

The Catholic Record.

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

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"JINGO PEDANTRY"

DR. CODY'S "WILD WEST SHOW OF PSEUDO-HISTORY"

HISTORY REPEATS HERSELF

When fanaticism sets its fangs in history and poetry as well as politics it is time to call a halt. One of Canada's ex-Ministers of Education, Dr. Cody, has discovered a pernicious influence in her educational system—the admission to its school-books of Longfellow's epic "Evangeline." This revered Sangrado denounces the poem as demoralizing for the rising generation of Canadians and an outrageous distortion of the historical facts. He declares he knows no poem with a more subtle influence to create a wrong yet indelible impression of British justice, chivalry, and administration. He mentions the expulsion of the Acadians from Canadian school-books, and as he has just been appointed chairman of the Board of Governors of Toronto University there is a chance that he may get his way. He has collected around him a number of experts who join in the hue and cry, and rail against the poem from their several standpoints. One of them condemns it with some show of justice, its "tedious hexameters," another, greatly negative, cannot regard it as "very good literature." So the mischief is loose, and "Evangeline" must be hunted out of Canada again, as her people were hunted out a century and a half ago. This, presumably, in order that the scriptures may be fulfilled which say that history repeats herself. But history could hardly reproduce the past as closely as the Rev. Dr. Cody reproduces the type of official who made Acadia the Canadian Glencoe.

SENSE OF HUMOR MAY SAVE US

Niceties of metre and the suitability of the hexameter for narrative purposes come under the correspondence of things of literary supplements. But when it comes to the "scrapping" of literature and the emasculation of history for the gratification of jingo pedantry some form of protest should be raised and the question examined in a better spirit. A couple of years ago Professor Secombe, who was lecturing on this kind of subject in a Canadian university, would have set matters right; but alas! he is dead, and now we must depend upon Professor Leacock. He has a strong Imperialist strain himself, or used to have, but he does not allow it to disturb his sense of proportion or his fairness of mind. If he did he would not be the first-class humorist he is. And when he writes his second volume of "College Days" he may be moved to deal with some of these dullards who strive so hard to make Canada ridiculous. One of these, years ago, resented Kipling's tribute to the Dominion in his poem "Our Lady of the Snows." It was held to be a slight upon her temperance and an obstacle to her campaign for promoting immigration. The poet, in giving her the touching attributes, had taken the notion from one of the most venerable of her shrines; that is all. He declined the proposition that he should submit his Canadian poems in future to the censorship of the High Commissioner's staff in London (Traffic and Immigration Department), and in his published work "Our Lady of the Snows" remains. So, if Canada is wise, will "Evangeline" remain where she is, serene and undisturbed, in spite of the intensive Cody and his Wild West show of pseudo-history.

HUMANITY NOT CONTROVERSY

Let us see what his case amounts to. When "Evangeline" appeared in 1847 it was hailed on both sides of the Atlantic as an idyl worthy of the high-souled man who wrote it. It was praised for its picturesque charm and tenderness, and a freedom from the rancour that had too often spoiled Anglo-American writings. From that high position it has never been dislodged. It was frankly sentimental, but no more so than Gray's "Elegy," which remains, on the whole, the most popular of English monodies. Longfellow certainly never handled the English soldiery half as sharply as he and Lowell and Whittier handled their own countrymen, the planters of the Southern States. Nor is it possible to interpret "Evangeline" as an indictment of a race or period. Its substance is not controversy, but humanity; and if Toronto fails to appreciate this fact, it deserves to be pilloried as Samuel Butler pilloried its neighbor, when he wrote that despairing ode, "Oh God! Oh Montreal!"

AS AN HISTORIAN

Even on the score of history Longfellow is not to be underrated. He went, like the diligent scholar he was, to the best available sources—Halliburton and the rest. He knew full well that transplantations, remote in time and place, like that of Acadia, are hard to trace in the way of detail, because they destroy the evidence with the victims. But in his case the sources were sound.

