



Volume II

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The Real Mexican and Spanish-American

By the Most Rev. A. T. Daeger, O.F.M. D.D., Archbishop of Santa Fe

In the Atlantic Monthly Magazine, there appeared sometime ago a most interesting and highly informative article on the character of the Mexican people. In this article, —entitled: "The Human Side of Mexico",—the author, Mr. Carl Nordhoff—a fair-minded, non-Catholic, American, pays a well-merited, though somewhat tardy tribute, to the character of this much maligned and too little known people. The writer stresses some of the more characteristic traits of the Mexican; and then goes on to show that too many Americans are prone to misjudge him, while others simply refuse to understand him in any other light than that of a deep-dyed villainous greaser, always thirsting for blood; the sworn enemy of Christian virtue; a horse-stealing bandit always busily engaged in shooting up trains and robbing helpless women and children.

In order to show how difficult it is for the Mexican to please the American and make him understand his true character, the author recounts a story told him by one of his Mexican friends. An old Mexican was driving through Arizona with his grandson. They had a donkey which the old man rode while the boy walked behind. After a time they passed some Americans on the road. "Look at that man," said one, "riding the burro while the little boy walks —just like a lazy Mexican!" The old man understood a little English, so he dismounted and made the boy ride.

Presently a party of cowboys cantered by. "These Mexicans are a shameless people," they said, "See how that lazy boy rides while the old man walks behind in the dust." Hearing this, the Mexican mounted beside his grandson and the donkey went on carrying a double load. At the foot of the hill, they met a stage. "Lazy Mexicans", exclaimed a passenger scornfully, "both riding that poor little burro." There is a germ of truth contained in this view of the attitude of many Americans toward the Mexican people.

Thanks to the efforts of some writers and motion picture producers, a large portion of the American public is made to believe that all Mexicans and Spanish-Americans are thoroughly bad. In the movies the native New Mexican is usually represented as a desperado with seamed face, glaring eyes, scrubby mustache, and a stubby beard. He wears a big sombrero and effects a sarcastic smile, or a snarling expression. About his waist is strapped a big belt with two

holsters, each holding a miniature cannon always ready for action. The women, too, are pictured as sorry types,—half-witted, or degenerate creatures who appear as though they had lost all interest in life and even in their own person.



The Most Rev.
ALBERT T. DAEGER, O.F.M., D.D.
Archbishop of Santa Fe, New Mexico

Too often, unfortunately, those who profess to be Christian missionaries of the Protestant sects, come to New Mexico to "convert" the native Catholic people. They would have their Eastern friends and supporters believe that the native New Mexican is a superstitious person who must be converted to what they term the true gospel of Christ. If the Eastern supporters of these Protestant proselytizing missionaries could but come to New Mexico and the states of the Southwest, they would soon learn that the Spanish-American will never become a good Protestant, but on the contrary, will become a pervert and not a convert to their religion.

In the first place, let us bear in mind, that there is a distinction between the Mexican and the Spanish-American living in the Southwest. The Spanish-American is an off-spring of the old Spanish pioneers, many of whom were members of noble families of old Spain. These settled in New Mexico after the early exploring expeditions. The Mexicans are those who came and are still coming to the states of the Southwest,—that is, Texas, Arizona, Colorado, southern California, and New Mexico—from old Mexico. They are the descendants of the

early Spanish adventurers and explorers who married Indians of old Mexico, some of whom had attained a high degree of civilization long before Cortez conquered that country.

No statistics are available but those who are in a position to know estimate that through the intermarriage of the Spaniard and the Indian, the proportion of the Spanish blood flowing through the veins of the present descendant is about 8 per cent. Hence, both the Spanish and Indian traits are visible in their character, color, and make up.

The Spanish-American of New Mexico resents being called a "Mexican." Why? Because he has a strong antipathy for the very name of old Mexico since it brings back to his memory the injustice his fathers suffered at the hands of the Masonic rulers of the newly-founded Mexican republic. After Mexico gained its independence from Spain in 1821 and for a quarter of a century thereafter, the Masonic Mexican government conducted a bigoted persecution in this State. They drove out the good old Franciscan Padres; closed the churches and schools they had built with such infinite labor and love; and levied the tribute of a heavy taxation upon the helpless people under their jurisdiction.

There is, then, a distinction between the native New Mexican and the native of old Mexico who immigrates into the United States. The later is very often a native of the northern states of old Mexico bordering on the Rio Grande just across the border line of our country. The native New Mexican is indigenous to the very soil of New Mexico and in many cases of pure Spanish origin.

Even though there be an admixture of Indian blood, he has many of the admirable traits founded in the Castilian of yore. Humble, simple, courteous, and intensely religious, he is a distinctive type who leaves his native state only when forced to seek employment elsewhere to save his starving wife and children.

Fine courtesy and gallantry towards women are a tradition with him. Owing to his intense devotion to the Blessed Mother of God, he holds womanhood in the highest honor, and so it happens that women are safer in the thinly populated foot-hills and valleys of New Mexico than they would be

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PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

IT was through no fault of Mrs. Howard's that her four daughters were single. She spared neither energy nor eloquence in her efforts to hurry them into matrimony. Every likely young man was a potential son-in-law to Mrs. Howard. Yet Charlotte, her eldest daughter, had arrived at the age of thirty, to her mother's disgust, coldly indifferent to the masculine element of the town. Charlotte had brains and ability, was an honest-to-goodness secretary to the town's most prominent citizen, and had the air of being thoroughly satisfied with herself, her position, and her prospects.

