

actions that would destroy all whole- some life. Its protest is aimed against a distorted view of life which, in turn, will teach vicious principles to both old and young, and spell falsehood and hopelessness where in- spiration and the courage of upright- ness are needed. Particular move- ments of protest and betterment are always called forth by particular needs.

What particular condition or situa- tion gave birth to the Catholic Theatre Movement? Not the need or the wish to infuse Catholic prin- ciples into the modern theatre. We have no such aim for it would be utterly beyond our reach.

A particular evil besets the stage today, and against that evil are we determined to fight, and to call to our aid at least all our fellow Catho- lics. That evil may be stated in a word to be the dry rot of sex. Writes in capital letters and like the huge electric signs on Broadway it will show you the entrance through which much of our modern drama gains access to the stage. In every form, suggestive word or act or silence, subtle innuendo, outspoken indecency, flagrant nakedness, the at- mosphere of sex obscures the stage today. There is hardly a play free from it; and by sex we mean not the legitimate appeal or office that this strongest of human instincts has in the drama, but the appeal of lust, of the excitement of the merely animal passion.

Every plea that can be made has been made in its defense. Liberty of thought and speech and action has been invoked until liberty has shut her ears in utter disgust at the hypocrisy of men. Persons of influ- ence and standing in the community have lent the weight of their name in approval to these plays that have neither moral nor dramatic worth.

It cannot be that they see the in- evitable consequences of their toler- ance and cooperation.

Managers apologize by saying they must give the public what the public wants. We believe that the public is sound at heart; the great success of clean plays is the best proof of this, and a further proof is that as a rule the indecent play has not a very long run.

Nevertheless, it is true that the license of indecency is extending wider and wider. The indecent sug- gestion is deliberately introduced into plays that of themselves give no reason for the introduction. It has become almost impossible for a man to take a woman whom he respects to a play in New York—unless he has first become acquainted with the play—without fear of having her womanhood insulted.

We might, of course, mention particular plays and particular places, but we do not wish to give them the advertisement. The Catho- lic Theatre Movement has protested time and again against "shows"— they deserve no better name—that have outraged every sense of public decency. This emphasis, this insis- tence upon sex, this interpretation of life in the single term of the "masculine passion" cannot but work un- speakable harm to the entire social body. It has grown so strong today that it is a challenge to our self respect.

As Foerster, the noted German edu- cator, has insisted, it is not too little but too great a knowledge of sex from which the world suffers.

Sex is a powerful instinct, but it is a means, not an end. To make it the beginning and end of our thoughts and our life is to pervert Nature, to sow in the flesh and of the flesh to reap corruption. Beyond it are the spiritual powers by which man should direct his life, and work un- speakable harm to the entire social body.

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CARDINAL MANNING'S STORY

It was Cardinal Manning who re- lated this incident as having hap- pened to himself:

One night I was returning to my residence in Westminster when I met a poor man carrying a basket and smoking a pipe. I thought over this: He who smokes gets thirsty; he who is thirsty desires drink; he who drinks too much gets drunk; he who gets drunk endangers his soul. This man is in danger of mortal sin. Let me save him. I affectionately addressed him.

"Are you a Catholic?" "I am, thank you to God." "Where are you from?" "From Cork, your reverence." "Are you a member of the Total Abstinence Society?" "No, your reverence." "Now," said I, "that is very wrong. Look at me; I am a member." "Faith, maybe your reverence has need of it."

I shook hands with him and left.— Exchange.

JOHN McCORMACK

RECORD AUDIENCES AND REMUNERATION

IRISH SINGER AN ART COLLECTOR

There are no "lonesome tunes" in Ireland. At least, there are none since John McCormack took the little wild flowers of poetry from the peat bogs where Tom Moore left them. The man from Athlone has gone singing to multitudes around the world. He is the first musician to surpass Caruso as a money getter here in America, the land of free-handed spending for old masters or live prima donnas, or whatever else it likes. Only the other day McCormack faced the greatest throng of his career out in San Francisco's 10,000-capacity municipal auditorium, that paid \$13,258 to hear him.