Halliburton was not merely a pioneer in Western humor; he was a chief justice, native to the place, and a staunch Canadian loyalist. His "Historical and Statistical Account of Nova Scotia," issued at Halifax in 1829, gives the numbers of the dispossessed population and the buildings burned, including a church, and he leaves these figures of Acadia's desolation to speak for themselves. Parkman, whose birth-centenary we have just been celebrating, was a Boston Puritan and a freethinker. Goldwin Smith compared him to Tacitus. Mr. Gooch, the historian of modern historians, praises him for his accuracy, his passion for action, and his thoroughness in research. He took inconceivable pains to obtain his facts, and no man could have been fairer to the English case. He endorses what Halliburton said.

CANADIANS OF EVERY KIND—EXCEPT . . .

Canadians of every kind today take a pride in preserving the few memories which survived that "storm of blood and fire"—the village well at Grand Pre, the site of the Church (replaced by one of a younger faith), and the general conformation of the village. The name "Big Meadow" is one of typical simplicity, and shows this quiet hamlet was a fair specimen of many. Winter, which means a fifth of the year with us, is the longest of the seasons in this maritime province, and those French pioneers must have been what they are described—a temperate, hardy, frugal race. The few descendants who emerged have built up a worthy stock elsewhere, and we can say no more for the loyalists who entered gratis into their possessions.

Today in Grand Pre, surrounded by a terraced garden so ordered as to yield a succession of flowers throughout the summer months, there stands a monument to "Evangeline." Longfellow's mythical heroine could never thus have come to life, like a second Galathea, if she had not had truth and justice for her heritage. The statue is the work of a French artist, given and erected by English hands; and those of us who were present when Lady Burnham unveiled it three years ago saw in it a monument not merely to French womanhood but to English manliness—the manliness that can confess a fault. The best monument to Wolfe is the one that includes the silent Montreal. The English, said Cardinal Newman, are "as generous as they are hasty and burly; and their repentance for their injustice is greater than their spirit." Why should this wreath of laurels be smirched by the white-wash of pedantry?—J. P. C. in The Manchester Guardian.

ISSUES PASTORAL ON SACRED ART

CARDINAL DUBOIS URGES IDEALS OF CHURCH

His Eminence, Cardinal Dubois, Archbishop of Paris, recently directed a Pastoral Letter to the faithful of his diocese which, says the Osservatore Romano, is a document of priestly zeal and of love for art. This letter which has found a strong echo in the press draws attention to a subject of great moment to Catholics, namely, the embellishment and decoration of sacred temples. Such embellishment and decoration, says His Eminence, should prove worthy of the House of God.

Churches, says the Cardinal, ought to be beautiful, and he observed with sorrow that in figurative and ornamental art and in sacred music, there is in many instances evidence of "bad taste" displayed. This taste shows a too great indulgence for the anti-liturgical.

SACRED TRADITIONS

His Eminence reverted to the fact that many of the French churches are at the present time impoverished after the War. But traditions cannot be broken, and the faithful should permit nothing in the sacred temples which is not strictly religious and worthy of a position therein.

To remedy this condition, therefore, the cardinal has instituted for the churches of his Archdiocese a Liturgical Commission of art and music, with ample powers. "It is not enough," he says, "that the pomp of ornaments and ceremonial does not disturb recollection; it should likewise respect good taste." All this counsel bears reference to the construction and ornamentation of churches and chapels, which from henceforth will be under the jurisdiction of the newly-appointed Commission. Art must be reconciled with the sacred ideals of the Church before it becomes worthy to be allied with her.

His Eminence also adverts to the fact that today most beautiful sacred objects are constructed of wood, while objects made of gold and silver sometimes show execrable taste. All should be subdued to the austere, chaste and artistic ideal of the church, which is at all times the sovereign guardian of true art.

