

The Hunger That Upset The World

Isn't it awful, after you've had a cup of coffee, when you sit at the table and wish you had a cigarette and the one beside you lights up and you look fairly cross, because you've given up cigarettes for Lent?—Isn't it hard to resist a box of chocolates going the rounds, with your mouth practically aching for a crisp, chocolate-covered almond, to have to say, "No, thank you"—because you aren't eating candy this Lent? In these anything-goes days, when you can eat without butter, coffee without sugar, or cold salmon, rolled out of the can for the unrepentant time?

Sure!—It's Lent. We're all miserable, with our lean faces of fast and abstinence.

But we have only ourselves to blame. Adam started it all back in the Garden of Eden by insisting on having his own way. That crime almost wrecked our race. Every lambstone is a monument to that wretched hunger which led him to taste the forbidden fruit. Every headache, every cold, every pain, every last twinge recalls the fact that Adam rebelled against God and that we are his flesh and blood.

Of course, we ourselves aren't doing much to help matters. We carry on our own little rebellions—some of them not so little, day after day, against the same God who offered to forgive Adam's sin. We will have our own way; we will do as we please, without regard for the Ten Commandments, Church Law, or common sense. So we keep adding to our misery and piling it up—because, with sin, the more you have, the more you want, and the more you get, the more miserable you become.

So, with each year's Lent, we put our feet down hard on our own neck. It sounds queer, doesn't it?—but it's almost as hard as that to say NO to our comfortable habits of life. Remembering Adam's hunger, so tragically gusted, we go hungry ourselves, mindful of our own selfishness, we turn against ourselves and become, for at least six weeks, the enemies of our own bodies.

There's nothing easier than to exude a last "drug" on the night of Shrove Tuesday and, saturated with alcohol in every pore, to sweat off for Lent. The test comes Wednesday morning, and every day after that, as with all our Lenten resolutions, it's hard, but we need it, and it's good for our souls.—Rev. Richard Glaser.

101 Radio Stations

New York—Radio Station WINE here is the 101st station to be added to the chain which carry the Sacred Heart Program. The program is broadcast each weekday, Monday through Saturday, at 7 A. M. A special Sunday service is broadcast, over WMCA on Sunday.

TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of St. Paul

SELFISH PARENTS

We happened to meet two friends on the Twentieth Century Limited, between Chicago and New York. Their invitation to come into their drawing room was accepted. It was a talkative dinner, and the subject of conversation, one mentioned that all headship was gone—no less said.



In the heat of the argument, he went so far as to assert that even mother love was not immune from this taint.

To prove that mother love can be selfish would call for much argument. But it is shown that maternal interest is not always genuine and disinterested. It would not be difficult, in the case of many a parent, from casual observation, to see that fathers and mothers are selfishly motivated by their own selfish interests.

The choice between personal pleasure and enjoyment and the good without and best interests of their children is often and unfortunately too much influenced by the thought and the desire to bring the best of least resistance. The children's benefit is often momentarily relinquished in some dark corner. Hence, one cannot escape the conclusion that parents are sometimes more considerate of their own temporary satisfaction than of their children's permanent welfare.

When a mother goes regularly to her position, or she around usually, she may succeed in finding excuses for her so-called frustrated nerves, or, still better, get her name in the paper occasionally, but her name in dark print may not make it bright in her children's hearts in the days to come, for she steals time from them. She is a plain daylight robber. The tired father who thinks his physical reserve can be built up only at the club or in a barroom poker game, every time he has a chance, is a self-denier. He may win some money, or he may make profitable contacts at his diversion, but he squanders precious values for his children, in whose play and work he is little interested.

Judas money is novel, and destructive sensuality is practiced, by sending children to five schools, where character training is neglected, and the moral law is ignored. These are parents who refuse to stifle themselves to make possible an education that would fit their sons and daughters for God and man. No, they would rather save, in order that Mammon

Books Reviewed

FR. M. DE VRIES, *My Own Story*, translated by Mary J. ...
The Great. Catholic Action of St. Paul, 222 Washington St., St. Paul, Minn. 20 p. Price 50c.

The idea that perfection is attained with the passing of the years, or at least by reaching a certain age, is a popular one. It is a mistake, however, to think that perfection is attained by the mere passage of time. A perfect man is one who has reached the goal of his life, and this is not a matter of time, but of grace.

Msgr. Pater's message is very timely. The world is full of people who are living in the shadow of death, and the young people are being led astray by the false promises of the world. It is our duty to bring the message of the Gospel to these people, and to help them to find the path of life.

The book is a very good one, and it is well worth reading. It is a story of a man who has reached the goal of his life, and it is a story of a man who has found the path of life. It is a story of a man who has found the path of life, and it is a story of a man who has found the path of life.

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FRANK M. DE VRIES
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UNBELIEF

"For God has shut up all in unbelief that He may have mercy upon all."

St. Paul, Romans 11, 27

Go to your empty Dairy,
I'll have no part of Him.
The world is good enough for me,
I'll enjoy myself the interim.
This body's an ephemeral clad,
You've seen a person dead,
And then you talk about a God,
Would he allow the worms to tread?

Drawn all your fabulous pictures;
Finger your holy jewelry;
Give the stupid poor your alms,
And come for help to me.
I'll laugh right in your stony face:
Why don't you pray for me?
I could use some so-called grace
From that convenient Dairy.

I promised I would pray for him
That he would see the light,
And now he claims my heart
Of God and His great might.
He came to me with tearful eyes,
And fell upon the ground,
God's mercy helped him realize
The Truth at last he found.

He tried to avoid Him every-
where.
He looked at all creation,
All things showed His living God,
And His Administration.
When he came to know Him,
A consequence thereof:
He felt just like a Church,
And gave Him all his love.

—David L. Davis