Away back in the ancient ages of her early high school days, Charlotte's affairs began—but without any encouragement on her part. She dismissed each successive admirer in a friendly manner but flatly, nevertheless. So things went on for years. Because they bored her, and she didn't know what else to do with them, she brought all her young men home. Both Mr. and Mrs. Howard liked company, especially the company of eligible young men, and Mrs. Howard invariably kept them to supper. If the caller gave promise of budding genius, the poor woman became terribly excited and planned an estate for Charlotte somewhere in California or Florida where she might visit her each year. But Charlotte, for some reason, manifested no enthusiasm for geniuses. She simply suffered them as irremediable evils because there was nothing else she could do about it. When Paul Pistachio, the tenor, wrote that he was coming to Chicago to sing and might as well come by way of Janesville, although it was out of his way, she wrote back that she was engaged for every working hour for a full month ahead.

When Mrs. Howard heard this she was fired with a righteous indignation. "What was to be done with such a girl," she demanded of the world in general. "And one, at that, who had three younger sisters who should already be settled in life instead of following her bad example?" Charlotte protested but Mrs. Howard was firm, and her daughter finally weakened and wired Paul to come on. To the match-making lady's infinite disgust, she treated him with the casual kindness she extended to her mere "ordinary" admirers. Neither his personality nor his press notices made any impression upon her. Mrs. Howard was in turn eloquent, insistent, diplomatic, and pleading—but all to no purpose. The last night of Paul's visit she had the stage all set for the proposal, and heartened the young man with her best cooking—but Charlotte failed to take her cue and did not appear on the scene. It was the eve of the First Friday and she went to church.

A long string of such occurrences left Mrs. Howard despairing. Reluctantly abandoning hope so far as her eldest daughter was concerned, she began on Clare. But before she had time to mass her forces Clare spoke up and said that she would pick her own husband should she ever decide that she wanted one. Just now, she couldn't be bothered. She had a good profession—she was a trained nurse—good health, and six hundred dollars saved against her old age. Clare was quite plain-looking, so Mrs. Howard was easily resigned and decided that it was perhaps just as well that she was so emphatic about the matter.

Then she began on Nell who was twenty-six, although the fact was a family secret. Nell had begun her business career as a salesgirl in Hind's store when she was seventeen and in nine years had risen to a position as buyer. She was a real business woman—calm and collected even about matrimony. She had her eye on Arthur Spoor,

THE HOWARD GIRLS

By Constance Edgerton

a floorwalker, who was paid thirty dollars a week and would never get more, and felt that she could bring the affair to a successful termination without outside intervention. Tactfully she directed her mother's energies to Sally, the youngest, who loved housework to such a degree that she worked at home all morning washing, scrubbing, and cooking. Afternoons she clerked in a lingerie shop for pin-money, but she was happiest in a gingham apron. In all her life she had never attended a dance, nor had she boasted a single admirer.

"Sally would make an ideal wife," said the diplomatic Nell. "It's shameful to permit her to waste her life here with us."

With this opinion Mrs. Howard was readily persuaded to agree, and at once began to cast about for a suitable young man. Before she had located one, her sister in Dakota was taken ill and she went there to nurse her. During her absence Sally abandoned her work at the lingerie shop and devoted all her time to keeping house for her father and sisters.

Howard's had for a next-door neighbor, Frank Wittenberg, a plumber, a widower, and the father of the four most lovable children in Janesville. Their mother had been dead for two years. Frank was thirty-six and far too desirable a catch to retain his freedom much longer. He had taken in, as housekeeper, an old lady who was a real grandma to the children. She taught them their prayers, kept them spotlessly clean, and made them real grandmotherly food—ginger cookies, apple sauce, soup and graham bread. They loved their foster-grandma and so did Frank. She sent him to church on Sunday as spick and span as any man in the congregation, with every button sewed on and his trousers creased in the right place. Taken by large, there was no reason for any one to pity the Wittenbergs. But Sally did.

She went over when Frank was at work, visited with grandma, and played with the children. She admired Frank whom she had always known, and thought him handsome and pious. She loved his children. Robert and John were darling little boys and Alice and Hilda adorable. Sally made the boys scrap books, and the girls handmade dresses. If Frank noticed her interest he concealed it pretty well—not that Sally cared for Frank or his appreciation at all. She loved the children.

She proved her love when grandma died suddenly one Saturday after attending Mass with her four little charges. Very quietly, happily, she closed her eyes to open them in eternity.

Mrs. Howard was far off in Dakota. Had she been at home she would have gone right over, so in her absence Sally did the honors for the Howards. She stayed and cooked dinner for Frank and the little ones, and then decided that she might as well cook supper, too. Clare was at home, resting between cases, and she could cook for her father and the girls. These children and their father needed her; the house next door did not, Sally reasoned.

She went home after supper but came back early next day. She upheld Frank's sinking spirits and was very helpful in every way. He remembered that when his wife, Mina, was alive, Sally often came and carried off the children for the day, or cared

for them while he and Mina went to church. He wished he could get some one like her to look after them now and keep his home together.

They buried grandma Monday morning and Sally walked with Frank behind the coffin. That was her place she told herself, acting as her mother's representative, next-door neighbor, and everything. After the funeral she went home with them and set the house to right. Alice, who was eight, helped her. Hilda played with John and Robert.

"What are you going to do, Frank?" Sally asked as, her work finished, she hung up the dust-mop. "You will have to get some one to care for the children, or send them to the orphanage."

He was singularly stupid for a plumber. Her question evoked only a vacant stare and a querulous "What shall I do?"

"You'll have to get some one to stay here," his interlocutor answered crisply.

"Will you?" There was no animation in his tone.

"You don't understand at all," explained the thoroughly-nettled young lady. "I mean you must marry a woman who takes an interest in you and your home, and loves your children. A housekeeper would not do at all." Yet there was no answer save silence and an expression more vacuous than before. Sally disgustfully walked to the door. Pausing for a moment on her way, she fired a parting—"I really must go home to look after pa and —"

Frank checked her progress with a halting, "Sally, Won't you stay?"

"If you mean forever—yes. But if you mean until you get some one else—no," was her unromantic response.

"I mean forever," Frank explained weakly.

