

AMERICA

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Vol. XLIX, No. 4

April 29, 1933

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Congress and Labor

CONGRESS is beginning to move uneasily. Proposals which, a brief six weeks ago, would have been approved without debate, are now held up for searching examination. Just where is Mr. Roosevelt leading the country? Granting that the emergency is great, does it follow that any and every plan sealed and stamped at the White House by the President and his liberal advisers, will necessarily bring relief? Is Congress a mere tool to register the will of the executive, a machine gauged to grind out writs of power as fast as he can ask them? These and similar queries are rapidly forming a frank and well-organized opposition.

Some editorial defenders of the President are doing their chief a disservice that is also frank. The President is by no means a dictator, they reassure us, for he is merely exercising powers which he has asked and received from Congress. We have never thought the President a dictator, but the reason alleged by his defenders by no means proves that he is not. Logically, it might indicate, however, that in forming their plans to end the depression both Congress and the President are inclined to dispense with the Constitution.

Fundamental to this discussion are two simple facts. There is a limit on the powers which Congress possesses and may exercise, and there is a limit on the powers which Congress may delegate; and each limit was created by, and is expressed in, the Federal Constitution. A limit is similarly placed on the powers of the Executive. Since it was conceivable that at some future time a Congress might concede to the President powers which it did not have, and that the President might thereafter exercise powers which he had no right to receive, the Convention of 1787 made the Constitution a document of checks

and balances, to be applied and maintained by three independent, yet coordinated, branches of government. It is not necessary to labor the point that without restrictions upon government, as well as grants of power, a Constitution would be worse than a delusion. It would be a noisome compost of tyranny and hypocrisy. Restrictions are as essential as grants. In Jefferson's sane view, based upon the inveterate tendency of every Government to enlarge its rightful powers, they are more necessary.

Now we have had far too much talk of late about "emergency," and far too little about Constitutional forms of government. Within a few years, possibly, the social and economic state of the world, will have become so alarming, that all Governments, as we now know them, will fall, and with them their Constitutions. When that happens there will be neither room nor reason for argument. It may be that our own Constitution is not equal to the strains now placed upon it. But in that case, let us not apply the salve of constitutionality to our souls, after we have done a rankly unconstitutional thing.

The proposed labor program, with its thirty-hour week and a minimum wage imposed by Federal statute, is an instance in point. Even in the wildest deliriums of the Federal mania, which began approximately twenty years ago, no one was heard to assert that the commerce clause of the Constitution vested Congress with the right to prescribe the hours of labor in the States, and to regulate the pay which the worker must receive. Necessary as regulation was, the remedy, it was universally admitted, was to be sought exclusively in the States. But today the Secretary of Labor asserts that Congress possesses this power, and as her authority cites the "emergency." In her appearance before the House Labor Committee Miss Perkins went far beyond that position. She now argues

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that Congress may properly decide how many hours per week a manufacturer may be permitted to run his factory, and asserts that this authority may be used to control output and maintain price and wage levels. This sweeping usurpation of the rights and duties of the States, Miss Perkins again justifies by the "emergency."

Put in plain language, this justification does not mean that at a time of stress the Constitution discloses new and previously unknown rights and powers pertaining to Congress. It means that in an emergency the Constitution is junked.

Are we ready to accept that theory of constitutional interpretation? It does not differ radically from the assumption that Congress, or Congress with the President, can decree an emergency, and, at the same time, decree the suspension of the Constitution.

The proposed labor bill is for a period of two years only. But Congress is nowhere authorized to suspend the restrictions of the Constitution for two days, or even for two hours. Are we prepared to recognize in Congress the right to fix hours of work, to control the wage scale, and to limit output? If so, do we vindicate that right on constitutional grounds? Or do we take our stand on that ground, wholly unknown to the Constitution, "economic emergency"?

Even to lighten the ship, beaten by the storm, it is not advisable to throw away the charts, the compass, and the chronometer. The storm will not last forever, and they will be useful later.

Father Walsh on Russia

IN his splendid radio address on the night of April 18, the Rev. Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University, dealt admirably with the argument that recognition of the Soviets would be good for American business. Father Walsh pointed out that a country pays for its imports in cash or in goods. But Russia cannot pay in cash, for she has none. As for credits in this country, the Soviet Government is generally distrusted, even by those American banks, once so generous in extending them. The Soviets, then, have no cash and cannot get credit; they are faced by domestic starvation, and compromised "by the unfulfilled promises of a fantastic five-year plan."

But what of goods? Should the Soviets be permitted to pay in goods, trade for us would not be better but worse. That course would mean the dumping in our marts of goods produced by forced labor in Russia. The result would be fewer jobs for the American workman, falling prices for domestic commodities, and a deepening of the depression. Hence it would be folly to permit that kind of next place.

In the present place, it is well to remember the unhappy experience of two of the largest countries which entered into trade relations with Russia. Italy has terminated her agreement as wholly unsatisfactory. Great Britain has long been uneasy, and at the present moment seems due to follow Italy's example. No nation that struck a

compact with this utterly conscienceless tyranny has reaped anything but anxiety and danger.

The danger is always present, for it is simply not true that the rulers of Russia are content with maintaining Sovietism at home. "Moscow is not content to live and let live." As late as May 6, 1929, Stalin addressed a group of American Communists in Moscow, telling them that their organization must be "Bolshevized" to take its part in the extension of Sovietism in the United States, and throughout the world.

To recognize Russia would be supreme folly, and supreme disloyalty to all for which we as a people and as a Government have fought. As for "trade" the simple truth is that lack of recognition does not hinder trade. The figures for 1930 show that plainly. But closer affiliation, through recognition of this dishonest and tyrannical Government, may easily wreck all profitable trade.

The State and Morality

IN his report to the trustees of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Dr. James Brown Scott declares that the world "is lapsing into Machiavellianism." Too many public men defend "a double standard of morality in the conduct of world affairs," and hold that the one test of right and wrong is success. "Whatever leads to that success is right, and whatever hinders it is wrong." Machiavelli, Dr. Scott observes, was of the opinion that morality had nothing to do with the affairs of nations. Nations were to be governed by their own interests, and the first duty of every government was to secure the realization of all those interests. All means to that end, whatever they might be in themselves, were thereby justified.

One need not be a profound historian to realize that Machiavelli rules the modern State. Writing 400 years ago, Vittoria, the great Dominican theologian, attacked the theories enunciated by Machiavelli, but he raised his voice almost in vain. The revolt against the principle of authority in the Church imperceptibly merged into a revolt of governments against the rights of the people and the rights of God, and the secular State, the chief fruit of Protestantism, became the standard and model. From the effects of that revolt the world is still suffering, and no remedy can avail as long as men and nations drug themselves with the poison of secularism. What rights, whether they be the rights of the people, or international rights, will be respected by the government which is based on the principle that the State can do no wrong? When the rights of God are flouted, no other rights are secure.

In this country, the doctrine that the State need not concern itself with morality has taken another form. Protesting that Church and State must never be united, a certain section of the non-Catholic public has reached the conclusion that in its operations the State need not take into consideration God and religion. The State, it is claimed, is sufficient to itself. But if the State pays no heed to religion, it will not long respect the morality

which is based on religion, or the laws which protect and promote that morality. For it is a secular State, owing no obligation, except to itself, and acknowledging no law beyond that which it imposes on itself.

In our international relations, we like to think that we have been better than our creed. But, while we retain some forms which acknowledge our dependence upon Almighty God, in a majority of our domestic activities we have permitted secularism to have its way without limit. The most notable of these activities is, perhaps, a nation-wide system of schools in which children are trained with as little reference to a morality based upon religion, as they might have been had they lived before the promulgation from Sinai of the Ten Commandments. The colleges and universities, based upon the same secularistic principles, have gone beyond the schools, and from these institutions, largely, have come the men who for nearly a century have shaped the laws and policies of the Government.

Today our dependence as a people and as a Government upon Almighty God and His law is acknowledged nowhere except in an occasional State paper. Well indeed does Dr. Scott write that what the world needs is a return to the concept of a State bound by a higher law than that of its supposed national interests.

Mothers' Day, May 14

AN advocate of preparedness writes to ask if we have forgotten Mothers' Day. In former years, he observes, "Mothers' Day" began with you with the first April showers. Does your silence mean that your zeal is flagging? I hope that you will continue to urge, as we have urged for many years, 'a truly Catholic celebration of Mothers' Day.' Observations in my parish convince me that it can be made a means of grace for thousands."

To be quite frank, our zeal was flagging just a trifle. Perhaps our eye is jaundiced, but it seems to us that commercial entanglements are beginning to make any recommendation of Mothers' Day a bit ludicrous. We have been asked to send mother on this day almost every object in the catalogue of entities, ranging from a bunch of roses to a mattress.

Of course, all this commercialism should merely act as a spur to our old idea of "a truly Catholic celebration of Mothers' Day." As our correspondent points out, the day can be made a real means of grace for many, especially when it is carefully planned as a parish event. Few men will resist the appeal to receive Holy Communion for their mother living, and fewer still will hold back when asked to make their reception of Holy Communion on that day a fervent prayer for the repose of her soul. For a number of years, pastors have been reporting that Mothers' Day brings as many to the altar rails as Easter Sunday. And not infrequently the crowds are larger.

On its ethical side, Mothers' Day furnishes a rich variety of topics for discussion. Practices which as late as the turn of the century were confined to the vicious are now advocated as social and moral virtues. If these

new propagandists succeed in their efforts, social vice of a kind most degrading to woman and destructive of the family will be made respectable by Act of Congress. Greed for gold has all but destroyed the ideal of a living wage for the head of the family, and has substituted for it a scheme which compels the wife, and the children, should there be any, to leave the home to engage in a so-called "gainful occupation." Gainful, it may well be asked, to whom? When the employment of women in occupations which destroy their capabilities as home makers is assumed as a proper and, on the whole, as a beneficial ideal, woman is certainly not the gainer. Nor are the children, bereft of a mother's care, the gainers, nor is society. For the very basis on which it must be reared has thus been undermined.

Machines and delicatessen shops can do many things. But they cannot assuage childish woes, or teach childish hearts to know and to love the things that are good and wholesome and true. Only mothers can do that. The society which looks upon motherhood as a burden solely, has begun to fall. But it is doomed to speedy destruction when it sanctions the deliberate frustration of the faculties which an all-wise Creator has given man for the preservation of the race.

Mothers' Day, then, affords a good opportunity for a new and needed emphasis on the dignity of pure motherhood, and its tremendous importance to the welfare of the race and of society. Hitherto, we have stressed the magnificent value of machines, and with the pean sung, our ears were assailed by the crash of the industrial world. The crash suggests a serious error in our calculations. It should also encourage us to stress the magnificent value of good mothers.

What Next in Alabama?

WHILE the decision of the jury in the Scottsboro case was not unexpected, the outburst of wrath and petty bigotry in which the counsel for the defense indulged on his return to New York was most unexpected. After conducting a difficult case with unusual skill, Mr. Leibowitz spoiled his record. Had he deliberately set out to destroy all possibility of a fair trial at Decatur, he could not have attained that purpose better, and Judge Horton is right when he says that hereafter Mr. Leibowitz is a millstone around the necks of his clients.

Whether a trial fair to the defendants, and fairly to the State, can now be conducted at Decatur is seriously doubtful. Yet unless the legislature intervenes to grant another change of venue by special enactment, the remaining defendants must be tried in a town whose citizens conceive themselves to be grossly insulted—and with some reason—by Mr. Leibowitz and his "Jew money from New York." If there are any inhabitants of the town and county who have not reached a conclusion on the guilt or innocence of these Negroes, they are, in all probability, deaf, dumb and blind, or mental defectives, and hence unfit for jury duty.

There is not much doubt as to the future of the case

of the defendant found guilty and condemned to death. In our view, a Federal issue is involved, for it will not be difficult to show that Negroes have been systematically excluded from jury duty in the county of the trial. The officials have probably concluded that such exclusion promotes the common welfare, but the Fourteenth Amendment lays down another rule. Apart from this issue, however, there are probable grounds for the charge that the disturbed condition of the community, actually reflected in the language of the prosecutor, made a fair trial impossible. If the Supreme Court adheres to precedent, a new trial will be ordered, and the status of the condemned man will be exactly that of his associates whose trials have been indefinitely postponed.

We sincerely trust that when these men are tried, they will be represented by counsel who not only appreciate the etiquette of the occasion—as Mr. Leibowitz apparently did not—but realize that their first duty is to cooperate with the courts to safeguard the ends of justice. Lawyers who hold a brief for any other client, a Communist group, for example, will only strike another blow at justice.

Note and Comment

Antics of Russian Law

IF this country should be so foolish as to recognize Soviet Russia, our prospective Ambassador might do worse than study the jurisprudence of Moscow as contained in the news dispatches of the mock trial of the six British engineers for espionage and sabotage. He may need the information for some Americans. As revealed by Walter Duranty, of the *Times*, here is some of it. First of all, when you are arrested and tried in Russia, you are presumed to be guilty, for would the OGPU waste the comrade court's time by bringing before it anybody who was not guilty? Then, the court appoints your attorney, who must be a good Communist comrade, and, presumably, believes you as guilty as the court does. You will not be allowed to consult your counsel alone, but only in the presence of an OGPU official. Get ready to be browbeaten by the judge. If you are accused of sabotage, and particularly of espionage, you would do well to know what those words mean. Sabotage may mean anything from throwing sand into the gears to taking a smoke on the job. Espionage is not only collecting military information, such as is usually gathered by the caddy's military attaché, but also *political and economic information* (the words are Duranty's). Travelers, beware! Also engineers who need the information for your firm. The reason is obvious. Soviet Russia is at war. It speaks of mobilization, conscription, the economic "front" and many other "fronts," and uses other warlike terms for business. Economic information, then, is a sinew of war; the penalty of divulging it is death. Of course, this absolves those travelers to Russia who put such information in their books, for that, as with Dorothy

Thompson and Theodore Dreiser in a celebrated case, is merely a collection of handouts from the Government itself.

Pope against Prohibition?

WHAT with one thing or another, April 7—the day the beer barriers burst—has already receded far into the past, and doubtless Dr. Clarence True Wilson's emotions, naturally somewhat agitated by the debacle, have had plenty of time to calm down. Dr. Wilson, addressing the lay members of the Methodist Church Conference in New York, asserted that the beer bill was the result of a conspiracy—a conspiracy in which four groups—the millionaires, the press, the politicians, and the alky barons—had successfully plotted with a fifth, the Catholic Church. In fact, remarked Dr. Wilson, "the Pope has sent no less than five documents to America agitating against national Prohibition." This is a most interesting statement. The doctor, a reverend and, in fact, a sort of pope who frequently teaches his co-religionists in matters of morals, has himself done quite a bit of agitating on the subject and has issued more than a few encyclicals on beer to his own faithful. How can he protest when the Vatican does the same thing? This Review, however, has never even heard of these five documents, despite the fact that its editors keep in careful touch with all Roman manifestos. Dr. Wilson cannot possibly be referring to the last five encyclicals or apostolic letters. None of them made the slightest mention of Prohibition; moreover, all of them were addressed to the whole world, and not one to this country alone. What five documents does Dr. Wilson mean? What were their names? To whom were they addressed? When were they issued? This Review, which has earnestly opposed Volsteadism since 1918, and which, of course, is deeply interested in all the Pope has to say, would certainly have known of any actual Papal denunciation of Prohibition. Can it be that the Methodist Secretary knows all about Vatican pronouncements proposing a unified Catholic vote on beer of which our Hierarchy, clergy, and Faithful, as well as AMERICA, are wholly ignorant?

Topsy-turvy Editorial

IN its Sunday issue last week, the *New York Times* had an editorial on "Republican Spain." In it the astounding statements were made that the municipal election of April 12, 1931, which led to the departure of King Alfonso, "was a crushing pronouncement against the monarchy," and that the Hitler victory "will not compare with the tidal wave of public opinion that swept the Spanish monarchy out of existence." Either the writer is woefully ignorant of the facts or he is deliberately deceiving his readers. The total figures for that election have never been published, in spite of many challenges to the Government to do so. But enough is known of the figures to be sure that an absolute majority was cast in the country for the monarchy, and it is a fact that there was a three-to-one majority of monarchist municipal

counselors elected. That is what makes all the more mysterious the flight of the King. This, however, is a merely academic question now, and the error affects nobody but the *Times* writer. What is more serious is the ignorance displayed over the state of things in Spain now. The Republic is called a "democratic experiment," in spite of the fact that Premier Azala, under the Defense of the Republic act that abolished the Constitution the day after it was voted, is an absolute dictator. The defense of the Republic has been carried on "without excesses of temper or method," in spite of the recent hideous massacre of Casas Viejas, the continuing burning of churches and convents, the mobbing and shooting of Catholics at their meetings. The stability of the Republic may be gauged by the fact that Azala has refused to abrogate the Defense of the Republic act during the coming elections.

Federal Wage Cutting

THE statistics on the cost of living, used by the Department of Labor to calculate the wage cut for Federal employees, have been called in question, and Miss Perkins announces that a new set will be ready by July 1. At this time a readjustment will be made for the ensuing fiscal year. Should it appear that the cost of living has decreased, a further cut will probably be made; otherwise, the wage scale will remain as it now is. No one questions the need of retrenchment in every department of government, but to impose the same wage cut on every employee, whether his salary is \$75,000 or \$1,500, is a violation of social justice. The only fair way is to use a graduated scale which will put the larger cuts on the larger salaries, with liberal exemptions for employees in the lower brackets who support a family. The uniform cut simply means that the children of the low-waged employees, some of whom are already underpaid, will join the breadlines. A graduated scale could be easily devised, and it should be used in planning the next Federal budget.

A Protestant among The Presbyterians

CHARGES preferred by Dr. J. Gresham Machen against the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church contained certain accusations of Mrs. Pearl S. Buck, author of the Pulitzer Prize novel, "The Good Earth," and of other realistic recitals of Chinese life. Because of an article in the January issue of *Harper's*, in which Mrs. Buck expressed what might be called un-Presbyterian opinion about the kind of belief fed to Chinese heathens, Dr. Machen took the opportunity to charge the Foreign Mission Board with disloyalty to the Gospel and to the standards of the Presbyterian Church. It is an internal dispute within the sect, the kind of dispute that is essential to every brand of Protestantism. But no one on either side, no one in the whole assembly could pronounce on her, could pronounce on any belief infallibly. The Holy Ghost does not hold guard over the purity of Presbyterian faith, as the wisdom of

Divinity is essentially in Catholicism. Our Catholic Church is not a piddling matter of many contributions. It is not a mass of sentimentalities and emotionalism. It is not a vague collection of vaguer attitudes of minds. It is not a community of loose allegiances and free attachments. The Catholic Church is decisive both as to its members and as to its dogmas. It is built out of unbending steel reinforced with concrete. It is a church ruled with girders and so bolted that no human power can tear it apart. The Catholic Church has an explosive force within it that keeps it free from decay. Greater and lesser heretics have been catapulted out of it during the course of 1900 years. Whether or not Mrs. Buck is a Presbyterian heretic, we are not competent to say; neither are the learned Presbyterian doctors. As far as the Elders in or out of convocation may determine, Mrs. Buck is free to call herself a Presbyterian as long as she chooses to do so. She is her own pope.

Catholic Anthropologists

THE Eighth Annual Meeting of the Catholic Anthropological Conference was held at the Catholic University Tuesday, April 18. The unobtrusive yet steadily growing influence of this small group was evidenced not only by the report of the brochures published during the year, but also by the fact that membership had increased five per cent since the last meeting. This was felt to be a decided achievement during a year of such marked economic stress. Four papers were read and discussed: "The Child Among the Mescalero Apache" by Miss Regina Flannery who had done field work there; "The Child Among the Yaunde of Kamerun" by the Very Rev. Max Harpantier, P.S.M., who was a pioneer missionary in that section of Africa from 1899-1911. In the afternoon session, Dr. Truman Michelson discussed "The Position of Women Among the Arapaho" and the Rev. Dr. John M. Cooper gave a brief but comprehensive account of our present knowledge of "Alcoholic Beverages in World Culture," searching back into proto-history and pre-history for the origins of fermented and distilled beverages. The Rev. J. B. Tenny, S.S., S.T.D., Professor of Theology, Sullivan Seminary, Washington, who has long been actively interested in the work of the conference, was elected President.

AMERICA

A-CATHOLIC-REVIEW-OF-THE-WEEK

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The Mexicans Are Catholics

L. A. GUERNSEY

THE Holy Father's Encyclical, "Acerba Animi," aroused a storm in the never too serene political circles of Mexico. The Apostolic Delegate was banished, the Archbishop summoned to court, what little religious liberty existed was imperiled, and Catholic schools were again threatened. Magnificent Colonial churches are being turned into factories, schools, workshops, anything except what they were built for. Twenty-five priests are considered more than enough to minister to more than a million people, and in this respect we are better off in the Federal District than outside it.

Education must be rationalistic and positivistic in order to be acceptable to those in power; therefore, the Catholic schools must be closed. The press speaks of a Committee of Public Health, whose object is to examine the religious tenets of Government employees, that no Catholic may work for the Government. Teachers have to conceal their belief or starve. And yet ninety per cent of the inhabitants are Catholics.

The language is essentially Catholic, and if things go on as they promise, many of its idioms, common sayings, and proverbs will have to be abolished, as well as many customs dear to the hearts of the people. Religion is so closely intertwined with everyday life here! Still, perhaps by means of close vigilance with adequate fines, a change may be wrought.

After scanning the paper fearing more bad news, I take a bus for the city, and en route find food for reflection. Our chauffeur has not taken down the religious picture that most of the buses display. A well-dressed, middle-aged woman crosses herself as she sits down. Two passengers raise their hats as we pass a church, one an elderly workman, the other a young fellow with a tennis racket.

Though times are bad, many pretty modern-style houses are being built along the road. On those yet unfinished, the crosses placed there in May are still standing. The custom comes down from the old guild of stone masons, who celebrate the Discovery of the Holy Cross by erecting flower-decked crosses, blessed previously, on the buildings where they are working, with much rejoicing, fireworks, music, and often too much of the misunderstood drink *pulque*, for the sun is hot and throats are parched.

The suburban houses are set in gardens gay with flowers. Hollyhocks, in Spanish, "St. Joseph's rod," blue morning-glories nodding from balconies are called poetically the "Virgin's mantle." Some of these modern houses have a niche for the image of some saint, as had those built in times gone by, mostly empty now by some Governmental orders, the niches themselves works of art. One house displays a tile picture of Our Lady of Guadalupe; this is not only a religious picture but a patriotic emblem, for the liberator-priest Hidalgo bore it on his banner.

Our driver swerves violently to avoid a collision and a chorus of pious ejaculations is heard from the female passengers, and then "Thanks be to God," aloud or under the breath, according to sex, for the narrow escape.

On alighting a child stumbles and the mother says "Thou didst not cross thyself this morning." A peddler sells me a ball of darning cotton and crosses himself, rather shamefacedly, with my coin, thus showing it to be the first sale of the day. This reminds me of the saying applied to one despoiled of all earthly possessions. "He was left without even a face on which to make the sign of the Cross."

Traffic in the city is brisk, an old lady draws near and crosses with me, thanking me for nothing at all, with the dear old words "God reward you," and in explanation, "In these times one lives with the name of Jesus on one's lips," meaning in constant apprehension.

It is Saturday, and beggars enter shops and private houses where alms are distributed in honor of Our Lady. An old custom still observed in some homes is to distribute a kind of rice pudding to all who ask for it. The electric cars going to Guadalupe are full; many people go there every Saturday to visit the grand shrine. The Government has changed the name to Villa Madero, in spite of the Madero family's protest, but Guadalupe it is and always will be.

Many of the better-dressed women and girls wear some religious emblem, gold or silver medals, or crosses; some students wear badges in their buttonholes. The smaller shops have the picture of Our Lord or one of the Blessed Virgins in a prominent place, with flowers or a votive lamp before it. And the very names of some shops: Providence, Faith, Hope, Durgstore of St. Joseph, Bakery of Our Lady of Covadonga (Spanish, as are most bakers).

After my shopping, I go to call on a friend who lives in a large house that has been in the same family for over 200 years. The palm branches on the balconies show that a staunch believer lives therein. On the landing hangs a painting from which the sweet face of Our Lady smiles down upon all ascending, and in the drawing-room a beautiful statue representing the Sacred Heart, carved in Guatemala, is enthroned in the place of honor.

The old servant greets me with "What a miracle, Señorita," as she ushers me in. Someone is singing a lullaby in another room: "The Virgin washed the clothes, St. Joseph hung them out, the Babe wept for hunger; sleep, little one of my heart. *A la orrorra rro.*" The verses go on, so ingenuous and so tender that they make tears come to one's eyes.

My friend repeats the servant's words: "To what saint do we owe the miracle of seeing you in our house? You only come round Corpus and St. John's." The family gathers in the great drawing-room and conversation

veers to the religious question, which so vitally affects the life of the nation. Business is worse, everybody feels the depression, the dollar has gone up again. The aged grandmother exclaims: "From the roof downwards there is no hope, but from there upwards, yes . . . God is not dead."

I mentally note the sayings used in the conversation: "One cannot ring the bells and walk in the procession"; "clean as a pater"; "you will not find one better though you search with the Paschal candle"; "I would not do such a thing for a gold crucifix"; "not so much that it burns the saint nor so little that it doesn't light it at all"; "he is so mean he would not give a drink of water to the cock that crowed at Christ's passion"; "he is capable of selling the Holy Winding Sheet"; "like unto the bad thief, crucified and without reward"; and, referring to a hypocrite, "yes, his Mass and his mortal sin."

Why Not Polyphonics?

A. M. SULLIVAN

A PROTESTANT gentleman of my acquaintance, happening into St. Patrick's Cathedral on Holy Thursday, was enraptured by the antiphonal chanting of the seminarians in the "Tenebrae." He said to me, "My heart is full of the echoes of Gethsemane." The universal language of song had penetrated deeper into his being than any sermon or pyrotechny of brass, reed, and string.

Parishes following the formula of the small volunteer choir of mediocre voices, a wheezing organ, and banal hymns, are a long distance from the spirit of the "Motu Proprio" issued by Pius X on November 23, 1903. Not that it is possible for a parish to train a group of men to sing comparable to the Roman choirs, but we are all the losers because of it. It's rare enough to hear a good voice on the altar singing High Mass, let alone to expect a *capella* singing from choir or stalls.

There is no sense in recrimination. We have an incentive, however, to search out a Benedictine Abbey where the "song is always greater than the sermon," to hear "Exultet" or "Lauda Sion." The sons of St. Benedict, wardens of the Gregorian Chant, are always pioneering for good voices. Secular parishioners starve along through the years, accepting devotional lyrics which may be complimentary to the throne of Heaven but are rather distracting to the cherubs who clustered around the choirs of Palestrina, and hovered around the stalls of Ratisbon, Solesmes, and St. Gall.

The Church is the mother of polyphonics. Chant was a pagan device for the memory. Emotion is a natural incentive for song. The religious fervor of the early Christians accepted chant, and the Greek and Hebrew influences eventually welded into tonal rhythms sponsored by Ambrose and Gregory. St. Patrick has been credited with the introduction of Gregorian chant into Ireland. That is an interesting anachronism, as Gregory

On hearing the noise of children coming in from a walk, "Sounds like the Day of Judgment," says their mother; and, as they are a bit disheveled, "they look like Judases after the Gloria," referring to the burning of pastboard effigies of the arch-traitor on Saturday in Holy Week.

A handsome young man bows before his mother for her blessing, about to leave for his own home, as he is a married man. He has just made us laugh, telling about a well-known atheist who always exclaims *Valgame Dios* (God help me) upon hearing any exciting news.

I take my leave with many *adios* (to God) and "God keep you in grace and health" from the grandmother, who was Lady-in-Waiting to Empress Carlotta of beloved memory, and a most charming conversationalist.

When I reach the street it is just twelve, and men hold their hats in their hands for the Angelus. May Mexico keep her traditions and her sayings!

came several centuries after Patrick. Grattan Flood, the historian of Irish music, offers the alarming theory that Gregory was a Celt, and there is ample testimony to the support of Flood's premise in the collateral testimony of the Irish monks who Christianized Northern Europe.

There have been many internal disputes among the arbiters of chant—particularly the Pops—who zealously challenged the inroads of native melody and contrapuntal refinements which obscured the diction and clarity on the holy words. Only a scholar of music can follow the confusing maze of terms and technical phases of these wrangles. In the eleventh century, Guido d'Arezzo worked out his system of musical grammar which has been the foundation of all musical script. Prior to that there was no framework upon which a note might be fixed with exactitude. Students were now able to read music rapidly, and his "clefs unlocked the secret of the staves," to quote from Arezzo.

