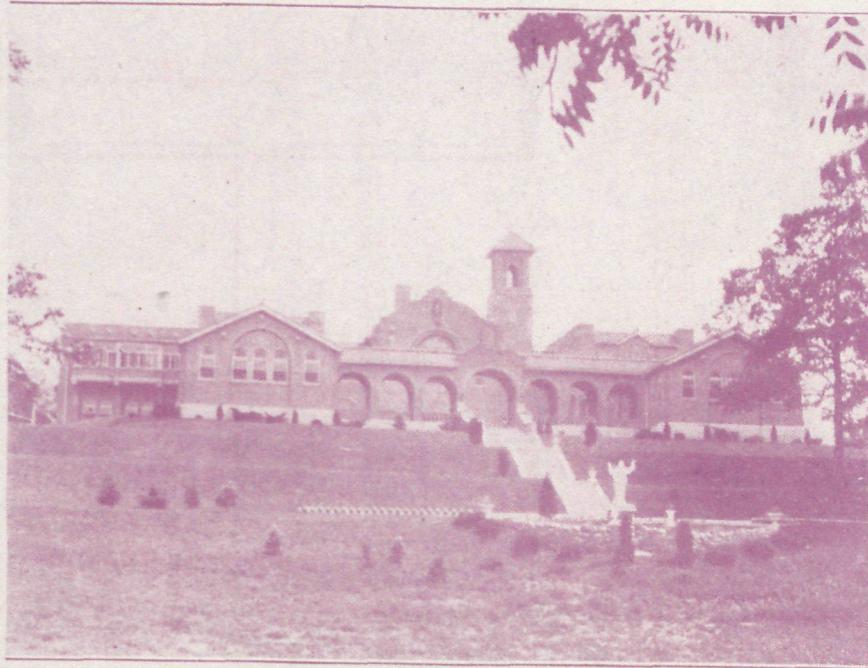


# The Missionary Catechist



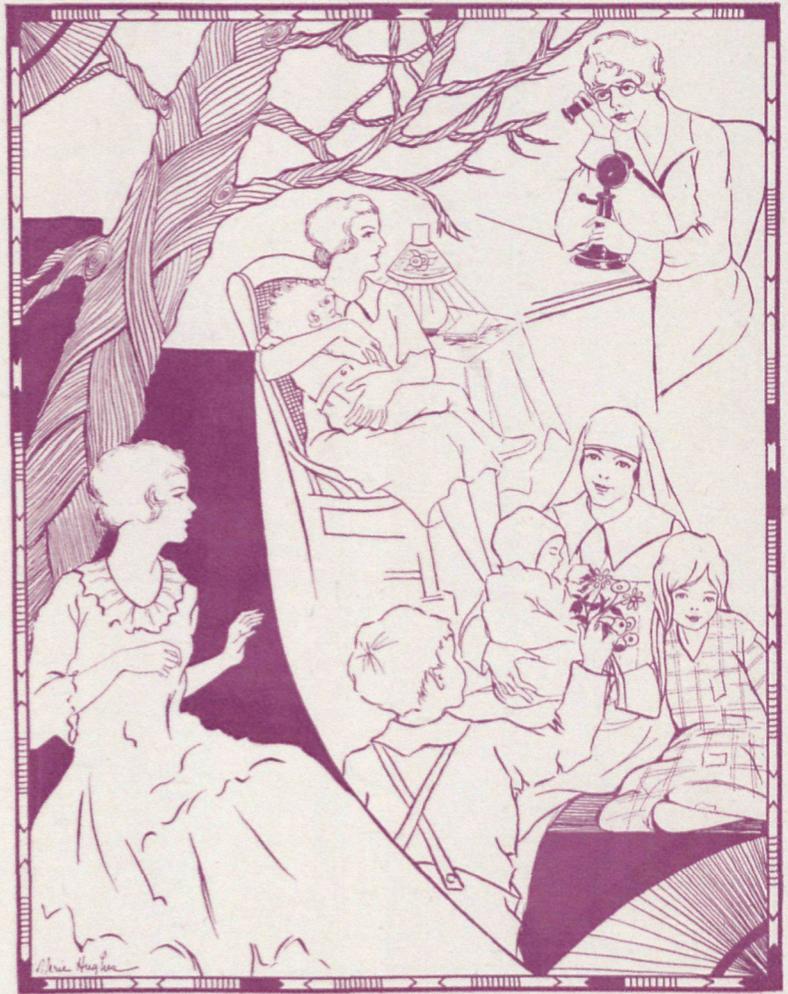
VICTORY-NOLL

Three

Ways

In

Life



Oh, sweetest Jesus, until now  
My path through life seemed clear,  
No vexing doubts disturbed my mind  
Or filled my soul with fear.

But now I pause—before my view,  
Three ways distinct I see:  
And one—my wayward feet must  
tread,  
Dear Lord, which shall it be?

Is mine the place to reign at home,  
As queen within my realm  
To rule with firmness ever sweet,  
Though grief or joy overwhelm?

Is mine the place, my Jesus dear,  
All quiet and unseen,  
To move where worldly charms are  
rife?  
Untouched by worldly spleen?

Is mine—dear Lord—ah, let me  
ask,  
Unworthy though I be,  
Sweet Sacred Heart is mine the place  
With those who follow Thee?

Oh, hear me, while I humbly kneel,  
Dear, loving Sacred Heart,  
And grant me light, that I may choose  
And nobly play my part.

## The Mexican As He Is

Most Rev. A. J. Drossaerts, D. D., Archbishop of San Antonio, Texas



It was on a December evening, a few days before Christmas, that I happened to stroll through our Mexican district, where in the poorest of shacks and incredibly squalid surroundings a hundred thousand of our humble Mexicans are huddled together.

To my surprise I noticed hundreds of lighted lanterns; everywhere they were shining, friendly and bright, on the porches, or by the open windows of nearly every hut. I wondered what it all could mean. But somehow I surmised that there was some connection between these lights and the approaching Christmas feast.

I judged correctly. It is a pious custom amongst our Mexicans to hang out a light during the ten days preceding the Nativity of the Saviour as a protest against the heartless treatment of Joseph and Mary in Bethlehem, where in their need they were refused a shelter. The cheering flame of each lantern conveys to the weary pilgrims an invitation to take up their abode in the house thus marked, together with the assurance of the warmest welcome under that humble roof.

