

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

VOLUME XXXVII.

LONDON, CANADA, SATURDAY, JUNE 19, 1915

1915

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OUR "BIT"

The immediate duty of the hour—a duty which is emphasized by the unparalleled exigencies of the present European crisis—should be to study economy, not in any narrow spirit, but as men and women who realize more keenly than ever that vast issues hang in the balance awaiting a decision in which we all ought to take part. Those who are called to bear arms in this conflict of true and false ideals hazard their lives as well as their fortunes: all must pay the price in pain and privations which we who stay at home can but faintly realize. Their material needs and those of their dependents must be fully met: no generosity can be too profuse, no self denial too great to compass the objects which they are promoting by their courage and endurance. No word of discouragement should at any time be allowed to pass our lips or to flow from our pens. Every true and generous phrase helps to sustain faint hearts and dreary lives. Let us keep back nothing. Many moons ago The Widow's Mite acquired a value and importance when it was made the vehicle of passionate conviction and ardent affection. There is no place for "the nicely calculated less or more." That our deepest interests are at stake we know, but in such a case it is not well to weigh consequences too closely. Happy are they to whom it is given to renounce all, to follow the high white star of duty wherever it leads, to follow the glory of a resolve that is nourished from unseen sources, for—

"Tis not the grapes of Canaan that repay,
But the high faith that failed not by the way."

BROTHERS ALL

None of us can deny the existence in our country and community of many needless social services. We may not have fostered any distinction so marked as that separating in Germany the swagger-Prussian officer from the despised civilian. Our spirit of personal independence and our national freedom of speech would not tolerate such flaunted disparities. But we have a complicated network of nicely graded snobishness that is all our own, and that often involves a subtle offensiveness, which foreign people cannot readily understand. We allow strongly implied inequalities to exist for which there is no defence, and the war is helping to show the hollowness of the pretensions on which these inequalities are based. The inherent and common dignity of manhood is scattering social subterfuges as a strong sun dispels an unhealthy miasma. We are learning to pay "proper respect" to manhood rather than to supposed positions, rank and riches.

In the British Isles there has always been a strong strain of individual independence, quiet and staunch, which Canada inherits, but we also have a good deal of social assumption from above and a certain amount of servility from below, and it has not diminished in recent years, for we have had no modern Thackeray to lash our snobishness suitably, and no Dickens to show how love, fidelity and possible nobility of spirit form a common groundwork for human character. But the war is showing it to the great damage of all paltry social vanities. First of all the lesson has come to us from the trenches. Everything the country has heard from the line of battle and from the danger-strawed deep hastened the same story. Although there is no organization of mankind that shows a greater respect for grading than the Army or the Navy, whose demand for instant obedience is imperative, though layer after layer of men who have a right to give orders which may mean risk to life, and, though we might think that under such a strain, tension would arise, nothing of the kind has happened. On the contrary we have seen the services welded into one great harmonious whole, and cordial feeling submerging all the official bonds.

If ever the name of "Tommy" was too familiar for full respect, that time has gone, and it is now wholly a name

of affection. It is recognized as by right a gentleman. He is one of ours. It is not the uniform that is acknowledged, it is the man. Now, all this must surely have a great and wide effect in breaking down fictitious barriers, which small and false social ambitions have so often set up. Every one who has ever known the working class has been well aware that right through the whole ranks was a sterling manhood similar throughout in its fixture, brave and true, whether clad in finest broadcloth or toughest tweed, whether expressing itself in rough blunt speech or in the latest affectations of slang, whether smoking twist tobacco or Havana cigar, and that when the call to play the man came the response would be prompt and sure! But everybody did not know this; it was not always present in the social mind. Now there is a new bond of common trust, faith, and understanding.

