

COST OF LIVING ANALYZED.

It is not the cost of food and rent that is the trouble. It is the cost of high living—autos and all the luxuries. The average laborer has not materially changed his living, even to the extent of moving to better homes, under the present high wage. But he is splendid picking for the fakers in all lines, and it is in dealing with such that his troubles begin and end and brings the situation to one of the cost of high living instead of the high cost of living. It is the middle-class man who is getting squeezed, says Fibre and Fabric. He may average 10 to 20 per cent wage increase while the laborer is up over 100 per cent. These middle-class workers are numerous, they are disturbed, and once aroused they will start things that will result in new occupations for hundreds of lawmakers in Washington, as they will do their work with the ballot and institute a general housecleaning and start a new deal. Then we will get some laws for the people against all others.

We are accustomed, perhaps, to regard instinct as one of the lower gifts, yet from it spring some of the most beautiful things in life. A "veteran"—although he was only thirty years old—just back from France, was pacing a piazza on the third floor of his house, with a little child in his arms. The child made a sudden motion and, to keep his hold upon it, the man leaned forward, lost his balance and pitched headlong over the railing to a concrete sidewalk 50 feet below. He was dead when they found him, but as he fell he had so folded the child in his arms that it was not even bruised. It was not his own child, but his sister's; but doubtless his arms would have closed just as firmly round the child of his worst enemy. What was it that locked them? Something stronger than life, certainly.

Capital must serve the people. Labor must serve the people. Neither ought to be master of the other. If necessary, the people should assert their mastery over them both to a greater degree than old ideas seemed to demand. If capital or labor cannot agree, there is a way to make them agree, by the enforcement of the will of the people, says Washington Post. The people can provide that labor shall share in the profits of all enterprises and also that labor shall be held responsible for the steady operation of all enterprises affecting the public health, comfort or necessity.

The German leaders and generals are trying to excuse themselves and throw the blame on others for the failure of the world war. Each says it wasn't his fault—the excuse of the moral coward who is not man enough to take the consequences of his own act, says Baltimore American. The Kaiser was really more honest than any of them, for he lost no time in excuse or explanation, but simply confessed responsibility by running away.

Germany's new constitution banishes the hymn of hate by providing that henceforth German schools shall educate their pupils in the spirit of "reconciliation with the peoples of the world." Here is a tendency that all other nations should frankly encourage.

Explorers who have escaped from the realm of the Dalai-Lama without being crucified are not enthusiastic over the report that England and China have agreed on autonomy for Tibet. They know better than London or Peking what autonomy means.

Cicero knew what he was about when he wrote "Touch is the keenest of all senses." It's so keen that when you start to make one your intended victim is wise to the fact eight blocks away and disappears.

If the Chinese army is using automobiles to transport troops in the advance on Mongolia, airplanes are next to be expected. And when the Orient really wakes up, what will happen?

If it is said the demand for footwear was never so great. We can't understand it. There are not as many feet as there used to be and a great many more shoes.

Sometimes it looks as if it might be better for everybody who is concerned for the fate of humanity just to quit worrying for a while and go to work.

According to Field Marshal Haig there may be some argument as to who won the war, but there's none as to who lost it.

When a man or woman gets to the point of loving self only, it is a case of love wasted on nothing.

None, up in Alaska, is cut off from the world by ice. How can they learn the score?

Among others who don't seem to realize that the war is over are the food peddlers.

BOOKS OF HISTORY.

Science has enabled us to preserve the arts of war no less than those of peace. Though Jenny Lind's voice is but a memory for those who lived in her day and mere history for others, Melba's can be handed down to succeeding generations through the phonograph. Of Washington crossing the Delaware we have only paintings; of Lee at Appomattox we have, in addition, the daguerrotype. Of the present war, however, we have 47,000 official photographs and no fewer than 165 miles of motion picture negatives. The worth of these to the historian and tactician cannot be denied. But they will be even more precious to the great mass of veterans and their friends. The proposal of the secretary of war to have the photographs bound in book form, 12 in all, of 400 pages each, and sold to the public at \$1.50 per volume, has in it much to be commended, says New York Evening Post. Such collections would be a source of legitimate pride to those pictured, as well as to that larger army that, after all, made the taking of them possible. And with the tiniest bit of imagination we can also appreciate the courage of the camera man on the field.

If today one-half of the world is eager to sell, the other half is evidently not less eager to buy, and heirlooms are changing hands in great quantities and at extraordinary prices. All things ancient find eager bidders, though some of the articles which have recently found their way into London auction rooms are so venerable that it is doubtful if they would survive intact another transit. Nowadays, certainly, modern furniture makes no appeal by reason of its cheapness, and what enthusiastic collector could be found to consider the saving grace of utilitarianism when he can possess himself of something which is fabulously old and, for that reason, is permitted to be fabulously impracticable?