The famous figure of \$26,000 when Jenny Lind handed at Castle Garden was obtained by auction sale, and the Swedish nightingale's share of \$10,000 went to New York charities. Patiti was dumb without a \$5,000 certified check. McCormack's starting fee is \$3,000, where Caruso's, modestly stated, is "at least \$2,500" in opera and much more outside. Across the continent, as at Shreveport, La., recently, a date from the Irish tenor pays the deficit in local treasuries left by less favored stars. It would interest some people to know whose deficits he paid with his \$3,000 houses recently in Omaha and Milwaukee.

John McCormack sings more, earns, spends, and saves more, 'tis said, than any other Captain General or feminine Jeanne d'Arc of musical industry to-day. His managers, who helped to build up his great follow- ing, naturally don't tell all they know. But his present season looks like \$300,000 to shrewd observers on the outside. Last year McCormack made more money than anybody in "talk- ing machine" records. It was \$134,000 then, and it will pass \$150,000 this year. As in Caruso's case, the piling up of penny profits from far-away places has come to over- shadow even the dollars drawn from audiences here.

The highest number of song records sold is also McCormack's. Caruso gets 15% on some; that is, he has 50 cents whether it's a \$3 or a \$5 sale. The Italian is the "hare" and McCormack is the "tortoise," whose 10% flat rate rolls up top figures at the finish of the race. His "Sun- shine of Your Smile" in thirty days caught \$120,000 ready cash, which meant for the singer \$12,000 for one song in one month. "I Hear You Calling Me" was the biggest record seller in any country at any time; issued five years ago, it is in as much demand now as the first season.

Like his hero in Handel's newly discovered air of the "Poor Irish Lad," McCormack started life with- out a fortune and has travelled far. There the resemblance stops. He does not "weep where nature smiles," nor do all his kinsfolk "lie beneath the sod." His Irish parents came from Sligo to Athlone in the valley of the Shannon, where the father worked in a woolen mill until the famous son took father and mother both to a fine place of their own at Greystones in the suburbs of Dublin. He has two sisters married over there, another a nurse in the chief city, and the youngest in school yet.

As usual among singing folk, there's a yarn that one of John's brothers had the better natural voice, but the fairies at birth didn't put the artistic impulse into that other fellow's soul. John McCormack just sang because the music was inside and it had to come out. He grew up in Athlone, a town of 15,000 population, all of whom might turn off an Irish tune upon occasion. Apocryphal, perhaps, is the story that he was suspended from a priest's school in Sligo because he would stay out nights, serenading on the lake. But the schoolboys there believed it.

There's another story that hasn't been told in America, according to one of the tenor's friends. "An old fiddler and a ballad singer," said this man—adding that Ireland is full of such old characters—"and it was a street corner of a 'fair' day in Athlone selling 'twelve songs for a penny.' The 'kid' of eight or nine years heard and followed them. He was learning to be a minstrel boy in Mullingar, two days away, when the family at last heard of him. John got no lick- ing. They were glad enough to have him back home after they'd been dragging the Shannon for their boy. Perhaps they'd heard of your Charlie Ross. At any rate, that's when McCormack learned his first ballad, 'Molly Brannigan' that he sang when he came home." At eighteen years the future tenor went up to Dublin to take examinations for the customs service. He lodged with an old college mate, Dr. Dalton, who took him to Vincent O'Brien, the organist. "Man, there's a fortune in that voice," said O'Brien; "don't think of any other career but a singer."

The song that reached the musi- cian's heart was "Then You'll Remember Me," from Balfe's opera, "The Bohemian Girl." Thanks to

these friends, the unknown youth was entered for the annual Feis Ceoil and carefully groomed for that contest. He carried off first prize with Handel's aria, "Tell Fair Irene" as so often since, "The Snowy Breasted Pearl." This was his first ballad in America, too, at the Man- hattan Opera House on a Sunday night in 1909, when Oscar Hammer- stein was consul.