"What a man!" thought Sally. "How badly he needs a woman to manage him!" But she answered practically. "I'll go home and tell pa," and left him to wonder how it had all come about.

Her mother came home that day. She was far from pleased with Sally's quixotic decision to marry a man because she loved his children and felt it her duty to rear them. But Sally was thoroughly happy. She liked the Wittenberg house. It was convenient to work in and had ever so many windows. The children were angelic and Frank would be easy to get on with. Mrs. Howard groaned. Her daughters had no sense at all.

Her next shock came when Clare announced at the supper table that she was going to the Southwest to do social service work in the mission districts. Reviving, Mrs. Howard did some rapid thinking. Clare was plain-looking—that could not be denied—and the eligible young men of Janesville were not exactly competing for her smile. Perhaps down there, where women were scarce and men could not be so particular, Clare would marry. "That is a noble work, Clare," she said, trying to believe that it was, but recalling pictures she had seen of western towns—fifteen men to one woman. The future seemed hopeful.

But the last word came from Charlotte. "You will like my choice even better," she told her mother. "I have decided to enter the Society of Missionary Catechists."

"Of what earthly good are you all?" moaned Mrs. Howard. "A religious, a social-service worker, and Sally marrying a man I never even considered for her! And after all I've done to improve your chances!"

"You fostered their vocations unknowingly, mother," said Nell, "You preached marriage to us until you turned us against it. Even Arthur sort of palls on me when I

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HOW MUCH FOR A SOUL?

We are reprinting in its entirety the following letter which was received by our Catechist Richardson from a grand old, Southern, Catholic gentleman—85 years of age:

Nashville, Tenn.

My dear Catechist:

Permit me to address you by this title, for I think it is one of the greatest titles that can be given to any person.

I was much pleased to get your letter two days ago and have prepared a bundle of papers to send to you at once. I have others that I shall send later. I thought it best to send these papers in different packages. I shall also try to do something in the way of sending money, clothes, etc. I am a poor beggar, but one should be able to overcome any difficulties of any kind for such a cause as yours.

I think I told you sometime ago that I am sending \$30.00 every month to Father Bonet and the Theatine Fathers at Conejos, Colorado. This sum I collect in small amounts from my friends and acquaintances. If I had the means myself, I would rather give, than ask for it. God knows our hearts and I suppose we ought not to consider how we stand in the opinion of others. Still I should like you to know my financial condition so you can judge why I don't do more myself for a cause so close to my heart.

I have a good home with my children and get some \$20.00 a month—out of which I meet all my expenses except board and room. I think if I had more, I would certainly like to give a good portion of it to the good Master, but perhaps I should then be just as tight-fisted as are most people, who have lots of money. I feel I am as poor in prayers as in purse, but such as they are, I offer them for the blessed Catechists and their noble work. I always include them in my Morning Offering.

May you be made happy by the most fruitful results of your exalted labors and your motives in laboring for God, and may He give you the strength to continue many years in the work so pleasing to Him!

Very sincerely,

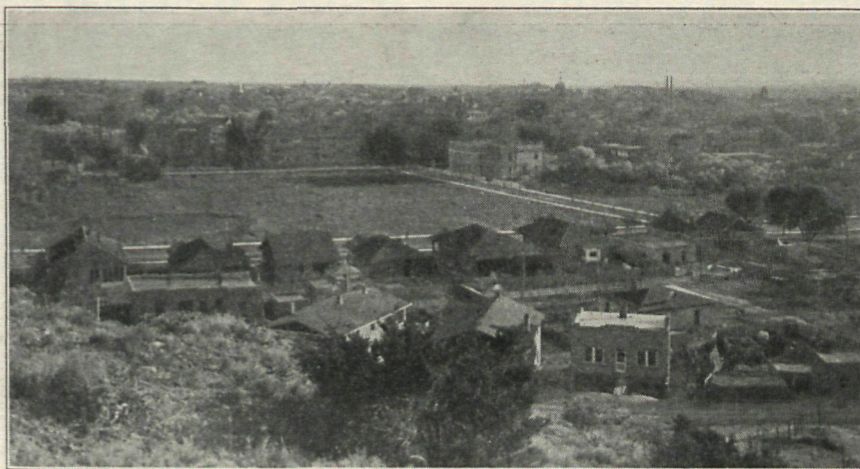
G. D. C.

We scarcely think it necessary to comment on this letter. It seems a real pity that there are not more of our prosperous Catholics in the East and South who realize, like this old Catholic gentleman, the needs of our devoted Catechists in ministering to God's poor. Into their humble adobe huts; into dire poverty's dwelling place; into the lazar house where suffering and sorrow, and misery hold forth; our devoted Catechists enter and, in imitation of Him Who went about everywhere among the poor doing good, they perform every day, and many times a day, the spiritual and corporal works of mercy and charity in behalf of God's needy ones.

Feeding the hungry, instructing the ignorant, nursing the sick-poor, healing and saving the souls and bodies of the destitute and neglected in the Missions of the Southwest; the Catechist continues the mission of Jesus Christ here upon earth.

"Pretty hard life!" you will say. Yes, indeed. What makes it hard for the Catechist is not her labors, but the need of food, clothing, and medicine which are indispensably necessary if she would relieve the sufferings of the large number of poor committed to her tender care.

Now, you may not be able to give your personal service for the relief of the poverty stricken and suffering Catholic children in the Southwest, but you can easily render



SANTA FE—THE CAPITAL OF NEW MEXICO.

service of another kind. You can help support a self-sacrificing Catechist by making even a small contribution every month. During the past two months, we have received letters from a number of charitably disposed souls, asking us if they might be permitted to give \$1.00 a month toward the support of a Catechist. We have informed them that this small sum coming regularly from them, as well as from others, would be of the greatest help to our Catechists, and would lift a heavy burden of financial worry from our shoulders.

