In a four-story tenement house in New York City there a group of lay men and women live today like the early Christians of Jerusalem. Members of this group attend Mass and receive Holy Communion every morning. "They have all in common"; their possessions and goods they have sold. They do not believe that their duty of charity can be delegated to any organization; hence, at personal sacrifice, they identify themselves with the poor, work with the poor, live like the poor.

Their large tenement is known as Hospitality House. Daily it is filled with unfortunate men and women reduced to destitution. "Every morning a hundred men or so come in for coffee. They are without coats, many of them without underwear. Their feet show through the cracks in their shoes...We make about 9 gallons of coffee in two big pots, put the cans of milk and the sugar in it. We have about forty cups and everyone has to take his turn. There is never enough bread to go around."

Recently an appeal has been sent out by the group for financial help. Here is the appeal:

Mauriac, in his book, The Life of Jesus, says in the preface that He was a man among many, one of them—so much indeed, that to distinguish Him from the eleven poor people about Him, the kiss of Judas must point Him out.

We think about Him every morning as we serve coffee and bread spread with apple butter to the hundreds who come to our door.

The misery of cold is no longer with us. But the misery of hunger is. And as the line files through our store and past the table piled high with bread, the radio blares forth about reducing, about grape juice, about recipes for well cooked dinners in comfortable homes, about suits to be bought on the easy-payment plan. And the men listen, their faces stolid, drawn in deep lines, many of them carved with suffering.

Hunger! Have you read Knut Hamsun's book, HUNGER? The very word sounds gaunt. It is warmer now, and the bright sunlight fills the street early in the morning. The tinkle of the "rags-old iron" men's bell and the clop of the horses' hooves on the pavement; the shouts of the children on their way to school; the flowers, the radishes, and the Spring onions on the pushcarts before the door—all these are happy sights and sounds and smells.

It is hard to think of hunger and want now. But we must remind you, again asking your help.

We ask our Lord for our daily bread—how many times a day do we repeat this prayer! A wife must ask her husband for the needs of the family from dry to dry. So too, must we ask each other.

There is the bread, 55 long restaurant loaves daily. The apple butter, 21 pounds a day. Coffee, 50 pounds every two days, and sugar, the same. And thirty cans of evaporated milk each day. And we cannot let down. It is the bare essentials we ask for. The printing bill is over a thousand dollars, and there is a pile of others, utilities, stationery, etc.

God keeps us poor, as He Himself was poor on this earth. He keeps us in the position of having to depend on you,...When He gave His message at the Last Supper, He left us each other. How can we love each other if we don't care for one another?

So, once again, in the name, this time, of Mary our Mother, whose month this is, we beg your assistance. —Sincerely yours in Christ, The Catholic Worker, 115 Mott St., New York City.

If you would like to help this group in their work, send them what you can. If you would like to know more about their work, subscribe to their little weekly paper, The Catholic Worker, which costs twenty-five cents a year.

PRAYERS: (deceased) Judge Thomas T. Gallagher (1876). Ill, cousin of John Clauder,54