

SO SAY THE MONKEYS—

A review of the National Catholic Rural Life Conference, 1941 General Assn. (See *Alphonsus* issue).

An ancient ape, once on a limb,
Disliked exceedingly to climb,
And so he picked him out a tree
And said, "Now this belongs to me.
I have a bunch that monkeys are
meats."
And I can make them gather nuts
And bring the bulk of them to me
By claiming title to this tree."

He took a green leaf and a red
And wrote himself a title-deed,
Proclaiming pompously and slow:
"All monkeys by these presents
know."

Next morning, when the monkeys
came
To gather nuts, he made his claim:
"All monkeys climbing on this tree
Must bring their gathered nuts to
me."
Cracking the same on equal
sharcs:

The nuts are mine, the shells are
theirs."

"But by what right?" they cried,
amazed,
Thinking the ape was surely
crazed.

"By this," he answered, "if you'll
read,
You'll find it is a title-deed,
Made in precise and formal shape
And sworn before a fellow-ape,
Exactly on the legal plan
Used by that wondrous creature,
man."

In London, Tokyo, New York,
Glasgow, Kalamazoo, and Cork,
Unless my deed is recognized,
It proves you quite uncivilized."

"But," said one monkey, "You'll
agree
It was not you who made this
tree!"

"Nor," said the ape, serene and
bland,
"Does any owner make his hand
Yet all of its hereditaments
Are his and figure in his rents."

The puzzled monkeys sat about:
They could not make the question
out.

Plainly by precedent and law,
The ape's procedure showed no
flaw,
And yet, no matter what he said,
The stomach still denied the bread.

Up spoke one sprightly monkey
then,
"Monkeys are monkeys; men are
men.
The ape should try his legal cap-
pers—
On men, who may respect his
papers.
We don't know deeds; we do know
nuts,
And spite of his aid and
butts,
We know who gathers and un-
meats 'em,
By monkey practice also eats 'em!
So tell the ape and all his
Gunkys,
No man-tricks can be played on
monkeys."

Thus apes still climb to get their
food,
Since monkey minds are crass and
crude,
And monkeys, all so ill-advised,
Still eat their nuts uncivilized.
—Edmund Vance Cooke

TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven
Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action at the South

What's Wrong With Obedience?

A father, a veteran of World War I, a sailing mother and two little boys around the ages of four and five walked into the diner, were seated, and got set for a meal. Things had



been somewhat monotonous and dull in the dining car up to that time, but the two husky youngsters took the situation in hand at once by furnishing all kinds of distraction. They talked loudly and boisterously, kicked tableware about, cried, laughed and whistled. Their mother's sweet pleadings did not mean any more to them than the sizzling of the steak on the broiler in the kitchen. They had, long ago, grown accustomed to Father's threats, with the result that only the two little boys in the car had a good time. The World-war-hero father was ashamed to look up. The mother gazed around, facing the frowns of the other diners with a silly, pitiful smile.

PARENTAL WEARINESS
There is nothing in this world of which normal parents want to feel more proud than of their children. Still, paradoxically, there is nothing about which many parents do less than in raising their children properly. Most fathers labor under the impression that they are doing splendidly by their wives, their children, their country and their God, as long as they bring home the pay check faithfully or give an ample allowance for domestic expenses regularly. Entirely too many mothers are highly pleased with themselves when they see to it that their youngsters get their three square meals a day and are kept in clean clothes.

Providing properly for their physical needs, and feeding them adequately, has something to do with the well-being of children, but this constitutes only a necessary adjunct to the principal business in hand. The main objective in taking correct care of youngsters is, first of all, in season and out of season, to drill them in being obedient. We purposely use the term, drill, for discipline is often quite unpleasant for child and parent alike.

It is exactly this factor of un-patience which makes so many parents fail in the great art of rearing children right. It is so much easier to give in to the child's every whim, so much more agreeable to see him smile when he gets his way than to hear him cry when his young, ill-tempered ambitions or wishes are thwarted.

There is more selfish entertainment in going out at night for a dinner, a social or a show than to stay at home and preserve decorum in the youngsters' lives. There are no substitutes for parents. It is much more comfortable to give adolescent Johnnie or Jane the front-door key and go to bed, than it is to sit up, waiting to see whether they obey your orders and come home on time.

