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Friday, August 23, 1918.  
"Your Boy, Perhaps?"

It may easily have happened that your boy was one of the central figures in the following event described for the "Columbiad" as "one of the serious night's at a K. of C. building in one of the United States cantonments on this side—when an outfit is under orders for overseas:—

"The building is crowded. But there is no uproar of applause, no riotous cheering, no electric enthusiasm. The boys sit thoughtfully at the writing tables. Their eyes study the signs advising them to write home. And they write.

"I've stood here, by the mail desk, watching them—hundreds of them, said John Gates, Past Grand Knight of Albany, N. Y., Council, and one of Tom Neary's able assistant secretaries. 'All you could hear was the scratching of their pens. But I've felt the solemnity of the moment, and I know how the boys put their whole hearts into those last letters they write their folks home before sailing for France.'

"Always, on such occasions, midnight Mass is celebrated in the K. of C. hall, and the boys go to Communion; always, on these occasions, the chaplains—Fathers Jerome Walsh and Louis Phaneuf—at the time of the writer's visit—hear confessions throughout the day and night. And after the Mass it is no uncommon thing for a soldier to pick his way through the writing and meditating crowd of his companions, and go behind the stage to visit the Blessed Sacrament in the repository. The demand for rosaries and scapulars and prayer-books is intense on such nights.

"Thousands and thousands of our men have attended these midnight Masses at the K. of C. building at Camp Merritt, have made their peace with God and left their homeland spiritually secured against all the dangers of sea and trench.

"I tell you," Tom Neary was emphatic. "It makes even a tired man thrill to his soul to see and hear these boys go out. In a drenching rain in the early hours of the morning I've seen them march out singing; and although a fellow may have been up and on his feet from six o'clock yesterday, he's glad to stand up for an hour or two longer to do a last little service for the boys."

"And this is where Tom Neary and his associates may blush. But the verdict of the men must be recorded, and they are unanimous in their praise of the spirit shown by the K. of C. workers in the camp."

Thank God for the K. of C. workers!  
Catholic women of New York provided 600 clerks to assist in taking the military census of New York state.

## School Again.

It will not be many days ere the school year of 1918-1919 will be upon us again. Of course, Catholic boys and girls in Rochester will wend their ways to the parochial schools. There are no better schools in Rochester, considered solely from the standpoint of secular education than the Catholic schools of this city and, in addition, the pupils have the advantage of instruction in their holy faith and have religious and godly environments under the supervision of noble women whose lives are dedicated to their Church and to the education of the young.

But there is a problem for parents to face in educating their boys and girls who have passed the college age. There are some Catholics who seem to fear that their sons and daughters will not acquire the "polish", the requisite social unless they attend non-Catholic colleges and universities. This is absurd. The Catholic colleges and universities of the United States rank with the very best in point of equipment for ripe scholarship and the employment of the country look more and more to these Catholic institutions for trained and equipped men and women to take responsible positions. Some of the great men of the country are graduates of Georgetown and Fordham universities. Notre Dame is noted for the splendid engineering graduates it sends forth. And so on down the list.

Wherever all possible Catholic schools should send their boys and girls to Catholic institutions for higher education. They will come out as well grounded in the secular branches as from the secular colleges and, moreover, they will be stronger in their Faith and thus better equipped to weather the stresses and adversities of everyday life in this hustling and work-a-day world.

## Win the War!

It is conceded that the most important matter which confronts the American people and all the people of the world is to win the war.

If we do not win the war business will not go on as usual. Our enemies will dictate how we shall live in our homes, how we shall be clothed and how our children shall be educated. Hence if we are called upon to make sacrifices, we must do so and do so willingly and cheerfully. If fathers and mothers, brothers and sisters, wives and children can give their loved ones to their country's service, even unto the supreme sacrifice, we who remain at home must do what we can to equal these sacrifices. We have given and must give of our money and resources. If it is deemed necessary by the Government at Washington that this or that business or industry be curtailed in order that men and materials and machinery be released to production of whatever is deemed necessary to win the war, then we must acquiesce even if it be our own industry, our own plant, our own resources that are curtailed.