Into this sphere came Pierluigi Sante, known to music as Palestrina, nicknamed after his community in the Sabine hills. He was a vassal to the family of Vittoria Colonna, who was the inspiration of Michelangelo in his latter years. But as Zoë Kendrick Pym has pointed out, Vittoria evidently knew nothing of the genius of the musician. While the Pym biography is a better exposition of Palestrina's art than of his life, it offers many new facts on the composer's struggle for recognition. This book, which appeared in England in 1922 under the Bodley Head imprint, follows the growth of Palestrina during the seventy-year interim between Clement VII and Clement VIII, and is worth the reading for its revelation about the infancy of sacred music.

Palestrina's life coincided with troublous times in the Church politic. The vitating hand of the Renaissance had left its mark on the Papacy. The Reformation had paralyzed portions of the Church body, but the blow was

not fatal. The Council of Trent had wielded a chastening rod on church music, and Palestrina alone saved a *capella* from the wrath of Paul IV. Loyola was in the field with his warriors of the flaming word, Catherine of Siena's shrill voice had reached into Rome, Francis had married poverty, and the Church set about to capture its lost dominions. Not even Italy was spared the infectious heresies of Erasmus. Ochino, leader of the Capuchins, had defected after a glorious career of oratory. Even the eye of suspicion was on Vittoria Colonna and her group of spiritual esthetes who gathered to debate the moot points of grace and faith.

Palestrina began as a choir boy under Firmin le Bel in Santa Maria Maggiore in 1537. He was about eleven when he came under the influence of this Frenchman, who made a deep impression on the youngster. His first appointment was as master and organist at St. Agapito in 1544. Then his fame spread, and in 1551 he became master of the boys in the Julian Choir at St. Peter's. From 1555 to 1594, which is the year of his death, he produced nearly a hundred Masses and innumerable madrigals, motets, hymns, and litanyes. His "Missa Papae Marcelli" is considered his most beautiful achievement.

Let us make no pretense here of reviewing Palestrina's contribution to church music. His life paralleled the most critical period of the Church's existence, and his gift of art to the Church is equal to and more enduring than Michelangelo's marble and Raphael's canvas. He helped to bring polyphony to its zenith, and exhibited a weaver's dexterity in design and coloring of song. It was his skill and invention that occasionally worried the Popes and patrons of the pure Gregorian chant, yet they realized that he was an artificer in sound, as skilled as Cellini in metals, or Murano in glass.

In our era of robust opera singers whose tonal acrobatics and muscular demonstrations of the larynx are part of an act, it is a pleasure to meet a singer whose first training was in polyphonic chant. Not very long ago, I met a youngster who had trained with Father Bracken's Choristers in Brooklyn. He was an Italian lad with a colorful tenor voice. He played with upper notes with the effortless ease of light reflecting on the ceiling from a basin of water. Another man sang that evening, a huge baritone with chesty volume and a flair for histrionics. It was a notable contrast of artist and artisan in song.

There are still a few laymen out of the Church environment who love unaccompanied song. There are some discerning glee clubs, and, of course, the irrepressible German Saengerfests. Singing societies from all over the globe attended the Vienna convalesce three years ago, and one baton ruled 70,000 voices. Welshmen have their Eisteddfod, and Irishmen their Feis, but most Americans are satisfied to harmonize on bar-room ballads.

The parish choirs—those not affording the luxury of paid soloists—agonize through the year with discord and cacophony, believing that piety and faith cover a multitude of sour notes. The stertorous baritone and nasal soprano are doing their best, and their best is often a

keen penance for their auditors. At May and October devotion the parishioners join in the chorals, but they are called on to sing doggerel hymns. They might prefer a chance to join in "Tantum Ergo," "Pange Lingua," even if they murdered the Latin and didn't understand the words. An altar boy may forget the English hymns which are not much different in technique from the Wesleyan variety, but to his dying day he can remember the authentic melodies of St. Thomas of Aquinas and Thomas of Celano. "Dies Irae" will convert more rationalists than a volume of Bossuet, and a review of the "Summa." American standardization of Sunday Mass has resulted too often in a race through the Missal, a brief homily from the Gospel, and an exhortation on parish finance. People are left to their prayer book and beads with nothing of antiphonal song to capture their emotion, and awaken a religious fervor. Formalism is the foe of ceremonial beauty. If the ineffable quality of the ancient liturgy is to come back, it must ride the clefts and staves of Gregory, with Palestrina as his adjutant.

People in America have a vague notion about the Vatican Choir. About fourteen years ago, an American Catholic in Rome conspired with an American Mason in New York to bring a "Vatican Choir" to America. It was a prodigious undertaking, and the enthusiasm of the backers soon waned when cost of upkeep was infinitely greater than a crowded theater could possibly return in box-office dollars. The tour was a financial debacle, but it is still remembered by its financial supporter as an outstanding achievement in his life. Afterward it was revealed that this was not "the" Vatican Choir at all. Not that they were interlopers, but it was one of several excellent choirs that are known at the Basilicas.

The visitors achieved one fine objective. American Catholics woke up to the artistry that human voice achieves with no aid but the wand of the master. The singers had a consummate artistry. Melody rippled from boy soprano to basso with a union and tonal beauty that was sheer perfection of technique.

The song is still greater than the sermon in the fiber of religion. There is no reason why the heritage of choral music should be lost in the mad rush of a mechanized world. The reed, the pipe, and the string of the symphony are indicative of the complexities of a confused civilization. They are no less beautiful because they attempt to interpret the pain and ecstasy of the mundane. But no instrument can equal the voice in the Divine urge.

Chant, burrowing beneath the veneer of the centuries, has its roots in tribal society, where the seneschals chanted their meters to Irish heroes, where patriarchs sang of the wanderings of the sons of Noah, where the bards of Hellas captured the legends of Greece.

We are asked to enjoy many things on faith. It is a pleasant tonic when we enjoy the mysteries of religion with song that is attuned to the psalms of the Prophets, and, as we listen, the whole horizon of life broadens until we sense intuitively the electric rhythm of the spiritual that is captured in song, but lost in mathematics.

The Little Sisters of the Poor

CHARLES J. GALLAGHER, S.J.

MANY who know them regard them as little angels ministering about the gates of eternity. For a few weeks after my ordination I was chaplain, during the regular chaplain's absence, of one of their homes in a large city. We have since been friends.

One somehow senses eternity upon entering their home. For all of their charges, it is life's twilight hour. The atmosphere is that of day ending, and there seems to be almost always audible a faint chant of Vespers and Compline. At present in the home of which I write, there are well over 300 old men and women but the big house is very silent; it is not the silence of deep woods just before the Springtime, nor yet the frozen silence of Northern Alaska, but rather that peculiar mellow silence of a peaceful autumn evening when the leaves are falling.

An old lady remarked, "I never knew there were so many old people in the world until I came here. I was lonesome until I saw so many others who looked lonesome, too; now all together we are quite happy, but I guess we have lived too long." We were near the entrance to the large spacious chapel, and just then two others came hobbling along, supporting each other, it seemed, by their mutual weakness, "going" they said "for their daily hour with Him." To the more ancient looking of the two, I said, "I know it is terribly bad form even to hint slightly, especially in this age of school-girl complexions, that one may be interested in a lady's age. But I imagine when you hear such expressions as 'before the War and since the War,' your mind instinctively reverts to the Civil War."

"Yes, indeed, I must be near ninety, but I've forgotten, and what difference does it make? I'm all packed now and ready to go into life everlasting. The good Sisters open the gates for us and they neglect nothing in the preparation. Come now, Mary, we are keeping the Lord waiting."

When I met the good Mother (the official title of the Superioress is *Bonne Mère*; the Sisters are French foundation), I naturally thought that, not unlike other executives and all the rest of us, she would be interested in joining in a lament about the depression and the horrible economic condition, but to my surprise she said: "Father, we do not know there is a depression except that the house is filled to capacity. God does not have depressions; these things are man-made, are they not? Let us go into the sun room and greet all our nice ladies. Here's Elizabeth, Father, she lost all her money and her big house and her friends and relatives and now she only has us."

"Father," sighed Elizabeth, "Sister is more to me than all the money I ever had. You know, I once heard a sermon about making for yourself treasure in Heaven. But like so many things we hear, in one ear, out the other. The truth of it finally came home to me when the Sisters gathered up this old wreckage that is I and brought me here. I have had time to think of how insecure the things

of this world are and what a mistake we make in not making for ourselves treasure in Heaven, which is all we will have in the end anyway."

I was really amazed at how well the storeroom was stocked. "Did you beg all this?" I asked.

"Yes, all of it," was the reply. And how long will this last? "Oh, about two or three days. The little wagon in which we go about the city twice daily is always pretty well filled when it returns."

Now in the storeroom there is a statue of St. Joseph, their special patron. In front of it I noticed a piece of cake, and I inquired why it was there. "Well, you see," said the Sister in charge, "this is the last piece we have and we need some for Sunday and St. Joseph must get it for us." On Sunday I thought I would check up, as it were, on St. Joseph, so I inquired about the cake. "Oh, yes, it came, much more than we needed. St. Joseph never fails us."

All the while a message from the Mount of the Beatitudes like beautiful, if somewhat wailful, music seemed to suffuse the corridors and rooms all about me. "And he said to his disciples: Therefore I say to you, be not solicitous for your life, what you shall eat, nor for your body what you shall put on. Life is more than meat and the body is more than raiment. Consider the lilies of the field, how they labor not, neither do they spin. But I say to you; not even Solomon in all his glory was clothed like one of these. Now if God clothe in this manner the grass that is today and tomorrow cast into the fire; how much more you, O ye of little faith."

"Faith and confidence in God," said an old Sister, who had been the *Bonne Mère* in four of their homes, "is what the world needs. The whole trouble with the world, Father, is that it has abandoned God, and like the plagues spoken of in the old Testament, the scourge of the depression is upon it. Didn't the Pope tell them that it's all due to greed and isn't that exactly what it's due to? Aren't the great majority like unmanly, selfish children who are given a box of candy; each one trying to get it all for himself, instead of taking his proper share and being satisfied? And didn't the Pope tell them to do penance and pray and return to God in the love and charity of Christ? But even now, what are they doing? Organizing hunger marches, making numberless speeches about relief, and thinking by changing the President, there will come the millennium, as though the President were God Almighty."

"I have been a Sister for fifty-three years in many of our homes and we have never wanted for anything. Once in Chicago there was a bakers' strike; we had no bread. The Sister in charge came to me before dinner and said: 'Good Mother, there is no bread, what will we do?' 'We will go to the chapel, our Lord has bread for us,' I replied. We went to the chapel and after half an hour Sister returned to the kitchen. The table was filled with

bread. We thought, of course, that the baker who promised us bread for that day had been there. We asked him a week later about it. He had not been there. You see, Father, if we had known it was miracle bread, we would have been tempted to keep it, so our Lord did not let us know until it was all gone."

It was now time for Benediction. My altar boys were in the sacristy waiting for me. In age, one was eighty, another seventy-eight, and a third seventy. "How long have you been an altar boy?" I asked one. "Two years, and isn't it hard to get your tongue around Latin?" he asked. "So they seem to think in the high schools and colleges," I replied. "I always *sex laffi-cat juvenitum meum* and he tells me," indicating his senior, who is very much master of ceremonies "it isn't *laffi-cat*, it's *lae-tie-fi-cat*, but I'll get it if I keep pounding at it, and anyway it all means 'To God, who gives joy to my youth.' Funny, isn't it, us fellows talking about our youth, but I guess we are all young before God, for aren't we his children?"

At Benediction, one could hear faint sighs and quite audibly, here and there, the Holy Name of Jesus. All were bowed in silent adoration for the blessing of the Master, who had gathered them about himself at the end of the journey.

The Diabolic Plot

DOROTHY DAY

IT is when the Communists are good that they are dangerous. And the trouble with many Catholics is that they do not recognize this dangerous goodness but think of Communists as characters from E. Phillip Oppenheim's international mystery novels.

Not long ago a Catholic novel was published by the Macmillan Company, and it was all about the fiendish Bolsheviks and their international agents and how refugee women of gentle birth were kidnapped and returned to Russia to be mated to nobles, in order that they might propagate a race of supermen.

The story is fantastic. One expects the characters to turn into demons or angels. One is amazed that such a book could be seriously written. It should have ended on the fantastic note struck by G. K. Chesterton in "The Man Who Was Thursday."

The story is obviously class-conscious. Nobles are nobles by nature as well as by birth, and the lower classes are noble in that they are the faithful servants of those above them. If they are interested in those of their own class, and in righting the wrongs done them, then they are beetle-browed Bolsheviks.

And lastly, the story is untrue.

My association with the radical movement began while I was in college and continued for a decade. I worked for the Socialist paper, the *Call*, for the radical monthly, the *Masses*, for the anti-conscription League, for the Communist monthly the *Liberator*, and for the Anti-Imperialist League, and in these various jobs I became acquainted with many people connected with the labor

movement, so that I can write from actual knowledge of the goodness of the people with whom I came in contact.

Leaving friends and acquaintances out of it, however, take the case of William Z. Foster, the Communist candidate for President, a man respected and admired, even extolled in the weekly "capitalist" press. The *New Yorker* had a long article on Communist organization and Foster's part in it, and there was another leading article in the *New Republic* about the work of this man. From these articles, one could assume that Foster is a good man, a disciplined man, who lives for his ideals and is above the venality associated with political figures.

And then there is the case of the boy who lived across the street from me on East Fifteenth Street, between Avenue A and First Avenue, a peaceable Communist youth who was killed a few months ago when a Trotskyite sought to break up a Communist street meeting by hurling bricks from the roof of an adjoining house. For the last six months I had lived in this old German-Irish neighborhood just across from where this boy lived, and after his death I heard a great deal about him.

He had for years been the support of his invalid mother, his unemployed father, and his schoolgirl sister. The day his body was taken away, the German and Irish neighbors gathered in front of their stoops and spoke of him with hushed voices and heavy tears in their eyes.

"He was a good boy, so steady and so clean."
"He took such care of his family, and him so young."
"He used to come into my shop for milk every morning. So polite he was! Such a nice way of talking!"

"He was a Communist, yes, but he was so good."
What they said of him typifies what I mean. He was not wild eyed, shaggy haired, revolutionary looking. He was not a hater of the institution of the family. He worked and served his father and mother and sister. He had courtesy and respect for his fellow-man, and at night, after his day's work, he studied to better his condition. His life was actuated by a love of his fellows, and in his love for his fellow-creatures he forgot his Creator, if indeed he had ever known Him. Together with other boys on this street, he had been brought up without any religious training, and in growing up, he, with high ideals, had espoused the cause of the worker.

The other boys hung around pool rooms, street corners, and clubs, spent their hours in playing cards and gambling, discussed politics in terms of graft and rackets.

He went to meetings, discussed the questions of child labor, workmen's rights and unemployment, and donated from his own small earnings towards strike funds to feed the hungry workers, and the mothers and children of other workers like himself.

It is because of the Communist party's ideals, not because of its essential anti-religious aspect; because of its love of the ordinary man, and not because of its hatred towards God, that so many young people are being attracted towards Communism. And being attracted by what is good in their natures, and fervently embracing it as a cause, they come eventually to accept wholeheartedly all the party teaches.

In the Communist movement in America, the question of religion only comes up when a strike is being carried on in a Southern mill town, for instance, where the mountaineers are sincerely believers, or in city factories where the foreign labor is Catholic. In these cases, here are Lenin's directions in his writings on religion:

A Marxist must place the success of the strike movement above all else, must definitely oppose the division of the workers in this struggle into atheists and Christians, must fight resolutely against such a division. . . . We must not only admit into the . . . party all those workers who still retain faith in God, we must redouble our efforts to recruit them. We are absolutely opposed to the slightest attempt to these workers' religious convictions. . . . We do not declare, and must not declare in our program that we are "atheists."

It is the predictions of Engels and Lenin in their writing which disclose the "diabolic plot," the ultimate establishment of atheism, and one can only feel that the freeing of the masses from oppression is a means to an end, and not an end in itself.

"No books, no preaching, can possibly enlighten the proletariat, unless it is enlightened by its struggle against the dark forces of capitalism." "The roots of modern religion are deeply embedded in the social oppression of the working masses"; so relieve this oppression first in order to get at the roots!

Sociology

Ratification by Convention

WILLIAM L. LUCY, S.J.

IF the "drys" refuse to admit defeat, and plan to carry an appeal to the Supreme Court, the best recommendation for the "wets" is patience and sympathy. Sympathy is in order, for it must be remembered that as a political party the Prohibitionists are almost as old as the Grand Old Party itself, and that the Eighteenth Amendment is the achievement of forty-four years of organization, of "drives," of petitions, and, as I have heard, of threats and intimidation. When the labors of almost fifty years are dissipated after twelve years, sympathy is in order, and some opposition is expected. Patience, too, is recommended because the "drys" are following the strategy (never successful) introduced by the "wets," who have always had some case, either in the docket of the Supreme Court or in their minds, since December 5, 1917, when Congress deemed it "necessary" to propose the Prohibition Amendment to the consideration of the States.

Though such appeals are subterfuge rather than strategy, some benefit from them cannot be denied. In the case of Dillon vs. Gloss, we learn that "the ratification (of an Amendment) must be within some reasonable time after the proposal." By this inference Congress is empowered with authority to determine the reasonable time allowed the States for action. Is a year "within reasonable time"? As yet, only the members of our highest court know. The only definite piece of knowledge clad

Again and again Lenin urges that the fight against religion be postponed, and addressing those frantic ones who wish to rush into the battle at once, he reminds them that the bourgeois liberals are only too anxious to foment religious disputes in order to distract the attention of the people from the class struggle, and these religious wars lead only to a victory for the Church.

Those who have not gone to the root of dialectical materialism [i.e. of the philosophy of Marx and Engels] may not be able to understand this [necessity for delay] . . . What! subordinate ideological propaganda, the propaganda of definite ideas? Subordinate the struggle against religion, the thousand-year-old enemy of culture and progress, to the class struggle, to the struggle for transient practical economic and political aims? . . .

To draw a hard and fast line between the theoretical propagation of atheism, between breaking down the religious beliefs of certain sections of the proletariat, and the effect, the development, the general implications of the class struggle of these sections, is to reason non-dialectically; to transform a variable, relative boundary into an absolute one. It is a forcible tearing asunder of that which is indissolubly connected in reality.

I do not know whether the boy across the street knew what he was doing—that he was working with the distinct end in view of tearing down the Church. I do know that the good Irish and German neighbors didn't know it. They said sadly: "He was a good boy, a fine boy," and they wept at his passing.

with constitutional certitude is that seven years is quite reasonable; that is, quite reasonable for State action on a proposed Amendment, but not for paying one's debts or burying the dead.

In another case, Hawke vs. Smith, we are informed that State legislation or provisions in a State Constitution cannot alter the method of ratification as determined by Article V. There are only two possible methods: State legislatures or State conventions, and any popular action, such as a referendum, as a substitute for, or as a necessary confirmation of, legislative or conventional action, is unconstitutional.

Rather meager knowledge, you will say. But extremely costly, I say. The custom of the court is to decide the point at issue, disregarding all side issues, and the point at issue, too often, is a "well-woven snare" to win delay.

Grateful we are, and should be, for the expensive knowledge garnered from the arguments and decisions of these cases. But court action was only intended when necessity demanded a solution to a knotty Constitutional problem.

Already we hear talk of immediate appeal to the Supreme Court regarding the proper procedure of ratification by conventions, which is the method demanded by the "wets" and feared by the "drys." Why these demands and fears, if ratification by conventions gives Con-

gress more power than ratification by legislature? Most people thought conventions gave the citizens of the States, not the members of Congress, more freedom of action. Is there any necessity for a court decision? Must the States stand idle while months of the "reasonable time" allowed for action are consumed by legalists?

It is a sad commentary on our Constitutional progress if the original States, despite hostile legislatures, could follow the directions of Article VII ("the ratification of the conventions of the nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of the Constitution") without the aid of Congressional action, executive ordinances, and judicial decisions in the ratification of the Constitution, while the ratification of a single Amendment to the document by the same method (conventions) becomes a stumbling block to the States in their maturity. What did Hamilton mean when he said: "There can, therefore, be no comparison between the facility of effecting an Amendment, and that of establishing in the first instance a complete Constitution"?

The point debated seems to be this: once Congress has selected the method of ratification by the States, is all subsequent action exclusively State action, or has Congress more power when the convention method is chosen rather than action by the legislatures? Any fair inference which would empower Congress with more authority over ratification by convention, should be based, it seems, on the words of Article V, on the intentions of the framers, or on the necessity of Congressional action when ratification is by conventions.

What, then, are the answers to these three questions?

1. What power does Article V give Congress over the ratification of amendments?

2. What did the framers intend by adding an alternative to the method of ratification, *i.e.*, by conventions?

3. Is Congressional action necessary, once the convention method has been selected?

Article V is clear; so clear that it seems to me that Justice Day, in rendering his decision in *Hawke vs. Smith* mildly rebukes the "wets" for bringing the case to the courts. He remarks: "the language of the Article is plain, and admits of no doubt in its interpretation." And what power or powers over ratification does Article V grant Congress? The determination of the method of ratification is the exercise of a national power specifically granted by the Constitution; that power is conferred upon Congress, and is limited to two methods: by action of the legislatures or conventions of three-fourths of the States. There is no doubt in the mind of Justice Day as regards the power of Congress over ratification. Congress may select the method by which the States must ratify or reject the proposed amendment. That power is limited to the selection; there is no authority granted for Congressional action after the selection, be the choice by legislatures or conventions. Ratification by legislature or convention is State action since both legislature and convention are State bodies.

When the framers of this Constitution added the second method of ratification (convention) they had no

intention of increasing the powers of Congress. The original clause provided for the amending of the Constitution (both the proposal and ratification of Amendments) "without requiring the assent of the national Legislature." After some discussion whereby a national convention for the final ratification of a proposed amendment was rejected for ratification by State legislatures or State conventions, Congress deciding on which method, the Article as we have it was accepted. Madison, who proposed this Article, foresaw difficulties from the quorum, form, etc. of a national convention, but apparently no difficulties attached to State conventions. The reason was clear. State conventions were no novelty in American political life. The framers had borrowed this method from the State Constitutions of Pennsylvania, Georgia, Massachusetts, and New Hampshire, which contained provisions requiring amendments to their respective constitutions to be made by conventions of the people. This alternative mode was added, not to give Congress more power over the ratification of amendments, but that the people of the States might express their convictions more directly and more certainly.

There was only one good argument against the State conventions, an argument which may have been true during the early history of our government, but is certainly of no value today. This held that the best minds and highest characters of the States were in the legislatures, and that conventions would be composed of second-rate men. That argument neither had nor has any weight against the advantages of a body chosen "for the special purpose of considering the Amendment," entirely free from the demands and compromises of the issues of a legislature. The words of Justice Day on the word *legislatures* is equally applicable to the word *conventions*. "That was not a term of uncertain meaning when incorporated into the Constitution. What it meant, when adopted, it still means for the purpose of interpretation."

Possibly, Congressional action, after the selection of conventions as the method of ratification, is necessary. Yet, our Constitution, a document of greater value, and demanding more consideration and thought than all the Amendments attached to it, was established by State conventions, convoked and regulated by the respective States, without the aid of Congressional action. Congressional action, of course, was impossible, for the Constitution which was established by State conventions created Congress. The framers were quite conscious of the necessity of some action, by State or national legislature, before conventions actually ratified or rejected an amendment. They were also quite conscious of the ability of each State to execute the necessary preliminaries. That explains, I believe, why there is no reference to Congressional power on this point.

We should remember that State action on a proposed Amendment is a discretionary, not a mandatory power. If the legislature of a State attempts to defeat the purpose of the Congress and the will of her citizens by refusing to take necessary action for the State convention, that is a pure State problem, and the citizens of the State

must find the remedy. But if Congressional action were necessary, and neglected, the amendment would be defeated by Congress; a power hardly claimed by Congress!

Hamilton, commenting on Article VII which contains the words: "ratification of the conventions of nine States," remarks that it "speaks for itself." If ratification by State conventions conveyed no doubts or fears in 1787, whence the doubts and fears of 1933? What has clouded the clearness of those words? In 1787, there was no doubt that the necessary action, after the selection of the method of ratification, was exclusively State action. As far as the individual States are concerned, the problems are the same, whether the Constitution, as in the case of its establishment in 1787, or Congress in the case of the recently proposed amendment of 1933, selects the method, ratification by conventions. Let us hope that the States of 1933 are capable of performing the same task so admirably handled by the States of 1787.

Education

Extras!

JOHN WILTHE

IN the days of my youth I attended a parish school for a couple of years, and the tuition was exactly fifty-one cents a month, and no extras. This was after Miss Bonny's private and select school had folded its wings, for a reason, which, after all these years, is still unknown to me. Either it had become so extremely private and select that the supply of available youth in our town was exhausted, or the parents of the local *Veres* would not soil their fingers with filthy lucre, even by way of paying Miss Bonny her just fees. At any rate, there were no extras. Then, after a career at the parish school, consisting largely of truancy, I was entered at a Jesuit high school, all found for three dollars per month, and no extras.

It will be observed that I spent my early youth in very poor schools. As the Mock Turtle pointed out to Alice many years ago, no school can be "a really good school," without extras. Items such as "French, music, and washing—*extra*" must figure on the bills of all really good schools, and I offer this observation to the North Central and similar investigating bodies, as a norm and guide. The wheel has turned, however, since I was a boy. In these days, many schools assent to the philosophy of the Mock Turtle, and even go beyond it. They exact a stipend for entrance to the main tent, not a large one, to be sure, and then half-a-dozen smaller stipends for the exhibits in the side shows. It is a most exasperating custom. Just as you have balanced your budget, thereby slaying the big lion in the path, you are attacked by far ferocious mosquitoes, all sharp of beak and most agile of foot and wing. The sum of the six extras does not equal the original outlay in money, but it carries double the annoyance.

Some weeks ago I walked home from High Mass with my young friend, Wiley Marshall, and as we walked we chewed the cud of a text or two from the sermon.

Strictly speaking, it had not been a sermon at all, but the announcement of another special collection for the parish school. Personally, I had thought it a good talk, but Wiley did not agree. It was the third appeal of the month, and why couldn't they have a sermon now and then? He was quite upbush about it.

Let me say here that Wiley has three children in the parish school, and for them he pays \$5.00 per month. A smaller sum, \$3.00, would be customary, but Wiley likes to think that he can supply for the tuition of two children whose parents can pay nothing. In addition, he contributes to the special collections, and pays for textbooks, writing material, and so on. To none of these things does he object. What galls him is the extras.

"Mother, I need a dime. This is sewing day," Elizabeth announces.

Mother finds the dime. Then Billy pipes up. "Gimme a dime too, mother. This is drawing day." Another dime is fished from the lean purse. Mary Alice comes down the stairs, a bit late by reason of extra primping.

"Mother, give me fifty cents, please. I'm to be in the procession next Thursday, and the lily costs fifty cents."

There you are—seventy cents at one blow! Not much, you say? Perhaps not, if you have a comfortable balance at a good bank. But suppose you are a struggling professional man, with fees practically non-existent in these days; or a clerk, with a salary just half what it was two years ago, with a jobless brother or sister to be helped, and with a chronic expectancy and dread of being laid off, or put on the "share-the-work" plan. Would you find it easy? Or suppose you had exactly no job at all? Would you find it possible? And suppose these extras come week in and week out?

You are trying to dress the children at least decently, give them enough to eat, and send them every day to a Catholic school. You have humbled yourself by asking remission of the monthly fee (O, yes, I know that's good for us; it is so easy to see that hard things are good—for other people) but the children do not know that, and these extras are, unfortunately, collected in public. To the youngsters, it is shame and humiliation burned into their very souls, to lack the money when "all the others have it." Often it may well be a humiliation of a kind not good for them. Wiley tells me that last week, his boy came home and said he wasn't going to the Catholic school any more. He was going to public school. That morning his mother had been unable to give him money for some tickets that "all the other boys were buying." Wiley is uneasy about it.

I know, of course, that this case has many angles; more than it would have but for this world-wide depression. One of these does not refer to parents at all, or to their children, but to the parish priest. What of his position, when he must get up before an audience, Sunday after Sunday perhaps, and ask for money? He knows that perhaps half his people are out of work. Of the other half, many are on a reduced wage, and all are contributing in one form or other to relief funds. Nothing

can hearten him for his unpleasant task, except the conviction, the growth of sad experience, that unless he can keep his school open, many of the children will grow up uneducated in religion.

He knows very well what many who hear him are thinking. They realize, it is true, the value of the Catholic school, but no one can realize what it costs so well as the man who must find the money to keep it going. He is not asking anything for himself. He is begging for their children. He is pleading for Christ Who died to save these children. But while he speaks he is conscious of an echo: "Why can't we have a sermon now and then? Why all this talk about money?"