I. ZANGWILL, ALARMIST

Mr. Israel Zangwill is an eminent Jewish playwright, author and philosopher. His work is read and appreciated far beyond the confines of his country alone, all of whose adherents base their claims on the grace of the Holy Spirit communicated to them, is ample warrant. As has been observed by Father Parsons, discussing in these pages the New York controversy, the split in modern Protestantism is inevitable. "By what authority?" is the insistent question. Certainly Our Lord gives no commission to the preachers of these hundreds of mutually exclusive doctrines. On the contrary, He bade His followers look to and obey an external, visible, authority which would guide them, rule them and teach them. Hardly any truth is set forth more clearly in the New Testament. Nor was this authority to last only during the life-time of the Apostles; it is an authority to which Our Blessed Lord promised His abiding presence. Assuredly, it is not an authority locked up in a man's own heart; nor an authority which permits him to be the sole arbiter of what he will and will not accept; nor an authority which can lead to a thousand discordant creeds, all of which cannot possibly be true, but all of which may be absolutely wrong.

The eminent author is now in Canada, and is giving us in turn the benefit of his views concerning unworthy selves. It is a good thing to hear the truth at all times, but especially beneficial when you hear the truth about yourself, spoken in words of inevitable pungency and militant picturesqueness. Mr. Zangwill has the gift of language, and he is not slow to employ it. In Toronto he has been active on this ground, and Montreal is the specific object of his polite attention. This is as it should be. We do not expect any public speaker to criticize us to our faces. But he can do it when talking to a Toronto audience, and we enjoy it. Perhaps radio has something to do with this. Distance has taken on added enchantment since the bodiless voice came into our homes.

But we regret to have to say that there is just one little fly spoiling the balm of Mr. Zangwill's irritating but healing ointment. He has got hold of the wrong city. He says there has been a distinct cry in Montreal to the Catholics to rise up and destroy the Jews. He must have been hearing strange voices in the silence of that solemn Toronto sleep-time, which seized the imagination and thrills the being of so many casual visitors to the Queen City over week-ends. For the cry he has heard never originated in Montreal. Our Jewish citizens are flourishing, happy, contented, and on the most excellent terms with the rest of us, as well they may be, for they enjoy to the fullest extent every privilege every other denomination, race, sect, creed and nationality enjoys.—Montreal Star.

DR. VAN DYKE AND THE MODERNISTS

The religious controversies which bid fair to disintegrate some of the Episcopal groups in New York have spread to the Presbyterians in New Jersey. On January 13, Dr. Henry van Dyke, formerly of Princeton, sternly rebuked the General Assembly which last May reaffirmed the "Five Points" and the "Essential Doctrine."

The Catholic critic, while regretting that the so-called "Modernists" have found another and a popular mouthpiece, will recognize that Dr. van Dyke has done nothing for which his Presbyterian brethren can, with any show of logic, disown or even admonish him. He has merely acted in accord with his right as a Protestant to follow his own lights. His brethren cannot assume that he is cross-grained, possessed of a spirit of discord, unwilling to see the truth, or devoid of that prayerful temperament in which the Scriptures should be consulted. Should they thus indict him, which is not probable, he would be quite justified in asking of what spirit his critics were. "The supreme authority by which all questions of religion are to be determined," announced Dr. van Dyke, after assuring his congregation that they need not concern themselves about the action of the General Assembly, "can be no other than the Holy Spirit, speaking to our hearts in the Holy Scriptures." And with this sturdy Protestant principle, Dr. van Dyke is willing to stand or to fall.

Precisely at this point a grave problem arises for the principle enunciated by Dr. van Dyke is also the principle held, at least in theory, by his critical Protestant brethren. Prayerfully reading the Scriptures, Dr. van Dyke arrives at one set of theories concerning the Virgin Birth, the Inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the Resurrection of Our Lord. He had no doubt that the Holy Spirit had spoken to his heart. Prayerfully reading the same Scriptures, his opponents arrive at their conclusions touching the Resurrection of Our Lord, the inerrancy of the Scriptures, and the Virgin Birth. Nor have they any doubt that the Holy Spirit has likewise spoken to their hearts. But one set of conclusions emphatically denies the truth of the other set. Has the Holy Spirit borne witness to a lie? Or has He spoken to neither? Who shall decide?