DOWN TO REALITY

The fact is that war brings men down to the bedrock of primitive wants. The satisfying of hunger, protection from cold and wet, time to sleep and renew physical strength, watchfulness against danger—these were the earliest needs of mankind, and they are the primary needs in war. The human qualities that best served the first man are also the qualities which make the finest soldier—bravery, comradeship, standing by a chum in the hour of danger, the faithful co-operation towards a common end which implies obedience, cheerful endurance in face of difficulty and risk, the sinking of individual feeling in the general honour of the clan or regiment. Such conditions as are met with in war, simple, elementary, strenuous, bring out the fundamental virtues of men far more readily than the conventions of a fastidious society which is pleased to consider itself "advanced." Men may not know the formal rules of the game of life as it is played in times of leisure and safety by those who have little to do that is of real importance, but they understand instinctively the great and pressing demands of fidelity, unity, loyalty and pluck in moments of supreme crisis, when life is in the balance; and the sight of this makes us feel how insignificant are differences of breeding, style, and knowledge of social usage, compared with the similarity of men of all social grades in manly worth. Of course, when the war is over we shall go back to our social conventions and re-erect the old barriers. We shall make little mental distinctions between the officer who came into his position as a sort of birthright and the officer who won his position step by step from the ranks by his prowess.

LEST WE FORGET

We shall think more of the want of fine taste and smooth speech and nice habits in those who are in less repute socially than ourselves, and we shall proportionately forget the latent nobilities of character possible to the poorest. But the whole lesson of the war, so far as social appreciation is concerned, cannot be lost. All sane and sensible souls will remember gratefully how the war displayed the abounding virtues of the multitude of men and women, brought nations together one in aim, one in mutual understanding, one in sacrifice—a brotherhood that had ceased to cast glances askance at any of its sections, that had discarded its distrust, and was welded by a warm glow of feeling into a unity which recognized no social disparities.

THE SIMPLIFIER

Superficially the war in Europe is a great simplifier of life. It abruptly releases millions of men from all responsibility and all doubt. For them there are no longer perplexing choices among several possible lines of conduct. They do not have to worry about the effect—to-morrow or next week or next year—of what they do to-day. Only one line of conduct is open to them, and that is of the simplest possible pattern. They are to do what ever the commanding officer tells them to do. Implicit obedience to persons with certain insignia on their coat-sleeves comprises for them the whole prob-

lem of existence. They are reduced to one dimension. They can act only in one way, and that way is chosen for them. To many of them, no doubt, this condition is welcome enough. Struggling with one's environment is a harassing occupation. The ruthless decrees to struggle, and struggle intelligently or succumb, is exactly what makes life so difficult. It seems easier to give it all up and just take orders from the first person who wears a shoulder strap, or from the first lazy or vicious prompting in our own minds; in other words, to be just so many automatons, giving up self-direction, shunting off responsibility and taking the first order that comes along.

DIE OF STARVATION IN STREETS OF MEXICO

CONDITIONS IN THE REPUBLIC RIVAL THOSE IN STRICKEN BELGIUM

It is to end such conditions as are described below that President Wilson this week sent warning to the rival leaders of Mexico to settle their differences or be prepared to have them settled by the United States.—London Free Press.

Mexico City, May 28.—(Via Vera Cruz)—All the horrors that have gone before in Mexico City since the revolution began are heavenly in comparison with the unprecedented famine that has now befallen this cut-off-from-the-world capital.

While the revolutionists of the wretched country are roaming up and down the railroad lines, sacking, ravaging and destroying with the ferocity of locusts, Mexico City, severed from the still remaining areas of production as completely as from the ports, is literally and rapidly starving to death.

RIVALS BELGIUM

The scarcity of food supplies of the first necessity, which began itself to be felt keenly in the early days of the unforgettable second Carranzista regime, has now reached a stage of famine unequalled elsewhere in the world, except possibly in Belgium, and certainly nothing in Belgium can be worse than the suffering and starvation in Mexico City.

MEXICO CITY

The population of the capital is approximately 500,000. If all the cereals in the cellars of the Spanish commission merchants were commandeered to-morrow by President Carranza for the relief of the hungry men, women and children of the poor and middle classes, it is doubtful if each family would receive enough rations to last them seventy-two hours. The reason is that the food supplies within the city have been practically exhausted and the so-called armies, which possess all the lines of communication to the states of Michoacan, Queretaro and Vera Cruz are confiscating all the incoming corn, frijol and other foodstuffs for their own precious stomachs.