Well, why? He employs a sewing teacher, and tries to pay her with dimes collected from the children. Then a drawing teacher is needed. The Community which staffs his school cannot supply him, and he engages a lay teacher. He or she is a good Catholic, but, unfortunately, with an appetite for food, which costs money, and a custom of sleeping under a roof, which also costs money. Money, money, money; he talks about it to himself more than to his congregation. Where is he going to get it?

I do not know the answer. But I fear that if some answer is not found, many parents will take their children out of the parish school. This is not exclusively a problem of the depression. It has been with us for some years.

Why should all this burden fall on the shoulders of the parish priest? Some months ago, Dr. Francis M. Crowley, of St. Louis University, gave us in these columns a discussion of school finance that was admirable, but, as I recall, he said nothing about this burden. Why cannot at least some of it be shifted to the shoulders of the laity? Nearly fifty years ago, the Council of Baltimore suggested the inclusion of laymen on the governing bodies of our schools. It seems to me that had this recommendation been universally followed, the pastor of today would not be obliged to beg, almost literally from door to door, for his school. The school would not have escaped the effects of this depression, but the burden of its support in trying circumstances would be better distributed. That is one lesson of the depression. Perhaps another lesson is the necessity of a diocesan equalization fund, and of a school tax levied on the parish, but on the diocese.

BEAUTY SHALL BE NO LESS TO ME

Beauty shall be no less to me because
Ever she leaves my heart a lonely thing
That still must live and love and strive to sing!
Once, for a fugitive moment, did she pause—
Once, for a dear lost moment, I beheld
Her slim and quivering—as a wild bird
May stay its flight too briefly. . . . And I heard
All the rapturous songs, the music cooed
Neither by time nor ugliness nor tears—
Music having a subtle, sure defense
Built on its own elusive permanence. . . .
Oh, moment wholly mine beyond the years!
Far going! . . . Beauty shall be no less to me
Because she holds herself aloof and free.

CATHERINE PARIENTER

With Scrip and Staff

LAST Autumn, when the Anchorite swayed this column, he remonstrated with the Little Flower for writing him a letter. That letter, signed by Herself, bore a North Carolina postmark. Later, it was discovered that the Little Flower's signature was forged. She was still in Paradise, not North Carolina; but she did have one of her churches there. Her vice-gent in North Carolina, Father Denges, protested vigorously against the anchorite addictions. But no avail; by that time, the Anchorite had ceased to be. But now, Father Denges writes him an Easter note that arrives just as he awakes from his hibernation: "Hello Père Anchorite!" writes the representative in North Carolina of the Little Flower. "Be a sport!" What visions of the long ago the word calls up. "Read this letter!" Like the Scot, the Anchorite is sparing in the use of his spectacles, lest he wear them out. But he decided to indulge in this extravagance and fitted on his spectacles and read: "God must be pleased with the Little Flower School in the most non-Catholic State of the Union. We began with 14 pupils. To-day we number 61." He read: "With a parish of 48 souls, including little ones, our weekly collections, all told, average less than five dollars. On our bleak missions we receive half this amount from 33 Catholics in a vast territory of 4,000 square miles, which is just about one-twelfth the area of North Carolina." Well, that is a great deal more appealing than the letter from the Little Flower. The Anchorite will pray that the statistics change places; may Father Denges, in his next letter, be able to say that he has 4,000 Catholics in 81 square miles.

LONDON has a play about Francis Thompson, written by Anonymous. Charles Morgan writes to the *New York Times* that it "is not in any respect a great play." He means in its architectonics. But he approves the theme. He believes that "Thompson's life, like other lives, petered out, continuing beyond its climax and having no end but death." Now is that a nice thing to say about Thompson's life? 'Taint, and moreover, 'taint true. Nevertheless, according to Mr. Morgan, "within his life a lovely and complete incident was embedded, and this incident has been made the subject of a play." Yes, dear reader, your suspicions are correct. When they speak of a lovely incident, you know what they mean. The incident of the Meynells? Don't be silly. It is an incident of the days of his vagabondage, of his deepest degradation, when he was living like a gutter rat. The novelist and the dramatist cannot work up a good story or a powerful play on virtue, for readers and audiences are not interested in people trying to live innocently; they want strong, lovely incidents of vice. They can't endure an Alice Meynell, they clamor for the "woman of the streets named Ann," who had pity on Francis Thompson and took him in. "With her he lives hap-

py," says Mr. Morgan. But Ann, the magnanimous, the understanding, the lovely lady of the sidewalks, "perceiving that her use to this man is ended, disappears. Night after night, Thompson searches for her unavailingly." Down drops the curtain. The lovely and complete incident is finished. Francis Thompson is immortalized on the stage. Having lost his Ann, his life partners. There may be bad in the lives of the best of us and good in the lives of the worst of us, but the good of us makes bad drama and the bad is lovely.

"I WANNA ask you," said the motorman-conductor on the cross-town local. "I wanna tell you, I coulda crossed on the green light but I saw you coming. They don't mind," he continued with a toss of his head towards the passengers. "I'll get 'em there on time, wherever they're going." He slammed the doors and pounded the bell, and with groanings and creakings the car trundled along the tracks. Now that it was bowling along safely, with nothing in view to bump into and no unfortunate to run over, the motorman took out his wallet and handed me a clipping. "Read it," he commanded as he twisted off the power and grabbed for the brake. It was assigned a novelty for me. "The famous 'Lucky Jesuit Cross,'" the top lines of the advertisement announced. "Have good luck. Wear the 'LUCKY JESUIT CROSS,' over 250 indestructible pearls. Sterling silver chain, and clasp. Full choker length. Packed in handsome jewelry box. Ideal gift. Price \$1, postpaid." A picture of the pearl cross with an aura of the silver chain about it was added, as proof. The motorman had the car plunging along again, and in the leisure of driving he turned to me. "Whadaya think?" he asked. "Now don't tell me they ain't pearls and it ain't silver. I'll tell you they can't sell two and a half pearls for a cent. What I wanna know is it lucky? I'd give a buck any day for a little bit of luck. Whadaya say?" The question was clearly beyond my competence. "I haven't any statistics," I told him, "so I can't say. I've never heard of any luck coming to anyone from it because I've never heard of it before." He was disappointed. "I wanna tell you. I'm disappointed. I gotta little girl. She's always getting the measles or something. Thought it mighta brought her some luck. I'll tell you. I'll send a dollar for the pearls and silver chain."—Thus the Anchorite.

BEFORE signing off for the A. and for myself, let me draw attention to what one Holy Name Society did, in the way of Catholic activity, in February of this year. Under the direction of Father Thomas F. Keenan, C.S.S.R., the Holy Name men of Our Lady of Perpetual Help parish, in Brooklyn, N. Y., organized to have 50,000 letters of protest sent to the Senate Judiciary Committee in Washington at the time the Hatfield or Birth Control bill was under hearing. The fact that the bill meant class legislation was insisted upon. Such action did not go without any noticeable results.

THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Spring's Dramatic Blooms

ELIZABETH JORDAN

SPRING has laid on the shrine of art a bunch of reasonably fresh dramatic flowers, with a few withered sprays among them. The outstanding feature of the bunch, a hollyhock, is Maxwell Anderson's "Both Your Houses," produced by the Theater Guild at the Royale Theater.

Mr. Anderson's offering is a sturdy plant, as it should be, coming from that mentally sturdy playwright. He is not at all disturbed by the fact that his flower is a common one in the theatrical garden. He has forced it in his mental hot house and has made it a fine and outstanding bloom. Which for some reason reminds me of a question asked me this spring at the New York Flower Show. I am no garden expert myself, though only last year I delivered before a large garden club and with some success, if I do say it, a helpful little talk on "How to Tell the Trees from the Flowers." But I did know the name of the particular blossoms I happened to be gazing at when a young girl and her young man stopped beside me at the Flower Show.

"Do you know," the girl asked me in a puzzled tone, "the name of these flowers?"

"They're azaleas," I said, proud of my knowledge. The girl drew a long quivering breath of rapture.

"Oh, George," she cried, "they're azaleas!"

They were. And Mr. Anderson's play is a hollyhock. And having proved my identification of both plants I will now hastily drop my floral figures, which I only brought up anyway because this is Spring.

Looking at Mr. Anderson's play, then, with the cold dispassionate eye of criticism, I see "Both Your Houses" as a new and robust representation of an old theme. It is also a timely presentation; for up till the past two months, when any of us have lacked any other subject for discussion, we have fallen upon the House and the Senate at Washington and roundly abused them. Mr. Anderson's play shows us how feeble these past efforts of our have been. He says in it all we have ever said or wanted to say and goes us a hundred better. It is the irony of fate that when he has thus supplied us with this new verbal ammunition to shoot off at teas and dinners, both House and Senate are acting so well that we cannot use it.

For the time being, too, this condition must make Mr. Anderson feel somewhat foiled. But he has written a fine and interesting play, and of course there is a chance that after the present honeymoon between our Houses and the President the pork barrel may again raise its head. At present, in the words of the song, it is "Only a Memory." In the meantime see the play. Aside from its political revelations no Spring flower was ever more fresh and wholesome, and there is an incidental love story which may interest the young.

Under the direction of Arch Selwyn, Tallulah Bank-

head is with us, at the Times Square Theater, in a play called "Forsaking All Others." Miss Bankhead is the daughter of a Senator, so the review of her play is the natural step after the review of Mr. Anderson's. Unfortunately, I had to pay for my seat at this play, and no experience is more corroding than this to a critic's judgment. One is thinking of one's three dollars and thirty cents during the star's best scenes, and how can one bring to bear one's calm, ripe, critical judgment under such conditions? Miss Dalrymple, press representative of "Forsaking All Others," may answer this question at her convenience. In the meantime I will mention my first conclusion about the play, which is that it is well named. In it, practically everybody forsakes everybody else. The bride is at the altar for a noon wedding, in the first act, when the bridegroom forsakes her by not showing up at all. He is marrying another woman at the moment. He calls on the deserted bride that same afternoon, however, and I can prove by Emily Post and other authorities on etiquette that this was a social *faux pas*. Forsaking bridegrooms do not call on the forsaken bride-to-be after they have failed to grace the wedding service. They crawl into the nearest sewer and let themselves be swept out to sea with the other refuse. But this bridegroom calls, forsaking the girl he had just married, and thus further justifying the play's title. He then goes to Mexico, gets a divorce and returns to ask the first girl to marry him, promising not to leave her flat this time. She accepts him with three rousing cheers, but subsequently thinks better of it and forsakes him, in favor of another gentleman friend who has Loved Her All the Time.

It was at this point that my thoughts of my three dollars and thirty cents became so pervasive that my attention wandered from the characters on the stage. Miss Bankhead or Miss Dalrymple really ought to send me a check. If either of them does it, I'll give the money to Catholic Charities!

"Run, Little Chillun," is a new Negro folk drama, written by Hall Johnson, produced by Robert Rockmore at the Lyric Theater, and enthusiastically acclaimed by many of our intelligentsia. It contains four scenes, two of which are pictorially superb and emotionally highly exciting. I didn't grasp just what the little children were supposed to run from, but probably it was from the first of these scenes, a moonlight dance in the woods, in which the half-hundred colored participants lent themselves to a frenzy of emotion which the audience joined to the surprising degree of trying to interrupt the action by applause. But they could not interrupt that action. It is said that the company of "Run, Little Chillun" rehearsed eight months, but they're still as fresh as paint and they would dance the entire scene over, merely for the love of it, if time permitted. The second "big scene," a revival, is equally exciting in a different way. It is also amazingly realistic. I have seen very similar scenes in the mountains of Virginia and Tennessee. The Negro music throughout the performance is truly magnificent.

Self-sacrifice is going out. It is shown going on its way in several of our current plays, notably in the new Irish comedy, "Far Away Horses," written by Michael Birmingham and Gilbert Emory, and produced by Sidney Herman and James R. Ulman at the Martin Beck Theater. Personally, I liked this play. It had a fine, hearty tone, some thoroughly likable and recognizable Irish types, and a lot of human interest. I am afraid that for me the highest moment in the drama was that in which Grandma stamped on her own bonnet and then went out with blood in her eye to interview the neighbor who had slandered her. But there were moments more appealing to the higher nature, including the one when the mother of the play, who had gone to Ireland to collect a legacy vitally necessary to her and her family, came home roaring with laughter over the fact that she had not been left that legacy. Also there is a young boy in the play, Bernie Neary, whose diction is the best on our stage this month and who is going to be one of our leading juveniles in a very few years. I was somewhat tried by the self-sacrificing heroine's willingness to be stepped upon by every one, and by her collapse at the end under the cumulative weight of the family pressure; yet, given all the conditions, I am not prepared to say what else she could have done.

"The Party's Over" is another play about self-sacrifice, written by Daniel Kussell and produced at the Vanderbilt Theater. This time the put-upon member of the family is the elder son, Bruce Blakely, who is supporting his father, mother, brother and sister, though all but the mother are well able to earn their own living. Instead, both sister and younger brother marry and bring their mates home to be also supported by brother Bruce. Their egotism reaches a degree rather incredible even in this day of youthful selfishness. When Bruce goes down in the general business collapse, all the others think about is the effect his failure will have on them. So the work finally turns. He provides for his mother, orders the others to get out and go to work, and he himself marries the woman who is willing to help him build up another business and a new life.

The best moment in the play is the one in which the idlers are confronted by the necessity of going to work. But the comedy is interesting throughout and the finest work in it is the beautiful acting of Effie Shannon as the mother and of Peggy Conklin as the flapper sister, who is so anxious to be married that she does most of the wooing. Miss Conklin, like young Neary, will see her name in electric lights some day.

I have recently told you what I think about Miss Le Gallienne's production of "Alice in Wonderland" at the New Amsterdam Theater. It is still on three nights a week, and you will be sorry if you miss it. Between times Miss Le Gallienne is reviving Tchevok's "Cherry Orchard," with Madame Nazimova in the leading role. A superb performance, and such a perfect presentation of the decline in fortune which we are all experiencing at this crisis that one watches it through tears of sympathy!

REVIEWS

Social Pathology. By JOHN LEWIS GILLIN, Ph.D. New York: The Century Company. \$3.75.

Dr. Gillin is quite right when he contends that social pathology must not be dissociated from social theory, because they are actually joined in life. The study of social problems is of vast importance today. We have libraries of social theory, and some of them are just so much social rubbish. Dr. Gillin's book is, in the main, very good. It is replete with erudition and equipped with numerous statistical tables; for these reasons it serves as a ready reference at the elbow of a busy professor. The author treats of the pathology of the individual, of domestic and economic relationships, of social organization and cultural relations, such as religion, morals, and crime. He describes their nature and discusses the methods suggested for their cure. He is clear and to the point. Unfortunately this pathology, like so many others, is based on the shoddy theory of biological evolution and the long-discredited natural selection of Darwin. In essentials man's nature was adjusted centuries ago by his Maker. He departed from the right path and needs adjustment only by returning to it. Dr. Gillin is guilty of another gross and common error in sociology, which is a logical sequence of the first. He contends that society establishes all standards of conduct in all social situations. Hence, he maintains that conduct must be socially approved to be valid. But society has no right to make changes in the natural law. It is the law of right reason and admits of no changes. Society can only be an arbiter in conduct which is neither right nor wrong intrinsically. Want of sharp discrimination in this matter is at the root of an error prevalent in many sociological books and treatises. In a book of such pretensions, it is also surprising to discover confused and erroneous views on the teachings of the Catholic Church in the matter of marriage and divorce. The professor seems never to have explored the vast field of the most powerful force for social betterment that has existed for well-nigh 2,000 years, namely, the Catholic Church. Questions and exercises and readings close each chapter and enhance it; but I find no Catholic books listed. The author does not admit the existence of a supreme being or a life beyond the grave; this accounts for almost all his errors.

P. H. B.

The Life of Richard Wagner. Vol. I. 1813-1848. By ERNEST NEWMAN. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$5.00.

This splendid work, which is completed in three volumes, shows what can be done in biographical writing when a master artist attempts the task. The author's previous writings on musical subjects and artists have proved his right to speak authoritatively in this, his masterpiece. And speak authoritatively he does. His justification for this new life of Wagner is the claim "that as yet no satisfactory life of him exists. During the last twenty, and still more the last ten or even the last five years, so much new and vital first-hand matter has come to light that one's old conception of the story has had to be modified at a hundred points." The present volume tells the story of Wagner's life from birth (May 22, 1813) down to the crisis in his artistic, and more especially his financial, vagaries in the summer of 1848. Wilhelm Richard was the ninth and last child born to Carl Friedrich Wagner and his wife, Johanna Rosine Poetz. He was no infant prodigy. Up to his twentieth year, he gave no impression that he had a special gift that would carry him to distinction in any sphere of life or of art. He had a strongly erotic side to him, and this side was fostered by the lax theatrical life into which he was flung from childhood. Already as a student at Leipzig, it was Wagner's ambition to be not only a poet, but a composer. Before the summer of 1829, his days of formal education were already over. He went to various music masters, but he was an impatient student, full of disgust for the dry bones of music. In 1836, after a hectic courtship, he married Christine Wilhelmine Planer, an actress of some ability. It was an ill-matched marriage. Wagner's career in Magdeburg, as in practically every other

town with which he was associated for any length of time, ended in disaster, reaching a climax in his foolishly attempted conquest of Paris. The world of music was not yet prepared for the dawn of his genius. When in February, 1844, he was appointed Royal Kapellmeister at Dresden and success began to smile on him, his ambition was already set on higher things than the operatic conditions of Germany at that time could ever hope to offer him. And so, facing a crisis in his artistic career, and heavily laden with debt, this first volume leaves him in Dresden in the summer of 1848. The volume is beautifully printed and published. An index of thirty-three pages makes reference work a joy.

W. M. S.

Hunting Big Game in the Eighties. Edited by ANNA ELEANOR ROOSEVELT. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$3.00.

This collection of the letters of Elliott Roosevelt, brother of a President and father of the present First Lady, has something more of value than the Roosevelt name and the description of hunting conditions in Florida, Texas, and India, in the 'seventies and 'eighties. We have here human documents, unsophisticated and honestly written for their readers, and with no thought of posterity. They further exemplify that extraordinary Roosevelt family unity and affection that was first revealed to us in Theodore Roosevelt's letters to his children—a unity and affection that are not often to be found in the American home. Some of the hunting recorded has the interest of perilous adventure, but most of the letters will hold the reader because of the human rather than of the dramatic element.

J. M. P.

Candelabra. By JOHN GALSWORTHY. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. \$2.00.

The bright light of a critical intellect, deliberating on the variegated problems of life, has always characterized the lucid prose of John Galsworthy. "Candelabra," a collection of selected essays and addresses, proves itself to be no exception to the above statement. Herein Mr. Galsworthy states anew his philosophy of literature and his criteria of literary criticism in so far as they correlate his theories of literary craftsmanship. As, indeed, the appreciative reading world knows, the late winner of the Nobel Prize was truly an artist connoisseur of the ideals and requirements of his calling. From the epic "Foray Sage," through his plays, short stories, and essays, one may note that Newman-like finesse and technique of expression. In "Candelabra" we find the mature Galsworthy in a speculative, reminiscent, and reminiscent mood. "Some Platitudes Concerning Drama," "Meditation on Finality," "Vague Thoughts on Arts," "Faith of a Novelist," and "Literature and Life." In the two papers, "Six Novelists in Profile" and "Four More Novelists in Profile," Galsworthy, the astute critic, is at his best in well-written critiques of Tolstoy and Turgenev, Anatole France and Guy de Maupassant, Dickens, Stevenson, and Conrad. Contemporary literature, much of which is chaotic and formless, will miss the influence of the mellow prose of John Galsworthy, permeated as it is with definite ethical and critical standards.

E. J. C.

The Lives of the Popes in the Middle Ages. By RT. REV. MGR. HORACE K. MANN, D.D. St. Louis: B. Herder Book Company. \$5.00 per volume.

Here are the sixteenth and the eighteenth volumes of the series. The seventeenth volume appeared earlier and was reviewed in the March 12, 1932, issue of AMERICA. During the eleven years (1276-1287) covered by the sixteenth volume no less than six Pontiffs reigned, the most active of whom, due to his four years of sovereignty, was Martin IV. It was during this pontificate that the tragic event known to history as the "Sicilian Vespers" occurred, the event which practically ended the Crusade movement, for henceforth the Crusade money was diverted by papal authority to fruitless efforts to repress warlike enterprises among the Christian princes of Western Europe. This policy with its many

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Design for Editing

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Surely you are aware of the insignificance of several forms of collegiate make-believe; and therefore you should have suspected a colored gentleman in the woodpile of each of the college journals which you so elaborately chided in your editorial note in the issue of AMERICA for April 8. Students must have their sophomore attempts at ridicule and scorn and even flippancies. Alas, their efforts may be mis-applied. Thus the *Nation* mistook some playful statistics from a young man of Manhattan College; and then AMERICA featured the *Nation* in this to the nation. But when the Manhattan statistics were set right it was found that not one student had read the hodge-podge about Ann Vickers. Surely AMERICA knows that no group of students at that institution are apt to go awry in thought or taste upon literary values; knows also that the discussions in debating circles, the conferences in the sodalities, and the estimates in journalistic purlieus are true to great principles and traditions, principles and traditions so efficiently fostered and transmitted by Brother Azarias.

And what shall I say about the episode at Holy Cross? A distinguished lecturer came for a program in the extra-curriculum lectures, addressed a crowded assembly on a drama of Shakespeare; and in the evening to a group in the lounge of the library he gave his excellent summarizations of current dramas, excoriating, among others, the play called "Design for Living." Subsequently, at a meeting of one of the literary societies a senior read a paper; it was in no true sense "a lecture," as you were pleased to dignify it. Well, for the sake of argument he took the opposite side to the excellent animadversions of Miss Jordan and Dr. Paulding. A busy journalist rushed the paper to one of the college journals. Who will tell the world of your readers of a little scene that followed in a kindly dean's office? If the senior had tears to shed, it was not because the silly paper got into print, but that a student who had a training in letters and philosophy and in religion should have so egregiously blundered in an analysis of a play, whose lack of art would offend Tins Pan Alley, and whose ethics would have shocked the *demi-mondaines* of the Rue Rogue-Gallery. You will be glad to add this note upon the curative values that followed, correcting a sleeping Homer, and edifying a good senior.

Worcester, Mass.

REV. MICHAEL EARLS, S.J.

What's a Bad Play?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It is difficult to pass over the letter of your correspondent from Suffern, N. Y., without comment. You yourself stated precisely and clearly, as is your habit, just what is meant by an immoral play, but W. A. L. labels this "theoretical" and sweeps it aside as impractical. He seeks practical leadership. He wants to know what plays are "good going for everybody, even for young girls who usually do not go to the theater alone." A rather large order, is it not? The difficulty with W. A. L. is that he fails to define terms. How young are these girls and for what ages precisely does he think plays should be written and produced (and would he allow the attendance of young boys)? Surely even W. A. L. is not naive enough to contend that the theater should produce plays suitable alike both for children and adults.

He concludes: "We expect from AMERICA a well-measured direction which a Catholic with a normal conscience may follow without scruple." To the majority of readers that is what is re-

ceived from AMERICA, but surely W. A. L. could not prove that his conscience is a normal one even in the theoretical sense of the term when he scruples about plays that measure up to the standards of moral theater but whose characters display traits and tendencies that are human and therefore not one-hundred per cent without stain or blemish. Furthermore, what does he demand of a play? He quarrels with the idea even of a moral as long as the steps leading up to that moral are at all earthly. He mentions violations only of the Sixth Commandment. What of the other nine? Could he without scruple attend a performance of "Hamlet" or "Othello," a dramatization of "Paradise Lost" or the "Divine Comedy"? If so, on what grounds? Surely a transgression of one Commandment is as serious as that of another. But let us not be unheeding to the request for practical direction. May I suggest a short list of works which on the thesis of W. A. L. must be avoided (by him only, of course)? Have him run from Shakespeare. Have him avoid the Greeks. Have him eschew the Irish playwrights and players. Prohibit the opera and, last he be tempted to see the Passion Play in any of its versions this Lent, point out to him, that the very theme of this drama concerns itself with the greatest sins of mankind and their toll.

Why not invite W. A. L. to leave Suffern to meet your Father Talbot, who I am sure could set him straight (and who, incidentally, should write a long article on this very subject) and who could in short order cast out the obsession of W. A. L. so that he might view some play in New York other than "Alice in Wonderland" and be able to distinguish between immorality occurring in accidentals and immortality condoned in essence.

New York.

M. N. D.

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 25 Miss Elizabeth Jordan seemed to apologize for her review of "Design for Living." I don't think an apology was necessary. If more of our Catholic magazines would give reviews of the leading New York plays, good or bad, those reviews could not help but fill the reader with disgust for the play if he came upon one like "Design for Living."

Sioux Falls.

JOSEPHINE SALYLE.

Unemployment Insurance

To the Editor of AMERICA:

In the issue of AMERICA for February 25 Gerhard Hirschfeld makes a vicious attack on unemployment insurance without vizor and breastplate. This lays him open unnecessarily to a counter attack. Now, the writer of the column "Back of Business" has given us good and interesting information on business and banking in the past, but the particular column to which I refer seems not to be free itself from error and fallacy. For example, Mr. Hirschfeld writes that unemployment insurance can work in normal times and that at such times there are "some five or six million people without a job." He calls this normal unemployment "insignificant" and then "the worker can afford to pay his contribution to the fund . . . but there is no need for it." Now, I find no authority that puts the unemployment rate that high in normal times. Our unemployment and the consequent depression is not so bad after all if it has only doubled. Paul H. Douglas, the leading research authority, puts it from one to three millions. Besides, do six millions unemployed not need help and are they in any condition to pay? Moreover, according to insurance systems, they are never called upon to pay when they become the beneficiaries of the system. And again, I know no authority that insists on a one-third ratio for the workers. The A. F. L. does not want him to contribute at all. In any case, the State and the employers are expected to contribute more than the workers. Mr. Hirschfeld writes that unemployment insurance is a thoroughly unsound measure and that a mere look at the three supporting groups reveals the fallacy. The author of "Back of Business" must have very sharp and discriminating eyes, since the vast majority of learned economists and sociologists, not to say all, advocate insurance and in doing so fail to recognize the

fallacy. This method of relief is growing by leaps and bounds. The subject is not so simple as Mr. Hirschfeld sketches it. The sooner this is recognized the better. For twenty years, says Mr. Hirschfeld, Great Britain and Germany have tested and used unemployment insurance (quite a long time to try, by the way); but looking at the system today, I would say that he is by no means justified in calling it bankrupt, nor does he show that the depleted treasury of these countries is due exclusively to the payment of insurance. Mr. Hirschfeld seems to be unaware that this financial grant has staved off revolution in both countries. It is too bad that Mr. Hirschfeld attempts to steal this, the only bone, from the victims of the "yellow dog" contract and, in doing so, leaves them hungry and penniless. A thoroughly unsound business!

Philadelphia.

PHILIP H. BURKETT, S.J.

Query Answered

To the Editor of AMERICA:

How do you reconcile your position on the soldiers' adjusted certificate payment and compensation with the position of Dr. John Ryan and Father Coughlin who are the outstanding champions of the rights of the common people in the U. S. A.?

Your Order knows or should know that one of the reasons you are so bitterly persecuted in countries where the radicals get in control is that in previous times all too often you were too close to the powerful and rich. So many of the graduates of your colleges and universities are more or less strangely inclined to worship position and power of the rich and to accept the idea of the divine right of position and money, completely ignoring the divine rights and the dignity of man, as evidenced by their actions and utterances.

San Francisco.

GERALD F. M. O'GRADY.

[Despite his acquaintance with "so many" Jesuit students, our correspondent displays complete unfamiliarity with this Review and its twenty-four-year battle for human rights. Mr. O'Grady is, unfortunately, not a subscriber. If he were, he would know that AMERICA opposes the soldiers' payments precisely because they are the demand of special group interests and, as such, are an encroachment upon the rights of the common people.—Ed. AMERICA.]

A Scrip-and-Stamp Plan

To the Editor of AMERICA:

It has been suggested that the Government issue twenty pieces of scrip money (one dollar each) to every adult in the United States. As the scrip has no value in itself when issued, it would not need any reserve back of it. On the back of this scrip would be printed that this scrip is legal tender for all debts in the United States except the payment of taxes. It is not legal, however, until, at each transfer from one person to another, there be placed a three- (or six-) cent stamp on the back thereof, a special, or a postage stamp.

This scrip would be blank on the back, except for forty (or twenty) squares, whereon would be pasted a three- (or six-) cent stamp at every transaction. When the fortieth (or twentieth) stamp is pasted on the back, it could be presented at the Government office, maybe the postoffice, in exchange for one-dollar greenback or one-dollar credit on savings account. The Government would thus make twenty cents on each scrip so used, and each person who received twenty of these would, at the expense of sixty cents, receive value to the amount of \$19.40. There might be scrip of a lesser value (fifty cents) requiring only twenty (or ten) stamps on the back redeemable at the office. This would allow the Government a gain of ten cents.