McCormack always had a curious feeling about a little incident that happened to him out in Australia. Long famous then, he had given a concert one night, when an old fellow in shabby clothes but with an air of refinement turned up at the stage door, and, after handing a bit of paper to the tenor, disappeared. The note bore eight lines in verse, ending: "Back the faith of childhood bring—Minstrel Boy, I've heard you sing." Something in the man's face as he "beat it" away suggested that other minstrel whom the little John had once followed from Athlone to Mullingar.

McCormack, at any rate, got the idea that it was the old man from back in Ireland, and he believes so to this day. As an associate of his later career says, there's a story to every song. Take "The Irish Emigrant." When McCormack went-a-courting in Dublin his future, father-in-law, a busy man, used to join the Foley family party at the close of the evening and always ask for that old tune, to the words "I'm Sitting on the Stile, Mary." Every time the tenor repeats it he lives over the scene in that little Dublin parlor. "I've seen him come off the stage," said a man, "with tears in his eyes after the song, so that he couldn't take an encore."

When he first sang "Mother Ma- chree" in Sacramento he broke down completely and would not finish. Yet his "effects" are not at all impromptu. McCormack spent a year or more studying in Italy. "Not that the teaching is better," he once explained "but I could live five hundred years over there for what it costs for one year in New York."

His Milan maestro was Sabbatini. "Good old man that he was," said the pupil, "he told me, 'God placed your voice, it's best I leave it alone.' The old schoolman put him over the high scales, saying, 'That is the bridge you must cross.' He made his first operatic appearance at a suburban theatre near Genoa in Mascagni's "Amico Fritz." On his next chance, in "Trovatore," he opened his mouth for a top note that wouldn't come, but the orchestra noise covered it and the audience gave him an ovation. The following night he sang the note and got hardly a hand.

At his third opera, "Faust," in an- other small town, he walked off the stage in terror. An impresario ex- plained to the Italians, who can be "the cruelest public in the world." The house was amused and flattered by the young man's fright, and when he came back their kindly attitude carried him through to the end.

In America generally, as here in New York, his audiences nowadays run often as high as 7,000 persons, clamoring for the popular old songs. He has stuck to his guns in the matter of classic training, singing Mozart best, perhaps, and sometimes Beethoven, Schubert, Brahms, always in English; even the Russian Great, or serious pieces by his American friends.

At his home in New York, over- looking Carnegie Hall and the ap- proaches to Central Park, an interest- ing family surrounds the big man of the concert stage. If the youngsters and their mother and aunt are out there are reminders of them at the entrance door. Marble busts of nine- year-old Cyril and seven-year-old Gwen are in the hallway, gazing in mild surprise at a housewarming "Romeo and Juliet" by the great Rodin. The children's sculptor, Mario Korbel, has also done Mc- Cormack in a brown study faithfully reproduced in bronze.

There are paintings by Goldbeck of Mrs. McCormack, dark-haired, in a crimson gown at the door of the pink and gold drawing room, and life-size, all in white, in the studio. This last is the room of the Rembrandts. As you enter a ruddy-cheeked girl, Rem- brandt's sister, smiles at you from the opposite wall in her headress of tiny jewels, big earrings, soft collar, and dark gown. The old "Burgom- aster," also called "The Rabbi," is alongside beyond a mantle that holds only a colossal antique enamel clock.

There's a reason for the Rem- brandts. It's the children again. "Do you know," exclaimed their father to a visitor the other day, "these youngsters already can talk to you about this three hundred year old little lady, and her brother who painted her, as familiarly as they speak of their cousins in Ireland. That's worth a lot to them. I count the pleasure we get from pictures like that as my interest on the money I'd otherwise put into bonds. We don't know what the War is going to do to some securities, but the value of the pictures is permanent and can't be touched."

