

Bishop, Born in Mexico, Assigned To Bolivia

15 Years in Religion

NEW YORK. The Most Rev. Bishop-elect, Alonso Manuel Escobar, M. S. D. D., was born in the city of Merida, Archdiocese of Yucatan, Mexico, on Dec. 24, 1904.

He was educated in the Catholic schools of Mexico and the United States.

He entered the Maryknoll Preparatory Seminary in 1922 and was ordained to the priesthood at the Maryknoll Seminary, Maryknoll, New York, on Feb. 1, 1925, by Bishop John J. Dunn.

He began his missionary labors in the Maryknoll Vicariate Apostolic of Puno, Manchukuo in 1925. He became Superior of the Maryknoll Mission of the Pando in Bolivia, South America, in 1927, being nominated in 1933 by the Holy See as Vicar Apostolic of that region and Titular Bishop of Sora.

The Vicariate Apostolic of the Pando is located in the extreme northern part of Bolivia. It is a lawless swamp and jungle country, inhabited by about 300,000 people, the majority of whom are pure Indians. It is practically inaccessible except by plane over the Andes mountains from the Pacific Coast or along thousands of miles of the Amazon River from the Atlantic seaboard.

About twenty Maryknoll priests will care for this area, assisted by the Maryknoll Sisters. It has but few chapels or rectories. Because of its isolation and lack of indigenous priests, the people who are all nominally Catholic, have had little opportunity to practice their faith.

The welcome received by the Maryknollers on their arrival from the Bolivian hierarchy and government officials was most encouraging. Bishop Escobar will bring to his new mission the experience of a decade in Manchukuo and his labors will serve

Sister Mary Stanislas of the Sisters of St. Francis of Mary Immaculate, Joliet, Illinois, who celebrated the 70th anniversary of her religious reception, April 26. Sister Stanislas was principal of St. Francis Academy, Joliet, for twenty-two consecutive years, and served a number of terms as Secretary General, Treasurer General and Councilor General of the congregation. She is 68 years old. (N.Y.W.C.)

Lay Apostolate

Let us endeavor by our prayer and pressing exhortations to draw to church those whom we know over whom we have an influence, and who, perhaps, until now have lived in indifference.

to walk in closer bands of our common faith, the people of Bolivia, Mexico and the United States.

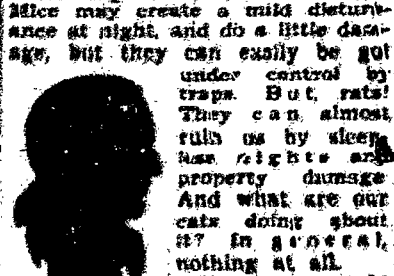
TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Msgr. Peter M. H. Wynhoven

Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the South

THE CAUSE OF THE CAT

Not all cats will tackle rats. Only an exceptional one does. Oh, yes; poor, little mice will get cornered, provided the cat is not a pet, well fed and trained to be home at a decent hour.



lice may create a mild disturbance at night, and do a little damage, but they can easily be got under control by traps. But, rats!

They can almost ruin us by sleep, have rights and property damage. And what are our cats doing about it? In general, nothing at all.

If only we could install some Dutch courage into our feline friends, maybe they would go into action, proving themselves a blessing to poor, harassed humanity.

A little mouse had been sipping the drippings from a wine barrel in the cellar. When, at last, it had enough, and was pretty well intoxicated, it jumped on top of the cask and boldly challenged:

"Now, bring on that big toment!"

If it would not be too much trouble to pop up our cats that way every night, we might soon get rid of the rats around the house. It seems ridiculous that a cat, five times the size of a rat, and better equipped for attack and fight, should steer clear of a rodent. This deplorable state of affairs plainly indicates that a cat is a coward.

Of what earthly use or benefit is a pet cat? She is only an object of the misplaced and wasted affection of weak-minded people. Does she give anything in return?

Not a toe. She will selfishly purr and rub against one for continued scratching and stroking of her back. Is there any personal loyalty in a cat? She may be carried away for miles, and left with other kind of people, but she will return, most likely, to the old home; and, if her former friends

are not there, she will not miss them, but will stay around just the same.

A dog will follow you anywhere you go, will do things to express appreciation, will keep watch at night to safeguard your home, will protect your life at the risk of his own. But a cat! Laidly sleeping, she would not give the alarm if the house was on fire at night, or if a burglar was trying to get in. She has to be watched when the cable is being set for a meal; she can't be left alone in the same room with the canary. She is dangerous for children to play with, and she is a first-class disease carrier.

Why all this literary venom against poor cats? you may ask. For no particular reason, except that we received through the mail a large, bulging envelope appraising us of the existence of a thriving national Feline Society. The organization, during this particular time, when hundreds of thousands of humans are in mortal despair, brings to the world's attention, in voluminous and pleading language, the distressing plight of cats during war.

We all have read about some neurotic woman leaving estates to finance measures for the welfare of cats, bequeathing small fortunes for cat hospitals, and setting aside an endowment for the founding and maintenance of cat cemeteries; but that this animal fanaticism should become national, is something to worry about nationally. These cat lovers propose to build safety camps for cats, away from the danger zones, and inaugurate other measures for feline protection. Membership fees range downward from \$50 to \$3 annually. The whole fantastic scheme reminds us of a drunken soldier who was riding with someone in an automobile ahead of us. The one in which he was a passenger was stopped in the fog lane while the red traffic light was on. The driver and the drunk saw the stop light, and obeyed it, but they did not quit the sign underneath, which said, "Turn left on red light." So the man behind their car, wanting to make the left turn, nervously blew his horn for them to move out of the way. This disturbance was too much for our country's defender. He got out, tied up the whole streetful of traffic, and told the man, in unmistakable terms, how wrong he was, and where to get off. He

Urges Self-Denial In National Crisis

MELBOURNE, Australia. — Responding to an appeal made by the Commonwealth Government in connection with the Australian Liberty Loan Drive that the churches dedicate one Sunday to the inculcation of national self-denial, the Most Rev. John McCarty, Bishop of Sandhurst, stressed the duty of living in a spirit of self-sacrifice in accordance with Divine precept and example.

SULLIVANS STILL RUN THE NAVY



Genevieve Sullivan, sister of the five Sullivan brothers of World War I, who lost their lives in the sinking of the cruiser *Juneau*, is helped into the uniform of a WAVE, by Lt. T. L. Petras, Naval procurement officer at San Francisco. An uncle has also joined the Navy, and will serve on the new cruiser, USS *The Sullivans*, named in honor of these Catholic boys. A. P. Wynhoven. (N.Y.W.C.)

completed his section with a solemn plea in the anti-driver vernacular: "It's the kind of you that will make or lose this bloody-blank war yet."

That's what we feel like saying to those soft-brained people who lose their souls, waste their time and money, overlook and abuse the God's law and the nation's welfare, in worrying about cats, when thousands of children in our own country should be thought of and preparations made for their protection. If this mental disease should spread, the incited soldier could be right. In these critical days, we have to concentrate all our thoughts, money and sobriety, on how to protect the lives of people and let the cats fend for themselves.

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