BEGGARS EVERYWHERE

Under foot everywhere in the streets of the capital are the most insistent beggars in the world. Since the food situation became acute their number has increased a hundredfold. They infest the central thoroughfares; every doorway is littered with them. In front of the restaurants and clubs they cluster like flies and fairly swarm around the well-dressed patron, importuning him with their pitiful appeals until he scatters his cartons among them.

The majority of the beggars in the streets of Mexico these days are little mothers, so shriveled with hunger that their skins come to look like cracked leather. Their clothes are ragged. Money, food, anything that they clutch for as ravenously as the street dog does a thrown bone. Here they have literally taken the place of the street dogs, for they long since ate them.

Then there are the cripples, which the revolution triumphant has produced so numerously in every city, town and pueblo in Central, as well as Northern Mexico. They, too, crawl about in shreds of clothing, begging for centavos.

STARVING CHILDREN

And in every street in the central part of Mexico City roam packs of half-naked, incredibly filthy children, who are forever darting in and out of the throngs, crying to the skies for something to eat.

When the starving peons are no longer able to shuffle about the streets, plucking you by the sleeve, entreating you to give them alms, they crawl into the doorways—half a dozen huddled together like dogs—and in the morning the city carts come along and, just as rubbish is collected in an American city, the bodies are picked up and carried away.

Twice this week the starving women of the city have swarmed into the Chamber of Deputies, where the delegates to the so-called soberana convention (the sovereign

convention) were exciting themselves into frenzy over petty phrases for embroidering a new constitution and receiving from the depleted treasury 50 pesos a day for their extraordinary volubility.

PLEAD FOR CORN

In the middle of his peroration on the complete reconstruction of human society yesterday afternoon the most eloquent talker in Mexico, Antonio Gama, the representative of General Zapata, was stopped by an inrush of nearly a thousand famished women, who had failed to get any corn at the improvised distributing station in nearby Calle Tacuba. Even Gama and his fellow thespians were given a few real sensations by the tragically monotonous moan of the famished women "Corn! Corn! Corn!" in the name of the Virgin Mary, help us!

Finally the soldiers cleared the elegant building of the intruders and the delegates resumed their opera bouffe. And the women with the protruding cheekbones and the empty baskets hung about the front of the Chamber until, with shots in the air, the soldiers scattered them in headlong flight.

CATHOLIC CHAPLAIN KILLED

Father Finn, a priest of Irish parentage stationed on the Yorkshire missions until last November, when he was accepted as a navy chaplain, is the first British chaplain to give his life while performing his duty in the present war. He proceeded with a large Catholic contingent to the Dardanelles and was killed during the recent heavy fighting.

Cardinal Bourne has issued an appeal to the other members of the Hierarchy for priest volunteers for naval and military chaplaincies. From the Westminster Archdiocese alone one hundred and forty-five priests have already gone out to the front, and though there are many other priests on the mission who have volunteered the Cardinal is anxious not to cripple the Church at home by removing too many priests, without hope of speedily replacing them.

He therefore appeals not only to all the dioceses to give priests, but especially to the members of religious orders. In answer to recent questions in Parliament regarding the supply of the needs of Catholic soldiers it was stated that the War Office was ready to send one Catholic chaplain with every unit in which Catholics predominated. The Cardinal states many more priests will shortly be needed.—Church Progress.

A BEAUTIFUL TRIBUTE

What non-Catholics owe to the Catholic Church was the subject of a recent sermon by the Rev. A. M. Courtney, Methodist minister, of Chillicothe, O. If there were more men with the honesty and candor of the Rev. Courtney bigotry would be ashamed to show its face.

"The Protestant Church," said the reverend speaker, "owes all that is best in it to the Catholic Church."

"If I could destroy the Catholic Church to-morrow as easily as I could turn my hand I should not do so, for it has a great mission to perform and it performs it as the Protestant Church could not do. It finds a place for every person, be he the religious enthusiast, the worker for mercy, the distributor of charity or the recluse. It places these persons where they may do the most good. Its writers and theologians, Thomas Aquinas, for instance, are a font of inspiration to all Christianity."

"Patriotism owes much to the Catholic devotional literature. I admire, also, the firmness of the Catholic Church in asserting her authority. We ought to thank God that in many regions the Church can hold masses for men, whose sudden release from this bondage would threaten society. I honor the Catholic Church for its enforcement of the marriage vow and staunch opposition to divorce. Lax divorce laws are the nation's curse."