Once men appeal to a standard visible to themselves but hidden from all others, a standard to which they alone can bear witness,

"proof" may be had for any purpose. Of this fact the three hundred and more discordant sects in this country alone, all of whose adherents base their claims on the grace of the Holy Spirit communicated to them, is ample warrant. As has been observed by Father Parsons, discussing in these pages the New York controversy, the split in modern Protestantism is inevitable. "By what authority?" is the insistent question. Certainly Our Lord gives no commission to the preachers of these hundreds of mutually exclusive doctrines. On the contrary, He bade His followers look to and obey an external, visible, authority which would guide them, rule them and teach them. Hardly any truth is set forth more clearly in the New Testament. Nor was this authority to last only during the life-time of the Apostles; it is an authority to which Our Blessed Lord promised His abiding presence. Assuredly, it is not an authority locked up in a man's own heart; nor an authority which permits him to be the sole arbiter of what he will and will not accept; nor an authority which can lead to a thousand discordant creeds, all of which cannot possibly be true, but all of which may be absolutely wrong.

The boasted Protestant right of private judgment leads straight to the ditch of rationalism. The critic who rejects the Resurrection of Our Lord, and the teaching office of the Church founded by Jesus Christ, can entertain no lasting difficulty in rejecting any part of the Faith committed to the Saints, even the existence of God and the Divinity of Jesus Christ, when the inner voice which he deems "the voice of the Holy Spirit," but of which he alone is conscious, bids him reject. For the truth is that the man who consults his own heart alone, consults his own will, and not the Will of God.—America.

CARDINAL'S APPEAL FOR PEACE

URGES ABANDONMENT OF HUNGER STRIKE UPON IRISH PRISONERS

Dublin.—Two days after Cardinal Logue had published his appeal for peace one of the prisoners on hunger-strike died in Newbridge. Colonel Kildare, Denis Barry, a man of thirty-eight years of age, had gone five weeks without food. He died on the 8th day of hunger-strike. He was a native of Cork. He had been in custody thirteen months. He was never put on trial. Mr. Barry was by occupation a commercial traveler. He was a well-known athlete. He joined the volunteers at the inception of the movement. During the Black-and-Tan regime he acted as a police officer in the south of Ireland. Under the British Government he spent twelve months in prison.

The jury at the coroner's inquest found that death was due to inanition caused by refusal to take food. The coroner gave the relatives an order for the removal of the body. The funeral was refused to hand over the body to the relatives. The Labor Members raised the question of the refusal in the Dail. Mr. Murphy said that the intention to retain the body and to bury it in the prison seemed to him to make out that the deceased, an untried prisoner, was to be treated as an ordinary murderer on whom the sentence of the law had been carried out. General Mulcahy, replying on behalf of the Government, stated it had been decided that in the case of men on hunger-strike, if any of them should die, their bodies would not be handed over to their friends "at this particular stage." The remains would get proper and reverent burial within the prison premises.

CARDINAL URGES PEACE

Cardinal Logue urged that everything possible should be done to secure perfect peace in the land. He says he sympathizes sincerely with those interned in prisons or concentration camps. A considerable number persisted in hunger-strikes to force release. This was his chief anxiety, owing to danger to the health or life and even to the souls of those concerned. He appeals in the first case to those engaged in hunger-strikes. The Cardinal says:

"To abandon this dangerous and unlawful expedient and to seek in future some more lawful means of enforcing their liberation from what they consider an unfair or harsh imprisonment."