And all of this, not in some remote village of the old country, not in Tyrol, or Bavaria, but in the midst of materialistic America, in our sophisticated Twentieth Century; in the hurry and bustle of a modern city with electric lights everywhere ablaze and the automobiles dashing forth by the hundreds and thousands.

In every church and chapel of the Mexican people the "Jornades" are celebrated during the ten days preceding Christmas. These "Jornadas" are mystery plays realistically describing with song, dialogues and processions, the painful journey of the Holy Couple from Nazareth to Bethlehem. The churches are crowded with devout worshippers, and one can see at a glance the deep interest of these poor people in all that concerns the coming of the Savior.

Do not here the words of the Master come to our minds: "Unless you become as little children, you shall not enter the Kingdom of Heaven?" Do not these

quaint, pious customs touch one's heart and endear to us such simple, child-like people? The great feasts of the Church do not only commemorate for them the wonders of God's love and mercy; no, they bring the great events of Christ's life and of His Saints to the very doors of their hearts. In their vivid imagination Christ, lying in the cold manger of Bethlehem, or Christ hanging bruised and bleeding on the Cross, is present before them: they see Him; they hear Him; they touch Him; they speak with Him. Verily, of such is the Kingdom of Heaven. And would not the Master repeat here the well-known words He uttered of yore: "I have not found so great faith, not even in Israel"?

During Holy Week all standing room is taken up in their Churches. They will come in from twenty or thirty miles to assist at the services of Holy Thursday, Good Friday, Holy Saturday and Easter. It is nothing unusual to see a whole congregation carried away with the sermon on the death of Jesus and giving vent to their feelings by sobbing aloud. They may be ignorant and hardly know much of the catechism; they grew up on the ranches in Mexico or Texas, far from priest, school and church; due to poverty and distances they never could attend Holy Mass regularly, and now they are strangers among a strange people whose language and customs they cannot understand.

But in spite of it all they cling to the Faith that was preached to them by the Franciscans and by men like Venerable Antonio Margyl, the builder of the Missions that still stand as precious monuments of a heroic past in the suburbs of San Antonio.

### The Mexican - A Big Child

The Mexican is a big child, with all the good and the bad qualities of a child. He is warm-hearted and affectionate; humble, patient, and long suffering; charitable and hospitable. But also he is fickle, inconsistent and improvident.

It is this child-like people that is more and more filling our great Southwest. In the city of San Antonio there are one hundred thousand Mexicans and in the

diocese easily a quarter of a million. They are the children of the Church, our brothers and sisters in the Faith. They have a first claim on our charity and help. Left to themselves they can do nothing, build nothing, support nothing.



Most Rev. A. J. Drossaerts, D.D.

They need the help of their more favored brethren. But with this help wonders can be accomplished. Given a church, a school and a priest, who understands them and sympathizes with them, and they will soon build up parishes where the Faith will shine in all its splendor.

Without outside help no diocese in the Southwest can do for the Mexicans what should be done. The Mexican problem is a national problem; it concerns the entire American Church. A glorious sign of vigorous Catholic life is the manner in which America is coming forward to the support of the Foreign Missions. But should not our poor Home Missions come in for a large share of the generosity of our Catholic people? Should not charity begin at home? Unless we build up the mission work amongst the Mexicans, these same people, now so humble and docile, will, when perverted and corrupted, become a real danger to Church and State.

# Passing Customs

CATECHIST BLANCHE RICHARDSON

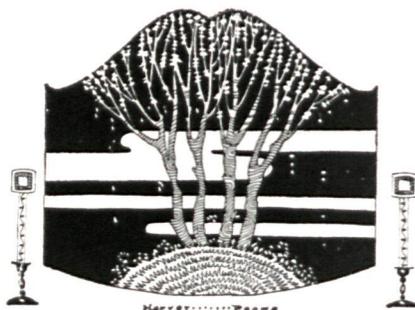
The sun sank wearily to rest below the Western horizon, purple mists filled up the pockets on the mountain side, and the little adobe houses cast long blue shadows, when the passing-bell began to toll, in measured, muffled tones.

Now the sound of the passing-bell can evoke a whole flood of reveries. Of course, the predominant thought which it conveys is the fleetness of time, and the nearness of the journey's end for all. Does not the hoary-headed man of eighty winters say that life is short and death puts an end to a story which has but begun?

However, the writer's thoughts, by a strange caprice, dwelt not upon death, but on the passing customs of our Hispanic-Southwest.

Slowly but forcibly English-speaking America is making her presence felt in the country which once bore the name of "New Spain." Religious customs, such as the beautiful Catholic custom of saluting a passerby with the words "Ave Maria Purissima" have melted away with the passing years, as the mournful notes of the passing bell now melt in the evening's still air. But other customs are vanishing too.

Even the dignified presence of a "mayordomo" in and about the sanctuary—a prominent figure at all solemn fiestas—bids fair to be erased by the ruthless march of time and progress. The mayordomo has always been a man sufficiently versed in the liturgy of the church to care for the sanctuary and altar in a fairly credible manner. Moreover, his early school days spent with the Christian Brothers enable him to answer, at least a portion of the Mass prayers (those which he has not forgotten) and to assist the priest at the ablutions in a commendable, if somewhat brusque, manner. Little altar boys, trained by teach-



ing Sisters and Missionary Catechists, are gradually supplanting him, particularly in the larger centers, where the railroad has brought modern civilization, and modern customs to our doors. This fact was brought home forcibly, one day, by an incident which occurred in connection with a small function in a little nearby village.

Catechist H. understood that the mayordomo had gone to the mountains for a load of wood. Consequently, she counselled Juan to serve the Padre during Mass. He donned a crimson cassock, a stiffly starched surplice, when, horrors, Don Jeronimo appeared on the scene! He had not gone for the wood, and was doggedly bent on serving the Padre as of yore. Perhaps the red cassock, and the glistening white surplice appalled Don Jeronimo, somewhat. At any rate, he didn't kneel at the right side of the priest during the Confiteor, grudgingly conceding this privilege to Juan. Still, no mere stripling was going to creat him out of doing the honors which

New Mexico—Where the charm of nature, with the grandeur of mountain and plain, form a background for the pre-historic dwellings of the first Americans.

