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Friday, October 18, 1918.

But One Drive.

President Wilson has vetoed the proposition to have two "drives for war activity subscriptions—the Y.M.C. A., the Y. W. C. A., the Library Association and the War Camp Service to come first and the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare Association and the Salvation Army to follow, say thirty days later. It was well pointed out that such a proposition was unfair; first, because it would entail two distinct expenditures of energy: second, those participating in the first drive might weary and not help either in service or money, with the second drive; third, and most important, it might easily lead to religious division and undo in large measure all the splendid results already achieved in the way of breaking down sectional and racial division between the American people.

Accordingly, there will be but one great drive participated in and the results shared in by all the seven great war activities already organized. This will begin on November 11th.

While Rochester will not participate directly in this drive because our War Chest raised last summer will supply our quotas to all the activities, nevertheless, we can all subscribe to the following sentiments of the current issue of the "Columbiad"

We must join as citizens with all our neighbors on different committees formed to conduct the drive. As Catholics, as Knights of Columbus, we must show an especial interest and yet we must always insist that our work is broad—for all the boys—that religion is not forced on anyone, and that as all our neighbors in the war enjoy whatsoever we are able to do for them, so their fathers and mothers and brothers and sisters and wives and daughters and sons must respond to the call and give generously that each of these seven agencies, approved by the Government, may continue its work for the soldiers and sailors.

Any man who wants to give to only one or a few of the Big Seven ought to be visited by a special committee in the town or city and his viewpoint changed, if possible; if not, his written reasons asked, or, better still, such a contribution should be refused.

These are no times for narrowness, racial prejudice or religious bigotry. The President has done his part to secure unity in the drive. We will do our part! Turn the white light of pittiless publicity on the man who still wants discord at home, trouble with his neighbor, or distinction as to creed, race or color in the great war overseas.

Now let everybody mind his own business and see how that "grouchy feeling" will disappear.

Churches Closed.

Undoubtedly, the decision to close the Catholic Churches, in deference to the mandate of the duly constituted civic authorities, came as a surprise and shock to those who never had heard of such an occurrence. To hundreds of devout Catholics, accustomed to weekly and many to daily reception of the Blessed Eucharist, the closing of the churches meant a real sacrifice, giving up a spiritual consolation very dear in these days of stress and trial. Deprivation of Mass and Sacraments meant far more to the Catholics than it did to their non-Catholic neighbors who absent themselves from their services upon the slightest provocation with complaisant impunity.

Catholics may rest assurred that Bishop Hickey did not order the Catholic Churches closed simply because the other denominations resolved to do so. As he says, he only put into operation such a drastic and unprecedented method—suspension of all public church functions and closing of the Catholic Churches, which never are closed during ordinary waking hours—until and unless the Mayor and Health authorities assured him that complete suspension of all promiscuous public gathering's as far as possible was the only known method of checking the epidemic of influenza which threatens our city.

Let us all unite in fervent supplication to Almighty God to stay the march of the influenza plague so that we may soon assist again in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. There may be those of us who feel within ourselves that suspension of the mass amounts to a tacit denial of the power of Almighty God to protect and guard those gathered in His name but we must remember that the Mass is offered up as usual by God's priests but 'that temporarily we must be deprived of our opportunity to assist in the service, in order that the good of the entire community may be conserved.

And, above all, this is done by the authority of the Bishop of Rochester, God's duly constituted representative in this part of the world and as good Catholics we must follow his wishes as our spiritual head. In other words, as an old and homely but none the lese trite saying puts it "one must not try to be more Catholic than the Pope."

Buy Bonds!

Never mind what the press despatches say about the approaching end of the war. Disregard all apparent willingness of the Central Powers to accept President Wilson's peace terms. Forget that you want to see the war over, until the Fourth Liberty Loan is subscribed to the limit and over the top.

Even if war were to end tomorrow, the United States Government has to meet the obligations assumed to date; it will have two million soldiers to support "over there" until peace terms are signed and become operative and perhaps until it is seen that the Central Powers have carried out their peace promises. It will have to bring these soldiers back and maintain them until the armies are disbanded. Besides, it will have to maintain as many more in the cantonments on this side until the military establishment we have built up is reduced to the peace proportions—not yet decided upon.

Then there are the war reconstruction problems and these will need money.

Therefore, to end the war quickly and to prevent a Fifth Liberty Loan, subscribe to the Fourth Liberty Loan to your utmost capacity.

If influenza epidemic continues, why not suspend "gasless Sundays" so as to permit everybody who has a car to get out in the open air on that day.

End In Sight?