Why not take up this charity during the Penitential Season of Lent? You can easily sanctify this holy season in a practical way, by sending us \$1.00 a month toward the support of a Catechist in the field. You may not be able to fast; you may not be able to practice severe mortifications; you may not always be able to attend Divine Services during the Holy Penitential Season upon which we are just entering, but you can easily give a dollar every month out of your income towards the support of a Catechist.

By cooperating in this way in a noble work of charity, you will serve the best interests of your soul. You may even benefit the souls of your dear departed and perpetuate their remembrance by making an offering in their memory. These departed souls thus become the beneficiaries of the good works and prayers of the Catechist who is partly supported by your contribution, and of the powerful prayers of the poor children so dear to the Heart of Jesus—"The Father of the Poor."

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hear you descanting about what a wonderful thing it is for a girl to have a home of her own. You simply used the wrong tactics."

Utterly crushed by the ruin of her hopes, Mrs. Howard could only wail, "And Charlotte with her beauty and poise buried in the desert!"

"It's a wonder we didn't all turn out to be soured old maids," spoke Sally sagely, "when we have been brought up on a diet of marriage all our lives. Cheer up, Mother. I'm marrying right into a family. When Charlotte and Clare are gone you can keep busy teaching my little girls about weddings and how to bring their own about. It's the surest way to start a girl toward the convent. And I should be so happy if both Alice and Hilda followed Charlotte."

THE REAL MEXICAN AND SPANISH-AMERICAN

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in the thickly populated sections and cities of the East.

Shy and sensitive, he is too proud to beg and will, as a rule, rather suffer hunger and cold than put himself under obligations to anyone. His character is an odd mixture of pride and humility. Reserved in his conduct towards the American, who has so often wronged him, once you gain his confidence, and will find him most generous and hospitable.

The Social System of our native New Mexican people is beautiful. The native loves his wife and big family of children. Next to God and Holy Mother Church these are his dearest possessions. The children are among the best-mannered, the most obedient, and most affectionate in our country. Respect for age is the corner stone of Society in New Mexico.

Such is the Spanish-American's idea of the sanctity of the marriage tie that divorce or separation is to him a thing unthinkable. There are no divorces in New Mexico among the Spanish-speaking Catholic people.

Hospitality is in the very blood of these people. And so it happens that a stranger, no matter how poor he may be, is master of the house which he enters. It may be the poorest adobe hut in the mountains; it may contain but a single crust of bread; and nothing more for a bed than a sheep-skin upon a clay floor, but house and crust, and couch, are his guest's,—although his host may sleep supperless upon the bare adobe floor—and all this with a high, gentle courtesy that noblemen might study and imitate. He shares what he has with his neighbor, and has for his motto, "The Lord will provide."

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If you are a Home Mission Helper, or if you intend becoming one, you will need the Missionary Catechist as a source of information and interest.

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"Lo! The Poor Indian"

Catechist Margaret Malloy.

The Pueblo Indian of New Mexico is the most picturesque figure in our conventionalized land. An Indian who is neither poor nor to be pitied; an Indian who centuries ago built houses of unburnt clay four stories taller than those of his modern Caucasian neighbor; who wears clothing as good, and occasionally, better, and who mentally, physically, morally, socially, and politically, need not fear comparison with him. Skilled architects, engineers, and agriculturists from remote antiquity, the Pueblo Indians built their cliff-dwellings, dug their irrigation ditches, and wove their mantles, through unknown generations before the white man set foot on the soil of the Americas.

No other corner of the United States has in its storied history anything remotely comparable to that of these people, in antiquity, beauty, drama, heroism and human interest. In any other land the tale would be a stately epic, famous in literature, and glorified upon canvas. Yet the average American is unaware of their existence.

When the exploring Spaniards first encountered the Pueblos, they found them raising crops of corn, squashes, beans, and cotton; skilled in tanning, spinning, and weaving, and proficient in the primitive arts of basketry and pottery-making. Their tools, fashioned of stone, were clumsy ones, but time, for the Pueblo, was long, and art not fleeting, so he brought forth fruit in patience.

Prehistoric traders—the Hebrew of the North American Aborigines—the Pueblos carried on an extensive commerce with tribes from Eastern Kansas to Northern Mexico, trading in salt, tanned buffalohides and buckskin, turquoise, mineral paint, and cotton mantles. No tribe was too savage to be a customer by day, but business relations were severed at sundown. At night the Pueblo drew up his ladder and slept with his hand on his scalp and a patrol on every housetop.

The ancient cliff-dwellings they erected and occupied were purposely constructed where they would be difficult of access, for, although essentially a peace-loving people, the Pueblos could never hope to be entirely immune from attack at the hands of their crafty and savage enemies, the Apaches, Comanches, Navajos, and other warlike tribes of the plains.

Acoma, the oldest home of these First Americans to be occupied continuously through the centuries to the present day,

was already an ancient city when the Spaniards came to New Mexico. A town of mystery and antiquity, no man knows how long it has stood on its stone island in an enchanted valley, standing seven thousand feet above the level of the sea. Rising from the rock on which it is built, a mesa about a mile long and 357 feet high and shaped much like a pair of eyeglasses—are the quaint homes of six hundred people, in three great blocks, each one nearly a thousand feet long and forty feet high. From the back the block presents one unbroken wall, but the front is terraced in three stories with apertures for entrance, and light, and air. The buildings are very substantial, being constructed of slabs of flinty sandstone, laid in adobe mortar. The ceiling beams are of pine or pinon logs. Some of the apartments have "real" windows, but the greater majority are crudely glazed with sixteen inch square sheets of translucent gypsum from the mountains.

The water-works of this little city are on the southern mesa where there are no dwellings. The way to them leads down the side of the crag and up again across the bow to the great reservoir which furnishes the drinking water. On the main mesa are a great many similar natural tanks, large and small, their original capacity increased by damming. These natural stone reservoirs keep the rain-water cool and fresh

the whole year round in the high, dry air of this altitude—and the supply rarely fails. When it does, the Pueblos have fine springs to draw from in the plains below.

