin, ex-Comex-fascist ex-rascal a kind of Venyenuto Cellini, quite as much a villain and if you can judge from his book's being at the head of the cost serior list quite as good a craftsman in letters, if not in silver and bronze Can you believe him? How do carrying it out may have come from Moscow.

(Copyright, 1941, N.C. W. C.) from his book's being at the head of the best seller

It is disconcerting when you have praised a book inque of Communists and Nazis to lie? If a man confesses that he was a liar for ten or twenty years, how do you know he isn't lying new? If iles were stock in trade, and he sold them to one set of customers, what is to prevent his putting in a new stock of different lies to sell to another set of customers? In a word, how do you know that a Har has stepped lying? You don't know. Perhaps you never can knew. Pascal shrewd thinker that he was, said "I readily believe the story of those who die rather than re-tract." He referred to the Apostles and the Gespel

they preached. St. Paul, for example, being converted, told his story and stuck to it; even though he was scourged by the Jews five times and by the Romans three times, even though he was hounded here and there all over the Empire; even though he

with lashes and chains. They may be mecked by their fashion to write articles and velumes on the theme "What a fool I was?" there came a chance to pick up popularity and profits once again Dropped by one clientele, wore to back into what a fool back into what a fool is who can say that they would not take another and profits once again bropped by one clientele, wore the same of the word in the hand of an executioner, who can say that they would not take another all they would not take another all they have the same of the same o fore his change of heart, he was appointed Librarian of Congress. When the change of heart occurred he

didn't lose that very desirable and honorable job When St. Paul came back to Jerusalem and told of what had happened to him on the road to Damascus. forty young men took oath that they would not eat or sleep or drink until they had killed him (By the meet the man and have a talk with him. Not being acquainted with MacLeish except through the medium of the printed page I had to ask "Does his apologia ring true". My answer was Yes."

And now comes Isabel Paterson of the New York. Heraid Tribine who calls it "hokum and at that "outstanding hokum." Perhaps she is talking about a second account of MacLeish's conversion. But as Out of the Night But no one is going to stick a knife in the back of MacLeish, or any other literary fellow like him.

Furthermore, he does say on Page 5 of The Irresponsibles "We have seen this and yet refuse to see . We know one thing and yet continue to de That's bad If some one asks "If they did that once, how do you know they won't do it again?" There isn't any answer, unless you know the man or unless he has a chance to suffer or to die for his new faith and accepts the chance. So perhaps after all we may just as well be cau-tious about believing in the conversion of fellowtravellers, leftists, communists. It may all be part of a prearranged plan. The plan and the orders for

'Sneak' Preview

By REV. DANIEL A. LORD, S.J.

My Chicago newspaper in its motion picture section runs this morning a big advertisement: "Sneak Preview Tought." The letters are headline high-The announcement in glaring type of a sneak pre-Which reminds me of the days in Hollywood when sneak previews were as secret as the meeting of the Gestapo and every detail of the business was safe-guarded like the rites of an esoteric lodge.

The smeak preview in those days had a very definite purpose. For a motion picture fould not have the try-it-on-the-dog opportunities permitted to the legitimate stage. When a producer of plays had a new production, before he brought it into the big town and exposed it to the customers, he took it into the small towns to see what the audiences really thought of it. Washington was a famous dog town where plays were tried out. So was Boston. In fact, it was a common practice for a big play to open in Boston, get the audience reactions during a week or two, and then, while the authors

madly rewrote the script and the actors rehearsed day and night, the The Way play was moved through the smaller cities of New Engined constantly undergoing changes and alterations, until the playwright felt he had done his best and the producer thought the show was polished enough for the sophisticates of Broadway.

But the motion picture producers had no such chance to try out their films. They put their finished picture into a can and flashed it on the screen. There it was And when the audience boord or hooted, it might be too, too late to make changes. Hence the sneak previews. The director actually took anywhere from three to twenty times as many feet of film as he actually meant to show. He assembled and edited the best of this into a flowing Then he looked around for a dog. Quietly the company picked one dog, possibly two. Usually the theaters were picked for contrast; one Sunday, Apr. 13.— E ASTER in a poor district where the criticism was sharp and sometimes ribald: one in a fashionally attention sometimes ribald; one in a fashlonable district where the audience was hard and sophisticated. Even the theater owner might not be tald the preview was planned until 10 o'clock on the right of the showing, Then in the dark of the evening, the producer, the director, the film editor, perhaps one or two other echnicians - and seldom ever an actor - bundled themselves and the film into a car and rushed out to the first of the selected theaters. The regular pro-gram was running. As the last picture was finished. a sudden warning shot on the screen: "This is a preview. If you care to stay, you are welcome. There is no obligation?

Almost everyone stayed. And with fear and trembling, the producers began to unwind their film The men who came with it were stationed over the theater at strategic points, clocking the laughs, comes close to being a contradition in terms. catching the feel of the audience, noticing when the emotional reaction was wrong, sensing audience approval, restlessness, scorn, pleasure.

Then as the film was ended, every member of the audience was given a self-addressed postered for comments. The next miorning the comments began to snow under the producers. I was in Hellywood just after the sneak preview of John McCormack' grand film. It was a grand film I thought and so did the studio. But the snow storm of cards from the preview told a very different story. They hadn't liked it. They refused to accept as their hero the fat and aging singer, and the studio plunged into deep gloom as they saw their smash hit damned by the dog or

On the basis of the cards and comments, the film goes back to the studio. Many a scene is shot all over again, actors recalled scenes rewritten. Many a scene is simply cut out and thrown away, and out of the extra celluloid another scene is inserted. The order of the film's development may be totally changed. Laughs that didn't come off are deleted Serious scenes that got a laugh are completely altered. And the harsh, cruel citicism of this audience may change a failure into a success.

That still goes on in Hollywood, I believe. But it's amusing that sophisticated Chicago should be kidded into paying their money to see a faired imitation of the one serious thing that was a sneak preview.

3 .6 .6 Daughters have their use these modern days. For

This particular woman, very good, holy, and whelesome, happens to be the chairman of the social com-mittee in her altar society. The altar society in a burst of pre-lenten gaity decided to have a theater parts. So they appointed her to buy the tickets for any show she selected. When it came to the theater, she knew less than nothing about it. But she asked a ticket agent for the most popular show, and bought matinee lickets for the entire sitar society.

That evening, she mentioned the fact to her daugher-still in college-and casually gave her the name of the show

There was a gasp from daughter. "Give me these tickets this minute," said she sternly. "Im taking them right back. Imagine your dragging the alter society, all of them, to the rowdiest, dirtiest show