In case, for some reason, a person holding scrip money wished to redeem it before all the stamps had been placed, it might be redeemable by the Government at five-sixths of the value of the stamps actually attached. This provision would prevent complete loss. When the first issue would be exhausted, business might have so regained its normal state that there would be no need of a reissue.

No one could very well object to the high percentage paid the

Government, because in the first place they receive the use of the scrip for a small sum. If the great majority used faithfully this scrip money, the Government would net such a sum of money that no sales tax might be necessary.

Canton, Ohio.

REV. E. P. GRAHAM.

Back at Methuselah

To the Editor of AMERICA:

As one of the "deaf, dumb, and blind" Americans, may I voice my complete satisfaction with and approval of the brilliant editorial "Insulter Shaw" appearing in the issue of AMERICA for April 15? At last someone has put into kindly but measured words my own sentiments on Mr. Shaw—words which, in my humble opinion, might well have been printed some decades ago when Mr. Shaw first condescended to deliver his sensational and tiring *bons mots*.

New York.

M. A. B.

Parish-school Health Examinations

To the Editor of AMERICA:

There are many avenues of aid which are open to parish schools in large cities, and which are not now developed to their fullest extent. It would not take much agitation to secure daily visits to the parish schools by public-health doctors for physical examination of pupils. The success of this procedure in public schools has warranted the expense. Communicable diseases may be quickly discovered and prevented from spreading. The direct benefit to the child examined is obvious. The ultimate benefit to the community is not so often realized. Undernourished children are discovered and their parents notified. Heart ailments are found, deficiencies in eyes and ears are found which may affect the entire course of the child if not discovered early. Hundreds of other benefits accrue from the slight *per-capita* expense involved. The average big city public-health department could easily reorganize with its present force to cover the parish schools without charge. Or at best there would not be a large increase in personnel, the expense of which, spread out over the whole tax rate, would be very little.

In Boston, the percentage of undernourished children has increased this year to almost ten per cent of the public-school population. Probably this is the result of the unemployment situation. It is cheaper for us to make some provision now for the care of these children than to have the expense of hospital care later.

Spasmodic examination will not do. A regular inspection should be provided for the parish schools as well as the public schools. It is properly a charge of the public-health department and a necessity for our future welfare.

Boston.

WILLIAM ARTHUR REILLY.

Chairman, School Committee.

Religion in the Corps

To the Editor of AMERICA:

For the past week the metropolitan newspapers have been reporting the large number of men who have enlisted in the Civilian Conservation Corps. These men, after a period of reconditioning at the various army camps, we read, will be the ones to carry out President Roosevelt's reforestation project.

Out of the thousands of men already enlisted, no doubt there will be a large number of Catholics. As a point of information I would like to know what the Church is doing to see that these Catholic men may continue the practice of their Faith. Is there a chaplain assigned to the various army camps? And when these men are sent to the different reforesting areas, what provisions has the Church made to enable them to hear Mass and receive the Sacraments?

New York.

JOHN DARBY.

[Authorities of each diocese in which the camps are situated are being asked by the National Council of Catholic Men to provide spiritual care for the workers.—Ed. AMERICA.]

Chronicle

Home News.—By ordering an embargo on all exports of gold except that earmarked for foreign countries, the President on April 19 took the United States off the international gold standard. This move was expected to raise commodity prices and to increase the chances of an agreement on a more stable monetary basis following the world economic conference, since the United States is now on an equal monetary footing with most of the other countries of the world. As a result of this action, the dollar on April 19 fell to a discount of eleven and a half per cent in terms of the gold-standard currencies of the world. The stock and commodity markets rose sharply, and United States Government bonds and other high-grade fixed-interest securities dropped. Notwithstanding its opposition to currency-inflation measures pending in the Senate, which was said to have caused the defeat on April 17 of the Wheeler amendment to remonetize silver at sixteen to one, the Administration was reported to be ready to seek authorization from Congress to dictate a policy of controlled inflation and even lower the gold content of the dollar, if it desired. Senator Thomas was chosen to introduce the Administration plan as an amendment to the pending farm-relief bill.

The President acted to relieve owners of small homes on April 13. In a special message to Congress, he urged quick passage of legislation for the protection from foreclosure of homes valued at \$10,000 or less; also to relieve the owners of a part of the heavy interest and principal payments which had been contracted in prosperous years. He proposed the establishment of a "Home Owners Loan Corporation," with \$2,000,000,000 at its disposal, to refinance home mortgages at substantially reduced interest rates. On the same day the House passed, 387 to 12; the farm-mortgage refinancing bill, which was included in the farm bill being considered in the Senate. The Administration leaders had their first legislative setback on April 13, when the Senate passed by a vote of forty-seven to forty-one, over the protest of Senator Robinson and contrary to recommendations by Secretary Wallace, a resolution to incorporate in the farm-relief bill an authorization for the Secretary of Agriculture to fix agricultural prices on a "cost-of-production" basis.

The House passed, by a vote of 253 to 109, the Administration arms-embargo bill on April 17 and sent it to the Senate. The act allows the President to place an embargo on the shipment of arms and munitions when such shipment may encourage the use of force in a dispute between nations. The House Labor Committee planned to open hearings on April 24 on a bill drafted by Secretary Perkins at the Committee's request, giving the Secretary of Labor power to control industrial production, regulate the hours of labor of workmen, and prescribe fair wages. The House Banking Committee favorably reported the Wagner-Lewis \$500,000,000 relief bill on April 19, and immediate action by the House was expected.

The Economic Ambassadors.—With messages of abundant good will, high hopes, and fine weather, Ramsay MacDonald, British Prime Minister, set sail on April 15 for the United States to confer with President Roosevelt in Washington preliminary to the proposed World Economic Conference later in the year. On April 17, Edouard Herriot, once Premier but now Mayor of Lyons, sailed from Havre to represent "the laborious people of France," not any political parties, on the same mission. Joint and separate conferences with the President were scheduled for both MacDonald and Herriot. The latter's mission was somewhat of a mystery, since it was patent that he did not think politically or internationally with M. Daladier, the present Premier, who chose and sent him. The new French Ambassador in Washington, however, André Lefèvre de Laboulaye, remarked on April 13 that France was friendly to the idea of low tariffs. The action taken by President Roosevelt on April 19 relative to the gold standard would, it was thought, present a somewhat less advantageous situation for Mr. MacDonald from a bargaining point of view. At any rate Mr. Roosevelt was quoted as maintaining that the international debts were but secondary to the general economic entanglement. In the meanwhile representatives of the other nine nations invited by the President to the conference were reported as on their way. Other nations were invited to take part in discussions. The Polish Government announced that they would align themselves in any discussion with the Little Entente, or agrarian bloc of Eastern European States.

British Engineers' Trial.—Among the many sensational features of the trial in Moscow of the six British engineers with their eleven Russian companions for economic espionage, wrecking, and bribery, the most sensational feature was the confession, on April 12, of one of the Britons, William L. MacDonald. He had previously confessed, then began apparently to take courage and recanted his previous statements. The court at this immediately adjourned, and MacDonald was placed again in charge of the OGPU (political police). When he next returned to court he confirmed in a low voice his previous confession, which specified W. L. Thornton, one of the accused, as having bribed him and of directing espionage and wrecking activities. The charges were flatly denied by Thornton, who also repudiated previous statements made by himself, as having been extorted, as in the case of the other victims, by terror. When asked "when his courage returned to him," he replied that it was at the moment when he was released from the OGPU prison. The British defense was also weakened by the admissions made by Allan Monkhouse, another of the accused, and his failure to follow up by specification his general statement that the trial was a "frame-up against the Metropolitan-Vickers company based on evidence by terrorized prisoners." The final upshot of the trial was the sentence pronounced by Judge Vassili Ulrich on April 18, which assigned the leading part in the breakdown of the electrical plants of Moscow, Zlatoust, Chelyabinsk, Ivanovo, Baku,

etc., to Thornton, who was given three years' prison sentence. MacDonald was given two years. Monkhouse, Nordwall, and Cushny were exiled for five years, Olyenik, for three years, and the woman, Anna Kutuzova, for one-and-a-half years. The Russian Ziebert and the Englishman Gregory were freed. The remaining eight Russians were given prison sentences varying from ten to two years. British Conservative comment was strongly condemnatory of the whole proceeding, as terroristic and contrary to civilized usage. Labor groups criticized what was thought to be a Government attempt to make political capital out of the case. World comment in general was inclined to look upon the trial as an elaborate protest by the Soviet Government to critics of their present industrial policy at home and abroad that too precise an inquiry into the exact workings of their present plan would be resented as economic espionage.

British Embargo.—Nine hours after the sentence was passed, the King signed a proclamation whereby eighty per cent of imports from the Soviet Union would be forbidden entry into Great Britain. The proclamation was a result of the enabling act recently passed by Parliament in preparation for the outcome of the trial. The trade treaty with the Soviets expired on April 16; the embargo became effective on April 26, and dealt with the principal importations—petroleum, timber, raw cotton, grain. While the intention of the Government in placing the embargo seemed to be that of enforcing it strictly, it was suspected that a lightening of its effect would be made if the Soviet authorities changed the sentence on the two Britons from imprisonment to exile. The fact that the application of the embargo was put off for a week after the signing of the proclamation was interpreted to mean that shipments in transit would not be affected; but also, that the Soviet authorities would be given an opportunity to modify the sentence. During 1932, the total of Soviet imports into Great Britain was £19,679,013, whereas the British imports into Russia amounted to £9,274,534.

Hitler Celebration.—On April 20, all Germany joined in a national fête to celebrate Adolf Hitler's forty-fourth birthday. All the cities were brilliantly decorated, with the new Reich flag in evidence everywhere. President Von Hindenburg sent messages of congratulation, indicating complete confidence in his Chancellor. Military parades, eulogistic broadcasts, athletic games and music and entertainment of every kind, were crowded into a gala program. The Chancellor announced that he would soon outline his four-year economic and social plan by which he hoped to save the farmer and eliminate unemployment. There was no indication of a change of policy towards the Jews who were being removed from professorships and all civil service positions.

Nationalism Supreme.—The guiding principle in all Nazi activity was the establishment of Aryan supremacy. While this was supposed to mean pure and unadulterated German blood, it has in practice been interpreted to mean

only Nazis and Nationalists. Consequently every element not capable of perfect alignment with the Nazi enthusiasm for an exclusive German culture was being ruthlessly eliminated. This was the basis of the drive against the international Jew and the restrictions placed upon the better type of German Jew. According to the *New York Times*, the Freemasonry of Germany through the national Masonic mother lodge—the Three Globes—announced that it would be reformed on a strictly national and Christian basis. The new organization will be known as the National Christian Order of Frederick the Great, and the changes were being made to orient the fraternity in closer accord with the Nazi program and to eliminate suspicion of any affiliation with Freemasonry in foreign countries or international Freemasonry, which was suspected of being an instrument of Jewish influence. The Protestant denominations protested against Government interference in the spiritual domain but agreed to a co-operation for a more intense national spirit. It was thought that Hitler would not interfere with religious convictions so long as the church membership was not in opposition to his regime. While nothing definite was learned of the results of the conference of Von Papen and Goering with the Pope and Mussolini, there were indications that a working agreement was possible between the Nazis and Center party, and that Hitler would prefer a practical working cooperation with the latter than with the very small representation of Nationalists. It was rumored that Von Neurath might be removed from the Foreign Ministry to become Governor of Wuertemberg, and that Dr. Bruening might take his place in the cabinet. The spirit of Christian reverence was manifested by decrees making Good Friday a day of prayerful recollection. Public sports and amusements were forbidden, and all entertainment had to be of a religious and sacred character. The Government took official notice of the severe criticism pronounced against Hitler and the new regime in the British House of Commons, led by Sir Austen Chamberlain and Winston Churchill, and instructed Dr. Leopold von Hoesch, the ambassador in London, to register an official protest. This was done, but the British Government did not give an official answer or proffer the expected apology.

Austria's Status Doubtful.—Austria continued to be torn asunder by political factions, and the dictatorship of Chancellor Dollfuss was considered a temporary makeshift until a definite national program could be worked out, which was impossible under the present disturbed conditions throughout Europe. Much pressure was exerted by the Pan-German element to further Anschluss, while a growing element in Austria was swelling the party of the Nazis who are in league with the leaders in Germany. On the other hand, the Heimwehr was bitterly opposing the Nazi movement while favoring Fascism, which seemed to be the aim of Chancellor Dollfuss, whose position was strengthened by recent conferences with Mussolini. The Socialists had submitted to the dictatorship and to the dissolution of their military organization because they

dreaded an invasion of Hitlerism and strongly opposed union with Germany.

Anti-Semitism in Tokyo.—Tokyo's first experience with anti-Semitic agitation was reported on April 14, when 2,500 persons heard a fierce anti-Jewish address by Gen. Nobutake Shiota, retired. The manifesto which was later distributed in leaflet form exhorted the Japanese to punish the Jewish people by destroying the General Electric Company. The background of the affair was the rivalry of Japanese electrical-apparatus manufacturers with the General Electric of Japan, a subsidiary of the American company, which in the last thirty years had led the way in building up a prosperous Japanese industry. Despite the excitement that first followed the anti-Semitic speech of General Shiota, there was no indication of anti-American feeling on a new or extensive scale. The incident showed the ease with which simple people could be incited against foreign capitalists, even when they bring employment and establish industries.

Irish Communism.—In its issue of April 8, the *Standard*, the Catholic weekly of Dublin, again warned against the growth of Communism in Ireland, the topic upon which both clerical and lay leaders had been inveighing for several months past. According to the special representative of the *Standard*, "the Irish Communist fraction of the Communist party of Great Britain" was cut off from foreign support and ordered to organize itself into the Communist party of Ireland. The paper revealed that members of the Dublin Communist groups held a meeting on March 26 for the purpose of arranging for the first congress of the Communist party in Ireland on April 30, and the launching of the party on May 1. A "Report on the Political Situation" was drawn up by a committee of those present and was accepted. The report indicated that the chief support of Communism came from the left wing of the Irish Republican Association. Representations were made to the Government to take steps against the activities of the alleged Communists. Recently, when agitators attempted to speak in some of the counties, they were driven out of the villages by the inhabitants. In Dublin, in the beginning of April, a large demonstration against Communism was staged, and smaller meetings were held in which Communistic literature was publicly burned.

Bombs Near Peiping.—The probabilities of extension of the Japanese invasion of North China into the Peiping-Tientsin area were accelerated on April 17, when three Japanese airplanes bombed the town of Tungchow, just ten miles east of the Chinese capital. Tungchow, a strategic town astride the modern highway connecting Peiping with Tientsin, is located only five miles beyond the United States rifle range. This sudden extension of aerial bombing into China proper recalled the repeated declarations by high Japanese commanders that provocative acts of the Chinese would hasten the seizure of Peiping and Tientsin. No little apprehension was felt by

the State Department at Washington over this latest Japanese offensive, for the United States has extensive investments in the Peiping-Tientsin area.

The League in China.—Whatever difficulties the League of Nations was experiencing in the political field did not prevent it from quietly extending its program in humanitarian matters. The director of the League's health organization now in China, Dr. Louis W. Raichman, began recently his task of constructing a permanent League office at Nanking for liaison between all the League officials engaged in the reconstruction of China in charge of telegraphs and telephones, health, highway building, farm credits, silk culture, public finance, and flood relief. Postal savings and civil-service reform would be taken up. Despite the effect of such League activity upon Japan's influence in China, it was understood that it had the warm endorsement of Mr. Sugimura, Japan's chief permanent representative in Geneva.

Cuban Terror.—The ABC student-revolutionary organization staged its threatened night of terroristic activities on April 14, bringing panic and confusion to the people of Havana. With bombs exploding here and there at intervals of fifteen minutes, Havana seemed a city bombarded by an enemy fleet. Reserved police and army detachments were called out to deal with the situation. While there was considerable damage to property, only one death was attributed directly to the bombing. Latest reports indicated that the situation was well in hand.

Unified Command in Peru.—A Governmental decree of April 16 ordered the Peruvian land, air, and sea forces to be placed under the command of a single general. While the name of the new commander was not given out, it was assumed that General Oscar Benavides, former Provisional President, would be Peru's Generalissimo. Meanwhile it was reported that Peruvian troops dislodged the Colombians from their strongly entrenched positions at Guepi. The Colombians were said to have retreated six kilometers from the post on the upper Putumayo River which they took from Peru a few weeks ago. The enemy's losses were declared to be very heavy, while the Peruvian casualties were slight.

Next week, will begin an important series of articles by the distinguished economist and moralist, Dr. John A. Ryan, of the Catholic University, on "Ethical Aspects of Some International Problems." In the first he will discuss the tariff, and later the debts and allied subjects.

The Jubilee in honor of the nineteenth century of the death of Christ makes especially timely the article by Francis P. LeBuffe on "When Did Christ Die?"

"Is Puerto Rico a Foreign Country?" will be an interesting study by an authority on international law, Herbert Wright.

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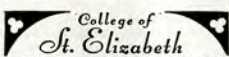
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Our Government and Mexico

WHAT is Our Government going to do about Mexico? The question is pertinent because of certain recent happenings that have received little attention and seem to betoken a certain policy soon to be adopted.

Ambassador Daniels caused much unfavorable comment by his ill-timed and ill-informed laudation of Calles' educational policies last July. This led to a widespread demand for his recall as one unfit to represent us in Mexico.

Did this protest cause him to abate his unfortunate attitude?

It did not.

He first offered a lame excuse for his action. Then he took Senator Reynolds to make a laudatory speech to the Deputies in the very midst of their vote to call on the President to expel all the Catholic Bishops. He saw Calles for two hours and after his visit gave out a statement acknowledging him as boss of Mexico, then told the official paper he was glad to give this statement to it, "because it knew so well how to interpret the Revolution in Mexico." He then dined the Governor of Puebla on the very day that resolutions were being passed exalting that worthy as one who had most ruthlessly carried out the anti-religious program.

Is this folly or is it malice?

Look what happened next. Raymond Moley, who is closer to the Administration than ever, paid a two-day visit to Mexico, and came back to write a piece for his magazine, *Today*, on Calles, "Master of Mexico." He spent two hours with Calles. He was undoubtedly summoned by Daniels, with the approval of the State Department.

The statements and silences of Mr. Moley are revealing. He saw no unemployment in Mexico (as who should say he saw no drinking in Kansas City between trains). He

found that the Mexican peso is pegged to the American dollar. He discovered that "a limited private initiative [in business] is permitted" (but he did not say that it is limited to the plutocratic politicians and generals). Calles told him that he thought that "international credit is a thing of the past" ("international credit" being the hundreds of millions in unpaid Mexican debts. J. P. Morgan's, please note). He also said that "the monetary system is based upon entire freedom from the gold standard" (a managed currency with a vengeance). But Calles is master, and he will (must?) remain so.

Is Mr. Moley himself naive, or is he trying to mislead his readers?

He avows that he "did not approach the subject of the Church or religion with General Calles." But he asks us to believe that "the years will soften the anti-clerical (sic!) atmosphere that now prevails in Mexico, perhaps not in General Calles himself, but in those who succeed him"; and that "in the course of years... there will be an increasing opportunity for the priesthood to minister to the people."

In God's name, has the man not even heard of the expulsions of priests, the destruction of churches, and the amendment of the Constitution to eliminate all religious teaching and substitute for it "socialistic" (atheistic) instruction? There will not even be any Catholics in another generation, if this keeps up.

This is more than folly. Nobody can be so stupid as Mr. Moley allows himself to appear.

Now here is the question. The incoming President, General Cárdenas, hand picked by Calles, preached the most rabid doctrines of Communism and confiscation during his electoral campaign. Nobody in his own party believed all this, of course, but there is increasing evidence that he does. Calles certainly does not, because he is the chief capitalist of the land.

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Shortly after General Cárdenas takes office, on December 1, there will be a showdown. It will be Calles and his millions, or Cárdenas and his Communists. Honest men are not considered when thieves fall out.

Are Daniels' indiscretions, and Moley's calculations, the opening guns in the coming fight for Calles and his millions?

But Calles is the most notorious God-hater in the world today after Stalin.

Can we not rightly ask our Government that it at least demand religious peace as the price of its championing Calles in his coming fight? Or is religion once more to be sacrificed to money, aided and abetted by a subservient Administration?

Democrats or Republicans?

WITH every new move for the formation of a third political party, much is made of the statement that both "Republican" and "Democrat" are merely labels. That is quite true, but not particularly pertinent. It is a wise father that knows his own child, and it is at least dubious whether Jefferson, a very wise man, could recognize the party which claims him as its sire. The Republican party is equally unrecognizable. Formed nearly eighty years ago as a party of protest against the established economic order, it recently foundered on the rock of rugged individualism, and today is not even a respectable opposition. Its heads are mute, and the flock is dispersed.

In these reflections, there is nothing to weep about. As far as the respective partisan leaders are able to have their own way, neither organization is a "party" in the old sense, but, rather, a faction. The beginnings of the party system existed in Washington's day, and as it developed during the first years of the Republic, it was a valuable educational factor. Each of the two major parties defended principles which were deemed necessary for the proper understanding and enforcement of the Constitution; one leaning to a more liberal, the other to a more restricted, interpretation of the powers of the Federal Government. The party defeated at the polls at once began to function as a watch and check upon the party in power. So used, the party system is valuable, perhaps even necessary, to the proper conduct of the government established under the Constitution.

Today party leadership has lowered the Republican party to a level which makes it all but impotent as an alert and intelligent opposition. What the Republicans will do to rally their scattered forces is not their business exclusively, but the concern of all interested in the maintenance of good government. The last elections have been generally interpreted as a rout for the Republicans and an overwhelming victory for the Democrats, but it is more important to know what the result, rout or victory, will mean to the general welfare. Of the voters who went to the polls on November 6, 15,000,000 were Democrats, but 12,000,000, quite a respectable minority, were Republicans. A party which can muster that show-

ing against the Administration deserves a representation in Congress which should be able to make itself felt.

Labels and tags mean nothing to intelligent men, and when the carboic acid is labeled tooth wash, are not even useful. What the parties style themselves is a matter of indifference; what counts is what they do. The passing from the national scene of a party styling itself Republican would be no great loss, but it would be a calamity were the country to lose forever the wisdom which in 1856 and again in 1860 wrote the platform for the Republican party.

The Traffic in Arms

OUR doughty major general of marines, retired, known in public life as Smedley Butler, was always a bit of an *enfant terrible*. But the child is often a source of information, particularly on what goes on in his home, which the most lynx-eyed Sherlock Holmes would fail to discover, even after examining under his microscope all of the twenty-six varieties of cigarette ash. Consequently we listen with attention, when General Butler states that for thirty years his chief job was the collection of debts. "The American marines are the biggest debt collectors in the world," avers the General. "We used to be kept infernally busy making people pay up in South America and in the Caribbean. There isn't any glory in this war business. It's just a big international racket."

General Butler's opinion is becoming quite general. Unfortunately, it does not seem to be general at Geneva. While it has been stated with edifying frequency, in practice it has always gone down before a cross fire of red tape and diplomacy. The convention on the traffic in arms, negotiated in 1925, was an excellent beginning, but it has been persistently disregarded for nine years. In spite of this discouraging fact, Secretary of State Hull has announced that the United States will again advocate at Geneva a convention on armaments and munitions. Hugh R. Wilson, Minister to Switzerland, and American delegate to the disarmament conference, discussed the convention with the representatives for France and Great Britain some weeks ago, and on November 12, met the Japanese Ambassador to Great Britain in London. Mr. Wilson is now in Italy for other conferences.

The new American proposal goes farther than the convention of 1925. The earlier agreement dealt with the munitions traffic only, but the agreement now sought will include the manufacture of all armaments. In substance, the convention will provide that each country license its own manufacturers for a period of five years. Arms and munitions will be produced only on order, and goods will not be stored up in quantities to meet future possible demand. Finally, full publicity will be given issuance of licenses and placing of orders, and an international central agency will be created to publish this information to the world periodically. The dispatch from Washington states that there is good reason to believe that this agreement will be accepted by the principal arms-produc-

ing countries, Great Britain, France, Czechoslovakia, Belgium, Sweden, Japan, and Italy.

In an address at Southampton on November 13, Prime Minister Ramsay MacDonald, while not specifically mentioning the American proposal, stated that the first step in the solution of the disarmament problem was a licensing system for the manufacture of arms. Thousands of British workmen were unemployed, said the Minister, because the Government refused to allow armaments to be manufactured in expectation of future orders, "yet when we urged an embargo on arms going to Japan and China during the Manchukuo troubles, other nations did not agree." The reason for this refusal was, of course, the unwillingness of these "other nations" to interfere with the armament factories and their profits on death.

Ultimately the profit motive must be eliminated from war, and while the proposed convention does not do this, it at least imposes some check on that motive. Nor should it be forgotten that munition makers are not the only groups that profit by wars. But the disarmament conference must begin somewhere, and it may as well as not begin with the munition manufacturers. Strict control of the manufacture of arms will do much to destroy what General Butler calls the international racket of war.

Santa Claus at Washington

WE do not know whether the Federal Government has opened any more mattress factories to conquer unemployment, and, incidentally, to glut the mattress market. But according to a statement issued some weeks ago by Secretary of Commerce Roper, it does not seem probable. "We need to discourage the growing tendency to 'let the Federal Government do it,'" said the Secretary. "If national credit, confidence, and self-respect of the individual and the community are not to be impaired, these tendencies must be stopped."

This is sane doctrine. One reason why we are not farther along on the road to recovery is devotion to the delusion that the Federal Government can do all that is necessary to end the depression. If the Federal Government is expected to go into a community to set up a soup kitchen and a home for transients, without inquiring whether or not either is the real need of that community, two things are sure to happen. The first is the influx of a very undesirable element, and the next is the community's loss of its sense of responsibility to make provision for real needs. Seeing Federal money poured out lavishly on some unnecessary projects, it not unnaturally puts in a petition for some of that same money to take care of projects that are pressingly necessary.

It seemed to us from the outset that some of the publicity which came from Washington was so much sound and fury, useful only to the extent that it kept the mind of the public from an unbroken contemplation of its troubles. Some codes were drawn up hurriedly, and many in such fashion that not only was labor quite commonly left out of the consultations, but the responsible representatives of the industry in question as well. But

in spite of that ill-omened speed, large industries, the cigarette factories, for instance, still lack a code, while in others little or no attempt is made to enforce a code. In a report issued on November 8, the American Federation of Labor stated that codes were being violated with impunity. It seemed to the Federation that the codes had lost favor with the code authorities themselves, and that employees, particularly in unorganized establishments, either were afraid they would lose their jobs should they report infractions, or were simply indifferent to the whole project. At the same time, the Federation reported that the number of the unemployed was greater than in November, 1933, and that, on the whole, there was "no real improvement in business over a year ago."

Possibly Secretary Roper had these facts in mind when he admitted, with critics of the New Deal, that the various committees and commissions at Washington had too many ironies in the fire. "The entire field of the NRA, including court decisions, the practical experience of business, and governmental executive experience, is to be reviewed this winter by the President and by Congress." We seem to have reached a stage at which we can uproot the cockle without destroying the wheat. When that is done, the Federal Government can aim its powers more directly against the abuses responsible for this depression, and, with the cooperation of the States, work effectively for the establishment of equitable conditions in industry and economics.

If we sit back, waiting for the Federal Government to do everything, then, as Archbishop McNicholas said at the convention of the National Catholic Charities Conference, we shall find nothing but ruin. Santa Claus works only one night a year, and it is unreasonable to expect him to work oftener.

College for All

IT is customary to refer to one's college as Alma Mater, the mother, kindly, gentle, fostering. But quite as often, at least in this country, Alma Mater is a dotting old grandmother, who, as all parents know, can by one week-end of senile indulgence, turn your normal little Mary Jane or Johnny into a fretful, headstrong, bad-tempered dyspeptic.

In his inaugural address as President of Union College, Dr. Dixon Ryan Fox denounced "the obsession that everybody was fit for college." It is an obsession, beyond any doubt, but its most sedulous promoter for the last thirty years has been the college itself. Dr. Fox admitted as much when he said that "we have tended to make the college fit for everybody." He added, "on the whole, the results have been happy for the mass, but it has confused standards."

Standards have certainly been confused, but it can hardly be admitted that the results have been happy for the mass. To allow a youth to follow his likes and avoid his dislikes for four years at college, is to do him a serious injury, not a favor. The indulgence confuses his standards, as well as the standards of the college. After four

years of this regime, he goes out into the world, hampered, perhaps spoiled, by his contacts with an institution which has catered to his whims and fostered his weaknesses.

The remedy lies with the colleges themselves. Men's brains are no more alike than their fingerprints. It is not claimed that the youth whose brains are best developed by a college course will make the best citizen, but it should be clear by this time that there are some youths utterly lacking in that desire of knowledge which is the beginning of academic wisdom. It takes all sorts of people to make the world, but some sorts are out of place in the college world.