Published reports said the "old masters" had caught McCormack's fancy to the tune of a quarter million or so. When the art dealers an- nounced his purchases the tenor was pestered with questions as to the price. "One fellow," he recalled, "got quite angry because I wouldn't tell him, and said it was a semi- public matter." I told him that might be true, but the other half was my own private business. These canvases were 16 to 20 inches high, and experts guessed their value around \$10,000 an inch.

Across the room from the two priceless heads of the collection

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hung one of Whistler's famous "Noc- turnes," a river of gray, with distant shore and splashes of lights. The American's work was held for thirty years by an English family, who had now sold it overseas for perhaps \$30,000. To show the arrangement of soft tones, McCormack turned out all lights in the room but one, leaving in darkness his lawyer, who was at the moment preparing an application for American citizenship that the tenor filed with the courts over in Philadelphia a few days later.

There were other pictures; next to the "Burgomaster" a pair of quaint peasants by David Teniers, equally aged, and in a corner by Rembrandt's sister, Corot's "Bathing Nymphs," the quoted at \$20,000 in a sale of Andrew Freedman's collection. In the hall was Blakelock's "Spring Rock Cove," with more by other artists, and in the dining room bright-flowered scenes from Ireland by Mary Carlisle and a landscape by J. F. Murphy.

America has been McCormack's home for three years continuously since the War, and he expects to be a citizen in two years more. The mat- ter has been under consideration much longer than that, however, having been proposed when the late President was in Washington during the Administration of former President Taft, who, indeed, offered to be his sponsor. McCormack seriously hopes to re- tire from the stage by the time he's forty, and take an interest in public affairs—perhaps run for office—who knows? He might play the fiddle for he is the possessor of Wieniawski's own Guarnerius; or even try litera- ture, for he lately paid \$2,400 for Eugene Field's manuscript of "Little Boy Blue."—N. Y. Times.

LENTEEN THOUGHTS

The following thoughts—appropri- ate to Lent—originated with Cardinal Vaughan.

"Go on peacefully bearing dryness or whatever our Lord may send. Under such trial you will find encour- agement both in the Agony in the Garden and in the words spoken in the Agony on the Cross."

"The ready 'Thank God' in suffer- ing is worth more than the mind can measure. You are to be at peace in the arms of God. The Holy Ghost says in the Psalms: 'Commit thy way to the Lord, and trust in Him, and He will do it.'"

"Jesus Christ presents himself to me constantly crucified. He is my model. I have to be nailed to the Cross which is made up of the circum- stances and incidents and trials of my life. I am not to come down from it of myself. He will give me strength and grace if I implore 'This is a way to annihilate self-love.'"

"Sufferings borne with patience and love in the Precious Blood will overcome self-love. It is easy to write all this—the difficulty is in the practice. Love consists in deeds, sufferings with Jesus Christ."

ENLIGHTENING THE LATIN

Professor Harlan P. Beach's recent book, "Renaissant Latin America" which is a participant's enthusiastic account of the proceedings of the late Pan-American Congress, gives considerable space to the discussion of the best ways of bringing the Gos- pel light to benighted South Ameri- cans. The besetting sin of our Latin neighbors seems to be "medieval obscurantism" and the remedies for that evil are of course the "open Bible" and "democracy in ecclesiasti- cal government." How shall these specifics be applied? Nothing could be simpler. "Speaking the truth in love" will win over to Protestantism the submerged Romanists of our sister Republics. "If to people accustomed to a United Church we can show a faith which through all its diversity has attained a higher unity of love, yet still maintaining liberty of thought, Evangelicals will speak to sympathetic ears and will find the way to open minds and hearts."