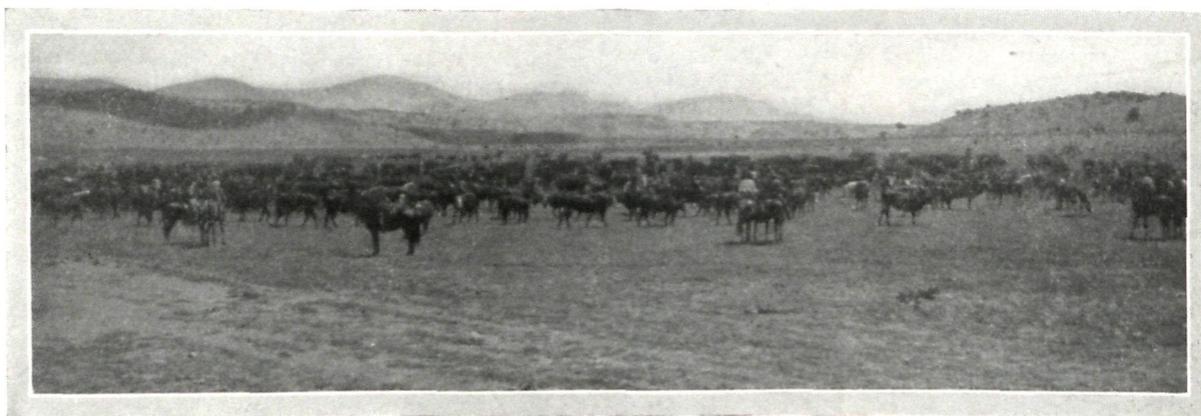
had long been his indisputable right; Seizing a large chair, he placed it in a conspicuous part of the sanctuary where he could observe and direct all. He was certainly the picture of defiance. His deep-set eyes blinked furiously. "Such a stupid boy!" or similar thoughts must surely have crossed his mind many times.

Juan, the erstwhile agile altar boy, who served Mass very well in our own little Chapel, was considerably discomfited. Never did he appear so awkward about the altar. He felt, rather than saw, the belligerent gaze of the mayordomo riveted upon him. If he tarried a moment before ringing the bell, a pair of hands dangled in the air to promptly warn him of his neglect. When he placed the Missal at one angle, the "master of ceremonies" was sure to place it at another. Once he tripped over his cassock to the ill-concealed pleasure of his keen observer.

At the incensing of the altar and Benediction which followed, Juan did get dreadfully tired swinging the censor so unremittingly, but the eyes of the critic were upon him so he concealed his fatigue as best he could.

Not until the morning's services were over and after the last candle was extinguished, could Juan let escape a deep sigh of relief. Hurriedly laying aside his surplice and cassock, seizing his cap, and pushing back the mop of black hair from his forehead, he bolted out of the door into the morning's bright sunshine. He soon forgot his troubles of the morning in an exciting game of marbles. Jose had some beautiful new agates, and he was going to win them from him!

If you could have watched the expression upon Juan's face as he played to win the agates, you would have surmised—correctly—that Don Jeronimo's triumph was not to be a lasting one.



THE ROUND-UP—NEW MEXICO

Courtesy of "The Earth", Santa Fe. R. R.

DO YOU KNOW ABOUT OUR ANNUITY PLAN?

**THE SECRET OF SANCTITY—CON-  
SECRATION TO MARY**

There is but one road to Heaven; it leads to Jesus through Mary. We therefore beg our members to never fail in their loving duty of offering themselves daily without reserve to Our Immaculate Mother.

**ACT OF CONSECRATION**

My Queen, My Mother, I give myself entirely to Jesus, by delivering and consecrating to Thee my body, my soul, my possessions, both exterior and interior, and even the value of all my good actions, leaving to Thee the entire and full right of disposing of me without exception, according to Thy good pleasure, to the greatest glory of God, in time and eternity. Amen.

On the day of our First Communion, and when we enter the Congregation of Children of Mary, we place ourselves under the protection of the Blessed Virgin, as a child under the care of its mother, in order that we may have a larger share in Her love and her favors. But we do not sacrifice to Her the value of our actions, nor our liberty to dispose of them. Here, on the contrary, in giving ourselves, we resign to Her hands all our natural rights over our good works. She can, from that time forward, dispose of them as she pleases, without our being able to claim anything but the honor of thus living a state of dependence upon Her.

**A FAITHFUL CLIENT**

St. Alphonsus de' Liguori, Founder of the Congregation of the Redemptorists, was an enthusiastic client of Mary, and a true apostle of devotion to her. He is said to have preserved through her protection his baptismal robe unsullied. From his earliest years Mary was the object of his tenderest affection, and, as time went on, his love for her grew stronger and stronger. "The world," he said, "owes its redemption to Jesus, but also in some sense to Mary: for if Jesus is the fount, Mary is the channel of every grace." His love for her prompted him to write his golden book on "The Glories of Mary." Out of devotion he fasted every Saturday, and on the eves of all her feasts; constantly wore the rosary around his neck; and made a vow to recite it daily, as also to preach frequently on her greatness and mercy.

Blessed are the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy.—Matt. v. 7.

**THE PRIVILEGE OF SERVING**

How few Catholics ever stop to think of the high and holy privilege granted them by their Divine Master in performing works of charity. How true is the old saying: "It is better to give than to receive." Rightly considered, we are only God's stewards in the possession and use of the goods of this earth. He alone is absolute Lord and Master of all things. In His unspeakable goodness He has placed some of His wealth in our hands. He has given us some of the goods of this earth—property, money and other possessions. He has done more than this. He has given us spiritual goods—immortal souls made to His own image and likeness—that we may have the honor of increasing His glory by giving them—leading them—back to Him. If we consider it a great honor in being permitted to give something to a noted personage, is it not an infinitely greater honor to be permitted to offer a gift to the great God of heaven and earth? This we may do by giving alms to relieve the necessities of the poor, and above all, by striving to lead souls to Him.

The joy that you give to others  
Is the joy that comes back to you;  
And the more you spend in blessing  
The poor and the lonely and sad,  
The more of your heart's possessing  
Returns to make you glad.  
—WHITTIER.

Though I am poor send me to carry  
some gift to those who are poorer, some  
cheer to those who are lonlier.  
—VAN DYKE.

**CONTRIBUTE \$25.00 towards the  
support of a Catechist. This will  
keep her for ONE MONTH in the  
Mission Field.**

About the year 1510, Ordenez de Montalvo wrote a book in which he coined the name CALIFORNIA to designate an imaginary island. This imaginary island, he thought, was to the right of the Indies, "very near the Terrestrial Paradise."