A note of romance struck in the general discord of the times is the request of Prince Felix of Parma to visit his fiancée, the duchess of Luxembourg. As all the world loves a lover, the allies will probably not stand in the way of true lovers meeting, although the duchess could make a better match with one of the fine young American officers now in the army of occupation, and thus make fact what has been a favorite subject of romantic fiction.

Forgetting out profiteers and releasing foodstuffs illegally held for speculative purposes are much to be applauded. In their enthusiasm to make a record and win popular approval, however, the many federal and state officers engaged in the hunt should be careful not to interfere with foods that are legally and properly stored against the needs of the coming winter.

The Berlin authorities requested the rich to take the homeless into their spare quarters. The reply to the request did not indicate that altruism is one of the flourishing virtues of the new German republic. Now the billeting may be forced, which will be a new experiment in communism.

Apparently, every battery in the world is turned against wholesome self-denial—the virtue that makes for strength of character, strength of body, strength of mind and assures the full fruition of all other virtues in the symmetry of a rich and fruitful life.

If you watch the trend of affairs closely, you will observe that 100 people are engaged in telling how to solve our problems for every one who is in his shirt-sleeves trying to solve. Solving problems now is a matter of sweat and elbow grease.

Germany is making arrangements to increase coal production to provide for the coming winter. It cannot be denied that the Teuton has an idea every now and then that is worth imitating.

If the ne'er-do-well would change his order so as to do his skating on thin ice in the summertime and getting into hot water in the wintertime, maybe he'd be more comfortable.

Airplane funerals are the latest to be reported from progressive England, but in this country the airplane ride generally precedes the funeral.

What's the use of anybody going into the cattle business when the people are not able to pay the prices for meat?

London blames America for the high price of shoes. At any rate, they are just as high over here.

Some of the best cellars nowadays are not connected in any way with literature.

As a rule, any man who used to be called sensible is now called reactionary.

PROFESSOR IN BUSINESS.

Has the war given a new status to college professors? Popular opinion of their practical abilities, remarks New York World, had heretofore contained an element of skepticism, which is now pretty generally dispelled by the exhibition of competence in many fields of service outside their classrooms. In the words of President Strayer of the National Educational Association, "the war has actually created a market for college professors. Go over the list of professors and administrative officers and you will find some of the biggest names in the story of the achievements of the war." The effect is inevitably to inspire a competition which the colleges must meet through larger salaries if they are to retain the services of teachers of the first rank. Men of superior endowments whose ambition was limited to university honors have "matched minds" with men in other pursuits in the common service of their country, and the result has been to prove their powers under conditions which naturally dispose them to keep on in the larger field. One department at Columbia has "lost a dozen good men to positions with business or semi-public concerns."

The war ought to do something to promote forestry in this country. For several years efforts have been made by those who know the facts and appreciate their significance to arouse the interest of Americans in reforestation. Everybody knows by this time that the forests are being rapidly depleted, but not everybody is sufficiently concerned thereat. However, Pennsylvania is doing a good deal to cultivate forests, says Philadelphia Record. Several other states are planting forests on hillsides that are, when in a state of nakedness, of no economic use. The general government is doing a good deal, and would do more if public interest in the subject were keener.

The head of an employment bureau in New York says that heroes seem to be a drug on the market, as several of the greatest heroes, cited for their bravery, of the great war, are vainly seeking jobs which will give them a winning wage. The memory of the public is short; already it is tiring of the deeds which but a short time ago it was shouting itself hoarse to commend. It is a bitter commentary on the fickleness of human communities that the men who risked everything to keep the country safe have now to beg for a chance to work.

What the railroads of the United States need today is what every other worker and consumer needs—not more steeply climbing to an unescapable pitchfork, but a sane, balanced journey back to a stable landing place, remarks New York Sun, where a dollar of honest service, or of exchange will be worth an honest dollar that will be worth 100 cents in buying power.

All the world loves a lover, and so the young crown prince of Roumania will receive hearty praise and admiration for resigning a throne rather than give up his unroyal wife. He may never attain the uncertain distinction in these turbulent days of being a king, but he will have done what is far better—proved himself a man.

The ballet master of the Paris opera says that dancing is the world's greatest aid to matrimony, and believes that if the government will organize public dancing in the parks, etc., France will be quickly rehabilitated. On with the dance!

Paderewski has given up his musical fame to guide the destinies of his native country. Perhaps it was owing to his proficiency as a musician that he had been enabled to bring political harmony out of discord.