In the next place he earnestly appeals to the Free State Government not to do things by halves, but to liberate without delay all untried and unconvicted prisoners. He says: "I think that the best policy of the Free State Government would be to clear the prison and camps of all inmates, except those convicted of crimes, or liable to be tried for crime, without paying much heed to useless undertakings."

ADVICE WILL BRING PEACE

The Cardinal believes that his advice, if acted upon, would bring

peace and that it would enable the country to get into a condition of settled government. He concludes: "The suggestions I have made are mere human suggestions. Some of them may be found foolish suggestions. But there is a wisdom which infinitely transcends all human wisdom, a guidance which can never err, the wisdom and guidance of Almighty God. We should implore the Prince of Peace, through the intercession of His Most Holy Mother, that He may bless our poor country, granting her that peace, tranquility, union and charity, which may make her in the future what she has been in the past, 'an island of Saints.'"

AMAZING ADVENTURES

OF A CELEBRATED CATHOLIC JOURNALIST SIR PHILIP GIBBS

The latest of Sir Philip Gibbs' delightful books, "Adventures in Journalism" (Wm. Heinemann, 15s.) is one of the most interesting volumes I have ever read, writes "Reader" in Manchester Evening News. Perhaps this is because I, too, have known the delights of Fleet Street; but then the book I am sure will charm the layman no less than the journalist. It is a personal history of intense interest, and I cordially commend it.

In it Sir Philip tells us of many incidents in his life as the special correspondent of a great daily paper. He tells how, with amazing courage for a young man, he exposed Cook's bogus voyage to the Pole. He risked his reputation and that of his paper on that occasion, and the story of how he came to do it is a romance in itself. He tells of unusual happenings in the United Kingdom—the Sidney-street affair, events in Ireland, the death of King Edward (of which he was the first journalist to learn) of curious adventures with royalty, and of an astonishing variety of things. There is romance, too, in his travels over Europe and America, his adventures as a war correspondent in the Balkans, and most of all, in his long career as a war correspondent throughout the Great War.

I have tried to count the number of occasions on which he was arrested. It must number half a dozen. He was arrested in Belgrade as an Austrian spy, again at Mustafa Pasha by a Serbian guard, again in France as an unauthorized correspondent in the early days of the War, and Lord Kitchener himself ordered his arrest after reading a long article of his from the Belgian front!

It was Gibbs who, giving the public their clearest insight into events at the front, finally gained the goodwill and confidence of the military men who at first opposed all correspondents and put every obstacle in their way. It was this man who, in the end, the King delighted to honor.

THE FIGHT FOR PUBLICITY

The fight which Gibbs made for publicity was more than personal. It meant honor for him, but it meant for the press, as a whole, a measure of liberty which had been denied it previously, and if the credit is not his alone his share is a very big one. So critical was the position at General Headquarters in France at one time from a war correspondent's point of view that all the correspondents went on strike and refused to write another line until certain obnoxious restrictions were removed. After 24 hours the military authorities capitulated, and the Press Chateau became a happy sphere of work—that is, as happy as the conditions would allow.

Sir Philip tells of some amusing incidents. There was one when King George and Queen Mary were at the opening of the exhibition at the White City, in London. The day was bad, and King George, stepping into a puddle which splashed his uniform, with pardonable irritation uttered the word "damn." "Hush, George," said the Queen, "wait till we get home!" The press were kept back by a rope over which Gibbs stepped unnoticed and joined the Royal Commission in place of a French diplomat whose progress was barred by a mistake on the part of the police. The Royal party were busily engaged in conversation, except Queen Alexandra, who, being deaf, lingered behind to study the showcases. Gibbs also lingered behind and attracted the kindly notice of the Queen-Mother, who made friendly remarks to him about the exhibition. When he returned to his office he found the news editor startled by many photographs of his correspondent walking solemnly beside Queen Alexandra.