Individuals must efface their personal predilections and all must unite en masse to insure the united support of the entire American people to the Government at Washington and our Allies which is absolutely necessary if we are to win this war and win it speedily!

Prominent manufacturers in Indiana think so highly of Notre Dame University that they have donated 100 free scholarships for the university's new school of agriculture.

William Randolph Hearst is kept busy these days stopping this town or that community from barring the sale or distribution of Hearst publications.

## First In America.

We are indebted to a Catholic exchange for this terse account of "the First Nuns in America". The first body of nuns to establish themselves in America were the Ursulines, who, under the superiorship of Madame de la Peltrie, established the Hotel Dieu at Quebec in May of the year 1639. The first body of religious women to establish a convent in the United States was also the Ursulines, at New Orleans, in 1727.

The royal patent authorizing the Ursulines to establish a convent in Louisiana was issued Sept. 18, 1726, by King Louis XV. Mother Marie Tranche-painde St. Augustine, with seven professed nuns from Rouen, Le Havre, Vannes and other places, accompanied by Fathers Tartarin and Doustreu, set sail for Louisiana. They were over six months at sea, and it was not until August 6, 1727, that they reached the embry city of New Orleans. They were received with every honor by Bienville, who gave up his own home to them as a temporary residence, pending the erection of their convent. On Aug. 7, 1727, the Ursulines began in Louisiana the great work of education, which has continued without interruption to the present day.

While there may not be so much eclat about it as service in war relief work the departure of seven nuns from the Franciscan missionaries of Mary in New York city for mission work in the far East, including two for the leper colonies in China, is a sublime example of sacrifice and service.

Baseball does not appear to have been affected greatly by the draft.

"Killjoys" is too mild an appellation for those blue nosed busybodies who would deprive our soldier boys of tobacco and entertainment. But, perhaps, they are worse—may be they are pro Germans in disguise.

Wonder if George Creel's publicity matter will be of any more serious use now that it is to be put out on official pink paper.

If all the Rochester hotels are "dry" will the Knights of Grip sleep in Buffalo or Syracuse? Cassidy, squirming out of the building to get a refreshing breath of fresh air, chanced upon a sober-looking person whose brow was knitted in horrified disapproval.

"What a terrible row," quoth the person. "And how fortunate you are to escape."

"Escape?" Cassidy stared in surprise. "Yes," said the grave-minded stranger. "Fancy giving the boys an exhibition of such brutal sport."

This was too much for Cassidy. "Friend," he politely queried, "do you hear those boys sobbing any tears? What do you think Uncle Sam's training them for—to make fudge or act rough with the Germans?"

In the center of Honolulu is the great College of St. Louis, in charge of the Brothers of Mary, from Dayton, O. The college has 300 students.

Last week Detroit's board of aldermen, by unanimous vote, prohibited the selling of The Menace on the streets.

If the Knights of Columbus had a service flag it would have 32,000 stars on it, for that number of men, out of a membership of 400,000, are now in the war service.

## A Moving Tale.

A Yarmouth park butcher notified his customers that he had sold out by banging in his window a pig's tail with a card bearing the words: "This is the end of our pork this week."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

## Greetings to a Soldier

By HILDA MORRIS

It was a window full of greeting cards, the sort that people send now days for every occasion, at parties, except funerals. Cards for birthdays, cards for weddings, cards to congratulate you on all sorts of happenings, cards with patriotic sentiments and on each a verse, supposedly clever, and a flourish of some sort, alluringly colorful.