Note and Comment

Maritain In Harlem

HARLEM is proud of its new Y. M. C. A., which has already a tradition for entertaining distinguished visitors. On the afternoon of November 9, however, it entertained, through the courtesy of the secretary, Henry K. Craft, an unusual transient, the philosopher Jacques Maritain. M. Maritain would not leave New York without gathering impressions of many ideas of many types of its citizens. No austere hermitage for him. He looks upon the philosopher as the citizen of the State or city, who, as guardian of its thought foundations, is concerned with all the ideas the city represents. So Maritain conferred with Negro thinkers, Catholic and non-Catholic, concerning problems of their race. The idea he propounded was not wholly novel, since many students of the Negro's situation in America have been gradually coming to the same conclusion. But it came unexpectedly from this authentic source. The time has come, in Maritain's view, when the colored race, faced by the exigencies of its position in the midst of a white civilization, can be contented no longer with merely pragmatic solutions of their difficulties. They must formulate a philosophy; and this means thinking, and it means a school. The Thomistic movement among the Negroes, in his conception. Practical difficulties, he believed, could be overcome, as they always are when a necessity is paramount. Other schools of thought futile or subversive are already bidding for the Negro idea world. Shall the universal and perennial philosophy be neglected?

Armistice Day In Retrospect

IN connection with the recent celebration of Armistice Day, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace published an interesting and authoritative study of the costs of the World War. If the budget of that colossal struggle were available for the important work of world reconstruction it would (1) provide every family in the British Isles, France, Belgium, Germany, Russia, the United States, Canada, and Australia with a \$2,500 house on a \$500 five-acre lot and furnish it with \$1,000 worth of furniture; (2) would provide a \$5,000,000 library and

a \$10,000,000 university for every community of 20,000 in all of these countries; (3) would create a sum which, at five-per-cent interest, would yield enough to pay \$1,000 a year to an army of 125,000 teachers and 125,000 nurses; and (4) would still leave enough to buy every item of property in both France and Belgium combined. In other words, the four-hundred billions of dollars which were dissipated in the World War really could be furnishing balm in Gilead for the harassed taxpayer who is now called upon to supply funds to finance the huge housing and public-works program of governments that have adopted that method of escape from the depression. In assessing the money costs of war, however, one should not forget the 15,988,371 dead, missing and unaccounted for as well as an even greater number of wounded. These topics are among those to be discussed at the regional meeting of the Catholic Association for International Peace to be held this month at Marquette University.

Communism and the Motion Pictures

A RUSSIAN motion picture was recently shown in New York that was roundly acclaimed by the New York Times, and only less handsomely received by the New York Herald Tribune. It was made up of scraps of old news films—euphemistically called "library material"—and put together to the theme of titles with a fervid religious tone, echoing the veneration paid Christ and the saints but directed to Lenin, "who died for us." An expert in these matters reports that "in cinematographic quality it does not compare favorably with over-night assemblies of topical film made in the newsreel-editing offices of New York." The title of the film was "Three Songs about Lenin." It came to New York heralded by advance notices from Ambassador Bullitt, H. G. Wells, and Will Rogers. André Sennwald, in the Times, said: "Certainly 'Three Songs about Lenin' is an event of the cinema, and its director blazes a trail into the infinity which represents the undiscovered possibilities of the camera medium . . . of vast importance to the art of the cinema," and similar diaphanous laudations. Richard Watts, Jr., in the Herald Tribune, more restrained, but the advertisements quote him—not quite completely—as saying: "Makes the Hollywood films seem pallid studio exercises." Terry Ramsaye, writing of these strange phenomena in Motion Picture Herald, discovers that Mr. Watts had an article in New Theatre, an avowed Communist organ, in which he deplores the anti-radical tendencies of Hollywood films. This is probably the key to the enigma of a mediocre film receiving such praise. It is the ideas expressed rather than the workmanship that were at the bottom of it all. The owners of the two New York papers might look into it.

Stars From Boys Brigade

AMONG the interesting and significant events scheduled for December is the dinner to occur Tuesday night, December 4, at the Hotel Biltmore, New York, when the star, "Pro Juventute," awarded annually by the

Catholic Boys Brigade of the United States for distinguished service in the cause of youth will be conferred amid impressive ceremonies on the Most Rev. James H. Ryan, D.D., Bishop of Modra and Rector of the Catholic University; the Hon. Alfred E. Smith; the Rev. John F. O'Hara, C.S.C., President of the University of Notre Dame; the Rev. Aloysius J. Hogan, S.J., President of Fordham University; and Mrs. Ann E. F. Ryan, founder of the Association for Catholic Action among boys. In making the awards this year the Catholic Boys Brigade desired to emphasize the supreme importance of Christian education and training in these days of increasing irreligion. Referring to this year's selections, Father Kilian Henrich, O.M.Cap., Chairman of the Brigade's Court of Honor, said: "... we honor those who officially as well as personally hold high records of achievement in Christian idealism and its practical application." Former recipients of the star, "Pro Juventute," include Cardinal Hayes, Premier Mussolini, Magr. Walker, head of the Boys Movement in Germany, Col. Patrick Tierney, President of Ireland's Catholic Boys Brigade, former President Hoover, President Franklin D. Roosevelt, Governor Lehman. Founded in 1916 to do preventive social work among boys, the Catholic Boys Brigade counts more than 6,000 members in New York City and more than 55,000 throughout the nation. Cardinal Hayes is honorary President of the New York Brigade and honorary Chairman of this year's dinner committee.

Wales Ever Christian

ACCORDING to Saunders Lewis, chairman of the Welsh Nationalist party, who has recently joined the Catholic Church, there was never such a thing as a Welsh pagan. "We had to wait until the nineteenth century," said Mr. Lewis in a recent address, reported by the N. C. W. C. News Service, "for the first appearance of a Welsh Archdruid." These sentiments might be commended to Mr. Lloyd George, whose bardic costumes were decorating our rotogravures at the time his spicily values were issuing from the press. Long before the Welsh had called themselves Cymry, says Mr. Lewis, they were Roman and Christian. Their literature, unlike others of the British Isles, possesses no pagan, pre-Christian poetry or literary tradition. Pagan traces in the Mabington were borrowed from elsewhere. The Christian tradition of Wales, Catholic and apostolic, was part of its heritage as citizens of Rome. "For a thousand years," said Mr. Lewis, "Wales was Catholic. For a thousand years the Welsh language was used in daily prayer before the Blessed Sacrament. When our Catholic schools adopt that language and make it their own again, they will be bringing back to its original course one of the oldest Catholic languages of Europe." Even in our times Welsh literature cannot break itself wholly of the molds of Catholic thought. Up to 1914 it remained a wholly Christian and Trinitarian literature. Mr. Lewis urged the establishment of a Catholic peasantry in Wales, linked up with the Welsh tradition and the Welsh culture;

while he asks his fellow-Catholics to pray for the conversion of Wales.

Picketing the Mexican Consulate

NEWSCREEL men ground their cameras. From skyscraper windows clerks, curious, craned their necks. Taxis, buses, street-cars, trucks slowed down, then broke into a deafening clamor of horns and bells. Sweating police pushed, pulled, cursed, blew whistles, yelled orders. The thousands of people pouring up from the subways to Manhattan's second busiest street stopped in amazement, gawked, rubbed their eyes. An incredible thing was happening. Catholics were picketing the Mexican consulate in a huge parade of protest! The Consulate is situated in a tall building in Thirty-fourth Street, across from the Pennsylvania Station. Up and down the broad pavement, from Eighth Avenue to Seventh and back again, the long parade wound its way—1,000 people in a grim cavalcade that succeeded each other until seven in the evening. The marchers gave out literature. They sang a swinging hymn to Christ the King. They carried more than 500 signs: "Stop Religious Persecution!" "Recall Daniels!" "No More Guns for Mexico!" "Protest Mexican Atrocities!" And while the great roaring highway grew black with astonished watchers, a delegation of five marchers entered the building to pay a call on the Mexican consul. Crowding into the office with them, went newspaper men from the city's dailies, correspondents from the national press bodies, even a staff writer on the Communist Daily Worker. Mr. Luis Lupian became an unhappy man. What! Catholic mass picketing against his Government? And, of all places, in Manhattan's Thirty-fourth Street? Gingerly he accepted the written protest. Reluctantly he agreed to send it to President Rodriguez. Gladly he ushered his guests out the door. Staged on Thursday, November 15, this first public demonstration in New York was organized by members of Catholic societies and principally by students from fifteen Catholic colleges. The whole thing is a swell idea, and we hope that it will be snatched up by students in other American cities. The Daily News spread a double banner head across its front page—and sold thousands of extra copies. The Mirror featured a photo, and the American a first-page story. The Times and the Herald Tribune, less sensitive to news values, played down the affair.

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Our Colleges and Church Music

ANDREW CORRY

IN the thirty years that have elapsed since the publication of the "Motu Proprio" by Pius X on church music, the artistic and educational problem of that "art used in the service of public worship" has been altered so as to require a fresh approach. The emphasis can and must be shifted from an apology for the general principles of church music to an incantation of a sound and discriminating musical taste.

Up to 1904 there may have been some useful purpose to serve in the still common discussions of general principles; but meanwhile the utility of such discussions has almost disappeared because they have been rendered unnecessary by the lucid and definitive explanations of the principles of church music in a whole series of official documents. The documents were adequate to convince even the unmusical that there is a liturgical and artistic standard to which we must look and for which we must care. Slowly but steadily the conviction has effected the quelling of the grosser abuses complained of in the documents. It is no longer necessary, therefore, to dispute on the nature of the principles of our church music. Vaguely understood though they may yet be in some quarters, their reality is nevertheless strongly enough felt to move nearly all to the practice of what they consider to be in accord with them.

When we scrutinize these practices, however, we find that they still fall far short of the improvements intended by the reform. With the exception of a small group of Religious houses, institutions maintaining schools of liturgical music, and a few parish churches—all of them places where the knowledge of the general principles is given practical effectiveness by the aid of a deep musical experience—wherein musical dignity and fitness surround the liturgy, in most parts of the country the overwhelming number of churches have exchanged ecclesiastical opera (the robustly romantic compositions which during the last century went by the name of Masses) for ecclesiastical operetta, compositions more nearly "correct" liturgically though hopelessly insipid artistically when they are not actually repulsive. They are essentially lyrical compositions, faded copies of those former meretricious glories of the choir gallery but copies nevertheless, to which the words of Pius X equally apply: "modified on old liturgical works, [they are] most of them of such meager artistic value that they would not be tolerated for a moment even in second-rate concerts."

To the correction of the debased, or perhaps unformed, taste that delights in such effusions the Catholic college can, I believe, hopefully and properly address itself.

The expression "debased taste" invariably gives offense to the many who recoil from its application to anything associated with religion or devotional practices. Some quail with fear because, for them, the word seems to imply an attack on a sacred thing. For them, consecrated

art is always good art. The intention being important, "taste" is imputed by the loving heart and uplifted soul.

It would be interesting to explore the philosophy of taste with those good people and show them that critical taste may be the quality of a reverent as it is of a fine spirit. Others there are who bristle with anger at the mere mention of taste, a thing to them irrelevant and profane, a frippery better left in the vestibule. "Taste!" a venerable parish priest is reported to have said to a critic once, "taste is a Protestant if not a pagan substitute for humble piety. Say your beads like a Christian and pray to be kept out of temptation of the senses—*taste* indeed!"

It would be interesting to examine with such a mind as his those racial or social or personal or sectarian prejudices which prevent the forming of a reasonable opinion of the value and uses of taste.

But there is not room here for a prolonged philosophical excursion, and I shall content myself by pointing out to the wrathful and timid alike the vindication of our concern for taste in the principle of ecclesiastical art phrased by the author of the "Motu Proprio": "the supreme fitness of offering to the Lord only things in themselves good, and where possible, excellent."

Now the line must be drawn against extremists on the other side. Some of the influential friends of reform in church music insist upon the exclusive use of plainsong. This, they point out, will supply a worthy and decorous accompaniment to the liturgical functions and will, in fine, once and for all dissolve the problem of good taste in church music. Plainsong, declared Pius X, is "the supreme model for sacred music." But it does not comprise the whole of the sacred music for our Church, and the Pope goes on to state that the qualities which are to be demanded of good sacred music are to be found also in classical polyphony and in such modern music as is suited by its "excellence, sobriety, and gravity" to be placed by the side of plainsong and polyphony. So long, therefore, as worship admits of music other than the plainsong and men desire to bring to the celebration of the liturgy the fresh fruits of their musical genius as each age forms a characteristic social art, the problem of taste will not be solved by the simple expedient suggested above.

There has never been found an adequate substitute, in the acquiring of a good taste, for experience with the best examples of the art in which the taste is to be formed.

In our parish churches there is, now at least, very little opportunity for the people to gain this sort of experience. But when it is recalled that the Catholic college men and women of today will become the members of parish congregations next year, members who as time goes on will exert an ever-enlarging influence on the other members of the congregation and will probably fix the social character of the parish life, their education in the performance and

discriminating appreciation of church music offers the prospect of a real solution of the problem. Classes, lectures, and demonstrations could be instituted for the performing and appreciation of the best church music in the larger colleges and universities; but this is not enough, besides being impractical for small colleges. What further can be suggested?

In most Catholic colleges there is a glee club or similar organization devoted to the performance of choral music; where there is none, an average college choir will do as well. With a group of thirty or more passable voices who can read music, and a competent accompanist, a director with training and taste can accomplish all that is needed. There is ample music of the best quality which such a group can study in order to cultivate a good musical taste. From the published collections of the Harvard Glee Club a selection of motets by several of the polyphonic masters can be made, arranged for men's voices. The list can be extended enormously, particularly if the director is willing to take the trouble to train a group of boys for soprano and alto parts, from the publications of Chester, Cary; Burns, Oates, and Washbourne; Curwen, Novello, E. C. Schirmer, and the Oxford University Press. In these lists are named compositions by Palestrina, Carissimi, Viadana, Vittoria, Lotti, Anerio, Orlando di Lasso, Nanini, Marenzio, Ramos, Daman, Joaquin des Prés, Perti, Arcadelt, Praetorius, Handl, Clemens non Papa, King John of Portugal, Casali, Sweenick, Gabrieli, Foggia, Giorgi, Brissio, Byrd, Tye, Tallis, Fayrfax, Taverner, Dering, Philips, Blow, Wilbye, Robert Johnson, Farrant, and many others.

The fact that most of these are "names and nothing more" to most of the men and women in our Catholic colleges is only a proof of the need to make them known and appreciated and performed. Let those educators who are complacent with this ignorance of Catholic musical culture examine for themselves the situation of these matters in the Catholic preparatory schools ("colleges" of England, or, for that matter, in Harvard and several other non-Catholic universities in the United States. When these masters of polyphony and their works have been made a part of the college students' experience through singing and appreciating them adequately, the treasures of the modern schools of church music which have flourished greatly among the Russians, Spaniards, Italians, English, and—obscurely, with the aid of non-Catholic patronage—in America, can be examined with a mind to their enjoyment and use. A decade of such training in the Catholic colleges of the United States will change for our generation the present unsatisfactory state of the non-Gregorian music in our churches.

But is the proposal practicable? It is. An experience of my own will service to illustrate this. In a school of mines where I was professor in a scientific subject, I found an undeveloped interest in choral music. It was expressed in the singing of some of the fatuous popular songs of the day. Applying the experience which I had gained in choral music pursued as a hobby at Harvard and at Oxford, I organized a glee club. During the first

year we had thirty-two members, during the second forty-five; the practice time was taken during free times—often at noon, sometimes in the evening. The time for rehearsal was restricted not only by the competition of other extra-curricular interests but also by the demands of an exacting engineering curriculum. No academic "credit" or other absurd recognition was given to the enterprise: it had to make its way on sheer merit and it did so.

At first the enterprise was subsidized out of the organizer-director's pocket, supplemented by receipts from public concerts; later, some money was given to it from the Students' General Fund. In the course of two years the organization learned and performed about a hundred pieces of worthy music—from plainsong to Stravinsky. Among the first-rate church musicians whose work was sampled were Palestrina, Byrd, Carissimi, Sweenick, Praetorius, J. S. Bach, di Lasso, Gretchaninov, and Tchesnokov. Other composers included Handel, Bortniansky, Moussorgsky, Cui, Brahms, Mozart, Gluck, Morley, and a dozen others. Folk songs and carols were always on our programs. We never had the song the so-called "popular" music: the singers and the audiences (twenty-eight in two years) found the classics, from the oldest to the most modern, "popular" enough.

If a love for fine church music can be drawn out of a group of two-score undergraduate engineers of negligible musical background and only average musical ability, it should be possible to do as much in a Catholic college of arts. Indeed, it would seem only reasonable to expect this from an institution professing to preserve and transmit the Catholic culture to coming generations. When this is done the claims of our culture will undoubtedly receive a wider and happier recognition in the country, a critical and appreciative audience will be formed to call into being a more splendid modern American musical art for the service of the liturgy, and the problem of taste and with it a part of the Papal program for church-music reform, will have been dealt with courageously.

Tips for Tipplers

FLOYD ANDERSON

TIPS are not wages. They are gratuities left by patrons supposedly to repay extra services, little kindnesses done by waiters, waitresses, porters, and other such employees. Many employers, however, regard the tip differently. To them it is heaven-sent manna, so to speak, which helps to pay their employees. They have gladly observed its spread, and have adopted the half-wage, half-tip method of meeting their payrolls. The National Recovery Administration has not disabused them of this notion. Many codes considered the probable amount of tips a waiter or waitress would receive in the course of a week, and made the minimum wage lower by that amount.

The tip, of course, is practically universal. Catherine Mackenzie, writing in the *New York Times Magazine* gave a bit of interesting historical information:

The tip in many countries began as a gratuity to enable the tippee to buy himself a drink. The French *pourboire* is literally

"for drink"; the German *Trinkgeld* is "drink money"; the Spanish *propina* is from *propinar*—"to invite to drink." Russia's *sachai* is the equivalent of "for tea." Our own "tip" is sometimes attributed to an abbreviation of the notice "To Insure Promptness," once placed on a box in English taprooms as a reminder to guests to leave a coin for the servants. Why the English should be behindhand in offering a drink is unexplained, and it would seem a fair surmise that "tip" is an abbreviation for "tipple."

So much for the derivation of the word. Some of our large and supposedly great corporations have adapted the tip to their own purposes, as they adapt most everything which has a money value to them. The tip given by a grateful patron to a gracious employee is an assuming of the corporation's just burden, and they accept it as a part payment of wages to the employee. I should consider this almost a coming into partnership, partly sharing the company's liabilities but not its profits.

Perhaps the most familiar beneficiary of the tip is the waitress. In many of the restaurants in New York, the waitresses receive but a small portion of their income in salary payments by the proprietors. The rest comes from tips from their patrons. And in some cases, the tips are their whole source of income.

In more free-handed and liberal days, jobs in the more fashionable restaurants were "rented" or sold to waiters and waitresses, and the tips they received were expected to provide a sufficient income over and above the rental price. Hat-check concessions were and are sold to the highest bidder. The same is true of cloak-room concessions.

An amusing incident in this tipping business is the attitude of a certain chain of sandwich shops. In Chicago, Seattle, San Francisco, and various other cities in the West and Far West, they have proudly proclaimed that "Tipping Is Not Done" in their shops. It is "un-American." They have enforced that rule, too. The waitresses are not allowed to keep any tips that may be left. Of course, if a patron leaves one, a waitress does not scurry after him to return it. But she does not keep it. The tip goes into the till of the company.

In New York City, however, this sandwich-shop chain has given up the struggle, as far as I have been able to learn. They have several shops in that city, and in none of them is there a sign stating (as there is in other cities) that tipping is not done. And the waitresses, as elsewhere in New York, are only too glad to get a tip. It often comprises a considerable, if not a major, part of their weekly earnings.

Waiters and waitresses are not the only workers who must count on tips to bolster up their meager earnings. Taxicab drivers in New York and other large cities do likewise. And so do barbers, beauty-shop employees, bell-boys, porters—and especially Pullman porters.

The system of partly paying their employees themselves, and then letting the traveling public assume the rest of the burden through tips, has been a profitable one for the Pullman Company and its stockholders. One writer has estimated that, as a result of its part-pay, part-tip system, the Pullman Company had saved some \$150,000,000, and that estimate was made several years ago.

The Pullman porters are an excellent example of how the system works, and fortunately facts and figures are available. The maximum wage spread of the porters recently was from \$72.50 to \$83.50 each month. The higher rate, of course, is received only by those with many years of service behind them.

A writer in *Today* has reported that the average wage for the Pullman porter in 1932, which was the last year for which complete figures were available, was \$819.77, according to the brotherhood statistics. And \$1,397.77 is what government agencies consider the minimum necessary for decent and healthful living.

Regularly employed porters spend about ten hours per working day on runs, or about 278 hours a month, according to a survey made several months ago for the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters by Prof. Edward Berman, of the University of Illinois. This does not include the time he must spend before and after each run, cleaning up the cars, etc., for which he does not receive extra pay. The porter's task is an onerous one. He must go through the car and be sure that everything is spotlessly clean and in its proper place. He must check all the linen, and make sure that he has a sufficient supply of all kinds.

The extra hours he puts in average fifty-eight a month, or a total of 334 hours of service each month. That is about thirteen hours each working day. As stated above, he is paid from \$72.50 to \$83.50 per month for this work. A little calculation will show that this is from twenty-two to twenty-five cents an hour.

Of course, the porter gets tips. But they are not so frequent now, when people have less money to spend, and are much more careful with it. In 1929 the Pullman porter is estimated to have averaged \$58 a month in tips. However, according to a Labor Bureau survey, he had to pay out about \$33 a month for his occupational expenses—such as the two uniforms he must buy and keep in good condition, his meals (which he can get at a reduction), his lodging at the end of the run, shoe polish, and such incidentals.

A little more calculation will show that in 1929 the travelers in Pullman sleeping cars paid more than forty per cent of the wages received by the porters. And in considering this, it is interesting to note that in the four-year period, 1929-1932, the Pullman Company is reported to have paid out in cash dividends the sum of \$68,947,000. It is also interesting to note the salaries paid to Pullman officials in 1933, as reported by the Interstate Commerce Commission:

President	\$51,300
First Vice President	27,485
Vice President and General Manager	36,075
Vice President	20,820
Vice President	12,500
Vice President	16,250
Vice President	15,675
General Solicitor	14,825
General Attorney	13,125
Controller	15,675

In its reorganization of the NRA, and in a reconsideration of NRA codes, it might be well for the Ad-

ministration in Washington to consider this phase of economic maladjustment. It is as true today as it was in 1891, when Pope Leo XIII wrote his great Encyclical, that "the condition of the working classes is the pressing question of the hour; and nothing can be of higher

interest to all classes of the State than that it should be rightly and reasonably settled." One of the primary causes for the disregard in which the NRA is widely held today may be set down to its failure to protect the working people as it had promised to do.

What Catholicism Means to Me

A Rejected Paper

THOMAS F. WOOLLOCK

[Prefatory Note: In May of this year the editor of a certain magazine invited me to write "a brief statement of your religious philosophy for publication . . . under the title 'What Catholicism Means to Me.'" Referring to articles contributed to this magazine in the past couple of years by three ladies, two of whom were known to the public by radio and print, and the third an active politician, the editor indicated that he preferred "an intensely personal rather than a theological discussion of religion," and desired that it be limited if possible to 1,500 words.

In response to this invitation I submitted the article which follows. In June the editor wrote:

After careful consideration from many points of view I have come to the reluctant conclusion that it will be best not to publish your paper, "What Catholicism Means to Me," in the —. Although it is competent in every way your treatment does not seem to me personal or emotional enough to appeal to our non-Catholic readers. Our Catholic readers, on the other hand, are perhaps too familiar with your point of view to take an active interest in the article. . . . I am afraid that all we can do on the — is to wait patiently until some article appears from an unexpected source with some personal color and persuasion which — and — for example (a motion-picture star and the above-mentioned lady politician) put into their papers, "What Religion Means to Me." . . . I hope you will forgive the limitations of a periphrastic editor trying to emerge from the depression.

In reply to which I did my best to reassure the editor's "perplexity," telling him that "having the kind of magazine that you have and the kind of readers that you have your editorial judgment seems to me to be quite sound." I promised him that in any public references I might make to our correspondence anonymity would be preserved so far as his magazine was concerned.]

THE Editor of — invites me to make a brief statement of my "religious philosophy" which shall be a "personal" rather than a "theological" discussion of the subject.

I take it that I am to state as best I can why "Catholicism" as a view of life satisfies my mind. I shall attempt to do so with the utmost brevity consistent with clarity. If this shall give to what I say a somewhat dogmatic flavor, the reader will be good enough to ascribe that blemish to the exigency imposed by space.

By "Catholicism" as a "religious philosophy" I mean the "mind of the Church" concerning the meaning of human life. By the mind of the Church I mean its whole body of doctrine concerning the relations of mankind to God, and its technique with respect to those relations as

affecting man's outlook upon life and his dealings with his fellow-men—in short, as the Germans would put it, I mean the Catholic *Weltanschauung*.

That *Weltanschauung* satisfies me for the following reasons:

First, it is complete—it "sees life steadily and sees it whole."

Second, it is reasonable and consistent with itself; and Third, it is true—that is, it is consistent with all the known facts.

I take these points in their order.

1. Catholicism is a complete philosophy, for it gives a complete account of the origin, nature, and destiny of man, and the whole purpose of human life. That philosophy is based in part upon a Divine Revelation to mankind, and in part upon the fullest use of human reason, operating both upon that Revelation and upon the visible facts of the world of sense. The account is complete, but it includes an important component of mystery, that is, of truth, which, while it in no way violates reason, is nevertheless by its nature not capable of being fully explored and explained by that natural human faculty. The doctrine of the Trinity is an example of what I mean by a mystery. So, too, is the existence of "moral evil." There are many others. We know the truth, but we do not know all the "whys" and the "hows" of these mysteries, for it has not pleased God to reveal all their content in this life. But the mind of the Church embraces all the activities, mental and physical, of mankind, and provides a complete standard for their evaluation. The values expressed by that standard are determined by the very nature and destiny of man, and are therefore permanent.

In short, there is no fully rational act of man, either thought or deed, that is not embraced within the scope of the Church's teaching. Furthermore, every such act is in her mind invested with a tremendous importance, because of its eternal consequences. There is nothing really human to which she is or can be indifferent.

Catholicism is thus a complete philosophy of life.

2. It is a reasonable and consistent philosophy. For 1,900 years the Church has been teaching mankind, and in that time she has built up an imposing structure of doctrine on faith and morals. Never once has she retracted or contradicted a word of her teaching on either. The significance of this fact is all the greater when it is remembered that there is hardly a single doctrine in her

synthesis that has not at one time or another been under powerful attack from some external quarter, and that there is hardly any time in her history when some such attack was not in progress. Her consistency in the circumstances is so extraordinary as to be quite without parallel in the history of human thought.

Nor has she ever proposed for man's acceptance any doctrine that was *per se* unreasonable. On the contrary, she has always stoutly defended the full rights of human reason—never more stoutly than during the Middle Ages and modern times, particularly in the latter. I discern three qualities or habits in her mind. The first is a healthy skepticism—a habit of careful consideration, for that is what skepticism means. The second is a sound radicalism—a habit of going to the root of things. The third is a vigorous rationalism—that is, a full use of reason within those bounds beyond which reason cannot go. These three habits of mind unite to make Catholicism a truly liberal philosophy.

3. Catholicism as a philosophy is true—that is, it is uncontradicted by any known fact.

It is true historically. Nothing is more remarkable in the field of modern scholarship than the re-emergence of the Gospels as fully authentic history after almost a century of vigorous attack from the so-called higher criticism. If anyone desires to inform himself as to the present state of the case on this point, I would suggest that he will find Mercier's "Challenge of Humanism" highly interesting and informing. I may observe that the "New Humanist" movement, which Mercier describes, strongly supports the entire body of thought represented by the mind of the Church in its bearing upon present-day conditions in the world at large. It is based, moreover, upon a foundation of scholarship which for thoroughness will compare favorably with any other body of non-Catholic scholarship to be found today in this or any country.

I have no hesitation in saying that the Christian *epos* is today firmly established as historical in the fullest sense of the word, and that it will never again be seriously questioned on that score.

The attack upon Catholicism from "science" (so-called), which fifty years ago seemed, for a while, to be successful, has broken down as completely as has the attack upon its historicity. That attack never was in fact a real attack, for it was based in the first place upon a theory of physical facts which is now largely abandoned, and, secondly, upon conclusions of a metaphysical kind gratuitously drawn from the supposed physical facts, which could not have been logically supported even had those physical suppositions been correct. It is amusing now to recall that Haeckel's "Riddle of the Universe" was a best seller thirty-five years ago. The total bankruptcy of the philosophic "materialism" which flourished so mightily in the latter half of the nineteenth century is indeed one of the most interesting phenomena of the last thirty years.