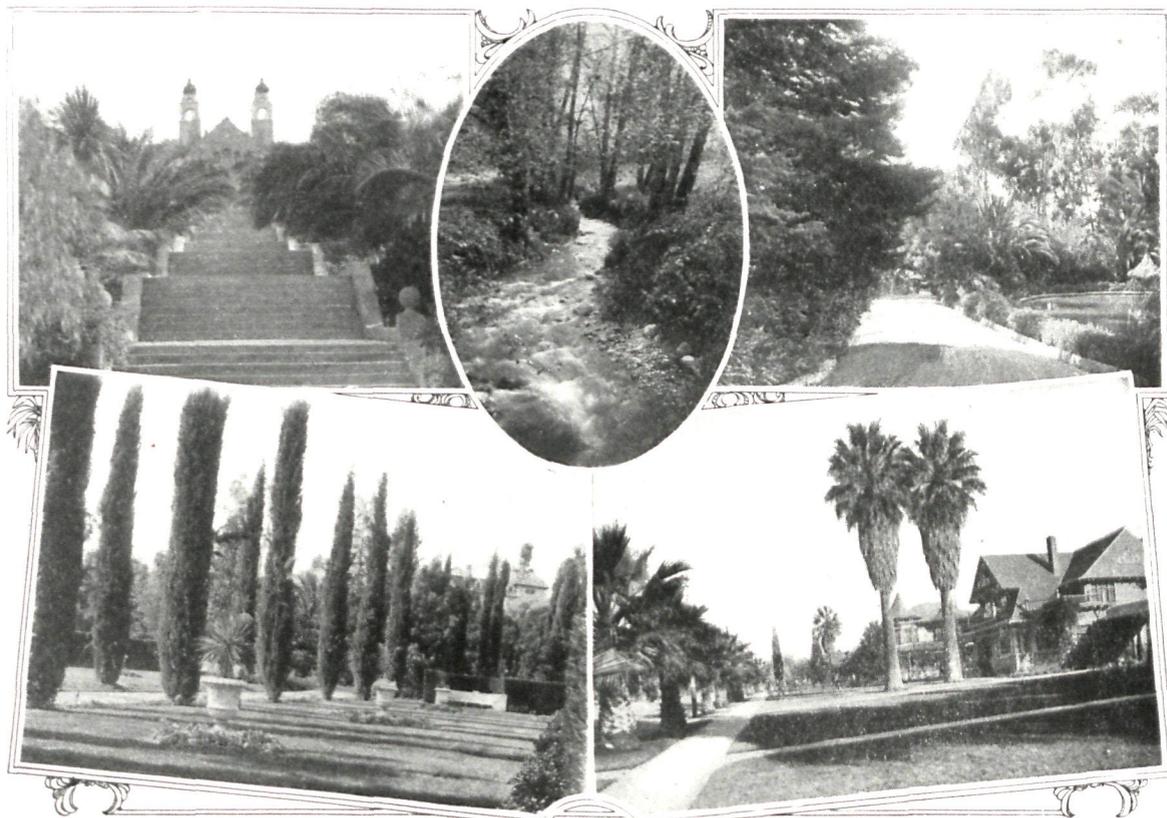
To Cabrillo, a Portuguese navigator, in the employ of Spain, belongs the honor of having first explored the California coast line in 1542.

It was the crowning event of a half century of notable achievements accomplished by Spain. Columbus, Balboa, Magellan, Pizarro, Cortez, Onate, Coronado and a host of others, sent out by Spain, discovered and colonized the entire continent of South and Central America as well as the southern portion of the continent of North America.

Under Spanish rule the boundaries of California were the Rocky Mountains on the east and the Pacific ocean on the west.

In 1848 Mexico ceded California to the United States for \$15,000,000.

Today California is approximately 850 miles long and about 200 miles wide. It has a shore line bordering the Pacific ocean that would extend along the Atlantic from Boston, Mass., to Charleston, S. C. With a total area of over 158,000 square miles, this State is larger than Pennsylvania, New Jersey, Delaware, Maryland, Connecticut, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Vermont, and New Hampshire combined. It is much larger than the whole of England, Scotland, Ireland and Wales.



Scenes in Redlands, San Bernardino County, compose this group—excepting the one in lower right corner which shows a residence street in the beautiful city of San Bernardino, Calif.

**BOOST THE 2500 CLUB**

## A BIT OF PARADISE

It was the "first," First Communion Day at Santa Rosa, New Mexico since the advent of the Catechists. The little church was filled to overflowing. It was not a motley crowd of curiosity seekers that thronged the humble little Mission Church that day. On the contrary, it was a congregation of reverential, God-fearing Catholics.

Twenty-two boys and thirty girls received our Dear Lord in the Blessed Sacrament for the first time. Fond parents, relatives and friends dried their eyes and adored. Never was there such worship in that house of God!

The Mass was over. A Bit of Paradise rested in each child's heart. Silently, joyfully, two by two they marched to the Catechist's home for breakfast. Neither the simply decorated dining room, the dainty meal, nor the innocent recreation after it, ruffled the serene calm noticeable in the members of the Communion Class.

In the evening, the boys were formally received into the Holy Name Society. The girls pledged their love as Children of Mary and were enrolled in the Confraternity. A short, inspiring sermon followed. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament closed a perfect day.



AT CHAPERITO—ONE OF OUR NEWEST MISSIONS

The children just received left the Church—happy, with heads held high. The younger brothers and sisters clamored to know when their turn was coming. The men and women, fathers and mothers, who had tasted life—who knew sin and sorrow—walked home slowly, almost reluctantly. Their hearts were filled with strange, sweet emotions. They were thinking—beautiful thoughts!

CATECHIST C. MEISTER.

Give a small donation each month for the support of a Catechist. It need not be a large one. Every fifty cent piece helps the cause along.  
"He that giveth to the poor, shall not want."—Prov. XXVIII-27.

## NOT AN UNMIXED BLESSING

Cold weather is, in a certain sense, a temporal blessing at our Mission in Ojos Calientes. The ice cutting on the huge reservoirs operated by the Agua Pura Company furnishes employment for many of our poor people. However, the work is very dangerous and detrimental to health. One of the men was killed and several have been injured. Many others succumbed to colds and rheumatism following the constant exposure for they are poorly clad and under-nourished.