The airplane has enabled the postmaster general to provide the greatest variety of mail transportation ever known even if there has at times been a deficiency of speed.

The St. Paul Dispatch plaintively inquires "Why is an after-dinner speech?" and we for one will honestly admit that we do not know the answer.

Adjusting autos to use the poor-grade gasoline does not interest the autoist nearly as much as some scheme to adjust the gasoline price.

Pleasure travel to Europe will be permitted after November 1, but most of us will have to wait till next summer, just the same.

There may be a shortage of cotton, corn and cucumbers, but there is never a shortage of hysteria.

Now the former Kaiser knows he's merely one among men—his auto has been stolen.

Well, anyhow, you don't hear anybody kicking about the high cost of beer.

ANCIENT CITY KNOWN TO FEW

Musan, in Korea, Visited Only by Occasional Stragglers From Western Civilization.

Few white-men have been fortunate enough to wander inland, in Korea, as far as the ancient city of Musan. This city, with its grim old walls bearing five centuries of history, lies on the very edge of Korea. To enter it is like stepping backward to another world, into a story of the Arabian Nights. During the Russo-Japanese war several Russians took refuge there, and since then half a dozen foreigners have discovered it, but, except for these stragglers, Musan lies unknown to the Western world. The great central palace, or reception hall of the city, remains intact, and close by, in partial ruins, is the temple guesthouse. The smaller public buildings, the gates, the watch towers and even the walls themselves have their own particular story to tell of Musan's interesting past, but few people know it. People who have hunted tigers in the vicinity of Musan say the animals are more beautiful than their relatives of India or the Malay peninsula. These beauties range among the bitterly cold mountains of China, Korea and Manchuria, and far into Siberia.

BROUGHT JOY TO ART LOVERS

Masterpiece of Painting, Recently Found in Spain, Has Stirred Critics and Connoisseurs.

A discovery that has given critics and connoisseurs of art in Spain a fine topic of conversation was made the other day when somebody found in an old barn at Extremadura an ancient painting of great merit, but with nothing about it that has yet indicated the name of the painter, the Christian Science Monitor states.

Manuel Cossio, an expert, declares it a work of "transcendent importance for the history of Spanish art," a precursor of the figures by El Greco and Zurbaran—but offers no opinion as to the identity of the artist. Mr. Excheverrieta, a millionaire of Bilbao, comes forward with the large sum of money needed to persuade the possessor, not to offer the picture for foreign purchase, and so it remains temporarily in the Prado museum while the government decides whether or not to acquire it permanently. The critics seem in agreement that the unknown painter painted it in the first half of the sixteenth century. Otherwise the world has found a new art mystery; and apparently, too, the man who owned the barn is as much surprised as anybody else.

ASSORTED CHIPS

When in need of a good line of talk, patronize the telephone company.

Church bells bring the thought that a landlord can go so high and no higher.

The fellow who stops to put everyone else on the right track never arrives himself.

When subjected to severe knocks a soft stone falls to pieces; a hard one takes on polish.

When it comes to keeping appointments you will invariably find the bill collector on the spot.

If the oceans should rise one-twenty-sixth of their depth they would flood one-half of the land.

Occasionally a man thinks it is cheaper to marry his stenographer than to increase her salary.

Easy. The most miserly woman in Indiana has again turned up. She is comfortably wealthy and "save at the expense of the other fellow" is her middle name. The other day she went into the bakery at which she usually gets stale rolls because they cost just half as much as the fresh ones do. But this day there was none. "Sorry," smiled the salesgirl, "but we sold them all while they were still fresh."

"When you know I'm coming every morning why can't you keep over a dozen and let them get stale for me?" complained the woman.—Indianapolis News.

A Close Observer.

A little girl of Bellefield was caught in a gross exaggeration the other day, whereupon her mamma said in properly severe tones:

"My dear, don't you remember what happened to Ananias and Sapphira, whom I told you of the other day?" "Yes'm, but de dear Lord don't make people dead now for tellin' stories," replied the small observer of events.—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Preferred the Cash Bail.

Judge Chesebro of Los Angeles was embarrassed when he found that a man whom he had held for a misdemeanor in \$25 bail, and who did not have the \$25, had disappeared from the courtroom, leaving his wife as bail. The judge was much relieved when, just before it was time to close the court, the man rushed in, put down \$25 in real money, and walked away with his wife.

Trouble.

Hub (arriving home)—Your eyes look red. What's the matter? Wife—Oh, nothing. Hub—Yes, there is. What is it?—something that happened at home or something you saw at the movies?

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