Possibly, before this issue of the Catholic Journal reaches its readers, the end of the great war may be in sight. It may be that the Allies will accept Prince Maximalian's guarded acceptance of President Wilson's peace terms as representing the real feeling of the real German people—not of the German military autocracy—as in favor of surrender and willingness to accede to the terms that may be imposed by the Allies. In that event while the Allied armies will not be withdrawn, they will not continue their offensive against the Germans but will follow up the latter's evacuation of occupied territory, making sure that they do not destroy or lay waste that which has been spared up to date.

Either this will happen or fighting will continue until winter puts an end for the season, then to be resumed in the spring of 1919.

While everybody, we feel sure, wishes the war might end, except, perhaps, the unconscionable profiteers, and they do not count in such a contingency and their wishes will not be consulted, nevertheless it were better that the war never began than to have it end without a decisive victory for world liberty and the extinction so far as is possible of all hereditary dynasties whose will may be imposed willy-nilly upon a subject people without the latter's assent. This war is waged to insure equality of opportunity to every man, woman and child on the face of the globe and it is not won until that equality is assured. Moreover, if we stop short now of that complete equality of opportunity, we must ever fear that from us in the United States who have such equality may be taken that which we now cherish.

History has recorded more than once that premature peace is fully as costly as hardly won victory.

Angelo Newman.

When Angelo Newman died last week, a void was left in many circles, albeit he was not a notable personage, judged by certain worldly standards. He never sought or held public office. He had not written one of "the best sellers. He had not staged a drama. He was just one who did his bit toward making others happy. In his comparatively short life he emphasized "service" to the utmost. His splendid voice, his histrionic talents, his bubbling good nature were ever at command of his fellows. In church circles, in social life, he never spared his best efforts and that without remuneration other than the sense of rendering service.

In his latest position as K. of C. secretary at Kodak park camp, he literally wore himself out in his untiring efforts to serve the soldier boys there. At any hour of night or day, he was at their service. And many a homesick lad who was cheered by Angelo's sunny smile heaved a sob when he heard his friend had passed to his last reward.

And so hundreds of persons all over this vicinity, and beyond our confines, are uttering "Peace to his ashes and eternal rest to his soul."

Surely, none will have the temerity to charge Catholics with lack of patriotism, civil or military, after what we have done in this war.

It is announced that "the National Catholic War Council is to co-ordinate all Catholic societies and its breadth gives all a chance to (come across.)"

Announcement is made that the French government has assigned 50 English-speaking soldier-priests to assist the Knights of Columbus chaplains and secretaries with the American army in France and soon will appoint 100 others.

ON PUTTING THINGS OFF

There Are Times When Waiting a Little While Helps a Whole Lot.

"Procrastination never got anybody anywhere, but," said Mr. Gratiot, "there are times when putting things off a bit helps a lot, as, for instance in the matter of answering certain letters.

"I get once in a while a letter that is cross, ill tempered, sarcastic or that maybe sets up some proposition that the writer himself would have known wouldn't hold water if he had stopped to think about it.

"Now, my natural inclination would be to answer that letter right away. I could shoot his proposition full of holes easily and make it look foolish. His sarcasm I could answer much more bitingly. But what I do now in my somewhat riper years is to smile and say to myself:

"'What's the use?'

"What I do now before answering such a letter is to wait a day, to sleep on it.

"There's a habit that it would be worth any man's while to cultivate. Sleeping on it will iron the wrinkles out of any sort of trouble, solve for us any problem; it soothes and clarifies. It brings back our courage and our sense of humor. And then, in the morning, when I come to answer that letter I answer it in a spirit that makes not an enemy but a friend.

"This sort of 'putting things off' I don't call procrastination it is just waiting a little to give all hard feeling time for evaporation."

SURE CURE FOR INSOMNIA

Eat Pint of Peanuts and Drink Three Glasses of Milk Before Retiring.

Recently a friend who had heard that I sometimes suffer from insomnia told me of a sure cure. "Eat a pint of peanuts and drink two or three glasses of milk before going to bed," said he "and I'll warrant you'll be asleep within half an hour." I did as he suggested, and now for the benefit of others who may be afflicted with insomnia I feel it my duty to report what happened, so far as I am able to recall the details.

First, let me say my friend was right. I did go to sleep very soon after my retirement. Then a friend with his head under his arm came along and asked me if I wanted to buy his feet. I was negotiating with him when the dragon on which I was riding slipped out of his skin and left me floating in midair. While I was considering how I should get down, a bull with two heads peered over the edge of the wall and said he would haul me up if I would first climb up and rig a windlass for him. So as I was sliding down the mountainside the brakeman came in and I asked him when the train would reach my station.

"We passed your station over 400 years ago," he said, calmly, folding the train up and slipping it into his vest pocket.

At this juncture the clown bounded into the ring and pulled the centerpole out of the ground. Lifting the tent and all the people in it up, up, while I stood on the earth below watching myself go out of sight among the clouds above. Then I awoke, and found I had been asleep almost ten minutes.—H. B.