CATECHIST JULIA MURPHY

## SPIDERS ARE O. K.

The other Catechists think it's funny but I was a wee bit "scared" the first time I spent a night in one of our Out-Missions. It was at Pintada. We drove from Anton Chico, our Center, along a road which looked like a goat path. It led us through prairies and more prairies, then down a rocky mountain slope.

The thought of sleeping in the Sacristy was thrilling; especially after we had to re-enforce the bed with boards from the choir loft and wood from our wood-pile. But, oh, the spiders! I bet all the spiders in New Mexico met there

in convention that night. They gave me the "creeps." I did very little sleeping although I must admit that I did not find any of them in the bed. But I lived through it and now I think spiders are O. K. I have learned just how to get along with them.

CATECHIST J. WATHEN

Dear Catechist:

Please accept this offering in honor of Christ the King. It is just a mite but it will put some remedy in your medicine kit.

Asking your prayers, I am  
Mrs. R. H. K.

## IN THE HOME FIELD

From their center at Dos Palos, Calif., the Catechists go out to teach in South Dos Palos, North Star, Pittsburgh, Los Banos and the cotton picking camps.

A generous donation made it possible for the Catechists to purchase a large blue bus. With this they not only reach



OUT WEST Courtesy of "The Earth," Santa Fe R. R.

the camps, but gather the children for classes and, on Sundays, for Mass.

Each camp consists of a number of large ranch houses where the owners of the ranches and their families live, together with the Americans who oversee the work; and also, from fifty to one hundred ONE-ROOM cottages in which our Mexicans live.

These Mexicans move in about the first of October and are at work picking cotton for a period of time ranging from three to six months, depending upon the success or failure of the cotton crop.

At each camp there is a school. All schools close before noon so that the children can pick cotton in the afternoon.

The Catechists gather the children after they are dismissed and conduct Catechism classes. Often they were obliged to teach by the wayside as the school boards will not permit them to use the school buildings.

The Catechists teach at the camps from 11:30 a. m. to 1:30 p. m. The rest of the day is spent in visiting the homes.

Please ship all items intended for the needy missions direct to our mission centers. Address: "Society of Missionary Catechists" at:

- 1 Anton Chico, New Mexico.
- 2 Chaperito, New Mexico.
- 3 Dos Palos, California.
- 4 Grants, New Mexico.
- 5 620 W. Fifteenth St., Gary, Indiana.
- 6 Holman, New Mexico.
- 7 8868 Block Ave., Indiana Harbor, Indiana.
- 8 Box 30, Montezuma Route, Las Vegas, New Mexico.
- 9 Cerrillos, New Mexico.
- 10 Lubbock, Texas, Box 1658.
- 11 Santa Rosa, New Mexico.
- 12 Catechist Blanche Richardson, Supervisor of Archconfraternity of Christian Doctrine, Victory-Mount, Las Vegas, New Mexico.

Express and freight shipments for Holman, Anton Chico and Chaperito are sent via Las Vegas, New Mexico.

## VALENTINES ? ?

A close observer, noting the many missives left daily at our Mission Centers, may be inclined to think every day is Valentine's day for the Catechists. Catechist Leutenegger, Senior Catechist at

Holman, New Mexico prevents such fanciful speculation by sending a few of the notes received:

Dear Catechists:

I tell you this few lins to say I want you to come see me. I is very sick. Habe you some medicen? Bring some to me plees.

Adelina Y is my name.

Dear Catatachests:

Have you a pair of hie shoes you kin give to mi pleze becuz I am seek. Number 5, 1-2 pleza.

Yours truly Mrs. Z.

Deares Catecists:

Have you some clothes you kin give me pleeze, for me and my babes. and a pair of ober shooses number 5.

Your truly Mrs. K.

## NEW ANSWERS TO OLD QUESTIONS

Catechist: Does any one know where the Jacobs boy who came to class yesterday is?

Little Jose: He stayed home today, Catechist.

Catechist: Doesn't he know he should come to class every day? He is a Catholic boy isn't he?

Little Jose: No, Catechist, he's a German!

Catechist—"Who are the souls in Purgatory?"

Little Jose—"The Souls in Purgatory are the poor people who ain't got nothing to eat.

Catechist A.—"You hurt your shoulder, didn't you, Ramon? Then what is that bandage doing around your wrists?"

Romon—"It keeps my mind on the bandage and off the sore shoulder."

## ARE THEY BOLD?

The Catechists at Santa Rosa, New Mexico frankly admit that they have oceans of petitions to offer through Our Blessed Mother for both spiritual and temporal favors. But they do not hesitate to add another—a plea for a car!

"Yes," they say, "we must have a car if we are, for the love of Jesus and Mary, to extend our work to the out-Missions. It is too far to walk to these out-Missions. Won't you pray with us that some loyal lover of the Queen of Heaven may read these lines, have pity on us and send us a car in our need?"

## "QUE FRIO"! HOW COLD!—FOR TEXAS

The most interesting and at the same time the most pitiful topic in Lubbock, Texas for the past two months has been the weather. According to report, it was colder here this year than it has been in twenty years and our people living in their little wooden shacks have really been suffering. At one time we had to order a half-ton of coal to keep some from freezing to death. Also, we've been kept busy distributing groceries to keep them from starving. One family



THEY SEW AND ENJOY IT—LAS VEGAS SEWING CLASS

we assisted in this way had nothing to eat for three days!

These hard times have made us more grateful than ever for having our HOLY FAMILY POOR FUND with which to buy this necessary aid. Won't you please say a prayer to the Holy Family that this fund be sufficiently replenished so that we may always be prepared to meet every emergency?

The material aid we gave this winter has, as it always does, enabled us to bring some of our people back to God. Catechism classes and Mass on Sundays are all well attended, thanks to Jesus and Mary.

CATECHIST M. LO RANG.

## MY CHARLOTTA AND STRING OF PEARLS

I read my friend Mildred's letter and pondered. Across my mind flashed the scenes I had witnessed that day: A blind old lady seated on a broken soap-box beside a fireless stove in a cold shack, starving—with a smile on her face and the rosary between her withered fingers.

Dark eyed Carlotta dying for want of the money with which to pay a doctor whose services would, undoubtedly, spell health to her. Poor lovely little Carlotta!

A family of seven pawning their precious Faith to the Baptist Missionary workers in exchange for food and clothing because they had not the confidence in God of the blind old lady to endure privations with a smile on their lips and a rosary between their fingers! We blame them—how would we act in their places?