In a word, science—properly understood—has today nothing whatever to say in contradiction of any single doctrine contained in the teaching of the Church. What-

ever contradiction people may suppose to exist arises from one or more of three errors. The first is in respect of what science actually has to say; the second is in respect of what the Church actually has to say; the third is in the reasoning process from which the contradiction seems to arise. A moment's reflection will show that this must be the case. The Catholic Church includes in its membership many men who are thoroughly—and notoriously—competent in science and theology, and quite capable of discerning any real contradiction of one by the other. Can we really suppose that they have been and are engaged in a conspiracy to conceal such a thing—or, even if they were, that concealment would long be possible? Obviously not. The Church has never refused to join issues with either scientist or historian in open debate. All that she asks of the scientist is that he shall strictly distinguish fact from hypothesis, and that when he talks metaphysics he shall obey the rules of logic. All she asks of the historian is that he shall correctly report the facts. Bad science, bad scholarship, and bad logic are the sources from which have arisen all the supposed "conflict" between "science" or "history" and Catholicism as a philosophy.

I am well aware that what I have said will come as a shock to many readers, and that they will suspect me of deliberately juggling paradox to produce that result. In that suspicion they will be mistaken. I have chosen my words with all the care of which I am capable. If "skeptical," "rational," "radical," and "liberal" seem strange words to apply to the mind of the Church—that is, to Catholicism as a religious philosophy—the seeming strangeness is due, firstly, to ignorance of the Church's mind—which is, I regret to say, astoundingly deep and widespread—and, secondly, to the almost universal misapplication of those terms in their common use. A "skeptical" is precisely not one who gratuitously and *a priori* denies something, e.g., the existence of the supernatural. A "rationalist" is precisely not one who declines to recognize any bounds to the province or the powers of reason. A "radical" is one who really goes to the "root" of a matter and not one who proposes merely to tear it up by the roots, sight unseen. A "liberal" is not one who claims the right to dogmatize for himself while denying it to another—or is he one who claims liberty for himself by restricting the liberty of others. True "liberalism" is the freedom given by that truth which brings all things to judgment for the value that is in them. It is literally "freedom of thought" in the only proper sense of those words. The informed Catholic is, in fact, the "freest thinker" that can be found in the world today.

That is what Catholicism as a religious philosophy means to me. The limits imposed upon this discussion have excluded consideration of Catholicism as a faith and as a technique of life. Of these I shall say merely that it is the last named that is the all-important thing. Catholicism as a philosophy must be vitalized by Catholicism as a faith; if not so vitalized, it remains inert and incapable of performing its proper function. That function is so to inspire, develop, amplify, and enrich human life as

to enable man, despite the vicissitudes of his earthly existence, to attain true happiness here, and make, as his Creator intends him to make, the best of both worlds—the world of time and the world of eternity.

Change in Ireland

J. C. WALSH

THE amiable Rector of the Protestant Church at Julianstown, Meath, led us to the great stone over the grave of Napper Tandy. A white lichen makes the inscription difficult to read, so there was time to reflect that if Napper had been in and around Dublin the previous week he would be wondering what had become of "the most distressful country." On surface observation, at any rate, Dublin is up with the times. The young people, as one meets them in the streets, are well dressed and moving about purposefully. On the roads outside the city are parties of them, twenty to fifty, on bicycles, headed for some distant scene of amusement. Bright new busses ply outward on every road and seem to be well patronized. The streets are spick and span. The old stone churches seem somehow handsomer than they used to look. But what is still more impressive is that in the suburbs are many groups of new houses, ten here, twenty there, and all occupied, one is assured, as fast as they are built. The whole place advertises progress. One may not know how to explain it all, but it is too substantial to be explained away. Cork, I found later, presents to the visitor the same shining face. The main street there looks new and very modern, in fact American, shops, picture palaces and all. He who has seen the Irish cities before cannot quite believe what he sees now, but there it is.

The roads are good, too. Wherever you may be, you pass from a good side road to a very good main road. You have to be a long way from anywhere not to find an asphalt surface if you wish to avoid mere macadam. To this, in Ireland as elsewhere, the motor car has given the impetus. But it looks as though the main road and the bus were likely to replace the railway. Irish trains never were long, but some of them now are ludicrously short. One hears that the Southern Railways Company is taking full advantage of the fact that there are twenty-six counties in the Free State, whereas its principal rival in old times, the Northern, has only six to work on. Whether there will be any rails left in the Free State after the Southern has completed its plans for something very like a monopoly of commerce on the roads is a problem that excites a good deal of curious interest.

Transportation changes have been good for Galway at the expense of Cobh. Many ships now make Galway the first stopping point, and passengers debark there for the short run across country to Dublin. The one rather good hotel there was at Cobh has been closed in consequence, to the discomfort of those who sail from Cobh.

When one has seen the little colonies of new houses he becomes impatient, at a distance from the cities, of an apparent unconcern about the too numerous signals of

decay. Out on the roads, one sees that a house or a shed has been left to crumble. No one seems disposed to hasten the process. Again, if it be true, as is said, that there are 60,000 miles of road in the country (which is about as big as Indiana), it would be a fair guess that there are 59,000 miles of uncultivated hedges lining those roads. As near as one can discover, both the decay and the uncultivated hedges are memorials of the decision made in England a century ago that Ireland was to be "the fruitful mother of flocks and herds." One notices, as he passes along the road, that where there is tillage the cottages are better kept, and that the hedges are cut. Esthetic values are higher where humans live and work than where only cattle graze, and where the work of raising a crop of grass for the cattle to reap at their ease can be left to the soil and the rain and the sun. Where the bullock is all important, the human habitation tends to be adapted to the superior importance of the cattle byre. There is not enough community spirit, because there is not enough community, to make it important whether evidences of decay are removed or not. However, the issue has been drawn. If new houses are to go on multiplying, the old ruins will have to be pulled down. Progress and decay can't go in double harness. It may take another twenty years, but decay is on the way out.

Even the high stone walls are going. To those from our side of the ocean they have always been an object of resentment. There are places just outside Dublin where the walls are so high and the streets so narrow that one feels imprisoned. Behind those walls the houses, and the families in them, are crumbling. But where the new houses are being built the walls are coming down and up-and-coming men and women are content to see and be seen by their neighbors.

The old stone walls are serving a purpose never intended by their builders. They bear election appeals in letters a foot high. "Up O'Duffy" and the counter "Join the I. R. A." The paint wears almost as well as the walls. Some of the legends go back many years. In the cattle districts the O'Duffy paint bill must have been high and the reason for this filip to the paint industry was succinctly given by a man we met at a market town who had some stock to sell. In the old days, he said, the rent he had to pay the landlord was £26. After successive land laws, this was brought down to £12 under the annuities. De Valera has brought it down to £6. That, he was ready to declare, was real progress in the farmer's interest. But there was another side to it. For the couple of heifers he had to sell he wouldn't get much more than half what he did in other years, supposing he did know they would find their way to a good imperialist in Northern Ireland and so realize a better price in England. And there weren't always agents for buyers in the North, either.

He didn't say so, but it seemed probable that Irish politics for our friend with the heifers for sale turned upon his habit of producing for a single exterior market, which for one or more reasons wasn't paying him a profit. It is natural to visit one's discontent on the nearest elected person. On the other hand, the tariff on imported articles

has conduced to the establishment or to the betterment of industries that give work in towns, where they don't grow cattle to sell in England. So that, at least in the economic aspects, politics in Ireland differ little from politics nearer home, or in any other country.

As there had been a recent test of political strength, the subject was not much in evidence. Attention was attracted to other things. The scholars, particularly those who have a taste for the Celtic, have taken a great fancy to Ireland. There was a congress of them in July with delegations of Scotch, Welsh and Bretons, as might be expected, and it seems that Danes and Scandinavians were among the most interested participants. When they went to know the age of a turf bog in Ireland they send a cross section over to a man in Denmark who dates it by microscopic identification of pollens, on which, it appears, time has no effect.

A great and necessary work is being done by the Manuscripts Commission. In all the decades that have witnessed the wide distribution of English records, those of Ireland have remained for the most part outside the purview of the research student because they have not been exposed to the multiplying process of printing. Now they are seeing the light. There are real scholars going over the old Irish manuscripts; the Ormond papers are coming out and making accuracy possible in regard to family histories that before were only shadowy tradition; various "annals" are reproduced; and Tipperary has been selected as the first example of what the Civil Survey of the middle of the seventeenth century reveals as to who then held the lands of Ireland. There will be much re-writing of history when all this data has been presented. Though much of the too-long-neglected material has been destroyed, for instance the census of 1821, whose loss is irreparable, much remains. Before long it will be in all our libraries.

Of course, the Ireland one sees on such a holiday is partly the Ireland he takes with him. It isn't always the one that interests the people at home. There is the pillar stone of Dathi, the last pagan King, killed by lightning on the Alps and brought home on the shoulders of his men; there is the rath of Queen Maeve (evidently the center of quite a town); then there is the well where Patrick unknowingly struck the point of his crozier through the foot of King Laoghaire while baptizing the King's daughters. No doubt the Church will get around in time to caring for the scene of the incident that has excited our admiration all our lives. That it hasn't done so yet goes to show that even the Church is still engaged in contest with the decay that followed its ruin in the penal days. (It sets one thinking when he finds mostly Catholic new tombstones in pre-reformation, more Protestant, churchyards.)

One goes, also, to Tara, and sees at once why Tara was chosen as the place of the Kings. Seemingly, none but the stranger wonders that it is as it always was despite all the wars. It is only an hour's ride from Dublin, and some day all visitors to Dublin will be taken there. But not now. Similarly, there is a place not eight miles from

Dublin, called Rathmichael, which besides commanding a view of the whole of the Pale, of land and sea from the Wicklow mountains to the Mountains of Mourne, and to the Welsh coast line, has on its crest one of the largest ring forts in Ireland. My reading had made me want to reach it, but I had to be very insistent, and I got some amusement later out of telling this to men who had never heard of it and who ought to have known all about it, for in ancient times some one certainly ruled from there much of the land that he could see. Here again, one comes away with the feeling that there is much to do. It may take a long time to get around to doing it. Ireland is old, but the Dail is young, and has plenty of growing pains. (So young that one is startled when men in uniform click their heels and salute when a Minister who may have been in the rising of 1916 passes on his way to Leinster House, where just the other day the English officials were the rulers.)

And yet, it may be just because appraisal of change was the uppermost and continuing challenge, perhaps the deepest impression of all was left by one who made it easy to understand the Ireland of the sixth and ninth centuries, the Ireland that taught and civilized Europe. He is past eighty. He was born at one end of a lake two miles long and has lived most of his life at the other end of it. He has seen little of the world, and never thought again to see so much of it as he did on the drive of twenty odd miles we gave him. He lives alone, very simply, in a small cabin, with a few rooms of land admirably tilled. Yet in a way he is a learned man. He says himself he was a great reader. He has the nicest choice of language and the kind of modesty that makes him add "plain" when he has already used the right word, "lucid." His neighbors rate him a scholar. And when it was suggested we might precede him, one morning, to a cemetery on whose monuments he is the authority, he politely adopted the suggestion on the plea that he wished to say a few prayers. After a day with him I know what is meant when they talk of "The Ireland of Saints and Scholars." All that was needed was enough of his kind.

STARS

If there be stars the night wears in her hair,
As seasons travel down time's thoroughfare,
What of the blazing gold that love lays bare

For souls to see that look, but not with eyes,
That reach, but not with hands, to grasp the prize,
As they soar daily nearer Paradise?

The great star-constellations of the soul
Flare up for saints who once paid sinners' toll,
But now wear life's immortal aureole.

The dark night of the soul is turned to day,
When pure perfection ploughs the upward way,
For those who labor, not for to pray.

The lamps of peace the spirit visions are
God's markers guiding feet of men afar
To where love lights up heaven like a star.

J. CONSON MILLER.

Education

Stuffing the Young

JOHN WILTYE

LAST Sunday night, at ten o'clock, or thereabouts, I was nodding before my fire. In another minute, I thought, Santa Claus will come down the chimney, for I can hear the jingle of the bells quite plainly. I think he has some lovely presents for me; (a) a bag crammed full with Government bonds, due in the year 2133, payable in whatever the Government may have at that time, or at any time after the American Legion gets through with it; and, (b) a letter of transmission signed "F. D. R. per S. C." (Or the other way around? Dreams are a bit hazy about the edges.)

While entertaining these pleasant expectations, I was dimly conscious, I confess, of a kinship closer than usual with the primordial fog. But I must occasionally seek an escape from reality, and, as the back log glowed, I compared myself with Dr. Johnson, bustling about as executor of Thrale's Brewery. "Sir," said he, puffing and blowing, "we are not here to sell a parcel of boilers or vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice." There was no potentiality here. I had the reality; or should have it, the moment Santa Claus came down the chimney. The prospect was warming. With my old friend, Mr. Micawber, I began to plan improvements; next year, a terrace at the western end of Oxford Street, fronting Hyde Park, and in the interval, I could throw out a bow window, or carry up the roof another story. . . .

The jingle and champing of Dancer and Prancer and Donner and Blitzen grew positively annoying. Perhaps, said I to myself, it isn't Santa Claus at all. It really sounds more like New Year's Eve. I ought to remember that the elections are over. . . . With that, I recovered from a nod that had nearly brought my brow into the ashes, and jerked into a sitting position. It was not Santa Claus. It was the telephone, and it had been belling, as they say in York County, Pa. It was still belling, as I approached it.

"Do you sleep all night as well as all day?"
"Eh?"
"Do you say, where is the Welland Canal?"
"Where is the what?"
"My wife says the Welland Canal is in New Zealand." I thought it advisable to humor this lunatic.
"It's a good rule to agree with your wife. But there are exceptions. This is one. The canal is in Canada."
"Canada? You're sure? How long does it take a boat to get through?"
I began to recognize the voice.
"Depends entirely on the boat's speed. Traveling tonight?"

"Say, take this seriously. I've got to finish this blank thing before I go to bed." (He didn't say "blank," and I don't blame him. Using the guile of little Jane's mother,

in Tarkington's "Seventeen," I shall record what he really did say, by the symbol word.)

"When and where was Frimml born?" He was as earnest as a disciple of the late Douglas, trimming the national budget.

"Who? Frimml? . . . Spell it! . . . Oh, yes, F-r-i-m-m-l. He wrote 'The Merry Wives'—no, that's Shakespeare—'The Merry Widow.' No? Then I don't know anything about him. Try me on another."

"Well, what pitcher had the best average for 1934?"
"I don't know. Are you gathering material for a bed-time story?"

"Nothing like it—I gotta know these things. What is Senator G. Robinson's attitude on the soldiers' bonus?" That was one I could handle. "There isn't any Senator G. Robinson," I replied, in a superior tone. "There's Joe Robinson, from Arkansas, and there used to be Arthur, from Indiana. Since the last election, he will continue to be used to be. I don't know what they think, if anything."

"You don't know much; that's sure. But bite into this one: what author, statesman, and Signer of the Declaration of Independence, also won recognition as a composer of music?"

"How can I tell at this time of night? There's a Reference Service down at Washington to provide Congressmen with bright quotations for their speeches. Perhaps your Congressman can wangle you some help from it. But what is all this—a contest?"

My interrogator is just a father, moderately ignorant, but willing to learn. His wife was at his elbow to fan his brow, and read me some more questions. There were thirty in all; here are eight, and I invite you to try them on your little brain.

What is a chigger?
What are the southern boundaries of Mississippi?
What is an oyster bed?
How old was the president of Chicago University at his inauguration?
Who was Georges Claude?
What shoulder insignia are worn by a major-general U. S. A.?
Is the President's industrial program a success?
Who invented vulcanite, and how?

And as I live by bread, these questions were to be answered in writing as a school exercise by a little girl of ten in the fourth grade! The test was not the type, "read these magazine articles, and then answer." The questions were dropped out of a clear sky upon unoffending childhood.

"Yes," continued this harried father, and his voice dripped venom, "tomorrow I'm going up to that (word) school, and tell 'em what I think of their (word) methods. I've got every (word) book in the house around me, and I've been working the whole (word) evening. It's the (wordest) thing I ever ran up against."

"Poor little Alice!" I interrupted, to spare Central's blushes. "What is she doing now?"

"Poor little me!" he barked. "Alice is lying on the couch, reading the funnies."

They generally do in a school like that. You can take a sausage skin, and stuff it with whatever you are supposed to stuff it with, and make good wages. But a child is not a sausage skin. She can squirm like an eel, and he like a pool of them. Give a child assignments to keep him busy for "three hours every night," and you have a brain-fagged parent gutting all the books in the house, while little Alice turns to the funnies. On the whole, that's good judgment. Fearful as they are, the funnies are at least equally educational.

But it's rough on parents. All over the country, fathers rise from the dinner table to pick up their children's tasks in arithmetic. Mothers generally write the "compositions." When Uncle Bill, a traveling man, happens in to chew over the football situation at dear old Siwash, he is put to work on the geographical puzzles. After a while, mother says, "William, you should not use such language anywhere, and certainly not before the children."

This activity may be classed as a form of adult education. As such, I welcome it. But if parents do all the work, where are the children to learn?

A social aspect, of considerable weight, must also be considered. These evenings of research under the study lamp are quite apt to end with father, mother, Aunt Beatrice, Gram'ma, Uncle Bill, the hired man (incidentally called in for consultation on the topography of Vermont), and the cook, all locked in a furious battle over the problem, "What six States produce more than half the manufactured products of the U. S.?" It was precipitated on this occasion by Uncle Bill, who at a tense moment inquired (he is quite a wag) if bootleg was to be included. On that, he said, he could speak with some authority. But as his joke went wrong, he didn't. He left the house in a huff. Father and mother went to bed without speaking, and next morning each was ominously courteous. Mother dreamed all through the night of a cheap, undetectable poison. Father moodily reflected that a good deal could be said for Bluebeard.

A little more of this adult education, and the divorce rate will rise sharply.

Parents whose children are required "to give three hours to study every night," know that I have written no barlesque, but have recorded sober truth. It's hard to follow the kaleidoscopic changes in some of our elementary schools. Only yesterday, there was no "home work" at all. Today, the pendulum has swung to the opposite extreme, perhaps as a protest. But it is a futile protest. Little Alice knows she can't study that long. She will therefore continue to lie on the sofa, engaged in the funnies, while her parents do the work.

I do not blame her. I would do the same. But any school which imposes upon a child of ten tasks that require three hours of steady application every night, should be closed as a menace to the physical and mental welfare of the young. Besides, think of the effect on father!

Sociology

An Ad for Hershey's Chocolate

PAUL L. BLAKELY, S.J.

TWO things only do I know about chocolate: one, that its sale has made millionaires, and the other that I do not like it. But if chocolate were my staff of life, I should select Hershey's for my daily consumption, under a proviso. The proviso is that I wished to aid and abet an institution which denies Catholic boys the opportunity to learn their religion, and to live it.

The Hershey Industrial School, some thirteen miles from Harrisburg, the capital of Pennsylvania, was founded by Milton S. Hershey, the chocolate manufacturer, and is today supported by him. The founder's wealth has been estimated at \$60,000,000. "The Hershey Trust Company administers the funds and properties of this great fortune," writes the Most Rev. P. R. McDevitt, D.D., Bishop of Harrisburg, in a pamphlet released this month, "and the proceeds are turned over to the Board of Managers," of which Mr. Hershey seems to be the head. Thus this elementary and secondary school, which admits boys by indenture at the age of four or five, and retains them until they are eighteen, has an endowment which great universities might envy.

Like others of his class, Mr. Hershey is a person of decided, and at times, exceedingly narrow views. As his likes are reflected in the town to which his name has been given, so little that falls under his censure can enter his domain. To a whole community he applies the philosophy of the company union, theoretically the creation of the workers, yet initiated, subsidized, and controlled by the employer. As Bishop McDevitt writes, Mr. Hershey is not content to control, regulate, and dominate the social, economic, political, and recreational life of the community. He also reaches out for its educational and religious life.

In this respect, Mr. Hershey's bias does not run against Catholics exclusively. As a matter of fact, he appears to be dissatisfied with all religious groups, as well as impatient with all who indulge in the luxury of disagreeing with him. As far as he can prevail, he will have nothing but Hersheyism in his town. Since he is in a position to enforce his wishes in his Industrial School, there is nothing there but pure Hersheyism.

Conceding for the moment that this rich man is actuated by the highest motives, it is plain that in propagating his views on education and religion, he is bound to respect the rights of others, even though they be destitute orphans. Following Bishop McDevitt, we claim that here Mr. Hershey fails. The conduct of his Industrial School thus becomes a matter of grave concern to Catholics; indeed, to all Christians, and to Jews, as well.

"There is no possible misunderstanding of Mr. Hershey's determination to impose upon the orphans his own religious creed, and to deny Catholic boys the right to practise their own faith," writes Bishop McDevitt. "He will permit nothing to interfere with the carrying out of his plans." "Non-sectarian" services are held

at the School every Sunday, and "non-sectarian" instruction given. The Catholic pastor of Hershey, the Rev. Charles E. Park, J.U.D., is not allowed entrance for the purpose of conducting religious services for the Catholic boys or of instructing them; and the boys are not permitted to leave the school even to fulfil the precept of the Easter Communion. Vacations—duration not stated—are granted in May, June, July, and August, and if the boys are taken or sent to their home churches, "there is no objection," graciously writes the Superintendent. But no other concession can be made. During their stay in the institution Catholic boys are absolutely deprived of their right to practise their religion—a shocking regulation unknown even at Girard College in Philadelphia. No clergyman may enter this college for any purpose, but Catholic boys are permitted to leave the premises for religious instruction, to hear Mass, and to receive Holy Communion.

For two years, through letters and personal interviews, one of them with Mr. Hershey himself, Bishop McDevitt has sought to protect these Catholic boys. His efforts have been in vain. Mr. Hershey has definitely stated that since the school provides all the religious instruction which the boys need, no special regulations can be made for Catholics. They cannot, therefore, be permitted to receive instructions in the moral or doctrinal teachings of the Church, or to hear Mass, or to receive the Sacraments. They are compelled, however, to be present at "non-sectarian" instructions and at "non-sectarian" religious services. The quality of the instruction, as well as the type of service, forced upon them in violation of their religious rights, is determined by the superintendent, or by the official to whom this charge is committed. That gentleman's religious views may be a sort of Scotch plaid. Or they may be a blank. Whatever they are, or are not, they prevail.

This attack upon the freedom of conscience of defenseless orphans is the more despicable because of its smoke-screen of "non-sectarianism." Catholics cannot be satisfied with any such arrangement, and it is hard to understand how any religious-minded man, Catholic or not, can approve it. The claim that the instruction is "non-sectarian" is broken by Bishop McDevitt in the following paragraph:

Education in morality and religion cannot be "non-sectarian." Neither can an institution be "non-sectarian." The character of a school is determined by the theories of those who govern it. If these theories about the teaching of religion and morality are those of Robert Ingersoll, or of John Calvin, or of Martin Luther, or of John Wesley, the school is atheistic, or Presbyterian, or Lutheran, or Methodist, and therefore, sectarian. A school in which moral and religious training is determined by the religious convictions, whatever they are, of the founder, is likewise sectarian.

In the present instance, the sectarianism forced upon Catholic boys, in violation of their religious rights, is Hersheyism.

The moral is as plain as a pebble in your shoe. If you wish to promote a school which doses boys from their fourth to their eighteenth year with Hersheyism, buy Hershey's chocolate.

With Scrip and Staff

I ASKED the Glacier Priest the other day if in the course of his expeditions he had run across John Oat (alias Jacob Offerdahl), the lone Jewish fisherman in the Aleutian Islands. A correspondent of the *Jewish Daily Bulletin* came across this isolated son of Israel, who was overjoyed at seeing one of his own race for the first time in seventeen years. The Glacier Priest said that he could sympathize with John (alias Jacob), as he knew what it meant to see a friendly face in those remote parts. The G. P., however, believes that the trials of civilization are greater than those of the wilds. Leg wear, for instance. The explorer is permitted, by the conventions of the wilderness, to encase his lower limbs in woolen socks, boots, or what not, and thus defy weather and cold. But the civilized mortal is exposed miserably to drafts that creep low. Shivering, he develops the common cold. I may have to lend to the G. P. a couple of those handkerchiefs which dear Aunt Ella invariably sends me for Christmas, "because I know you never have enough."

After a brief sneeze, reminiscent of Alaskan huskies, the G. P. narrated to me the tale of the five spinners who were bound for Mexico. They were all set for the tour. It was to be an education, and they were school teachers, all five of them. But it was not an "educational tour." No tourist class and peanut-butter sandwiches. They had some savings, had engaged first-class passage throughout, and were going to see the best of everything. A long life of culture and experience had taught them what was worth seeing, from volcanoes to Old Masters in art galleries.

News came of the doings which are euphemistically alluded to by American correspondents as the "Church-State struggle." To the blunt thinking of the spinners, who had read considerable history and learned of the many aliases used by tyrants, it looked more like organized robbery. So jointly and severally, they wrote to the president of the steamship company, canceling their passages; since, they said, they had no desire to be guests of a country that thus persecuted their fellow-beings for conscience's sake. And they engaged passage for Chile on a competing line. At the same time they canceled a large order for Mexican goods at a leading department store in the city, writing their reason to the president of the concern. The president wrote to them that he understood their action, and, despite the loss to his store, believed they had done the right thing. Were a few more American spinners—or non-spinners for that matter—to take such direct action, some truths might come home to the folks below the border.

HIS name was Alfredo Pascатели, and he occupied, with the three McLauren children and the two Lalibertes, the front pew at the catechism class held after Mass in St. Angela's parish church. With an engaging smile and a steady glance of his piercing black eyes,

diminutive Alfredo held up the Baltimore Catechism No. 1 which, he said, he knew "right up to page 25." Information was volunteered, gratis; and Bessie McLauren, who knew only up to page 16, scowled. Evidently was old stuff, the Pascarelli performance. The others, for prudence' sake, buried their noses in their books.

He knew it, sure enough; and he would know all of the No. 2 when he came to it. With brain, heart, and system in good working order, little Alfredo had the makings of as valiant a recruit for Christ's army as any of those gun-trained infants in sunny Italy will make for the armies of Mussolini. But when I thought of Mexico, I wondered where Alfredo was getting the ammunition for his future battles for Christ. For a troubling thought has haunted me.

THE question at issue in Mexico is a question of human rights. That should be enough to stir Catholics, since the Church is the defender of human rights for all men: Jews, pagans, infidels, as well as Christians. It is a question of human rights for our fellow-Catholics. That should stir us still more, stir us to the protests that Father Toomey recently described, in the optative mood. For these violations are coupled with sacrilege and warfare against God. But Catholics, at least in this country, are not deeply stirred by the issue of human rights. We are responsive to suffering and affliction when we meet with it; at the door, in the parish, on the street. But injustice to the unseemly and to the foreigner leaves us cold. Is this because we are cold hearted? Emphatically no. For I believe that the American Catholic is, in general, the most warm-hearted person in the world. None more generous, none more ready to self-sacrifice, when he is convinced. But here the conviction is lacking. From what reason? I thought of little Alfredo, picked up my old Baltimore Catechism No. 2, and asked myself: how much is there in that catechism, *explicitly* told, that will inspire the average mind to a sense of deep moral obligation in wider matters of justice? And even if the wider applications of the moral law were taught, how much is told of that supernatural bond which unites all the members of Christ's Body throughout the world? Yet if the existence of that supernatural unity of mankind is not known and understood, if Catholics are not made profoundly conscious of their oneness in Christ, the wider applications of the moral law—such as are involved in matters of human rights—will pass unheeded, because Catholics will lack the compelling motive power of charity wherewith to put them into effect.

Archbishop Ruiz, Apostolic Delegate, is quoted as stating, in his letter to President Rodriguez of Mexico: "It is a right and duty based on Catholic solidarity that peoples should help one another in case of necessity." But what does Alfredo Pascarelli find in the Baltimore No. 1 or No. 2 to sear into his vibrant little soul that "sense of Catholic solidarity," to which millions of Mexicans now appeal? Implicitly, yes; it is found in the statement that the members of the Church are "all in one communion" (no. 129); that the Holy Ghost "unites and sanctifies its

members throughout the world" (no. 135); and that "thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself" (no. 311). But these are slender indications of a doctrine upon which depends the reconstruction of our social and international order. Nor do I find any explicit indication of the fact that the Holy Eucharist as Sacrifice or as Sacrament is the living source of this Divinely given solidarity. Perhaps I expect too much of a mere book. But Alfredo's piercing orbs still follow me. THE PILGRIM.

Dramatics

Sean O'Casey's Crawling World

ELIZABETH JORDAN

PERHAPS I had better begin this review with a frank statement of my opinion of Sean O'Casey's play, "Within the Gates," and get it over. George Bushar and John Tuerm are producing it at the National Theater, and I may as well admit at once that the play appeals me, both in its substance and by the manner of its reception.