THE DUKE OF ARGYLL

One of the many highly placed friends made by Gibbs was the late Duke of Argyll, who as Marquis of Lorne, was at one time a Manchester M.P. "As poor as a church mouse," says Sir Philip, "he was

given house room in Kensington Palace, where I used to take tea with him now and again. I was a neighbor of his, living, at that time, in what I verily believe was the smallest house in London, at Holland-street, Kensington, and it used to amuse me to step out of my doll's house with or without eightpence in my pocket and walk five hundred yards to the palace to take tea with the Duke.

"The poor old gentleman was so bored with himself that I think he would have invited a tramp to tea for the sake of a little conversation but for the austere supervision of Princess Louise, of whom he stood in awe. As an editor I had bought some of his literary productions and had put a number of useful guineas into the old man's pockets, so that he had a high esteem for me as a man with immense power in the press, though as a free lance I had none.

"The acquaintance started some of my brother journalists on the day of King Edward's funeral at Windsor. The Duke was a grand figure in a magnificent uniform with the Order of the Garter, decorations thick upon his breast, and a great plumed hat. After the ceremony he hailed me and walked arm in arm with me along the ramparts. I felt somewhat embarrassed at this distinction, especially as I was in full gaze of my companions of Fleet-street. They saw the humor of the situation when I gave them a friendly wink, but afterwards accused me of unholly 'swank.'"

VARIED ACTIVITIES

Gibbs once interviewed King Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who had a horror of cameras, and rescued an English photographer from the royal wrath by saying that he was merely carrying out the duties of his profession. "Photography is not a profession," said the King, "it is a disease."

Ferdinand was not the only potentate with whom Gibbs came into contact, for he feasted at one time or another with the ex-Kaiser, the Kings of Portugal, Italy, and Spain, several Presidents of the French Republic, and the King and Queen of England. For professional purposes he has been a great motorist and during the four and a half years of War he covered sixty thousand miles. "I have hired motors in England, France, Italy, Portugal, Spain, Germany, Austria, Poland, Russia, Turkey, Asia Minor, and the United States. I have had every sort of accident that may happen to a motorist this side of death. Wheels have come off and gone rolling ahead of me down steep hills. Axles have broken beneath me. I have been dashed into level-crossing gates, I have had my car smashed to bits by a collision with a lorry which laid my right arm out of action for three months." What a life!

THE PENITENT ROMANCER

When Paul Feval announced that he had written his last romance, those sitting in the seats of the scornful dubbed him "the penitent romancer." Yet surely the story of the conversion of this celebrated French novelist is itself a remarkable romance.

For thirty years money had poured in and Paul Feval at sixty still longed for more. He invested his all, but overnight it was swept away.

"What can I do? What would you do in my place?" he asked his wife, the mother of eight children. The answer of his wife, who might have seen only desolation and despair for herself, and her children had she looked through her husband's spectacle, is soul-stirring in its simplicity:

"In your case, dear husband, I should go to confession."

Feval had no intention of doing any such thing when he went to talk over business affairs with a priest. But at that time he knew nothing of the working of grace or of the demands created by the continuous prayers of his life partner. He who had not been to confession since he had made his first Holy Communion fifty years before, left the presbytery unworried by his financial difficulties, repeating to himself:

"I love God, I belong to Him, I will always love Him!"

That love was grounded in penitence and penitence had to be shown in works. The future no longer disturbed him when he thought of the past. He was converted, but his books were not—and there were more than a hundred of these on the market. He set himself the task of revising every one of them, preparing new editions in which he eliminated every objectionable passage.

That done, he turned to writing again; but now he wrote only of God and the Church. His works "Jesusita," and "The Steps of a Conversion" are among the most notable offerings of any lay apologist in modern times.—Liguorian.

CATHOLIC NOTES

Paris.—The Academy of Science has voted an award of 10,000 francs to Abbe Teilhard de Chardin, lecturer at the Catholic Institute of Paris, in recognition of his geographic paleontological explorations in the Mongolian region.