Towering above all is the parish church—sixty feet high with walls ten feet in thickness. Its timbers were cut on the mountains twenty miles away and dragged thence, and up the steep face of the cliff, by man-power alone. In front of the church is the graveyard where the dead of centuries sleep. It is nearly two hundred feet square and forty years were required for its building, each ounce of earth being laboriously carried pick-a-back from the plains below and packed into a frame of stone walls forty feet deep at the outer edge.

Christianized by the Franciscan Missionaries who came with Coronado in 1539, the Pueblos have ever since remained Catholics. "Catholic Spain," says Chas. E. Lummis, the historian of the Southwest, "never forced the Indians to abandon their old religion and adopt Christianity. Hers was the most comprehensive, humane and effective Indian policy ever framed. It is fortunate for archaeology that the Spaniard was his brother's keeper. Had the Pueblo enjoyed sixteenth-century acquaintance with the Saxon, instead of the Latin, we should be limited now to unearthing and articulating his bones." How different the criticism of a commentator on the Indian Policy of the Pilgrim Fathers! "Landing, they first fell on their knees, and then on the aborigines."

Down the valley a distance of three miles northward from Acoma is the still taller mesa of Katzimo—the Enchanted Mesa. The tradition of its fate is the most romantic story we have of any of the cliff-dwellers. In the remote ages of antiquity, tradition has it, the people of Acoma lived on this great table-rock—mesa literally means "table"—called Katzimo, rising 431 feet above the level of the valley, and with a summit forty to fifty acres in extent. On this height, six hundred people dwelt, safe and happy. In the valley they grew corn and beans and hunted game. Their houses, like those of the present Acoma, were three stories high. But they had no church for the missionaries had not yet come. Instead the Snake-men kept a great rattlesnake "Cha-ra-ra-de", who had a home of his own, and every year they danced with him and with other rattlesnakes they brought from the mesas.

There was only one way to the top of Katzimo. On one side of the mesa a great piece of the cliff had fallen, and leaned from the valley up to a very high cleft that

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"LO! THE POOR INDIAN."

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ran from the top of the mesa half-way down. It was a very steep path but they cut little holes in the rock for their toes and fingers.

One summer day, in the time of the harvest, the people all came down from the rock to gather in their corn and beans—men, women and children. All save three women, who stayed behind because one was sick. And while they worked in the fields down in the valley, there came such a storm as was never known before or since. Floods of rain poured down all the cliffs into the Valley, and the waters ran against the foot of the rock on which stood Katzimo, and ate away the sands and rocks, burrowing under the great rock that was the ladder, until it fell with a fearful crash into the plain, shaking all the earth.

When the storm was ended, the people came home with dread forebodings to find their Ladder Rock gone. They would never again be able to mount to the top of the mesa. Neither could the three women come down for the tallest pine would not measure the distance from the top of the sand-hill to the mouth of the cleft. One threw herself from the top of the rock—the others must have died after a long time when they had no more food. Meanwhile the mourning, homeless, people came away and built the Acoma that is today, a town like the one they had lost.

The Pueblo is a "fixed" Indian—not a nomad of the plain. The twenty-four existing pueblos have been occupied for centuries. His social organization is thoroughly democratic. Heredity counts for nothing. Most public offices are elective, and the men who occupy them are never recreant to their trust. The tribal laws are simple, and thoroughly enforced. Crime is practically unknown among the Pueblos. The cornerstone of social life is not the family, but the clan, and in all marriages contracted among them husband and wife must belong to different clans. Descent is from the mother, and not from the father. For example: if a man of the Deer Clan marries a woman of the Red Corn Clan, the children belong to the Red Corn People. There are no Indian family names, but all the Indians have taken Spanish ones. The children take the family name of the mother, and not of the father. The Pueblo Indian was the original exponent of Women's Rights.

The woman is complete owner of the house and all it contains, and she engages in no labor save her household tasks. An ill-treated wife could permanently evict her husband from home and have her act sanctioned by law and the community. Though the husband tills the fields, the wife has an equal voice in their disposition.

Family life among these people is ideal. The parents are kind and gentle; the children never spoiled, never disobedient, disrespectful or quarrelsome. The Pueblos have been accused of being superstitious—and so they are for they believe in what modernists have commonly come to regard as old-fashioned superstitions—the fear of God, respect for authority, honesty, truth and square dealing, chastity, continence, and a reverence for women.

"All the world is queer except me and thee, Ruth—and sometimes I think thee's a little queer." Who would have seemed the queerer to the gentle old Quaker to whom that remark is attributed—the Pueblo, or his modern neighbor?

El Pobrecito Padre

E. L.

THERE was to be a Requiem Mass that morning in one of the outlying missions, and Father asked three of the girls who were spending their vacation at the ranch house to go with him and sing, as he was taking the portable organ.

They started early, over roads made almost impassable by recent rains. A half mile from their destination they were obliged to leave the car and proceed on foot.

A wagon came to meet them, and as it jolted down the hill, the girls had a merry time to keep from falling out. There was more excitement when the faithful horses plunged into the river, and with difficulty kept their footing in the strong current.

Arrived safely on the other side, the wagon stopped at the tiny church, surrounded by the little hamlet of flat-roofed adobe houses. Inside the chapel, they found a catafalque made of tables and boxes and draped in black. There were no benches, and the altar was made of rough boards. The only statue was one of Our Lady, hand-carved from wood, and dressed in yellow silk. Covering the altar was a white cloth, bordered in gilt paper cut in fanciful designs. Everything spoke of cleanliness, loving care, and great poverty.

Mass over, the Padre was asked to go and bless the grave of the person for whom it had been offered, a man who had died some weeks before. They formed a procession, three men leading and carrying crosses made of tin. Across the fields they went in the hot sun, through meadow and stubble, until they reached the little graveyard, such a lonely spot with its mounds of clay showing through the rank growth of weeds!