Critic after critic has assured us that it is a beautiful thing, so exquisite, so poignant, that it brings tears to unaccustomed eyes and bends unaccustomed knees in homage. I wanted to weep over it, too. I wanted to bend my left knee to perfect art. And what did I find? A black and slimy pocket full of crawling things, to which Mr. O'Casey leads us and where he bids us remain and lift our hearts with a high courage. If his play means anything at all it means just that—that we are dwellers in blackness and slime, that there is no hope for us, but that we can at least endure our fate bravely. Where is the beauty, where is the inspiration, of that doctrine?

Not for one single instant does any character in "Within the Gates" offer help or encouragement to any of his fellows, except at the very finish when the "Dreamer" bids the "down and outs" "be brave," and advises his prostitute friend to "die dancing." This "Dreamer" is one of Mr. O'Casey's leading characters—"symbol," Mr. O'Casey tells us, "of a noble restlessness and discontent." This symbol of "a noble restlessness and discontent" picks up a prostitute in a park, lives with her a month, and in the hour when life has brought her to her knees and repentance, calls her back to him by shouting that he has earned enough money to give them another month of drink and excitement together. Where's the beauty in that?

There is not a single decent human being in Mr. O'Casey's long list of men and women. There is a hypocritical bishop who bids the prostitute go back to her drunken mother and honor her, because she is her mother. There is the bishop's sister, a loathsome creature, exuding snobbery and intolerance; there are nurses who discuss nothing but sex; there are prowling young men, equally sex obsessed; there are evangelists, "dabbling the glory of God with mockeries," O'Casey assured us; there are "Disputants," shouting to one another words that mean nothing. All these are presented against the background of Hyde Park, London.

Mr. O'Casey's pet character is a young prostitute who joins forces with the "Dreamer." He assures us that all his characters are given "from the inside, looking out." The prostitute has moments of terror. The "Dreamer," whose dreams would be nightmares to any sane man, remains content with his strange creed. The end of the play, after the prostitute's death, shows him mounting upward in a purple haze. Then the final curtain falls, and a depressed, bewildered audience wanders out into the night vainly asking itself and its fellows where the vaunted beauty lies in this tortuous and tormenting play. It is an excursion into a crawling world of spiritual and physical decadence.

Being a seasoned traveler who has crossed the Atlantic Ocean thirty-eight times, I feel qualified to jass on the external aspects of Elmer Rice's latest play, "Between Two Worlds," which now holds the stage of the Belasco Theater. I have met his types, or almost all of them. I have been on his ship, on which the whole action of his play is laid, and its motionlessness does not annoy me as it does many of the critics. It is not necessary to see a ship bob up and down, or to watch sea-sick passengers hanging wanly over a deck rail, to be convinced that one is beholding a number of persons make a voyage to Europe. One recognizes the characters: the merry widow, who instinctively selects the worst bouncers on board to play with; the motion-picture star and her put-upon maid; the society girl who wants to know what life means; the ex-bootlegger; the masculine "life of the party"; the young men making love to pretty girls. All these and dozens of others, and the stewards who keep them supplied with cocktails, are thoroughly familiar to every Atlantic voyager. Their talk is the talk with which they have assailed one's ears in the past and with which they will assail them again in the future, except that it is more amusing. They are sincerely done and photographically true.

When it comes to the mental processes and resulting actions of some of these types I find myself not so much Mr. Rice's eager auditor. I do not know the sort of society girl who would pass a night with a Russian revolutionist, not because she loved him but because she was bored with life; I do not know the type of successful young advertising man who, earning twenty-five thousand a year and rising steadily in his profession, declaims when he is drunk that we are all rotters and on the verge of a needed revolution. I cannot take his maudlin outpourings seriously; but Mr. Rice can, and he does. That, I think, is the real trouble with "Between Two Worlds." The author shows us characters we know very well, in a setting with which most of us are thoroughly familiar. Putting them through their ordinary and recognizable paces, he gives us a thoroughly good evening's entertainment, as Mr. Rice can always do. Then, suddenly, he says to himself (and one can almost tell the exact moment when he says it): "Hold on, this is all comedy and characterization. I'm forgetting the drama!" Fortiwith he lays down his brilliant pen, seizes a trowel, and plasters on the drama. He has made his characters so vividly real,

up to this point, that when he abruptly turns them into puppets and makes them dance to strings they would never respond to, his sophisticated audience resents it. That, if the author could see it, is in one way a high compliment to him. But Mr. Rice's feelings are hurt. He does not love critics any more. He will, though—as soon as he writes another of the really big plays of which he is so capable, and lets his characters run true to his usual admirable form.

In "Lost Horizons," produced at the St. James Theater by Lawrence Rivers, Incorporated, the authors offer us a strong thesis against suicide. They do this by making her leading character, Janet Evans, played by Jane Wyatt, commit suicide and by then showing her and the audience, in the succeeding acts, the disastrous results of this action on the lives of others. It is a very big theme—too big for an inexperienced author; and it is not surprising that the author did not make of it the great play a great playwright might have produced. But the play gives us a vivid and deeply thoughtful evening at the theater, and thanks to this, as well as to a superb production and some extremely good acting, the play is more than holding its own. Its moral is admirable, but not too obvious.

One of its weaknesses is that its beginning is confusing, almost chaotic. It shows us cross sections of the lives of various detached characters, and not till toward the end of the play can we grasp and hold together the threads that form the final pattern of the work. However, though we are often puzzled, we are never bored; and at the finish the whole thing clicks together as a picture puzzle does when the final pieces fall into place. The suicide is shown not only the tragic effect of her action on other lives but the happy life she herself would have enjoyed if she had lived on. It is all very practical and material. The inspirational quality a better playwright might have put into it is wholly lacking. For the interest lies much more in this life than in the next. However, it is a play which interests us, and which makes us think. That is an achievement to be proud of, these days.

Max Gordon has another success. This experience is so frequent with him as to be a commonplace; but we can assume that it still pleases him. Certainly he has an unusual gift for pleasing audiences. This time he has put on, at the Forty-sixth Street Theater, a play called "The Farmer Takes a Wife," written by Frank Elser and Marc Connelly, and directed by Mr. Connelly. I need hardly mention that Mr. Connelly is the inspired author of "Green Pastures," but I will do it. That fact alone makes every playgoer eager to see Mr. Connelly's new offering.

It is a quiet thing, based on a novel, "Rome Haul," written by Walter D. Edwards, and having to do with life on the Erie Canal a little matter of eighty years ago. There is a mild love story running through it, which no one but the principals will get excited about, and in writing, acting, setting, and diction it is quite perfect.

It owes some of its charm to June Walker, who plays the leading role of Molly Larkin. It owes some to its historical interest and to the fidelity with which it presents

types once so robust and now extinct. But added to all these qualities there is a charm that is hard to analyze. Part of this may be due to the happy rapture with which the scenes are played. There is little "sex" in it, as sex. There is no adultery, there are no seductions. Can it be that these lacks help to explain the deep content of the new play's large audiences? I think so.

Noel Coward's latest comedy, "Conversation Piece," is produced at the Forty-fourth Street Theater by Arch Selwyn and Harold B. Franklin. If the title has any bearing on the play, I have not discovered what it is. But I found the comedy itself wholly charming. Let me say at once that it is one of those things which permit no ifs, ands, and buts. Either one likes it very much, or one doesn't like it at all. I happen to like it very much. It is a thing of beauty, in writing, setting, and acting. Its star, Yvonne Printemps, is the actress most supremely fitted for the leading role. Probably Coward wrote it for her. Its action occurs at Brighton in 1811, and the costumes of its beaux and belles are things to dream of. Its atmosphere, though Mr. Coward himself calls it "rather raffish" is, for him, quite surprisingly antiseptic. Its plot can be told in a sentence. An impoverished gentleman of title brings to England a young French girl of no family, on the agreement that he will find a rich husband for her and share the financial profits of the arrangement.

She is what is known as "a good girl," lovely to look at and with a beautiful voice. But the plan fails because the pair fall in love with each other and marry in the end. For the rest, there is charming incidental music, written by Mr. Coward (who can turn his hand to anything), and the most exquisite stage backgrounds this young season has given us. It takes a somewhat agile mind to follow the humor and wit of "Conversation Piece," but who will admit that his or her mind is not agile enough to do it? Need I add that the play is one of last season's big London successes, is repeating its success in New York? I need not.

To take an exquisite little actress like Edith Barrett, who radiates sweetness, charm and light, and make her play the character of a woman sadist who pulls off butterfly's wings and cripples her little sister, is so grim an instance of miscasting that I have no patience with it. The producers who are committing this crime at the Empire Theater are Arthur Driefuss and Willard Gernhardt. Any one who saw Edith Barrett in "Mrs. Moonlight" will know that they might as easily have turned a snowflake into a golf ball. The mere effort is my idea of sadism.

Let us speak of "The Great Waltz," conceived and directed by Hazzard Short and produced at the Center Theater by—yes, indeed, by none other than Max Gordon. There is not much more to say of it except that it is the most beautiful, most melodious, most seductive appeal to eye and ear that has come to us in recent years. Any one who misses it hasn't really seen a thing this season!

Then, there is "The First Legion," still playing despite the freezing reviews of the first-night reporters. It is advertising tickets four weeks in advance at the Biltmore. It is Catholic, and should not be missed.

A Review of Current Books

The Man on the Horse

CROMWELL. By Hilaire Belloc. J. B. Lippincott Company. \$4.00. Published October 25.

MAKERS of myth have had their own way with Oliver Cromwell, representing him now as a monster, now as a national hero. Those writers who vilified him pictured him as a regicide, the perpetrator of the massacre of Drogheda, and a cruel extortioner of heavy taxes; the eulogizers contended that the Protector was a man of God, an enemy of monarchical tyranny, and a symbol of national prosperity and power. Both views are extreme. It was the task of Belloc to sift legend from fact and to render an objective judgment of Cromwell's life and accomplishments.

A point not to be overlooked is that Cromwell's family on the side of both his mother and father had been enriched by the looting of the monastic lands. The Cromwellian fortune was built up on the ruins of the old religion. Self-interest, therefore, attached the house to the Puritan cause.

Cromwell himself was not a religious enthusiast, a leader of men, or an able administrator who happened to take on the profession of arms. Rather was he a superb commander of cavalry who happened also to be a Puritan. Whether he showed high strategic ability may be doubted; but in tactics, cavalry tactics, he was supreme. That was his genius; that is his chief meaning in history.

It is equally true to state that Belloc is at his best in analyzing the movement of troops on a battlefield. Diagrams accompany the descriptions of the engagements at Marston Moor, Naseby, Preston, and Worcester. There is a fascinating parallelism displayed between the defeat of Charles I at Marston Moor and the retreat of the Germans at the first battle of the Marne. Belloc has been over the terrain with the eyes of a soldier, seizing the significance of every undulation in the plain and examining every tree and shrub on the landscape. As a result, the reader follows the maneuvers of foot and horse as if present at the battle, noting always how the decisive blow was struck by Cromwell's "Ironsides."

The author is none the less dispassionate in his description of the siege of Basing House, the bloody episodes of the campaign in Ireland, and the trial and execution of the king. There are stains on the honor of the Protector that cannot be washed away with oceans of ink or the flight of years. It was not hypocrisy, but what he deemed service of God and country that made him crush his enemies.

Cromwell was out of place in the House of Commons. He knew the efficacy of armed might, but not the sweet uses of persuasion and compromise. His most characteristic act in Westminster was to dismiss the parliamentarians. Nor did he pursue an enlightened foreign policy. As Belloc declares, "never was a man less of a statesman than Oliver."

And yet during the five and a half years of the Commonwealth the international repute of England rose high as such repute of any country will rise during a despotism before the bill has to be paid. The power of her Government at home and its means of action abroad were so strong that this nation of something over five millions appeared as the equal ally or enemy of great monarchies, each commanding many times her numbers and apparent resources. England in those years mastered and passed her rival, the Protestant commercial oligarchy in Holland, and proved herself everywhere possessed upon the ocean and the narrow seas of instruments adequate to her claims. To such an episode every Englishman looks back with pride, and on it is mainly founded the large place which Cromwell occupied in the national imagination. At the same time, the overbearing taxation which this position entailed and memories of the suspension of individual liberties left most Englishmen with a profound distrust of dictators and a

reluctance to accept the existence of a standing army on British soil. Neither Charles II nor William of Orange wielded the power that had been seized by the Lord Protector at the head of his men-at-arms. Parliaments, Cabinets, and kings have been cursed since the days of the Commonwealth. That is the principal political legacy Oliver Cromwell bequeathed to posterity.

JOSEPH FRANCIS THORNTON.

The Truth about Henry

THE REFORMATION IN ENGLAND. I. THE ENGLISH SCHISM: HENRY VIII. By G. Constant. Sheed and Ward. \$4.00.

THE unique characteristic of this book is that the keen logic of the French mind is here applied to the most illogical of all English illogicalities. For whichever way one may view the subject, the so-called Reformation in England was anything but a reform. That there were abuses no scientific historian will attempt to deny. But the reformation of the Church came not from the Henrician schism, but from the deliberations of the Council of Trent. So to an orgy of pique, brutality, robbery and spoliation, sensuality, time serving, and anything but ecclesiastical reform, Abbé Constant brings the weight of his learning to bear upon this most tangled of all historical happenings.

It is necessary to distinguish between what we may imagine to have occurred and what actually did occur. For what is called the English Reformation under Henry VIII does not exist. Great Britain as we know it now, but simply with the two ecclesiastical Provinces of Canterbury and York. M. Constant opens with the preliminaries and causes of the schism, and accurate studies of history will note that he speaks of the "schism"—Henry VIII's schism was but an episode in the eternal conflict between Church and State, and in England this conflict was not new." To that extent he follows Nicholas Sanders, who, however unreliable he may be in some respects, does not hedge in speaking of Henry's break with the Apostolic See as a schism, and not, as some writers have chosen to do, as the setting up of a new Protestant Church.

For from this most weightily documented work emerges the fact that however ruthless and murderous Henry VIII may have acted in the course of his quarrels with Rome, he was never really a Protestant. His aim was to banish the Pope (both as Supreme Pontiff and Emperor) from the realm of England, and to place in addition to the vast sums that came to him from the spoliation of the religious houses, to keep at home the fees that went to Rome either in the course of the usual Papal taxation or the money payments that were involved in the numerous appeals to the Roman Curia from the monastic houses and the cathedral chapters and the benefices reserved to the Papal appointment.

The author of this book is not content after a quasi-neutral fashion merely to denounce Henry VIII as the brutal creature that he was or to castigate the cardinal prelates who with the exception of Blessed John Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, allowed the revolt against the Holy See to be put through. He traces out the old quarrels with Rome, quarrels not doctrinal but political and financial, and shows how Henry, urged on by place seekers both clerical and lay, made use of these old quarrels to bring to pass the Act which rudely made him Supreme Head of the Church. Not, let it be noted, Supreme Head of the Church Universal, but simply of the Church in the Provinces of Canterbury and York.

The Church after the revolt against Rome was split into two factions: the ardent "reformers" like Crammer, who were schismatics and heretics, and those Bishops, like Gardiner and Bonner, who were schismatics, though they remained otherwise orthodox in their religious belief. Cardinal Pole, says the Abbé Constant, never reproached Henry VIII "with adhering to the Reformation, even in his most violent attacks."

It is this keen clarity of the French mind searching out the fundamentals which makes this account of one of the most com-

plicated incidents in English history of unparalleled value to the student who desires to get to the basic facts.

The translation of the book from the French is most excellently done by Father Scantlebury, and the preface by Hilaire Belloc is itself no less valuable contribution to history than the Abbé Constant's searching and documented inquiry.

HERKY WATTS.

Shorter Reviews

A COMMON FAITH. By John Dewey. Yale University Press. \$1.50. Published September 18.

IN this small volume the eminent professor-emeritus of Columbia University tells us that between "religions," which are weighted down with accretions of outmoded beliefs and rites (such as Protestantism, Buddhism, and Catholicism), and "the religious," which is free from wholesale institutional effort and which is found in the direct relationship of the soul to God, there is an unbridgeable gap. This religious experience, however, is not to be confused with mysticism. Mysticism touches and feels an existing God; "the religious," on the contrary, strives only towards ideal values. It cares not whether God exists or not, "since all that an Existence can add is force to establish, to punish, and to reward." The faith arising from such experience has always been implicitly the common faith of mankind; it remains only to make it explicit and militant. Professor Dewey, like another Voltaire, would abolish all "religions."

Many of Professor Dewey's observations are pointed and pierce deep the already deflated dogmas of both Liberal and Fundamentalist theology. But his strictures, if applied to the Catholic religion, lose all their force. The Catholic does not believe in a Providence that is limited by an evil power or that the nature of man is totally corrupt. The Catholic has not been forced to change with the discoveries of science, as we would be led to believe, his conceptions of the soul, sin, Redemption, and the creation "ex nihilo." In fact his position has been more firmly established. Nor does the presence of evil shake his faith. Professor Dewey may ask: "How can there be evil if God exists?" But the Catholic may more justly retort: "How can there be good if He does not?"

A Common Faith is based on the author's Dwight H. Terry Lectures given at Yale University. S. E. D.

THE FARTHER SHORE. Edited by Nathaniel E. Griffin and Lawrence Hunt. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.00. Published October 26.

IS the soul of man immortal? Such is the question this volume proposes to answer. The method of approach is unique. The editors have chosen excerpts treating immortality from the works of such varied writers as Buddha, Plato, Virgil, St. Augustine, St. Thomas, Descartes, Spinoza, Voltaire, Kant, Schopenhauer, and many others. Poets and scientists, philosophers and theologians, ancients and moderns, discuss from different points of view this most important of the problems of man. The answers are almost as numerous as the writers quoted, the one notable exception being those authors influenced by the Christian tradition. Pantheistic re-absorption into the world spirit, the transmigration of souls, the poetic concept of the immortality of the written word, are placed side by side with the orthodox Christian teaching. There are, of course, some few who deny the survival of the soul after death, and others who would deny the eternal punishment of man in hell.

This is a valuable book, but it has more than one serious defect. Nowhere in the volume is included the proof of immortality as commonly given by Scholastic philosophy. The excerpts from Catholic writers merely express the authors' beliefs or treat of matters more proper to theology, which presuppose the philosophical proof. This is by no means an accusation of anti-Catholic prejudice on the part of the editors. Though the presence of their editorial remarks which value a misunderstanding of Catholic

icism, this may be better attributed to ignorance than to prejudice. Their very tolerance of any or every opinion of immortality is a grave defect. It presupposes that certainty in this matter is impossible of attainment, and consequently that one opinion has as much validity as another.

J. J. H.

Recent Non-Fiction

THE BEST PLAYS OF 1933-34. Edited by Burn Mantle. Here is the annual cyclopaedia of Broadway's pope speaking *Urbi et Orbi* and rendering judgments (for which he does not claim infallibility) in a very readable introductory essay. This year he canonizes the following: *Mary of Scotland*, *Men in White*, *Dodsworth*, *Ah, Wilderness*, *They Shall not Die*, *Her Master's Voice*, *No More Ladies*, *Wednesday's Child*, *The Shining Hour*, *The Green Bay Tree*. Mr. Mantle is satisfied to call *Yellow Jack* a really fine play, he skips *Stevenson*, and is non-committal on *Days Without End*. Prospective purchasers of the book should not forget that his last 200 pages comprise a complete record of the year in Times Square—what played what and where. (Dodd, Mead, \$3.00)

FATHER GOOSE. By Gene Fowler. The life story of Mack Semmet, Connecticut ballplayer who sacrificed his craft to learn picture making. How he moved to Hollywood, organized the Keystone Cops, invented pie throwing and bathing beauties, discovered Charlie Chaplin, buster Ben Turpin, Fatty Arbuckle, Polly Moran, Mabel Normand, Douglas Keaton, and other celebrities; how he rose to eminence, then fell before Mickey Mouse, like prose, is gorgeously written, does not idealize its hero but lingers at his weakness. It also wanders all over the lots, collects a notable load of dirt, discusses the famous murders, indulges in satire. Satirical high point: the study of Hollywood's primitive Indians, the Chahuengas, and how their traditions still endure. (Covici-Friede, \$3.00)

ART IN AMERICA IN MODERN TIMES. By Holger Cahill and Alfred H. Barr, Jr. The continuous story of art in these States from 1865 to 1934 told in 100 pages of readable text and some 300 gorgeous illustrations, including nine plates in full color. The whole field is covered—not only painting, sculpture, and architecture, but also the industrial arts, decorating, photography, the motion picture, and stage design. Recommended, especially at the price. (Reynal and Hitchcock, \$3.50)

Recent Fiction

MY NEXT BEARD. By Kay Boyle. The author has a gift for the writing of exquisite prose. But to date it has been put to uses that are a waste of time, energy, and talent. A weakness for satire drives her to egotism of brilliantly obscure writing about the by-products of gutters. This novel is a satire on the American leader of an art-cult colony in Paris. To contrast his heroic public life with his private hypocrisy and greed, the author has peopled his world with vicious caricatures of human beings, indulging lazily nowhere. (Harcourt, Brace, \$2.50)

MOVING STARS THE DAY. By Helen Hill. Stratified cross-section of seven persons' lives in mid-Western town over a thirty-year span. Stream-of-consciousness method, with the seven turning out "only as their early beginnings portended." Object lesson, inasmuch as they had no religion. The author is a master of characterization, uses trivial details effectively. (Coward-McCann, \$2.50)

THE END OF A CHILDHOOD. By H. H. Richardson. A collection of short stories and sketches which will appeal almost exclusively to women. Part One contains four chapters about the further doings of the people in the author's *Ultima Thule* and a series of Mansfieldian sketches of small girls. Part Two has two good and two not-very-good short stories concerning grown-ups. Published October 30. (Norton, \$2.50)

Communications

Letters to ensure publication should not, as a rule, exceed 500 words. The editors are not responsible for opinions expressed in this department. No attention will be paid to anonymous communications.

Cinderella and That First Native-Born Priest

To the Editor of AMERICA:

We keep on reciting in our schools, public and private, primary and graduate, that St. Augustine, Fla., is the oldest permanent white settlement in the United States of America. We did not always say so. Florida was under the flag of Spain until 1819, and of course before the unfurling of the Stars and Stripes over her battlements at that late date she was not in the United States and her ancient city was not our oldest city. But let us observe that there is another city where the starrer banner has again replaced the Spanish flag. 1563 is St. Augustine's natal date; San Juan on the island of Puerto Rico was founded in 1509. Is this city and are her citizens under the flag of the free, or are they not citizens—only subjects under an empire? Should not all good democratic republicans have long ago begun to say that San Juan is the oldest settlement in the United States?

Whether, speaking politically, our reply is yes or no, it does seem that historically our first native-born priest might well be "Augustine" in Puerto Rico. To all the many students of your learned collaborators sends us in search of him to ancient Florida; and another, with a magnificent sweep, hurls the investigation of that subject away down to where Waldeseimüller puts America—in Brazil. Puerto Rico's claim that the very first Bishop to set foot on the soil of the New World was her Alonso Manso, has never been successfully disproved. Surely under the nurture of these heroic Spanish missionaries and particularly of Bartolomeu Las Casas and the other learned sons of St. Dominic who were there, San Juan was not without a native son among the clergy for half a century.

Personally, I confess, I'm still for Maryland. Mr. Meehan's lucid argument, and Msgr. Thomas's very erudite letter proved all they undertook to demonstrate, but I wonder whether we could not—every one of us—begin at last to recognize the human and religious and finally the political claims of Puerto Rico, the little old Cinderella of our national household.

Detroit, Mich.

LAURENCE J. KENNY, S.J.

Who Was He?

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The discussion following Mr. Meehan's timely article, "Our First Native-Born Priest," is both interesting and informative. Father M. Kenny is undoubtedly on the right track when drawing the attention of his readers to the Franciscan Seminary of St. Augustine, which in the first half of the seventeenth century trained candidates for the priesthood. But, whether these native-born ecclesiastics were ordained in the Diocese of Santiago de Cuba (established in 1515) or at St. Augustine, and the exact date of ordination with the name of this first priest, is yet to come to light.

Certain it is that Bishop Gabriel Calderon of Cuba conferred orders on seven candidates in St. Augustine in 1674 and probably the church records of St. Augustine parish, which I understand have been preserved since 1594, will prove the answer to this popular query of the day, particularly as they are to be found in the archives of the present church.

In this connection, it may be interesting to learn that the first native-born Canadian raised to the priesthood was Rev. Germain Morin, who was baptized at Quebec on January 15, 1642, and ordained September 29, 1665, by Bishop Laval, died in the Hotel Dieu of Quebec on August 20, 1702. It remains to be seen who

was the first native-born Mexican priest—a fact which will do more to complete this chapter of early Church history in North America.

Montreal, Que.

W. A. L. STYLES, M.D.

Withering amid Rocks

To the Editor of AMERICA:

The plea of Ward Clarke, in the issue of AMERICA for October 20, directs attention to another phase of the short-sightedness of Catholic Action, in permitting the flow of unrecognized Catholic talent to go withering among the rocks of non-sectarian literary agencies. A bureau of stable, Catholic merit seems to me to be a necessity, if Catholic Action is to mean anything more than a concealed phrase. Must Catholic authorship find an eventual haven among the "smart" magazines, catering to the sophisticated taste? An agency, preferably supervised by men of high literary standards such as your staff, should not be a wish of nonfulfillment. Surely the development of Catholic writers to replace the great ones of today when they are with us no longer is a paramount duty of responsible Catholic editors of Catholic magazines. Or are we to await the convert, or worse, struggle with mediocrity?

New York.

BASIL BLAKE.

Saying It with Catechisms

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Recently I started to teach catechism to the congregation on Sunday, in place of preaching a Sunday sermon and the results have been quite gratifying. The idea of teaching catechism at Mass of course is nothing new, but the method employed may be somewhat different. I am passing the idea along, however, in the hope it may be helpful to other pastors like myself, who have charge of parishes in rural districts.

I take the ordinary Baltimore Catechism and read every question and answer and then spend several minutes explaining each one. More or less time can be used according to the importance of the individual question. At first thought, one is tempted to dismiss this rather prosaic, not to say childish, method, with a mere gesture. I did this very thing when the idea first came to me; the thing had no appeal to adults and valuable time would be lost. It was not until Catholic people came to the rectory with non-Catholics, to have the latter take a course in instructions, that I realized something had to be done if Catholics were to know their religion ever so little. Upon questioning the Catholic party in the presence of the prospective convert, I very soon discovered that the latter knew more about the Catholic Faith than the Catholic party in many instances.

Of late the necessity of getting our Catholic people to read Catholic papers and magazines has been greatly stressed and rightly so, but I often wonder how much reading is being actually done. People read something worthwhile under great urging, but as soon as the pressure is removed, they cease reading. This has been my experience at least. They will read new items, stories on the progress of campaigns and the like, but serious reading the average will not do. This kind of reading is all right in its place, but it will never produce an enlightened laity.

Our people have gotten away from definitions in explaining their religion. This does not apply to all of course, but it does apply to many, and among this number are people who know their religion at one time but as they became older, the press of many things caused them to neglect their reading and they forgot much that they had once learned at school. Thus the teaching of catechism on Sunday to the whole congregation will tend to recall definitions, create an interest in Catholic dogma, and perhaps cause people to strike out for themselves and do some serious reading. It is my opinion that many of our people, because they do not hear the catechism, which they learned as children, explained and adapted to their mature minds later on, lose intellectual interest in their religion, and in the end their faith is impaired or lost completely. Our faith is reasonable.

The teaching of the catechism is very definite. Many priests realize that after they have been preaching to the same congregation over a period of years, they are apt to neglect to prepare properly with the result that they are repeating sermons they have preached on former occasions. The people, moreover, get "used to" a man and his style of preaching. A sermon of a great preacher could be memorized perfectly, and given verbatim, and still the audience might remain unmoved. Familiarity breeds contempt on the part of a preacher's audience. The teaching of the catechism tends to freshen both the preacher and his audience.

The people like to re-learn the catechism. They will even raise their hands to answer a rhetorical question; they love to answer in the presence of their fellowmen. It is my belief that now more catechism is being discussed in the homes in my parish on Saturday nights than ever before. It is as one man said, the father of four children, "I knew every question Sunday, Father. I was hoping you would call on me."

Morrise, Mich.

(REV.) E. A. LEBERER.

The Dastardly Atheists of Mexico

To the Editor of AMERICA:

Just across the Rio Grande in the once fair land of Mexico the bloody henchmen of the ruthless Calles are striving by systematic cruelty and foul brutal savagery to bludgeon our Catholic brethren into the ranks of pagan Marxist Socialism.

Our Catholic American press every week is repeating the heart-rending and sickening story of fresh outbreaks of the Mexican monsters, now in Hidalgo, now in Tampico, now in Sonora, and everywhere in that land of sunshine and centuries-old cathedrals.