These and other pictures raced across my tired brain while Mildred's letter lay open before me:

"My first birthday since we are married," she wrote. "And my dear husband presented me with a string of genuine pearls and the darlinest little grey Jordan Roadster! Isn't he a prince? I

didn't really need the car for I could use our Buick, but there is a satisfaction in having one which is just my very own."

But she enclosed not a penny!—and to think that I had written her about my beautiful, suffering Carlotta!

Over and over I muttered: "A string of genuine pearls—the blind old lady—a snappy, grey Jordan Roadster—destitute, dying Carlotta!"

According to thy ability be merciful.—If thou have much, give abundantly; if thou have little, take care even so to bestow willingly a little.

(Tob. iv. 8-9).

# Mary's Little Helpers



## WHO WILL HELP?

Some of our Catechists in the Missions need drinking cups. China, enameled or aluminum cups will do. When the Catechists have parties for the children, they haven't enough cups to go around. So, Little Helpers, do you think you could help us and send some cups to the Missions?

We also need colored crepe paper, colored crayons and little scissors for the poor people. The scissors need not be new ones. Old ones will do. If you have any cups, crepe paper or crayon that you would like to send, I will gladly tell you where to send them.

Little Mary Gallagher of Chicago, Ill., is the first Little Helper to get her pin. After she received her pin, she was so pleased with it, that she asked ten more people to subscribe for our magazine, and now she is the proud owner of both the pin and the beautiful little statue of Our Blessed Lady of Victory.

Philip Collins of Maywood, Illinois, feels very sorry for the poor Mission children, and even if he is only eight years old, he wants to help Wee Willie Winkles' First Communion Outfit fund. This is what he says in his letter:

"I was very happy to get your medal, and the holy picture and the mite box. They came on my birthday. I am eight years old. I had a party. One of my gifts was a dollar. I am sending it to you."

Wouldn't it be nice if we had lots of Little Helpers like Philip?

Little Mary Halfpenny is a real Little Helper. She saves her pennies for the poor Missions. She sends clothes to the poor children and she even got her grandmother to join the A. C. M. Now Mary and her grandmother are both working hard for the Missions.

Dear Little Helpers:

Did you ever hear of a city up in the sky? Well, out in New Mexico, near Albuquerque, there is a city called Acoma. But it is oftener called the "Sky City."

Can you imagine living in a city that you have to climb a stone ladder of a thousand steps to get to! Well, that's how you get to Acoma. But after you get there, it surely is worth the climb. The people who live there are called Pueblo Indians. They lived in this country hundreds of years before Columbus discovered America. These people all have brown skins, long black hair and the strangest clothes you ever want to see. They live in queer little adobe huts. Do you know what adobe is? It is simply mud made into bricks and then dried in the sun. These adobe huts are very comfortable because they are cool in the hot weather and warm in winter.

The Pueblo Indian children never wear shoes or stockings. After they grow up they wear funny little moccasins made of deer skin and a long band of deer-skin wrapped around their legs from foot to knee, until it looks like they have white boots on. You can see what they look like in the picture.

The little girls never wear hats either, even when they go to church. But on special occasions they wear a little shawl over their head, wrapped tight around them so it looks like a hood.

The children there have never seen an American plaything. Would you believe



that there are little girls in our own country who have never owned a doll, or even played with one? They play with sticks and stones and make mud pies. I'll bet they have better times than we do. They don't go to school, and wouldn't know what a book was. But they do know all about the outdoors and ride on wild horses. They take care of themselves as well as our grown-up people do. They also take care of their little baby brothers and sisters and they seldom cry. Best of all, they never fight with each other.

Wouldn't you like to visit this strange city up in the skies? Maybe you will have the chance some day and if ever you do, don't forget, it's the most wonderful city in the world. Adios (which means goodbye) for this time.

WEE WILLIE WINKLES.

P. S. Have you all started to save your pennies for the first Communion Outfit Fund yet?

Dear Little Helpers:

We are going to try to make our Little Helpers' page so interesting, that every little girl and boy will want to read it each month. Will you help us? You can do this by writing letters to me, telling me how you are helping the poor Mission children. Or send me a picture of yourself. Or send in a little story that we can put in the magazine for the other Little Helpers to read. I am sure all the Little Helpers would like to help, because it is their page and they want everyone to read it.

Lent is the time for penance and self-denial, Little Helpers. Don't you think it would be a good idea to fill your mite box during this Holy Season? I am sure that if you save all the pennies you spend for candy, ice cream, etc., that your mite box will be filled by Easter.



PUEBLO INDIANS

ARE YOU WEARING A MARY'S LITTLE HELPERS PIN?

# The Associate Catechists of Mary

If our A. C. M. friends could see the happiness that is made possible by their generosity, they would be doubly repaid for their efforts. In one of our Missions there is a little invalid whose name is Carmelita. She is absolutely helpless, and when her box was opened and she saw a doll, she screamed with delight. It was her first and only doll. She also received warm bedroom slippers, beads, a pretty handkerchief and candy. You may rest assured, that was one of Carmelita's happiest days, and one she will never forget.

During the past year, many of our faithful A. C. M. friends have passed to their eternal reward. Our work is extending over a wider field and naturally, we need friends to take the place of those who have done their share, and who have now gone to claim their reward. Who will help? There is much to be done, and we who are giving our lives in the service of God's poor, depend upon you, by your prayers and generosity to enable us to continue our work. By supporting a Catechist you become a partner in her noble, self-sacrificing labors, thereby sharing in her Divine ministry and receiving a lasting remembrance in her prayers. And it takes only \$25.00 a month to keep a Catechist in the field.

Do you remember your First Communion day? How happy you were? The pretty new dress and veil you had? In memory of that happy and blessed day, wouldn't you like to make some other little child happy? We have just received an appeal from our Catechists at Holman, New Mexico, saying that unless they received some childrens' clothing, the poor children would have to approach the altar for the first time in raggedy overalls, worn-out dresses and torn shoes, and many would be without shoes. They need boys' shoes, trousers, blouses, girls' slippers, dresses, slips, scapulars, white ribbon and narrow.

Dear Catechists:

Received my A. C. M. pin some time ago and am very proud of it. My sister would also like to be a member, and I am enclosing one dollar for one year's membership and a pin for her.