"It has only been a few years since the Methodist Church began building hospitals. The Catholic Church built houses of mercy at the beginning of its foundation, and its devoted and faithful Sisters are the admiration of the world."

"The Catholic Church will never disintegrate. Dynasty after dynasty has fallen into dust, and the lines of the Popes go on. And it will continue to flourish; and in the ages to come should Macaulay's New Zealander stand on London bridge and view the ruins before him, he would still find the Catholic Church."

"The conflict against evil in the future should be under authority, under organization, under competent direction, and the tendency is that way. There is a spirit of unification abroad; it is incipient, but it is there. We ourselves as Protestants owe our best church music to the Catholic Church. The fact is that of the six hymns sung at the service Sunday evening all but two were written by Catholic writers."—Intermountain Catholic.

MONTH OF THE SACRED HEART

This beautiful month of June is set apart in a special manner in honor of the Sacred Heart of Jesus. No human heart can comprehend the love that filled the Heart Divine. "Sweet heart of Jesus be my love" is a common Catholic expression. The person who does love that Sacred Heart all burning, who tries to live as our Blessed Lord would have him live, must have almost reached the perfect life.

During this charming month of June, when all nature smiles, when trees and shrubs are dressed in gala attire, when Mother Earth is clothed in her garb of green, when blooms send forth their sweet perfume, we look from Nature up to Nature's God and we see in the great beyond the Sacred Heart of our Divine Master. We see Him with outstretched hands telling us to "come." We see at His right hand the Blessed Mother, our heavenly intercessor, pleading that we may not forget our duties, our obligations. We see, too, saints and angels beckoning us on to the home not made with hands. Ah, we can more! Those of us who have lost, for a little while, the dear ones who were loaned to us by an all-wise Father, can see them. We see the sweet face of the babe and other members of the family, innocent and free. At the time these were taken from us the blow seemed harder than we could bear; but time, that mighty healer, has shown us the wisdom of it all, and we thank God that He has done what He has.

Oh, Sacred Heart of our Divine Lord, do Thou keep us in the path that leads to life everlasting; do Thou be ever near to us in the struggle that is necessarily ours; help us always to live so that when it comes our turn to die we may be taken into Thy sweet embrace, there to be with the hosts of the saved forever.—Buffalo Union and Times.

PRIEST SURVIVOR

RELATES THE STORY OF THE LOSS OF PRIEST COMPANION

One of the assistants at the Requiem High Mass for those at Queens-town who died on the Lusitania was the Rev. Charles Cowley Clarke, of the diocese of Clifton, near Bristol, England. Father Clarke was a passenger on the vessel, and the last person known to have seen Father Basil W. Maturin before his death.

"Father Maturin and I," said Father Clarke, "were lunching a few minutes before the ship was torpedoed. Nobody afterward could have the smallest hope of finding any particular person. When he left the dining saloon he went his way and I went mine. He was lost and I was rescued. By chance I happened to find myself on the promenade deck as the liner listed to starboard. I had fallen on the slippery deck, which was then at an angle of 45 degrees, and entered one of the boats with a crowd of firemen and third-class passengers. I never saw Father Maturin again."—Church Progress.

THE MEASURE OF TRUE GREATNESS

At the great field Mass held in the Philadelphia Navy Yard, Rev. Dr. Corrigan said:

"The measure of a people's greatness is not to be found in mere united forces, but in the oneness of their vision and in the power of their inspiration to maintain their united efforts on the high plane of a God-given destiny. We Catholics are deeply convinced of this high mission of this land we love. We believe that the principles of our religious faith are the very principles upon which this nation must be strongly founded if she is to accomplish her splendid task for the human race. Such a destiny makes it absolutely necessary that in times of world-wide crisis this nation stand ever on the high plane of justice sanctified by charity. In the hours that try men and search the heart of a people making manifest the basic motives underlying national life we expect America to be found ever inspired by the lofty ideals that called her into being as an independent people."