The secular press has capitulated to censorship apparently, so that almost nothing is known by Americans in general of the menace of a Latin Russia right at their doorstep.

What shall we do about it? What did other religious groups do when their brethren were persecuted? Why should we Americans and particularly we Catholics stand helplessly by and gaze weakly at suffering humanity—suffering because they believe in God and His Church?

It is scarcely fitting to name names here, but it is discouraging to Catholic youth to see their fellow-Catholics prominent in public life and willing recipients of Papal decorations, often headlines in political and humane movements, waiting for some one, probably some Bishop, to urge them on to real, vigorous leadership in this cause of succor to their beleaguered co-religionists.

While Archbishop Diaz when he visited this country put the question on armed intervention, and the late Ambassador Morones strove zealously to pacify the Mexican Bolsheviks, we find need once more to bring some real pressure to bear before the dastardly atheists of Mexico wreak greater havoc upon defenseless men, women, and children.

Under date of September 29 the Brooklyn *Tribune* carried a letter from a subscriber which breathes forth indignation on the whole sale catholy of American Catholics regarding Mexico. The letter suggests five plans to awaken our Catholics and all who have any interest in fair play and liberty. Briefly the steps are:

1. A resolution of protest by the American Hierarchy to be circulated and signed by every Catholic man, woman, and child in the country.

2. Recall of Ambassador and rupture of diplomatic relations. Since our country was founded on principles of religious freedom and believes in tolerance for every man's belief, we should demand the same when we extend our hand in courteous relations with other nations.

3. Place embargo on arms shipments to Mexico.

4. Organize boycott of Mexican goods and launch campaign against tourist travel to Mexico.

5. Demand the truth about Mexico from our daily press under threat of boycott and loss of advertising.

Let us awake, American Catholics.

Jersey City, N. J.

S. A. GLENN.

Chronicle

Home News.—Addressing the National Conference on Economic Security at Washington on November 14, President Roosevelt listed only unemployment insurance for early enactment, although Relief Administrator Hopkins earlier had called for "a bold stroke" to unite all phases of economic security into a comprehensive program. The President postponed consideration of old-age pensions and health insurance to a later date. The first step, he said, was to get the economic system functioning so there would be greater general security. The President left for Warm Springs, Ga., on November 15, to remain there until December 4. En route he inspected the TVA projects, including Norris Dam. On November 10, President Roosevelt appointed Marriner S. Ecdes, Utah banker and industrialist, governor of the Federal Reserve Board. On the same day, two advisory committees were designated to assist in preparing an economic-security program for the President's consideration. A loan committee, with Secretary Morgenthau chairman, was appointed on November 14 to coordinate the work of the many governmental lending agencies. The Treasury on November 12 authorized all transactions in foreign exchange, transfers of credit, and exports of currency, other than gold certificates. It was reported at a White House conference on November 8 that the next Federal budget will be about \$7,500,000,000, or about the same as the present one. Final election returns showed that the Democrats gained thirteen seats in the House, having a total of 322, while the Republicans lost ten, a total of 103. Senator Cutting won his campaign for re-election in New Mexico, making the totals in the Senate: Democrats, 69; Republicans, 25. Senator Borah on November 8 demanded the reorganization of the Republican party under liberal principles. On the following day, he charged that Federal relief expenditures had been used for political purposes and demanded a Presidential or Congressional investigation. Relief Administrator Hopkins immediately ordered a thorough examination of the charges. General Motors on November 9 announced that it would space its offerings of new models, in order to provide more continuous employment. The Governor of Arizona on November 10 declared martial law on the site of the Parker diversion dam along the Colorado River and ordered the National Guard to control the area. The Governor claimed encroachment on the State's rights.

Persecution in Mexico.—The Government on November 11 preferred charges of inciting Mexican Catholics to armed rebellion, against Archbishop Ruiz, Apostolic Delegate to Mexico, and Msgr. Manrique, both now living in the United States. Immigration officials were ordered to arrest them if they entered the country. Archbishop Ruiz had previously denied these charges. On November 8, Archbishop Diaz declared that the Church could not cooperate with the Government's educational program

because its candid intention was to establish anti-religious education. He said that all schools in the Federal District had been notified that children who did not participate in a parade favoring socialistic education were not to receive certificates covering examinations. The parade was scheduled for November 18. The Archbishop stated that the Government had seized 150 churches within little more than a year, and that "priests are not allowed to say Mass, baptize, confess, give Holy Communion, preach, or perform the regular functions, although these prohibitions are contrary to the guarantees established by Articles IV, VI, XXIV, and CXXX of the Constitution." Archbishop Diaz has confirmed an average of 3,000 children daily since October 29. On November 9, Yucatan passed a law that all priests must be married. Because of the restrictions, all churches there have been violently closed. The Masonic lodge of the State of Puebla petitioned the House of Deputies to suppress confession throughout the nation.

British Armament Discussions.—Eight hours of debate followed the introduction of the Laborite motion to prohibit private manufacture of armaments. The motion was defeated, 279 to 68. Clement R. Adee, opening the debate for Labor, denounced the private manufacture as "trade in murder." He charged the manufacturers with "deliberately working against peace and disarmament," and with offering incentives in Germany and China to warlike activities. Armament firms, he declared, "were a standing temptation to corruption," through public servants, soldiers, servants, through influence on the press, in parliaments and business circles. The Government, in reply, upheld British manufacturers and praised the system whereby the export of arms was controlled. Sir John Simon stated that "we have the most complete and stringent system for controlling arms exports of any nation in the world." Every consignment of arms, he stated, required a license in which the real destination was established and "we give no license except for exports to governments." He continued: "We never subsidize a private firm for producing arms," and "we never allow our diplomatic or consular representatives abroad to act as travelers or canvassers for armament firms." In the course of the debate, several speakers criticized the purpose and the method of the United States Senate arms inquiry. At the Lord Mayor's banquet, Prime Minister MacDonald spoke on international disarmament. Experience has proved that "disarmament by example" was not an effective way to reduce world-armament or to increase international confidence. He stated that security could come only from an international agreement on scales of national armament.

New Belgian Cabinet.—On November 13, as Parliament resumed its sessions, the de Broqueville Cabinet tendered its resignation. Internal conflict between Ministers favoring devaluation of the belga and those favoring retrenchment only was thought to be the chief cause of the resignations, the conflict being magnified by quarrels over other financial and economic matters arising under the

great powers granted to the Cabinet when Parliament adjourned last July. Moreover, there had been popular dissatisfaction over the slowness manifested by the Government in approaching the pressing economic difficulties of the nation, and Dr. Paul van Zeeland, Minister without Portfolio, had somewhat dramatically resigned after a disagreement with the Minister of Finance over general policies. On November 14, after long consultations with all the leaders, King Leopold invited Henri Jaspar, leader of the Catholic party and Premier during 1926-1931, to form a new Government. Since three parties, including the Catholics and the Liberals had come out against devaluation of the belga, it was virtually certain that M. Jaspar's new Government would take the same stand. Almost certainly, too, according to the statement of M. Vandervelde, the Socialist party would refuse to join the coalition under M. Jaspar.

Bolivia Recoups Losses.—In the middle of the month the Chaco War took a new turn, with Bolivia initiating an offensive that resulted in the recapture of several lost forts and the driving of the Paraguayans from their positions which threatened the rich Bolivian oil fields. The fighting was heavy and serious losses were reported on both sides. Meanwhile both countries appealed to the League of Nations, and the League's Consultative Committee regarding Chaco adopted a resolution to seek an opportune moment to ask the collaboration of the United States and Brazil towards peace overtures, since the co-operation of all American nations was assumed necessary to stop the War. In its note to the League Bolivia declared that Paraguay was fighting chiefly to secure the local oil deposits. Paraguay declared that she could not agree to a cessation of hostilities until the conciliation of differences should be undertaken.

New Italian Organization.—On November 10, the nation inaugurated the Councils of Corporations, a new body intended to control all activities in industry, commerce, and the professions. Comprising the new organization are twenty-two corporations completely covering the fields of Italian industrial life. Each council is made up of representatives of employers and employees and is devoted to a policy of self-administration under Government supervision. Particularly noticeable in the news of the event was the fact that although women had hitherto been excluded from Italian political life, five women were admitted as members of the Corporations. From the 800 members in the body will later be chosen those who are to have seats in the National Council of Corporations, which, according to Il Duce's plan and the popular vote of last summer, will eventually displace the Chamber of Deputies and abolish the parliamentary system in Italy. Speaking at the Capitol, Premier Mussolini said: "The new system is our system, a system of economy and discipline harmonized and rendered powerful by the producers themselves through constantly keeping in view above all other things the interests of the collectivity." As he launched this great advance towards his completely

Corporative State, the Premier advised the rest of the world to learn from Italy's example.

Negotiations on Soviet Debt Agreement.—Ambassador Troyanovsky prolonged his Moscow visit to secure an agreement on the debt question satisfactory to President Roosevelt. Neither R. Walton Moore, Assistant Secretary of State, nor officials of the Export Import Bank had received any definite advices on the subject. Among visitors to Moscow in connection with the trade negotiations were manufacturers of American automotive and aviation equipment. The seventeenth anniversary of the Soviet revolution was celebrated by an elaborate reception at the Kremlin Palace. Rumors that Maxim Litvinov, the Soviet Foreign Commissar, would resign due to Bolshevik dissatisfaction with Soviet entrance into the League of Nations were discounted by those familiar with the views and power of Stalin.

Hope for Convention on Arms Trade.—A convention to provide effective control over the traffic in manufacture of arms and other munitions to be negotiated through the general disarmament conference at Geneva, as a separate treaty, was urged by the United States and favorably received by the principal arms-manufacturing countries. If the bureau acts to approve the American proposals, the latter will be referred to a committee which is due to meet in January. Meantime, discussions of naval races for Great Britain, the United States, Japan, France, and Italy did little more than disclose the fundamental differences of the leading nations. Although Japan was being backed by Great Britain in her bid for naval parity, the American naval delegation at London was supported by France and Italy in favor of the 5-5-3 ratio. According to the London correspondent of *Paris-Midi* records of the "highest importance" were reached between the general staffs of France, Great Britain, and Belgium covering mutual air defense on the Continent.

Austrian Deficit Soars.—Austria's deficit for the first ten months of this year was 110,000,000 schillings as compared to 82,000,000 schillings for the same period last year. In what was regarded as a reply to the declarations of the Little Entente against Hapsburg restoration, Chancellor Schuschnigg stated that Austria's form of government is for herself alone to decide. Premier Gombos of Hungary recently returned from a visit to Mussolini conferred earnestly with Chancellor Schuschnigg, Vice-Chancellor Ernst von Starheimberg, and Foreign Minister Egon Berger-Waldeneck, pointing out, it was said, the necessity of a close political and economic unity between Italy, Hungary, Austria, and Germany.

Fianna Fail Congress.—The strength of the Fianna Fail party under the leadership of Eamon de Valera was manifested at the ninth annual Congress held in the Mansion House, Dublin. Nearly 2,000 delegates, representing every County in the Free State, were present. The branches of the party totaled 1,893, with a growth of 116

during the past year. There was a large increase in the party's funds. As a result of the local elections in June, the party controlled fifteen of the twenty-three County Councils, whereas in 1928, it held a majority in only one. In the last election, it gained 150 seats in local administrations. The primary resolution of the Congress was a reaffirmation that the chief aim of Fianna Fail was to secure unity of the Free State and Northern Ireland, and to attain independence as a Republic.

Pagan Marriages Halted.—Special action was taken by Cardinal Von Faulhaber to prevent marriages in his archdiocese between Catholics and members of the new German pagan cult. Another rift between the Vatican and the Reich Government loomed over the case of Fathers Barion and Eschweiler, professors at Braunsberg Catholic University, who recently issued statements approving the Government's sterilization law. The Holy See deprived both of their status as teachers and suspended them from priestly functions, but the Reich Government refused to dismiss them and announced that "both professors are still in office." Dr. Bernhard Rust, Reich Minister of Education, issued a list of books to be used in public schools. "Myth of the Twentieth Century," banned by the Vatican, was one of the required books. The disturbed condition in the Protestant Church continued. Opposition pastors were attacked by Nazis on the streets of Berlin.

Communists Active in China.—Dispatches from Nanking and Hongkong indicated new activities among the radicals in various Provinces. Press reports, however, were not in agreement regarding their outcome. In the early part of the month Communists to the number of 40,000 were migrating westward from Fukien to Kiangsi, looting all the way, to set up soviets. On November 13 Cantonese troops were asserted to have captured 30,000 Reds who threatened the city of Shichow. Government communiques stated that the campaign against the Communists had been particularly successful. Meanwhile General Chiang Kai-shek was touring northwest China to consolidate Government authority. An attempt to bomb his train was unsuccessful. The Red movement caused considerable anxiety to important French interests in Yunnan Province for should the Communists advance into Szechwan Province, Yunnan would be greatly affected as the present economic ties between the two Provinces are very close. Wherever the Reds were being pushed out Nanking's authority was being more firmly established.

Beer-Hall Putsch Celebrated.—The eleventh anniversary of Hitler's beer-hall putsch, celebrated in Munich with Chancellor Hitler present, was said to have lacked the enthusiasm manifested during last year's ceremonies. Dr. Karl Goerdeler, Reich Price Commissar, denounced the recent rise in prices as intolerable for the great mass of the people, and issued a decree whereby price fixing must be subject to his approval. While many other countries

were being paid in full, German payment of debts to the United States was said to have almost ceased. The report that the visit to London of Joachim von Ribbentrop, Hitler personal adviser on disarmament, was for the purpose of sounding England on the return of Germany to the League was later denied. Herr von Ribbentrop's visit being characterized as a purely personal and private one. The negotiations with the United States to barter 500,000 bales of American cotton for German goods were still proceeding.

Cuban Elections.—The Cuban Government has tentatively agreed to postpone the Constituent Assembly elections from December 31, 1934, to March 3, 1935. The Supreme Electoral Tribunal advised the Government of the impossibility of completing the registration of voters by December for an orderly election. The Government has moved to take drastic measures to put a stop to terroristic campaigns since the bombing of the British Consulate in the city of Cienfuegos, Santa Clara Province, on November 1. Meanwhile in the Oriente Province a dispute between 600 families who were to be squatters and the Government was ended when both sides agreed to await a court decision. Disagreement arose after the Supreme Court permitted the Cuban-owned Corralito Sugar Company to survey the area and establish boundaries of 60,000 acres of its properties. Residents of the area claimed property rights as Royal grants under the Spanish Government. Postponement of the survey for one year settled the dispute.

Norway on Unemployment.—Elated by their success in the recent municipal and communal elections, the Norwegian Laborites prepared to put their election slogan, "A Whole Nation at Work," into practice. It is planned to absorb 150,000 to 170,000 persons in an extensive program of public works as well as in private industries subsidized by Government aid. On the eve of the Trade Union congress the Laborites announced that they would also sponsor the thirty-six hour week.

G. K. Chesterton has been recounting to us the six separate occasions on which he would have become a Catholic if he had not already been one. In the third of "My Six Conversions" he will deliver some timely and profound reflections on "The Surrender on Sex."

The munitions investigation is to be resumed after December 1. In order that our readers may be able to interpret intelligently the new revelations that will be forthcoming in the press, Laurence Kent Patterson will sum up the previous findings in his article entitled "The Munitions Investigation up to Now."

The necessity of relief for the new poor is pressing anxiously on Government and citizen alike, and the new Congress will be faced with new proposals. Next week, Gerhard Hirschfeld will examine the data of the problem and offer a solution in "Shall We Stop Relief?"

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NUESTRO GOBIERNO Y MEXICO

(1) (TRADUCCION DEL EDITORIAL, REVISTA "AMERICA", NOV. 24, 1934).

¿Qué es lo que nuestro Gobierno va a hacer respecto a México? La pregunta se impone debido a ciertos recientes sucesos que han recibido poca atención y que parecen indicar que cierta política se adoptará pronto.

El Embajador Daniels dió motivo a muchos comentarios desfavorables con su elogio, extemporáneo y producto de una mala información, de la política educativa de Calles en julio próximo pasado. Esto ocasionó el pedimento, hecho en diversos sectores, de su retiro como inepto para representarnos ante México.

¿Acaso esta protesta lo hizo cambiar su desdichada actitud? No, señor. Primero dió una excusa insuficiente respecto a sus actos. Luego hizo que el Senador Reynolds pronunciara un discurso elogioso a los Diputados en los precisos momentos en que éstos votaban pedir al Presidente que desterrara a todos los obispos católicos. Vió a Calles por dos horas y después de su visita hizo públicas unas declaraciones reconociendolo como el jefe de México, luego expresó al periódico oficial que le era grato dar sus declaraciones a dicho órgano "porque sabía tan bien interpretar la Revolución en México." Luego ofreció una comida al Gobernador de Puebla el mismo día en que se presentaron iniciativas exaltando a este ilustre varón como el que con más saña había llevado adelante el programa antirreligioso.

¿Es esto locura o es maldad?

Véase lo que sucedió después. Raymond Moley, quien está más cerca del poder que nunca, hizo una visita de dos días a México, y volvió para escribir un artículo para su magazine, "Today", sobre Calles, "El Amo de México". El estuvo dos horas con Calles. Indudablemente fué llamado por Daniels, con la aprobación del Departamento de Estado.

Las declaraciones y los silencios de Mr. Moley son reveladores.

No vió cesantes en México (como quien dijera que no veía embriaguez al - cambiar trenes en la ciudad de Kansas). Descubrió que el peso mexicano está ajustado al dólar americano. Encontró que "se permite una iniciativa privada limitada" (en el comercio), pero no dijo que se limita a los políticos y generales de la plutocracia. Calles le dijo que creía que - "el crédito internacional era algo del pasado" ("el crédito internacional" lo representan los centenares de millones de deudas mexicanas sin pagar. Sírvase tomar nota, señor J. P. Morgan). También dijo que "el sistema monetario está basado sobre una completa libertad del talón oro" (una moneda manejada con ganas). Pero Calles es el amo y eso seguirá (¿deberá?) siendo

¿Es que Mr. Moley es ingenuo o es que está tratando de engañar a sus lectores?

Confiesa que "no tocó el tema de la Iglesia o de la religión con el general Calles". Pero nos pide que creamos que "los años suavizarán la atmósfera anti-clerical (así!) que actualmente prevalece en México, quizá no en el general Calles mismo, sino en los que tomen su lugar"; y que "en el curso de los años.....habrá oportunidades crecientes para el clero para officiar para el pueblo".

Pero, por Dios, ¿qué acaso no ha sabido el hombre de las expulsiones de los sacerdotes, de la destrucción de las iglesias y de la reforma a la Constitución que elimina toda enseñanza religiosa, substituyéndola con la enseñanza "socialista" (atea)? Ni siquiera habrá católicos en la siguiente generación, si esto sigue así.

Esto es más que locura. Nadie puede ser tan estúpido como el señor Moley se permite aparecer.

Ahora bien, he aquí el problema. El Presidente entrante, general Cárdenas, escogido por el mismo Calles, predicó las más rabiosas doctrinas de comunismo y confiscación durante su campaña electoral. Nadie de su propio partido creyó esto, por supuesto, pero hay pruebas crecientes de que sí

lo cree él. Calles ciertamente no lo hace, porque él es el capitalista más grande del país.

Poco después de que el general Cárdenas asuma el poder, el 1º de diciembre, vendrá la descubierta. Será Calles y sus millones o Cárdenas y su comunismo. Los hombres de bien no se tomen en consideración cuando hay pleito entre los ladrones.

¿Son acaso las indiscreciones de Daniels y los cálculos de Moley los primeros disparos de la próxima lucha, a favor de Calles y sus millones?

Pero Calles es el mayor enemigo de Dios en todo el mundo, después de Stalin.

¿No podemos con razón pedir a nuestro Gobierno que por lo menos obtenga la paz religiosa como el precio de su ayuda a Calles en la lucha que se avecina? ¿O será la religión sacrificada nuevamente por el dinero, con la ayuda y el auxilio de una administración servil?

FRENTE AL CONSULADO DE MEXICO EN NUEVA YORK

2 Los fotógrafos hacían funcionar sus cámaras. En las ventanas de los rasca-cielos, los empleados, curiosos, estiraban los cuellos. Los automóviles, autobuses, tranvías, y camiones disminuían su velocidad y luego hacían un ruido ensordecedor con cláxons y campanas. Los policías sudorosos empujaban, jalaban, maldecían, pitaban y daban órdenes a gritos. Los miles de personas que vaciaban los subways en la calle de segunda importancia comercial en Nueva York, se detenían maravilladas, miraban y se frotaban los ojos. Algo increíble estaba sucediendo. Los católicos estaban haciendo guardia frente al Consulado de México en imponente manifestación de protesta. El Consulado está ubicado en un edificio alto de la Calle 34, en frente de la Estación Pennsylvania. Arriba y abajo del ancho pavimento, desde la Octava hasta la Séptima Aveni -

das, la larga manifestación seguía su camino - 1,000 personas en una severa procesión, sucediéndose unas a otras hasta las 7 de la tarde. Los manifestantes repartían volantes. Cantaban un himno marcial a - Cristo Rey. Llevaban más de 500 letreros: "Que cese la persecución religiosa!" "Que se retire a Daniels!" "No más armas para México!" "Protestamos contra las atrocidades mexicanas!" Y en tanto que la presurosa avenida se ennegrecía de observadores admirados, una delegación de cinco manifestantes entró al edificio para hacer una visita al Cónsul de México. Metiéndose con ellos a la oficina, se les agregaron periodistas de los diarios de la ciudad, corresponsales de las oficinas de la prensa nacional, y hasta un redactor del periódico comunista "Daily Worker". El señor Luis Lupión era un hombre desdichado. ¿Qué cosa? ¿Los católicos en masa haciendo guardias en contra de su gobierno? Y en la Calle 34 de Nueva York, de todos los lugares! - Cautelosamente aceptó la protesta escrita. Con repugnancia convino en enviarsela al Presidente Rodríguez. Gustosamente acompañó a sus visitantes hasta la puerta. Puesta en escena el jueves 15 de noviembre, esta primera manifestación pública de Nueva York fué organizada por - miembros de sociedades católicas y principalmente por estudiantes de quince colegios católicos. Esta es una magnífica idea, y esperamos que será acogida por los estudiantes de otras ciudades americanas. El periódico "Daily News" publicó un encabezado doble en su primera página - y vendió miles de ejemplares extras. El "Mirror" publicó una fotografía y el "American" un artículo de primera plana. Los periódicos "Times" y - "Herald Tribune", menos sensibles a los valores de las noticias, se ocuparon poco del suceso.

3 El problema por resolver en México es uno de derechos humanos.

Esto debería ser bastante para conmover a los católicos, ya que la Iglesia es la defensora de los derechos humanos de todos los hombres: judíos, paganos, infieles, así como cristianos. Es un problema de derechos humanos para nuestros compañeros católicos. Eso debería conmovernos más todavía, movernos a hacer protestas como las que el Padre Toomey describió recientemente, de tiempo o modo optativos. Porque estas violaciones van unidas con el sacrilegio y la guerra contra Dios. Pero los católicos, - por lo menos en este país, no se conmueven fácilmente con los problemas de derechos humanos. Ayudamos al doliente y al afligido cuando los vemos, a nuestra puerta, en la parroquia o en la calle. Pero la injusticia hacia los que no vemos o hacia el extranjero, nos dejan fríos.

¿Será acaso porque somos fríos de corazón? Decididamente no. Porque yo creo que el católico americano es, en general, la persona de corazón más tierno de todo el mundo. Ninguno más generoso, ninguno más dispuesto a la abnegación, cuando está convencido. Pero aquí falta la convicción. ¿Por qué razón? Me acordé de Alfredito, tomé mi Catecismo de Baltimore No. 2 y me pregunté: ¿Cuanto hay en este catecismo, dicho explícitamente, que pueda inspirar la conciencia común y corriente a un sentido de la profunda obligación moral en lo que se refiere a asuntos de justicia? Y aún cuando se enseñaran las anchas aplicaciones de la ley moral, ¿qué tanto se dice de ese nexo sobrenatural que liga a todos los miembros del Cuerpo de Cristo por todo el mundo? Más, si la existencia de esa unidad sobrenatural del género humano no se conoce y se comprende, si los católicos no tienen la conciencia profunda de su unidad en Cristo, las amplias aplicaciones de la ley moral - como las que se implican en asuntos de derechos humanos - pasarán desapercibidas, porque los católicos carecerán de la fuerza arrolladora de la caridad para hacerlas efectivas.

Se citan las palabras del Arzobispo Ruiz, el Delegado Apostó-

lico, de su carta al Presidente Rodríguez de México: "Es un derecho y un deber que se basa en la solidaridad católica que los pueblos se ayuden los unos a los otros en caso de necesidad." ¿Pero qué encuentra Alfredo Pascatelli en el Baltimore No. 1 o No. 2 para hacer mella en su vibrante corazoncito "ese sentido de la solidaridad católica" al cual apelan ahora millones de mexicanos? Implícitamente, sí: Se encuentra en la declaración de que los miembros de la Iglesia están todos en comunión (No. 129); en que el Espíritu Santo "une y santifica a sus miembros por todo el mundo" (No. 135) y en que "Amarás a tu prójimo como a tí mismo" (No. 311). Mas estas son solo ligeras indicaciones de una doctrina de la cual depende la reconstrucción de nuestras órdenes sociales e internacionales. Ni tampoco encuentro ninguna indicación positiva del hecho de que la Santa Eucaristía como sacrificio o como sacramento es la fuente viva de esta solidaridad que es dádiva divina. Quizá espere yo demasiado de un mero libro. Pero los ojos escrutadores de Alfredo me persiguen aún.

El Peregrino.

LOS COBARDES ATEOS DE MEXICO

(TRADUCCION DE "AMERICA", NOVIEMBRE 24, 1934).

Al Editor de "América":- (Página 165).

4

Del otro lado del Río Bravo, en la que fuera un día la bella tierra de México, los esbirros sanguinarios del implacable Calles se esfuerzan, con sistemática crueldad y vil y brutal salvajismo, en hacer entrar a nuestros hermanos católicos a viva fuerza al campo del socialismo pagano marxista.

Nuestra prensa católica americana cada semana repite la conmovedora y doliente historia de nuevos tumultos de los monstruos mexicanos, ora en Hidalgo, ora en Tampico, ora en Sonora y dónde quiera en aquellas tierras de sol y de antiquísimas catedrales.

La prensa seglar ha capitulado aparantemente ante la censura, de suerte que casi nada saben los americanos en generales de la amenaza de una Rusia latina a sus mismas puertas.

¿Qué haremos con ella? ¿Qué hicieron otros grupos religiosos cuando vieron a sus hermanos perseguidos? ¿Por qué habríamos nosotros los americanos, y en particular los católicos, de hacernos a un lado, cruzados de brazos, para ver cobardemente a la humanidad doliente - doliente porque cree en Dios y en su Iglesia?

No es del todo propio mencionar nombres aquí, pero es desalentador que nuestra juventud católica vea a sus compañeros católicos prominentes en la vida pública y que con agrado reciben condecoraciones papales, que a veces son figuras de relieve en los movimientos políticos y humanitarios, esperando a que alguien, quizá un Obispo, los estimule a que tomen una dirección real y efectiva en esta causa de socorro para sus correligionarios oprimidos.

No obstante que cuando el Arzobispo Diaz, cuando estuvo en este país, puso punto final al asunto de una intervención armada y de que el finado Embajador Morrow se esforzó con todo celo por pacificar a los bolshevikis mexicanos, nosotros vemos la necesidad que existe de hacer presión antes de que los cobardes ateos de México hagan mayores calamidades a los hombres, mujeres y niños sin defensa.

Con fecha 29 de septiembre, el "Tablet" de Brooklyn publicó una carta de un subscriptor que respira la indignación que siente por la apatía general de los católicos americanos respecto a México. La carta sugiere cinco proyectos para despertar a nuestros católicos y a todos los que tengan algún interés en la legalidad y en la libertad. Brevemente, estos planes son:

1. Una iniciativa de protesta del Clero americano que se haga circular y firmar por todos los hombres, mujeres y niños católicos del país.
2. El retiro del Embajador y la ruptura de relaciones diplomáticas. Desde el momento en que nuestra patria se fundó sobre el principio de la libertad de cultos y cree en la tolerancia de los credos de todos los hombres, deberíamos pedir lo mismos al extender nuestra mano en relaciones cordiales con las demás naciones.
3. Poner un embargo sobre los embarques de armas a México.
4. Organizar un boicot de productos mexicanos y lanzar una campaña en contra de los viajes de los turistas a México.
5. Pedir a nuestra prensa nacional que diga la verdad respecto a México bajo pena de boicotearla y dejar de anunciarse.

Desperemos, católicos americanos!

S. A. Gillen.

Jersey City, N. J.