If the busybodies who feel such concern about the spiritual welfare of Latin-American Catholics are in earnest about their resolution of "speaking the truth in love," they will not fail to mention that in the United States the Bible is now so lamentably "open" that well-known Protestant ministers are feverishly occupied in robbing the book of its sacred character; they will also tell the Latins that so few Americans really believe in the Bible that nearly 60,000,000 of them are unbaptized. "Speaking the truth in love," our zealous Panama delegates will also be sure to inform the South Ameri- cans that private judgment and "democracy in ecclesiastical govern- ment" have resulted in the formation

of about 150 distinct sects in this country, which are not strikingly conspicuous for having attained even the "higher unity of love" that is considered so far superior to South America's unity of faith. Then while our Evangelists are "speaking the truth in love" they will not fail to recall to the women of the Latin Re- public the tribute paid by M. Georges Clemenceau, France's anti- Catholic ex-Premier: "The family tie appears to be stronger than, perhaps, in any other land. . . . The rich . . . take pleasure in having large families. . . . The greatest affection pre- vails and the greatest devotion to the parent roof-tree. . . . reputation, that seems well justified of being extremely virtuous. In their role of faithful guardians of the hearth, they have been able to silence cal- umny and inspire universal respect by the purity and dignity of their life."

Finally before the amiable passion for "speaking the truth in love" has at all sooted let these missionaries contrast with the foregoing richly merited encomium the morality of Protestant America's home life. Let them tell the noble women of South America, for instance, that in 1906 we had in the United States one divorce for every twelve marriages, that we stand next to Japan in legalized domestic immorality, that more than 110,000 divorces were granted in 1914, and that during 1915 some 40,000 "orphans" were created in America by successful divorce proceedings. In concluding their exercise in "speaking the truth in love" the pros- ecutors might dwell for a few moments on the progress of the race- suicide and birth-control movements in this country and then quote a few statistics about the fall of the birth- rate among our most Evangelical Protestants. Thus enlightened, those blind Latin-American Romanists would still cling perversely, no doubt, to their "medieval obscurantism."—America.

CLAIMS OF ROME

TRUE AND FALSE CATHOLICITY

According to the London Catholic Times, the Protestant Bishop of Lon- don has been informing some mem- bers of his flock that the great obstacle to "a reunited Catholic Church" is "the claims of one diocese—the Roman claim—to domi- nate every diocese in the world." The Bishop ought to be aware that it is in virtue of his position as Peter's successor that the Pope claims supreme authority in the Catholic Church. His Holiness presides over the greatest Church in the world—the Catholic Church. It is not dis- united. It is those outside it, espe- cially the members of the hundreds of Protestant sects, including the Church of England, who are dis- united, and are the insuperable obstacle to Christian unity. They are not Catholics and have not the shadow of a title to be so called.

Explaining why he belonged to the Catholic Church, St. Augustine wrote: "The agreement of peoples and of nations keeps me; an author- ity begun with miracles, nourished with hope, increased with charity, strengthened by antiquity keeps me; the succession of priests, from the Chair itself of the Apostle Peter—unto whom the Lord, after His Res- urrection committed His sheep to be fed—down even to the present bishop keeps me; finally the name itself of the Catholic Church keeps me—a name which, in the midst of so many heresies, this Church alone has not without cause, so held pos- session of, as that, though all heretics would fain have themselves called Catholics, yet to the enquiry of any stranger, 'where is the assembly of the Catholic Church held?' no heretic would dare to point out his own basilica or house." St. Augustine knew the difference between true and false Catholicity and had no toleration for mere pre- tence.—St. Paul Bulletin.

CARDINAL NEWMAN ON WASTED LIVES

Alas, alas, for those who die with- out fulfilling their mission: who were called to be holy, and lived in sin; who were called to worship Christ, and who plunged into this giddy and unbelieving world; who were called to fight, and remained idle. Alas for those who have gifts and talents, and have not used, or misused or abused them! The world goes on from age to age, but the Holy Angels and Blessed Saints are always crying, alas, alas, and we, too, over the loss of voca- tions, and the disappointment of hopes, and the scorning of God's love, and the ruin of souls.—Cardinal Newman.

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