The ceremony finished, the procession returned and the Padre and his Choir were invited to take breakfast at the ranch house. They entered the cool sala, or parlor, and enjoyed a few moments chat with their host before proceeding to the kitchen where a bountiful meal, consisting mostly of products of the ranch—frijoles, corn, potatoes, apple sauce, and chokeberry jam—awaited them.

Breakfast finished, and thanks returned, it was time for the homeward journey. The entire household gathered at the door to bid the visitors "Adios" and to beg them to come again. Then the Padre and his party clambered once more into the wagon for another exciting ride, back to where the little "fliver" was anchored among the rocks.

The journey home was very quiet. Never before had the light-hearted girls, fresh from an Eastern convent school, understood what these long journeys to his missions meant to the missionary. Nor had they realized the beautiful spirit of courtesy and hospitality to be found among the simple ranch people. It was a new experience and

(Continued on Page Eight)

Telling The Story

1923.

THEIR First Communion Day is a great Red Letter Day in the lives of the poor children of the Missions. For many months they look forward to this great day. We have always classes in preparation for First Holy Communion. So neglected have these children been, that even the older girls have to be prepared for confession and communion. There are ten large girls in Watrous who have been unable to come for instructions during the day time. We shall prepare them before we leave.

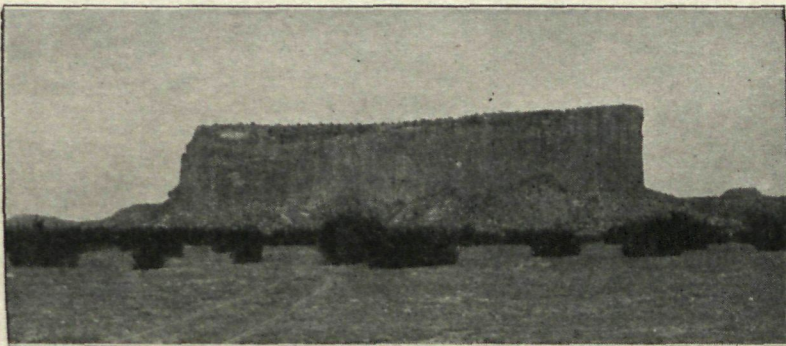
We are planning to have all the children of the parish, the members of the Children of Mary Sodality, and the altar boys receive Communion on the First Communion Day in May.

In many cases, we have to outfit the children with suitable clothing for their First Communion. Sometime ago we received a few Communion outfits from some of our generous and thoughtful friends in Chicago. We feel that there is nothing that would give our friends in the East more real happiness than to provide white dresses and veils for the little girls, and white blouses for the boys for their First Communion outfits. These dresses need not be made of expensive material. They could be made up of some suitable white material like dimity, or lawn, which they may have on hand in their homes.

Good Father D. sent us some pretty "coronas" or crowns for the little ones who are to lead in the procession. We usually prepare two of the smallest and prettiest children as angels, even to making wings for them to wear as they lead the First Communicants to the altar steps. It is a very beautiful ceremony. The little girls look so sweet and simple, and attractive as they lead the other children two by two into the sanctuary and back again to their seats. Generally, we form the children in procession in the following order: the two angels leading, then the cross-bearer and the altar boys; lastly, the First Communicants followed by the older children. All the children of the mission receive Communion at Mass on First Communion Days and likewise many of their parents.

I have often thought of the solemn processions of the First Communicants in our parish church at home in the East and compared them with our humble processions here, wondering whether some of my critical Eastern friends might not be tempted to smile at their simplicity. But I must say that our dear little children are every bit as recollected and prayerful in receiving our Dear Lord in Holy Communion for the first time, as are their rich American brothers and sisters in the East. Of this I am certain, that Our Dear Eucharistic Lord is surely as pleased to come in Holy Communion to these destitute little children of the Missions, who resemble Him so closely in His poverty in the stable of Bethlehem, as He is to come into the hearts of the children of the rich.

We always try to provide a First Communion breakfast after Mass. On the occasion of our last Solemn Communion Day here, some of our American Catholic storekeepers in town donated eggs, milk, bread, sandwiches, coffee, cake and ice cream for the poor children, who came, in some cases, from long distances in order to receive into their innocent hearts for the first time their Dear Eucharistic Saviour.



THE ENCHANTED MESA.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

Anton Chico, N. M.

My dear Mary:

You will be surprised to learn that mine was the privilege of accompanying one of our Catechists on her first visit home. And, oh, what fortune! She had not originated in a Middle-Western town with little else save a Main Street to recommend it, but had come from the City of the Angels in the glorious West.

So I was able to secure my first glimpse of the Golden State which has lured away so many Easterners from their native haunts and held them enthralled with her charms. Nor am I surprised, now that I, too, have viewed its beauties. The Royal Palms that border the boulevards, the dark plummy eucalyptus trees and the lacy peppers with their clusters of bright red berries—all furnish a pleasing setting for the rows upon rows of attractive bungalows fashioned of vari-colored stucco.

I loved the old missions we visited, too. Masterpieces of the superior workmanship of days when California was young, the adobe walls ranging from four to seven feet in thickness, they are still wonderfully well preserved. Largely because their care has been entrusted to religious who appreciate their historical value.

The symmetrical rows of orange trees in the extensive groves, with their two-toned green leaves, the darker ones of last year's growth and the brighter colored shoots enveloping, but not obscuring the golden-balls of luscious fruit, make a most charming picture. Hanging, too, in my gallery of memories is one of the loud-voiced ocean, the white-capped waves breaking with a "swish" upon the smooth floor of the sandy beach and causing shell-seekers to scurry backward.

LETTERS TO MARY



A FRIENDLY VISIT.