"Such a nation to be found true to this high and noble standard must place the basis of its public opinion in the right conscience of its individual citizens. Its opinions must be the expression of its deliberate choice of what is just and true and honorable, both in its domestic activity and in its dealings with the other nations of the earth. Such right public opinion must never, therefore, be the result of a deceptive or at least an irresponsible propaganda of any part of the public press. Men must set their faces sternly against allowing their thinking to be done for them by any group of men representing no matter what theory or party. In matters of serious citizenship our personal liberty, so gravely won for us by those whose memory we keep to day, becomes of most doubtful value unless it is God-fearingly dedicated to the responsible

seeking of our conscientious duty before God and man. Such a standard, at once the crying need of our country and the sacred command of our holy faith, is the only one worthy of this great Republic. Faithful to it, what power for good, what influence for right and justice will this, our country, be throughout the world! And the world does look to us for just such a triumphant standard."—Catholic Columbian.

RELIGIOUS BIGOTRY

The so-called Guardians of Liberty are made up of two classes, the bigots and their dupes. There are many men among them of fair minds and honest hearts who have been deceived by the bigots and who will come out all right as soon as they begin to see how mean and un-American it is to persecute men for religion's sake in this late day of toleration and fair play.

As for the other class, the bigots, as Christ said of the poor, we have them always with us. They have existed in all ages, countries and religions. Bigotry is only religion gone to seed. "Bigotry," said The Chicago Herald a few years ago, "has no eyes, ears, brain nor heart, but is a mouth." It has no eyes to see, no ears to listen to the virtues of others, no brain to understand, nor heart to feel for their rights. It is all mouth and its mouth is seldom quiet. Bigots are like boils, they will break out sometimes. They say that boils do good. Perhaps bigots do also, but it is hard for one who suffers from either to appreciate it.

But as boils are said to cleanse the blood, as storms purify the air, so let us hope that this spasmodic uprising of narrow-minded cranks may teach the men and women of the United States how harmful such movements are to the peace and prosperity of our country. We Catholics walk the streets of our country openly. The searchlight of public criticism can be turned upon us at any hour of the day. After more than a century of undivided loyalty to country are the Catholics of this country to be attacked by midnight assassins? If there is any one willing to believe the stuff these nameless nobodies say of us, he is welcome to do so.

At the same time all good citizens cannot but deplore a movement which is calculated to do immense harm in stirring up religious rancor in our country and setting friend against friend, neighbor against neighbor, who should be working shoulder to shoulder for the welfare and prosperity of our common country.—Truth.

HALL-CAINE'S SHOW UP

A "best seller" of yesterday is not soon forgotten. Long after such a book has been supplanted by others, more startling and daring, its title is easily recalled as one recalls the face of a friend or acquaintance. It is probably for this reason that "best sellers" are frequently put on the film.

Now, several of Hall Caine's novels became "best sellers" in their day, nobody knows why. His plots, as a rule, are not artistic. His moral teaching is seldom beyond reproach. His carelessness with regard to details of history and geography is proverbial.

Hall Caine's shortcomings and absurdities appear most glaringly in such of his productions as have appeared upon the screens. There we arrive at a truer valuation of him than we could ever get by merely reading his novels.

Only recently his "Eternal City" was filmed at a great cost. Pictorially, it is a triumph, many of the views having been taken in Rome.

But to Catholics it is an impious travesty of everything they hold sacred. The head of Christendom is portrayed as the leading actor in a bold conspiracy, brazenly conniving at a felony. Later on, he pardons the murderer of the story, although he has shown no signs of repentance. Only a little less glaring is his utter disregard for the rigid conventions of the Vatican. Although all the world knows the formalities attending a visit to the Vatican, he shows us every one walking in and out at will. On one occasion it is even turned into a hospital. The wicked baron's mistress fights her way directly to the Pope's private apartments in order to be shriven by him. Utterly regardless of the fact that the Pope is a prisoner in his own palace, Hall Caine pictures him to us as walking around the city like any private individual. This film is ridiculous in so far as it portrays utterly impossible conditions. Besides this, it is an insult to Catholics and an unwarranted wounding of their sensibilities.—The Rosary Magazine.

Next to the consolation which Catholics find at the foot of the altar, and to the joys of the family circle, I know of no greater pleasure than that of conversing with intelligent and good-hearted young people.—Ozanam.