PROPER TRAINING
"Yes, but you should trust your children." Correct—after they are properly trained, and then will prove they are trustworthy. The creature is naturally disposed to obey—man even less than the brute, because man can use his own judgment and will. Unless his judgment is rightly formed, his own individual inclinations will easily lead to make him follow the wrong path, and he will become the victim and slave of unhealthy attitudes.

There is no one who is thoroughly inclined to good. We all have our leanings to the bad side. Some of us may have better dispositions than others, and, in the case of children, it will be much easier, of course, to train the more amenable. But, the good and the bad need constant direction and supervision.

Obedience is the best index and guarantee of character. Without it, peace at home and family welfare are impossible. Without it, society cannot survive. We face laws and restrictions everywhere, and all the time. Every person, no matter what his position in life, is subject to them. Without obedience, no one can be an acceptable Christian or a desirable citizen. He is bound to upset the order that makes for peace and happiness. The principal reason why penitentiaries are filled, homes are broken up and mothers invariably become prematurely gray-haired, is disobedience.

It is disobedience that is at the bottom of most of man's misery, why, then, should parents be so negligent in training their children in this most essential foundation for their future happiness? Why should they start their little ones off in life with a background that spells misery in the future? The four-year-old who stamps his foot and gives his mother a positive "no" is headed for a future which will be, at best, questionable and, at worst, tragic.

Recalls How Pope Pius XI Helped Catholic Paper Begin

LONDON.—An interesting incident illustrating the interest taken by the late Pope Pius XI in the Catholic Press is recounted by Douglas Newton, novelist, in an article in *The Listener* here.

When the Most Rev. A. E. J. Kenealy, O.F.M., Cap., was Archbishop of Simla (Delhi), India, and went to Rome on his first and last home visit, the Holy Father asked him if he had a Catholic newspaper.

The Archbishop, now living in retirement at Crawley Friary, Sussex, told the Pontiff one of the first things he had done had been to start the *Shukla Times*.

"Splendid," said the Pope, and taking 50 pounds in English notes from his desk he gave the money to the Archbishop with the remark: "Here's something to help you with your work."

"Have you a good editor?" was the Pope's next question, and the Archbishop explained that as he was poor he had to be his own editor.

"Couldn't he better?" remarked the Pope, reaching into another drawer.

But there was nothing in the drawer and His Holiness tried other drawers saying "Now where is it? I'm sure I had some money somewhere. Where did I put it?"

"Ah! Here it is," the Pope said at last. "Here's 200 dollars for your editor."

Archbishop Kenealy looked at the notes and saw they were for \$2,000.

He mentioned the matter to the Holy Father who just laughed and said: "Then that's so much better."

With Catholic Poets

Beyond the Dream
Once Dante (may he rest in peace
To whose soul was the vision given)
Saw his beloved at his side
And lo! he knew himself in Heaven.
In shapes of light the truth may hide
Or clearer forms of tenderness,
But unto Heaven's elect is shown
The beauty of her skyey dress.

Only to him earth's curtains blown
By unseen winds lets in the gleam
Who hears the whisper "Come—
and 'Come."
And follows truth beyond the dream.
—M. Whitcomb Hess

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Measures and Weights
Those who guide the destinies of people and the peoples themselves must be penetrated always more and more by that spirit of acute personal responsibility which measures and weighs human statistics according to the unshakable rules of Divine Law.—Pope Pius XII.

Foolish Idea

Nothing more foolish can be uttered or conceived than the notion that because man is free by nature, he is therefore exempt from law.—Leo XIII, "Libertas practica."

Help For Obedient

God powerfully helps the obedient, and a very reason that they submit their will to that of others renders them masters of themselves and wholly free to devote themselves to His service.

Not what we plan makes us praiseworthy, but what we actually do.

Suggests Exchange Of Hess For 100,000 Jews

LONDON.—The suggestion that Joseph Hess should be offered to the Nazis in exchange for 100,000 Jews is made by the Rev. Bernard Gineley, former editor of the *Catholic Times* and now a parish priest in London. He was speaking at a meeting of the city's Christian Council, organized to demand help for the persecuted Jews of Europe.

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