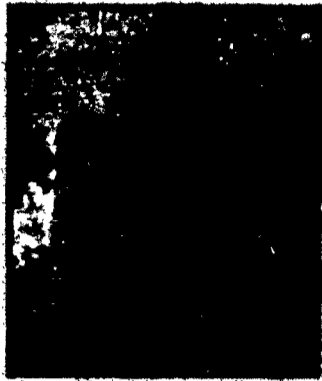


Named To War Board
 New Orleans.—The Right Rev. Peter M. H. Wyshoven, pastor of Our Lady of Lourdes Church and a past president of the National Catholic Peace Association, has been named a member of the War Labor Board's Eighth Regional Board.

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TIMELY ETERNALS

By Rt. Rev. Mgr. Peter M. H. Wyshoven
 Editor-in-Chief, Catholic Action of the Diocese

PEOPLE IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD

"It is a delicious moment, nestled in a bed and feeling asleep. The good is to come, not pass; the future has been enough to render the moment in one's memory delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle fall of the perspiration drops over you; the spirit of the neighborhood is engaged in a happy and bustling progress. Now a neighbor detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the child seems to have a halcyon air about her. Her eye is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its city rounds."

We had you the rosy, dry lips (to see that the above description of sleep was not written by a man who lived in a well-ventilated city neighborhood with houses nudging one another. There is no such happy prospect in contemplating when you retire at night. This is particularly true in summer time, when all windows are open, because these always in someone in the neighborhood getting ready to celebrate something. Or there may be a poor neighbor suffering with insomnia, who has discovered that a sure cure for it is to make himself mentally tired and drowsy by listening to a blaring radio until all hours.

In this lack of consideration for your neighbor's life and a crime? We shall have the radio added out of our estimation; after all, he is a sufferer, and there is something wrong with him in several ways. But the merry-making, and the obscenity of an occasion, or no occasion at all? These light-hearted, happy and healthy people—what mischief do they create by a night of gaiety, staged in a densely inhabited neighborhood?

First of all, they will start their trouble at a time when respectable people are going to bed; the party will be at its height a little after midnight, when the period of most restful sleep has passed. The height of their parties is denoted by frequent outbreaks of hilarious screams by thirty young females, and loud musical renditions by an accompanying quartet who can neither sing nor play.

The fact photograph records of dance music are continuously varied variation, for it last an hour and a half. Around one o'clock in the morning, the optical punch is taking effect, and Mother judges that, in order to save the family's reputation, she'd better begin bidding the guests goodnight, with the friendly assurance boys that they enjoyed themselves.

Yes, Mother starts her advice with good sense and judgment; but that does not mean that the party is broken up. About 30 minutes to a half hour afterward, somebody suddenly gets the ingenious idea of having a last drink, and "then we sing 'Swiss Ladies'—but everybody must join in."

In the meantime, the big brother or boy friend has arrived in the car and is nervously and impatiently waiting outside to take "his" home. After a while, his psychology is expressed by long, shrieking blasts of the automobile horn. A shout comes from the inside, through an open window: "Oh, stop on St. Joe, for a minute." Joe won't, for he is either not dressed properly or he was not invited, in the first place. Joe is pretty well puffed by this time, and he blows the horn every succeeding minute. At last, hand fountains are indulged in on the front porch, and "by-leave" are shouted from the street, often and loud enough to wake the neighbors in the second and third blocks. Mother locks the front door and turns out the lights with a feeling of satisfaction. A good time was had by all.

By all, except the young mother next door whose baby was awakened by the noise of the party and who was forced to walk the floor with it practically for the better part of the night. The sick person, too, whose room, who had hoped for a good night's rest, did not have a good time either, miserably tossing about until sleep was out of the question for the rest of the night. For did the last dance or more people outside the street, who had to get up in the morning for a hard day's work, have a good time. In fact, the circle of the

certainly, that of being well settled in a bed and feeling that you will sleep peacefully, not pass; the future has been enough to render the moment in one's memory delightful; the labor of the day is done. A gentle fall of the perspiration drops over you; the spirit of the neighborhood is engaged in a happy and bustling progress. Now a neighbor detaching her hand from that of a sleeping child, the child seems to have a halcyon air about her. Her eye is closed—the mysterious spirit has gone to take its city rounds.

Therefore, should night parties and family feasts be allowed? No, not at all. But these happy moments could be shared—entirely, in a decent hour, and organized at a decent hour. This is a suitable policy for the health and welfare of the participants as well as for the neighbors.

GO TO JOSEPH

Dear St. Joseph, Holy Patron, Of the Universal Church! By your seven joys and sorrows Do not leave us in the lurch.

By your sadness when you gently Thought to get your little boy, Comfort all the lonely mothers When their own will lose the boy.

By your sorrow when the Savior Cold and poor, upon the hay, Heard the peaceful cry of angels Give us peace that lives for aye.

By your bitter tears when Jesus Shed His precious blood for us, Send us down to all His blessed Help us Victory in His.

Dear St. Joseph, by the arrow That had pierced your heart the day Hannah's prophecy was uttered— Take the sting of pain away.

By the hardship of the journey Into Egypt's dreary waste, Send our troops and all armed forces On to Victory in haste.

O, St. Joseph dear, remember How a last minute of your heart As your heavenly journey ended: Make all our fears in despair.

By the tortures and hardships As you sought the Child Jesus' life, Soothe our hearts and calm our spirits Send us peace in every way.

Holy Patron, all your Sorrows Into joys have surely turned! By this token, dear St. Joseph, Send us Peace and Joy that last.—G. M. S.

Family Breakdowns
 For individuals, the breakdown of the family means the gloomy despair of a life without happiness, of a life which out even pleasure can light up. For nations it means slow death through sterility and it can even mean this for the human race.—J. Leary.

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