We are sewing quite a bit now for the Missions. Do the Catechists make use of old clothing also?

When making new clothes, what do you think would be needed most?

Hoping to hear from you soon, I am,  
Very truly, R. M.

The Edgewater Beach dance, under the able leadership of Father G. B. Lescher was a huge success. The Ave Maria, Our Lady of Guadalupe, St. George and St. Joseph's Clubs played a big part in making the dance a success by their untiring efforts. Father Lescher also gave a very interesting talk about the Missions.

Hurrah for St. Paschal's Burse! It is rapidly climbing to the top and already has more than \$2,000.00 to its credit.

Mrs. E. Erxeleben recently entertained at a card party for Our Lady of Perpetual Help Band, the result of which was \$27.00.

Harbor View, Ohio.

Dear Catechist:

Enclosed you will find my monthly Five Dollars for the Victory-Noll Home Mission Circle.

Yours truly,  
V. B.

St. Mary's Mission Society of Fort Wayne, Indiana has been doing great work during the past year. Besides supporting a Catechist they sent fifteen boxes of clothing and three hundred pairs of stockings to the Missions and donated \$47.00 toward the medicine fund.

The Immaculate Heart of Mary Band of Pittsburgh, Pa. had a very successful Euchre and Five Hundred party, realizing the splendid sum of \$45.00.

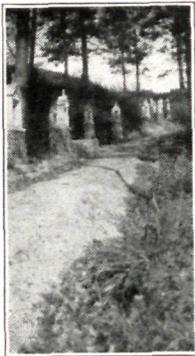
Good Mrs. X. who scrubs floors daily for a living, tells us that she hasn't much of this world's goods, but she realizes there are people who have less than she has. Therefore, she makes time to work for the poor Missions, and in the past few weeks has obtained approximately a dozen subscriptions to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. She does not want her name published, for to her "God sees all." This is indeed charity that is pleasing to the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

OUR  
GOAL FOR  
1930. FIFTY NEW  
A. C. M. BANDS. WILL  
YOU HELP? IT REQUIRES  
 ONLY TEN MEMBERS TO FORM   
A BAND. IT COSTS ONLY FIFTY CENTS A  
YEAR. YOU MAY HELP IN ANY WAY YOU WISH—  
BY SUPPLYING FOOD AND CLOTHING FOR THE POOR IN  
OUR MISSIONS—BY HAVING CARD PARTIES—BY MAKING AND  
FURNISHING CHAPEL SUPPLIES—BY GIVING A CERTAIN AMOUNT  
EACH MONTH FOR THE SUPPORT OF A CATECHIST. AND, IF YOU CANNOT  
FORM A BAND, YOU CAN HELP BY JOINING THE VICTORY-NOLL  
HOME BAND. SHOW YOUR LOVE AND GRATITUDE TO OUR  
DEAR LORD AND HIS BLESSED MOTHER FOR THEIR  
GENEROSITY TO YOU, BY HELPING THOSE WHO  
 HAVE RECEIVED LESS THAN YOU. I WILL   
GLADLY SEND YOU INFORMATION  
ABOUT FORMING A BAND IF YOU  
WILL WRITE ME. GET YOUR  
FRIENDS INTERESTED  
AND START IMMEDIATELY.

He who gives for charity's sake, gives for God's sake. He who gives for charity's sake expects nothing but receives all things. He who gives for charity's sake hides in humility but is exalted beyond compare. To give, then, not for the world's sake, not for one's own sake, but for GOD'S LOVE—this is the Philosophy of Giving.—Bishop Kelly.

START AN A. C. M. BAND

VICTORY NOLL NOTES



Among the recent guests at Victory Noll were The Very Rev. J. W. Donahue, C. S. C., Superior General of the Congregation of the Holy Cross, and Brother Lambert. Father Donahue is one of our special friends and his brief visit was a source of great joy to all. The inspiring talk he

gave the evening before his departure, renew in everyone the desire for her own sanctification and rekindled in all hearts a burning zeal for the salvation of the souls of the poor.

Our ANNUNTY PLAN is safe and sound. You will never regret investing in it. Start your investment today with \$50.00. Interest: 6% payable semi-annually. We send full particular free upon request.

SEVEN NEW MEMBERS FROM SEVEN SEPARATE STATES

February 11th, the beautiful feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, was a very happy day at Victory Noll. On that day seven young ladies pronounced the Aact of Consecration pledging their service to Jesus and Mary as Candidates in the Society of Missionary Catechists. Our sentiments of joy and gratitude were not un-mixed with wonder at the ways of God who, through His blessed Mother, gathered together these chosen ones from widely separate states and led them to Victory Noll and His loving service.

Our new Candidates are: Misses Gabriella Smith, Grand Rapids, Mich.; Clara Keiffer, Lima, O.; Catherine Goodner, La Junta, Colo.; Marie Murphy, Clayton, New Mex.; Emma Siegfried, Milwaukee, Wisc.; Rose Hornby, Evansville, Ind., and Josephine Jim, Latrobe, Pa.

YOUR "MITE" HELPS

If you desire to help the Missionary Catechists in their Christ-like labors of saving souls and share the graces they merit but cannot afford to pledge yourself to give a definite amount, we shall gladly add your donations, of whatever size, as you can send them, to the incomplete burses specified:

- ST. ANTHONY BURSE, \$1258.30.
- OUR LADY OF LOURDES BURSE, \$871.97.
- OUR LADY OF PERPETUAL HELP BURSE, \$463.00.
- ST. JUDE BURSE, \$31.00.

Those who remember the poor under our care with contributions of any kind share in the Masses offered for our benefactors by Missionaries, and in the prayers, Holy Communions, and Masses of the Catechists and children under their care. In addition, they are especially remembered at the altars of the famous Shrines of the Sacred Heart and of Our Blessed Lady of Victory at Paris, France; of Our Lady of Lourdes, Lourdes, France; and the Basilica of Our Blessed Lady of Victory, Lackawanna, N. Y.

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STUDENTS**

Yes,  
"IN THE SERVICE OF THE  
QUEEN"

is just the thing for your next  
entertainment.

Filmed among the picturesque people and scenic beauties of the great Southwest.

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THRILLS! PATHOS!  
HUMOR! LOVE!**

Special Students' Rates

Write:  
The Midwest Catholic Theatre  
Movement  
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7 South Dearborn St.  
Chicago, Ill.

Neglect not to pray, and to give alms.  
(Ecclus. vii, 10).