Lock of Milton's Hair.

What is reported to be Doctor Johnson's lock of Milton's hair is to be sold by Messrs. Puttick in London this month. Johnson, according to tradition, claimed that his lock of Milton's hair formerly belonged to Addison. Johnson relieved Milton's daughter when she was in distress and it is thought she gave him the lock in gratitude.

The lock was subsequently divided, one half being given to Leigh Hunt, and it inspired Keats' "Lines on Seeing a Lock of Milton's Hair." Leigh Hunt shared his portion of the lock with Browning, and the portion he retained cannot be traced. Some years ago Browning's portion was sold in London, and later, resold in New York for nearly $1,000.—London Mail.

A Loving Word.

A loving word is always a safe word. It may, or it may not, be a helpful word to the one who hears it; but it is sure to be a pleasant memory to the one who speaks it. Many a word spoken by us is afterward regretted; but no word of affectionate appreciation to which we have given utterance finds a place among our sadly remembered expressions. Looking back over our intercourse with our fellow workers, we may regret that we were betrayed into a harsh or hasty or unloving word of censure or criticism in this intercourse; and we may wish vainly that we had the privilege of saying all loving words that we might have spoken.

Soldering Iron and Steel.

For soldering iron with steel, use a flux composed of equal parts of cast-iron filings and calcined borax. Pulverize this black, glassy mixture, and spread the powder on the seam.

For soldering steel, melt in an earthen vessel three parts of borax, two parts of colophony, one part of carbonate of potash, one part powdered hard soap, to which three parts pulverized glass and two parts of steel filings have been added. Run the melted mass on cold sheet iron. When completely cooled break in pieces and grind fine. Apply to the surface to be joined a few minutes before uniting them.

HOW OLD IS LONDON TOWN?

Notwithstanding Antiquity of British Metropolis Many Great Buildings Are Modern.

It is surprising, when we think of the age of London, and think of the tower which William the Conqueror built; of the ancient abbey; of the Norman church of St. Bartholomew's, how many of London's most prominent buildings are less than a hundred years old, and how many of them are quite recent structures, observes a writer in London Tit Bits.

Of all the buildings which flank Whitehall only the Horse Guards, the Banquet hall and the Old Admiralty existed a hundred years ago. The government offices are all new.

Within living memory the house of parliament, the Thames embankment and all its flanking buildings, St. Thomas' hospital, the National gallery, South Kensington museum, the Tate gallery, the law courts, all the big hotels and even the present Mansion house have been built, whilst nearly all the banks and great piles of commercial offices in the city are new although the thoroughfares in which they stand are very old.

A hundred years ago there was no Hugh Holborn, no Shaftesbury avenue, no Charing Cross road, no Regent street—or, at most, it was just in the making—and no Trafalgar square, Kingsway and Aldwych are streets of yesterday.

Moreover, such great centers of population as Putney and Islington and Hampstead and Edmonton were little outlying villages quite disconnected with London, whilst West Ham and Willesden had no existence except as names, and places like Shepherd's Bush and Wormwood Scrubs might have been in the backwoods of Australia or Canada for all the importance they represented. A century ago, too, the railroad stations which number about 2,000 had no existence whatever.

A Napoleon Holograph.

Few holograph letters in the hand of the great Napoleon are outside the French national archives. In the famous Morrison collection, the second portion of which is being offered at Sotheby's, London, appeared that missive which the first consul wrote to the prince who afterwards became Louis XVIII. In this he sternly advises him to remain in sweet and tranquil exile for a return to France would mean a passage over 100,000 corpses ("il vous faudrait marcher sur 100,000 cadavres"). For this vehement warning Mr. F. Sabin paid £435, and at a convenient and authorized interval the letter will go to New York. A descendant of Joseph Bonaparte, at present incognito in London, inspected the letter and was represented in the earlier stages of the bidding. Another letter by Napoleon addressed to Josephine, saying that the sun itself may grow cold before he forgets her, reached £150.—London Mail.

On Crying in the Theater.

So, avers Nora Bayes, in the American Magazine, in her own words:

"It is a commonplace of the theater that the public want, above all things, to be entertained. But that is very far from saying that they want to be amused. Humor is by no means the easiest way to reach the human heart. There are those who will tell you that the public would far rather laugh than cry. And when they do you can just tell them to tell it to Sweeney. The American public would rather cry than laugh any day. Where in it is not a bit different from the public in Australia, India, Russia or France. The secret of this is very simple: If you can make anybody cry, you make them forget themselves. The minute you make them forget themselves they are being entertained. If you can set them to thinking about your blues instead of their own, they are taken completely out of themselves."

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