Justice paused before the window, attracted by its gay display. It was Saturday afternoon her day "off," and she had nothing else to do but wander among the shops, looking in on lovely hats and bonnets and boxes which she could not afford to buy. This window, however, was different. She could buy cards, that is if she had any money to send them. Today most of the cards seemed to be for soldiers, the verses told how proud some one was of them, and how somebody longed to see a certain soldier again. Justice looked and most earnestly wished that she knew a soldier to whom she might send a card. She was doing so very little about the war, anyway. She had no time to knit, and no money to give. It might help a very little to send one of these bright cards to some homesick boy in a far-away camp. But the trouble was she did not know any soldiers. Since she had come to the city Justice's days had been too full of work to afford many chances for meeting men, and the days back home in Oldport were now so far away. She racked her brains trying to think of some one to whom she might send one of these friendly greetings.

There was Mr. Evans, from the office, but she hardly knew him well enough. And Bert Holmes, from Oldport, but he was engaged to another girl. Perhaps it would not do. The only soldier whom she could think of who might be pleased to hear from her was the little Pratt boy at home, who had once been in her Sunday school class. Of course, he was not a little boy any longer, he must be twenty-one at least. But he would remember her, she felt sure, and doubtless he would like to receive a card from the big city. So she went in and chose the very prettiest card of all, decorated with a pen from the Stateside, and addressed it to him.

So She Wrote the Letter.

On second thought she found that she was not quite sure what the Pratt boy's first name was. Charles Clarence Curtis—that was it, Curtis. Curtis Pratt had a very familiar sound; she wrote the name firmly, addressed it to the Long Island camp, where she had heard that the Pratt boy was stationed, and mailed it. Then she forgot all about it.

But two days later, much to her surprise, there came a note to her from Curtis Pratt. He had received the card and was very much pleased. He thought it was so good of her to remember him. He should very much like to hear from her again, if she had time, a letter telling something about herself.

Justice was quite flattered. It is not often that a boy remembers his Sunday school teachers with such courtesy and interest. So she wrote the letter, and a motherly sort of epistle it was. She scarcely expected an answer to it, but a few days later the answer came. He was to have leave next Sunday; could he come to see her?

teacher about to greet her pupil; her hair curled about her ears in a delightful style that reminded one, somehow, of yellow spring things. And her eyes were altogether too dangerously blue for a teacher to possess, especially if she wears a blue dress that accentuates their color. Justice was twenty-seven years old, but she looked about sixteen when she came down into the little boarding-house parlor to greet Curtis Pratt, her ex-pupil.

The tall soldier who was seated by the window rose upon her entrance, thereby revealing himself to be very tall indeed, and of much broader proportions than she associated with little Curtis Pratt.

"Why, how you have grown!" exclaimed Justice. "I didn't think you had." And then, with widening eyes, she saw that this was not her Sunday school pupil at all. He had never looked like that, with such a straight nose and such very brown eyes. He had been a blonde.

"Why, you—you aren't Curtis Pratt!" she accused him breathlessly. It was the soldier's turn to look surprised.

"Yes, I am, begging your pardon. I'm very much indeed Curtis Pratt. I remember you, even if you don't recall my face. Once when we were very young we went to the same picnic, and I fished you out of Fairview Creek. Don't you remember that day?"

Justice sat down quite suddenly. "Why, yes," she faltered, "remember that. I remember you, too, only—"

"Only what?" "I'd forgotten that your name was Curtis. I guess I got you mixed with your younger brother, the one I taught in Sunday school. I thought I was writing to him."

"Benny? Benny is out of camp but he has measles just now. I'm sorry if I've disappointed you. Perhaps Benny can come next time."

There was a flat note of hurt in his voice; a rather wistful something in his eyes as he looked at her.

"No, no," she exclaimed hastily. "I'm not at all disappointed. I—I'm glad it was you."

And then she blushed at what she had said, a delightful pink blush that went very well with her springtime frock.

"So am I," said Curtis Pratt. They spent the afternoon together in the park, and they had supper together at a quiet restaurant. More than once Justice felt the envious eyes of some other girl fixed upon her, the eyes of some girl who envied her the company of so fine-looking a soldier; just so had she herself felt on so many Sundays past. But now, now she felt sorry for them, those other girls. For something told her that this was only the beginning of a great many other Sundays that were to come.