Dublin.—A League of Nations Society of Ireland has been formed. The object of the organization is to provoke an intelligent interest in the principles and work of the League of Nations. Among the members of the Society in Ireland are clergymen, professional men and university professors.

The oldest known bell still in use is in the parish church of St. Mary of Loreto, at Villalago, in the Abruzzi mountains, and bears the inscription "Ave Maria," followed by "Anno Domini 600." Considering that bells were invented, according to Church authorities, by Pope Sabinianus who died in 606, no older bell is recorded.

Paris.—An historical chapel, dedicated to Saint Victor, belonging to the ruined abbey of Montmajor, not far from Avignon, has collapsed. It dated from the twelfth century. Its most remarkable feature was a frieze, dating from that epoch, executed in various colors and ornamented with fish, each one of which carried a blade of grass in its mouth.

Paris, Jan. 14.—Captain du Plessis du Grenadan, commander of the airship Dixmude, was a devout Catholic. In a pocketbook found on the body of the dead commander along with photographs of two children were a little figure of St. Christopher and a prayer to St. Francis de Sales.

A year ago Captain de Granadan walked 600 miles to the Shrine of Lourdes on a pilgrimage of thanksgiving for the recovery of his wife.

London, Jan. 14.—An important gathering of members of religious orders and the secular clergy took place at Oscott College, in the Birmingham Archdiocese, last week, when the fifth Catholic Conference on Higher Studies met. The aim of the conference is to discuss abuse problems of the day, and enable the Catholic clergy to defend the Catholic position in higher departments of knowledge against attacks of so-called scientists and other disturbers of Christian tradition.

Cologne, Jan. 2.—The German Chancellor, Dr. Wilhelm Marx, has addressed letters to Pope Pius XI, and to Mgr. Testa, delegate to the Ruhr District, expressing the thanks of the German Government for the efforts made on behalf of the Vatican to bring about an amelioration of conditions in the occupied area. Dr. Marx attributes the release of 800 prisoners in the Ruhr to the efforts made by the Pope and his representative.

Rome.—The Anti-Blasphemous and Anti-Swearing League is conducting a campaign to erect a monument to the Madonna in one of the public squares of Milan. The Mussolini government has given strong support to the movement against profanity. The Fascisti has got behind the movement, one section sending out the following bulletin: "All Fascisti of this section who offend God or the sacred objects by the constant use of blasphemous phrases will be fined five lire."

Prague.—The sum of 800,000 kornen has been raised by voluntary contributions of Catholics throughout Czechoslovakia to replace the famous statue of the Blessed Virgin which formerly dominated the city from the height of an artistic column on the square of the Old City of Prague. This statue was thrown down five years ago by an anti-clerical mob led by a crowd of fanatical demagogues. It is hoped that the statue may be replaced at an early date.

Paris, Jan. 24.—The death is announced in Jersey of Father Marc Dechevrens, S. J., founder of the Observatory of Zi-Ka-Wet, the most important in the Far East. In 1878 his superiors, impressed by his unusual ability along scientific lines sent him to China with the mission of founding the observatory. Father Dechevrens directed it for fourteen years. It is from Zi-Ka-Wet that the presence of typhoons and the cause of their formation is reported by wireless to coast stations for several hundred miles and to ships at sea, thus obviating many disasters.

Dover, O., Jan. 12.—The Knights of Columbus and a committee of Catholic men and women of this city took effective measures to prevent the public vilification of Mrs. Helen Jackson, the purported "escaped nun." In a three column display advertisement in the Daily Reporter, the K. of C. announced the deposit of \$1,000 in the First National Bank, to be paid to Mrs. Jackson if she produced satisfactory proof that she was ever a professed nun, and her history, as disclosed by Our Sunday Visitor, followed. As a result the officers of the American Legion, in whose hall Mrs. Jackson was scheduled to lecture, cancelled the engagement.