CATHOLIC NOTES

On a recent Sunday Bishop Shahan of the Catholic University confirmed sixty converts from Protestantism in St. Patrick's church, Washington, D. C.

In Tian tsin, there is an Order of native Chinese Sisters, known as the Sisters of St. Joseph. This Order was founded by Bishop Dolaplace, and at present numbers seven houses in the five vicariates of North China.

At Beda College, Rome, the other day, fourteen former Anglican clergymen were ordained to the priesthood. One of the number, Father John Cyril Hawes, destined for Australia, was received into the Church at Graymoor, N. Y., by Father Paul, S. A.

Press despatches from Rome recently state that Pope Benedict confirmed the appointment of Right Rev. Edward J. Hanna as Archbishop of San Francisco. The Consistorial Congregation recommended the appointment of Dr. Hanna.

The Angelus has begun to ring again in the quaint Essex town of Dunmow, after a lapse of centuries. A powerful "bell bar" has been hung in the Church of Our Lady of Dunmow, and the Angelus was re-inaugurated on the Feast of the Annunciation—the true Angelus Day—with modest ceremony.

The name of King Charles I. has been added to the list of Church of England saints, by the Lower House of the Convocation of Canterbury. But before the new "saint" is placed in the Anglican prayer-book he must be sanctioned by Parliament. "Is that likely?" queries the London Tablet.

"The number of priests giving their whole time to the Forces is nearly 3 per cent. of the clergy, regular as well as secular, of Great Britain," says the London Tablet, and yet still more are needed. Cardinal Bourne has appealed to the Bishops to send the names of priests fitted for the work, who can be spared.

Plans are now under way to erect in Washington a magnificent modern structure for the needs of the Knights of Columbus of the district of Columbia, and worthy of the capital of the nation. The order was established in Washington eighteen years ago, with a membership of forty-five; to day it embraces five councils, with a membership of 2,062.

Baron Johan Liljencrants of the Swedish nobility, was ordained in the Cathedral of Baltimore on May 29. He had recently finished his studies at the Catholic University of America, where he received the degree of Bachelor of Sacred Theology. He sang his first Solemn High Mass in St. Vincent's Orphan Asylum, Washington, D. C., on May 31.

Authoritative figures relative to the number of Jesuits in the French Army give it as 552. Of these 285 are priests, 247 scholastics, and 70 lay brothers. Of the priests 83 are chaplains. Of the entire number 317 bear arms, 188 are in hospital work, 38 were killed. The Cross of the Legion of Honor has been given to 5, 4 won the Military Medal, and 22 received honorable mention in Order of the Day.

Calling attention to the fact that when Lieutenant Gladstone fell, the man next to him was Second Lieutenant Harold Francis Lynch (Stonyhurst) the London Tablet says: "This last association, accidental and slight as it is, between the grandson of Gladstone and an Irishman, nearest of all to him when he drew his last breath, has a historic appropriateness of its own."

Rev. Timothy Dempsey of St. Patrick's Church, St. Louis, Mo., is still adding to the various charitable institutions which he is conducting in the district around his church. His latest enterprise is the establishment of an eye, ear, nose and throat clinic at his Day Nursery, No. 1209 North Sixth street. The clinic is open on Saturdays and Mondays from 3 to 5 p. m. There is also a baby clinic, with a pure milk station, which is open on Wednesdays from 2 to 5 p. m.

Second Lieutenant Hugh Bernard Neely, who was killed near Ypres, April 25, was a member of a convert family, and had been received into the Church in 1913. He was a devout Catholic, and only a week before his death, he wrote to a friend: "Sing high, sing low! I was able on Sunday to get to Mass and Holy Communion at a church just behind our lines. That was good—and what would have done your heart good to see was the great church packed with British 'Tommys' . . . I am very well, quite fit, and happy."

Frederick W. Wemmerberg of Boston College won the first prize of \$100 in the ninth national contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association held at Mohonk Lake, N. Y., on May 20. There were six contestants, representing every part of the country and chosen by three elimination contests, the six being adjudged the best of about four hundred representatives of twenty-four States. The award was made after a speaking contest before the members of the conference on international arbitration.