"Do you know," said Curtis Pratt, as they walked slowly home to her boarding-house, "that I have never forgotten you since that day of the picnic many years ago. I had to leave town soon after for school and college and I never caught more than glimpses of you in vacations. But I've never forgotten."

"And the Sunday after that?" "Yes, if you still want to." "Want to?" I guess by that time I'll be wanting to come oftener than Sunday. I'm sure of it."


"Well," said Justice with a conscience-stricken little sigh, "I guess I've forgotten all about poor Benny. But I don't think he would have cared very much for a card from my Sunday school teacher, anyway. I'm hoarse but I'm glad he never got it."

**Soy Bean More Widely Used.**  
Among the numerous products that have been given prominence during the war is the oil obtained from soy beans. This is largely used for soap making, also as a salad oil, as well as edible purposes, such as for frying. The meal left over after the extraction of the oil is the richest cattle-feeding material known. Soy beans have been grown extensively in Manchuria, but owing to the present and future difficulty of export from that part of the world its cultivation has been abandoned in that quarter, and preparations are being made to grow it extensively in the Transvaal.

**Removing Stains From Piano Keys.**  
Piano keys, by use, will turn yellow. To restore the original whiteness, put one ounce of nitric acid in 12 ounces of soft water—do not reverse this or the acid will fly up into your eyes) and apply the liquid to the ivory with a brush, taking care that no acid gets on the woodwork. Wash off the acid with a piece of flannel dipped in clean water and wipe with a dry cloth. Be sides restoring piano keys, this same mixture is equally efficacious for cleaning the handles of cutlery and other similar articles. — Popular Science Monthly.

**Too Personal.**  
First Barber— I bet that fellow is a bum actor.  
Second Barber— Why?  
First Barber— When I asked him if he wanted an egg shampoo he put on his hat and walked right out.

### Father John's Medicine



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### MOTHER SAYS "THERE IS NOTHING LIKE FATHER JOHN'S MEDICINE AS A BODY BUILDER"

Writing from Oakland, Nebraska, Mrs. Swan Pearson says: "My three babies, Florence, Harold and Glenwood, have regained health and strength from Father John's Medicine. I think there is nothing like it. It built them up and helped them through a dangerous illness."

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**Wood Oil in Commerce.**  
Wood oil has many uses. It is used as an illuminant, an ingredient in concrete, an adulterant in the manufacture of lacquer varnish, and when mixed with lime and bamboo shavings it is used by the Chinese in caulking their boats. Chinese or Indian ink is made from the soot resulting from the burning of the oil or the fruit husks. The product is also used as a dressing for leather, in the manufacture of soap, and as a varnish for fine furniture. In foreign countries wood oil is chiefly used for the manufacture of varnish from cheap gums. Other oils require a higher and more expensive quality of gum in order that the resulting varnish be of equal grade. This feature, together with the rapidity with which wood oil varnish dries, has caused the demand for the product to increase steadily.

**Big Tithea for Bishop.**  
A champion plural was Bishop Luxmore of St. Asaph. To his own use he contrived to impound the tithes of some two dozen parishes, which gave him an annual income of nearly £20,000. A staunch believer was the worthy bishop in the maxim that blood is thicker than water. For his eldest son, whom he made dean of St. Asaph, he obtained other ecclesiastical appointments, which brought him in over \$8,000 yearly. A second son had £2,000, while a nephew had to be content with a beggarly pittance of \$1,000. It was reckoned that the four Luxmores, who flourished in the early years of last century, drew from their manifold appointments the sum of about \$125,000 yearly.—London Times

**Jews in New York's East Side.**  
The lower East side of New York is made up of many races, but the Jews predominate. They come from all quarters of the globe to find a home in New York's most crowded spot.