But there is another picture less pleasing, but of more importance, which I would bring before you. It is a pathetic one of masses of poor Mexican children huddled together in a cheap wooden structure which serves at night as a motion picture house, but on Saturday mornings is a center for religious instruction. Poor little Mexican waifs! When will our American Catholics wake to the spiritual needs of these most neglected of God's poor, and do something for them? They are equally neglected all along the Border States. What can be done to help them? We need women, of course, who will devote an hour or two a week to the glorious work of giving Religious Instruction and Christian Training to these poor little ones who would not otherwise receive it. But, what we need most of all, are women who will dedicate their lives exclusively to this work. Women who do not glow with enthusiasm one moment and languish with indifference the next, but women consumed with zeal for the spread of God's Kingdom on earth, who will allow no obstacle, however great, to interfere with the attainment of their purpose.

In Los Angeles the members of the Christian Doctrine Confraternity are trying to cope with the gigantic problem of reaching the 150,000 Mexican Catholics living in different parts of that great city. It is one thing to ferret out a colony of neglected Mexicans; another to find sufficient number of workers to give them the necessary Religious Instruction. Their problem is to cultivate intensely the congested field of a large city. With us, it is a question of reaching out afar. Yet we, too, in God's Providence, and with the assistance of His Holy Mother, shall do our share in helping to

solve the congested city's problem, even as we have already begun our task of solving that of the rural districts. Our system of training lends itself readily to such a task, for with our proposed chain of Junior training houses located in centers where large numbers of Spanish-speaking people have congregated, as at Gary, Indiana, for example, we shall, while affording our Junior Catechists a splendid course of practical training in Catechetical, Nursing and Social Service Work during the second year of their training period, look after the spiritual and temporal needs of these people and their children.

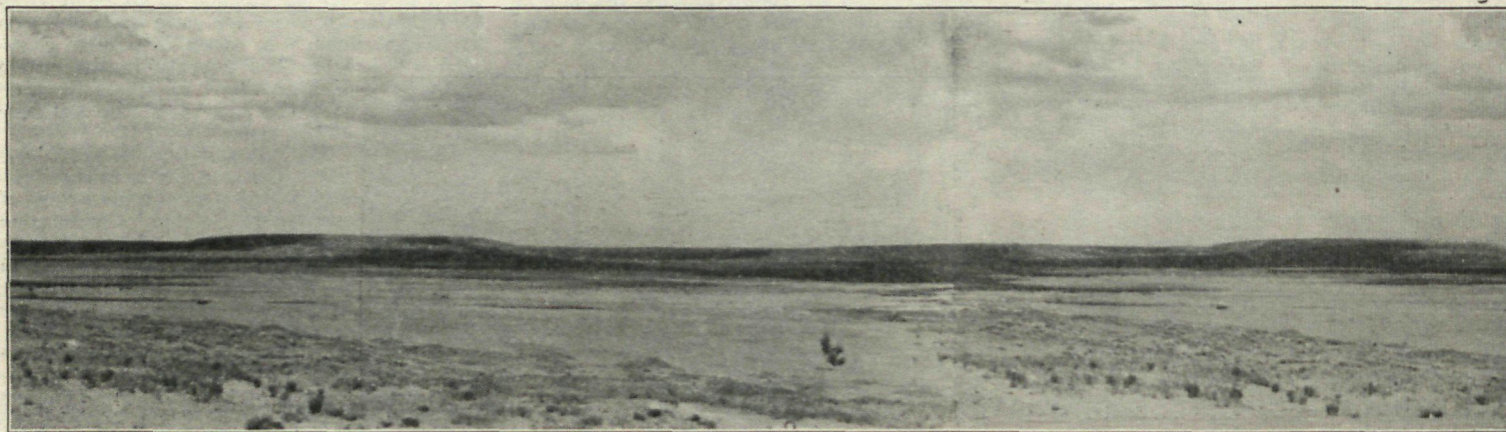
Praying that Our Sweet Mother, the Queen of Apostles, may send us many co-workers to carry on the great work of garnering this vast spiritual harvest ere it perish, and earnestly begging you to try to interest pious, self-sacrificing young ladies in the work done by our Society of Missionary Catechists,

I am,

Devotedly yours in

Our Blessed Lady of Victory,

Catechist Blanche Richardson.



SUN, SAND and SILENCE.

PLEASE DO NOT FORGET TO RENEW YOUR SUBSCRIPTION

"Doings" at Victory-Noll

Miss Mary Kesler, a graduate of Purdue University—altho a non-Catholic—is very much interested in the work now being done by the Missionary Catechists among the sick-poor in the vast mission territory of New Mexico. In the capacity of professor of Materia Medica, she will be closely associated with Miss Springer, R. N., Superintendent of the Huntington County Hospital, who is now directing the course in nursing, hygiene, and dietetics pursued by the Catechists in training at Victory-Noll.

* * *

On the Feast of Our Lady of Lourdes, the Society of Missionary Catechists welcomed into its Juniorate, the following Probationers: Catechist Evelyn Benton, Pensacola, Fla.; Catechist Cordelia Bahl, Hays, Kansas; Catechist Madelon Lorang, Guttenberg, Iowa; Catechist Josephine Penning, Dubuque, Iowa.

Catechist Clorinda Quintana, Ft. Collins, Colo.; Catechist Rose Kaiser, St. Louis, Mo.; Catechist Suzanne Michels, Palm Bay, Fla.; Catechist Jeanette Gratton, Newport, Vt.; Catechist Dorothy Schneider, Buffalo, N. Y., became Probationers.

And Catechist Mary McConville, Philipsburg, Pa.; Catechist Elvira Vigil, Denver, Colo.; Catechist Veronica Scheltinga, St. Louis, Mo.; Catechist Genevieve Sullivan, Chicago, Ill.; Catechist Genoveva Vasquez, Denver, Colo.; pronounced the Act of Consecration, devoting their lives to the service of Jesus and Mary in the service of the poor.