St. Joseph, pray for us.



- Mr. John A. Rinehart
- Mr. Peter Thill
- Mr. William Withern
- Mrs. Christiana Kiep of St. Catharine's A. C. M. Band, Fort Wayne, Ind.
- The father of The Most Reverend A. T. Daeger, O. F. M., Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico.

**The Missionary Catechist**  
Huntington, Indiana

Published monthly with ecclesiastical approbation by The Missionary Catechist Publishing Co.

Subscription Rate: In U. S., 50c per year for single copies. Life subscription, \$10.00. Canada and Foreign, 75c per year. Payable in advance.

Entered as second-class matter December 30, 1924, at the postoffice at Huntington, Indiana, under the Act of March 3, 1879.  
Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of The Society of Missionary Catechists  
Editor

Printed by Our Sunday Visitor Press,  
Huntington, Indiana

JOIN THE 2500 CLUB. Its aim: 2,500 persons contributing \$1.00 a month for a year. This will provide for the support of 100 Catechists for one year. BE A BOOSTER AS WELL AS A MEMBER!

Springfield, Ill.

Dear Father:

Please excuse my negligence in answering your most appreciative letter. I thank you most sincerely for your kind fatherly interest in my welfare and that of my good father. He said the novena which you so kindly sent him. When the novena came to a close he began to improve rapidly. He is now feeling fine again—thanks to Almighty God. He greatly appreciates your priestly interest in him during his illness, and wished me to thank you most sincerely for your kindness and prayers for him.

Truly yours,  
Mrs. D. S. F.

VICTORY-NOLL'S FIRST PUBLICATION

HOME MISSIONS OF THE SOUTHWEST, by Catechist Blanche Richardson, is the latest addition to the Paladin Series. It is a thorough study of the Church's history, progress and problems in the Southwest, written in such an attractive style as to make an interesting book for general reading. If you are interested in the Catechists and their work you will want to read it.

Order directly from Victory Noll. Fifty cents each (plus three cents postage).

Become a LIFE SUBSCRIBER to THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST. Only \$10.00; payable in installments of \$1.00 per month.



Enclosed find membership fee of \$1.00 I wish to be enrolled as a member of the Confraternity of Mary, Queen of Our Hearts.

Name \_\_\_\_\_  
Address \_\_\_\_\_

SEND IN YOUR NOVENA PETITIONS NOW

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# THE HOUSE NEXT DOOR

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Everybody is more or less interested in his neighbor. We are always more concerned in what happens in the house next door than what transpires in some house thousands of miles away. We Catechists of Mount Carmel Mission, Indiana Harbor, and Our Lady of Victory Mission, Gary, Indiana, by our very vocation as servants of God's poor, are vitally interested in the house next door. When it happens that our neighbors in the house next door belong to that great mass of unskilled laborers, who now, under the present wave of business depression, are actually destitute, we are more than interested: we are most deeply concerned. Our hearts go out to the hungering multitudes everywhere about us, who are suffering, and sickening, and dying for lack of the very necessities of life.

We shudder at the thought of what will happen to these destitute people and their still more destitute children, during the remaining months of this severe winter. We are saddened beyond expression at the many cases of destitution that we shall not be able to relieve because we have not the financial means at hand. Unless we have the means placed at our disposal, we shall not be able to push forward our works of charity in behalf of these abandoned poor.

We are thinking now of a poor widow who came from Kansas City with her four children to make a living for herself. Informed of her destitute condition, we immediately went to see her. We experienced, however, the greatest difficulty in finding her. Access to her rooms could be had only by going through a pool room. We found her in a bitterly cold room, lying on a heap of rags—sick. There was neither food nor sufficient clothing for the children.

In another room we found Jose, an orphan boy of fourteen, cooking for a company of men employed

part time in the mills. Jose complained of a severe pain in his chest. On taking him to the doctor, it was discovered that the poor lad was suffering from tuberculosis in an advanced stage.

Only a short distance from our house there is the miserable dwelling of a poor woman. We have seen many wretched homes, but none more so than hers, for she is living in a dugout on the bare floor, next to a furnace.

Pitiable cases—in a land abounding in wealth, luxury and comfort!

Happy, indeed, are we in our God-given vocation of seeking out the abandoned poor in their hovels and of relieving human misery and alleviating human want wherever it is found. But to provide for the relief of the temporal misery found at every side, more than our efforts and our consecrated service is required.

To make possible what is now all but impossible; to make easy what is now difficult, all that is necessary is the financial support for our works of charity from those whom God has blessed with the goods of this world.

For some time we have been most desirous of following the precedent established by the great St. Vincent de Paul Society by creating a "Poor Fund" for the relief of cases that come to our attention many times during the day. To do this it would be necessary to make this a permanent fund upon which we could draw for requisitions issued to the poor for groceries, fuel and medicine.

*Will YOU be the first to show your love for Jesus, Father of the Poor, by starting this "Poor Fund"?*

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Victory-Noll, Huntington, Indiana

For a special intention and in honor of Our Lord's Sacred Passion, I enclose \$\_\_\_\_\_ to help the poor under your care.

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

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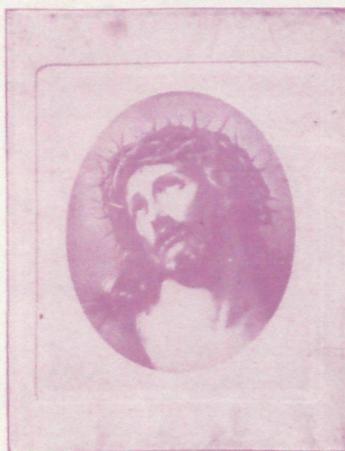
## FOUND !!

A way of making  
your  
40 LENTEN DAYS  
worthwhile  
before God.

Give  
2½ CENTS A DAY  
during Lent to The  
Missionary Catechists  
for the poor under  
their care.

“As long as you did it  
to one of these my  
least brethren, you  
did it to Me.”

—*Matt. 25-40.*



“Give alms to the  
poor on earth and  
you have fed Christ  
in Heaven.”

—*St. Augustine.*

“A MITE”—

you will say—Yet it  
will mean ONE DOL-  
LAR to spend for  
food, medicine, and  
clothing for the poor-  
est of God's poor.

“Let us not love in  
word nor in tongue,  
but in deed and in  
truth.”

—*St. John.*