The ceremonies were the same, simple but impressive ones always observed on the occasion of reception and investiture. Rt. Rev. Msgr. Ryan, St. Bernard's Church, Chicago, officiated, and delivered the discourse.

* * *

The subject of Msgr. Ryan's discourse was the magnetism of the Love of Christ, especially of the compelling force with which It draws those He invites to be His intimate followers in the religious life. He spoke, too, of the beauty and happiness of the life of those who yield to the force of their magnetism and of its incomprehensibility to those who resist or do not understand its influence. From without, the religious life is like the window of a Cathedral, dark, dreary, and unattractive. Viewed within it is a thing of beauty and glory.

Worldlings think only of the void made by the sacrifice of home and friends. They do not think of the sweetness and satisfaction which the love of God grows into the empty places. They see what appears to them, a steep and stony path—but they do not see that it leads to the heart of God. They dread pain and privation—forgetting that not even material success can be attained without them, and that the alchemy of God's love changes even the little annoyances and sufferings of every day life into Pure Gold, minted for the Kingdom of Heaven. They ignore the lesson of Christ's



Why?

Why did I become a Missionary Catechist?

Was it because I was disgusted with the world, or deceived by its false and sinful principles?

No, not at all. I neither knew, nor cared to know the world.

Why, then, did I become a Missionary Catechist?

I became a Missionary Catechist because God's whisper entreating me to become His Spouse and the spiritual mother of thousands of poor, neglected little children sounded in the ear of my soul since childhood. As a Missionary Catechist I knew that I should be in His intimate service, and that of His poor, and so grow closer to Him each day.

I became a Missionary Catechist because I heard my people,—the Mexicans,—crying of hunger and thirst in the darkness of spiritual desolation and neglect—lost to the Church through the scarcity of shepherds—snatched from the fold by Protestant proselytizers.

I became a Missionary Catechist because I want to help in the racial preservation of my people. I want to heal the sick bodies of parents and children, for the body is a sacred thing—the temple of the soul. I want to help save the lives of the thousands of babies, who now die each year, either through ignorance of their proper care, or lack of medical attention.

I became a Missionary Catechist because the children, who rely upon me for their Religious Instruction and material well-being, are the hope of a destitute and suffering people, the future leaders and builders of a race of fervent, practical Catholics, faithful to Jesus Christ, to His Blessed Mother, to Holy Church and to the best traditions of their race.

Catechist RAFAELA MENDOZA.

life—that while we teach souls by words, we can save them only by suffering. They do not reflect that nothing can mar the serenity or happiness of the heart when one is doing God's Will, one's soul is at peace and one's heart content.

* * *

The earliest harbinger of Spring has made its appearance at Victory-Noll, It is not, as may be popularly supposed, a robin, but the annual seed catalogue. This will be the second season for the community garden and the Catechist in charge is as optimistic as the seed catalogue, as she makes her plans and purchases. Most of the amateur pliers of rakes and hoes are non-committal as to the expected results. Like the artist in Don Quixote who, when he was asked what he was painting, prudently replied, "That is as it may turn out", they make no rash promises. It is rumored, however, that the one vehicle of transportation at the immediate disposal of the Catechists an "Irish local" (wheelbarrow) has already been put in condition to garner the expected harvest.

"The New Crusader"

The Old Crusader bore the Cross
Beneath the Syrian stars,
And counted naught on earth a loss
While waging holy wars.
The Old Crusader hurt to death
By storied Galilee
Cried to his Knights with dying breath:—
"My Savior's tomb is free!"
Our new Crusader's battle cry
Re-echoes day and night.
The startled fiends in terror fly—
The Southern Cross flames bright.
O'er mountain crag and Mesa spread,
By Southern wall and stream,
The cohorts of the Lord have sped
The dawning of my dream.
And I, the new Crusader, bold,
My song—"the Cross and Crown"—
I build for Heaven the House of Gold—
I lay the granite down.

THE MISSIONARY CATECHIST Huntington, Ind.

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Rev. J. J. Sigstein, Spiritual Director of The Society of Missionary Catechists
Editor

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The city of Santa Fe is at the end of the great Santa Fe trail. It is the episcopal see of the saintly successor of the old Franciscan Padres. Himself a Franciscan—the Most Reverend A. T. Daeger, the present Archbishop of Santa Fe, is indefatigable in his efforts to keep alive the Faith of the people, but he is working against tremendous odds, and must needs look to our prosperous Catholic communities in the East for financial support of his needy Missions and people.

Within a stone's throw of the residence of Archbishop Daeger in Santa Fe, the Presbyterians have erected and are maintaining two large Mission schools filled to overflowing with Catholic children.

Hopefully His Grace is looking to the East for the Missionary Catechists to give Religious Instruction to his poor children whose Faith is being jeopardized by the activities of Protestant Missionaries. Here "the field is white unto the harvest." How much could not devout and zealous young women do to save this harvest before it will have perished. The Missionary Catechists invite self-sacrificing young women, nurses, store and office clerks and home girls, to join their ranks.

The other day a Missionary laboring in the Panama Canal zone wrote us as follows: "I want to say that your work,—Catechetical Instruction,—is what kept the Faith in Ireland. The times have so changed that earnest Catechists are now more needed than Sisters." How true this is! Last year we had hundreds of applications for entrance from zealous young women from all over the United States and Canada. At that time we could accept only a very limited number. Now with the large Victory Training Institute placed at our disposal by Bishop Noll and OUR SUNDAY VISITOR, we hope to receive all worthy, qualified candidates called to this Apostolic work.

EL POBRECITO PADRE.

Continued from page Five

one not soon to be forgotten. Their eyes rested lovingly and respectfully on the silent figure at the wheel, and as they noted his fast-silvering hair and thought of all he had borne and suffered for his people, the youngest and jolliest murmured softly,—"Pobrecito, el Padre". (The poor little Father.)

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