

Our Curbstone Observer On Street- Sprinkling.

HIS is a subject that every person understands; and yet it is one that seems to create no end of friction everywhere. Not only in Montreal, but in almost every city of any size in Canada are there complaints against the sprinkling of the streets. Now, it is no intention of mine to enter into the matter from a municipal standpoint; I would be, at very best, a poor critic in such affairs; so I will not worry about them. In fact, I am under the impression that the people of Montreal, the aldermen and the special representatives of the Corporation can get along without my advice. This may be quite humble on my part; but even if it were not my opinion, it certainly would be theirs. But this season of excessive drought is very suitable for a few observations on the matter of street sprinkling. Remember I am not dealing with the administrative side of the question, but rather with the matter of the execution of the work. Nor am I going to find any fault; I merely wish to record a few personal experiences, and to offer a few brief suggestions.

DUST CLOUDS.—When, as during the past couple of weeks, we have been for a continuous period without any rain, and everything is as dry as a chip, and the dust has accumulated to a depth of an inch or more on the roadway, it is amusing to watch people, from your window, as they go battle with that enemy; although the feeling of amusement turns to one of a less agreeable character when it becomes your own turn to sally forth. Now we will take a stroll along on any dry day. The first thing that affects you is to find that your freshly polished boots have taken on an antiquated appearance and are suggestive, before you have gone three blocks, of a tramp upon some limestone macadamized road. Then the bottom of your trousers, if not turned up, are sadly in need of a whisking before you have reached your office. And that would be escaping fairly well if you should have no other trouble on the way. So far we have supposed a fine, calm day. But let there be a good breeze, as often comes from some mysterious place beyond the mountain, which grows giddy and distracted as it sweeps around corners and gallops down unfamiliar streets. It is quite exciting to watch one of those gusts, about a couple of hundred yards away, gathering up the dust and carrying it along in eccentric eddies and lifting it like Afreete in Arabian story—high into the air, there to scatter it over the windows and upon everything within sight. But when you see one of those simoons suddenly spring up, without any apparent provocation, and making a bee-line for your own spot, you instinctively close your eyes and mouth, and bow down to meet the attack. It comes, regardless of all respect for your personal comforts or your clothes; and if you are not very watchful, it will probably snatch off your hat and clear away, like a football player who makes a dive for the goal with the captured ball, and gives it a few inconsiderate kicks against the wall on the opposite side. It is then that you dart after your head-gear and run every risk of being knocked down by passing vehicles, or street cars. These are some of the many comforts of a dusty day on the streets of an unsprinkled city. The reader can well imagine a score of other like situations.

SPRINKLED STREETS.—After a scene such as I have just attempted to describe, you are inclined to demand, in every key, that your city be watered and that the corporation be brought to time, and forced to perform that duty. Out come the watering carts and they set about rectifying things. You start on your way homeward, and you are so delighted to find that the carts have been out. Yonder is one of them coming up a side street; just before you reach the crossing the cart has been there before you. When you come to cross you find a long patch of mud, created, as it were for your

special benefit, and there is not a single spot whereon to set your foot. You pause, you try to calculate distances, and are about to cross, when the cart returns and warns you of its presence by a sudden and unexpected backing up, and an equally sudden and unexpected squirting of water all over the sidewalk, and incidentally over your feet and probably limbs. It is so refreshing that you are not expected to get angry. Yet you have no protection. If it were raining you could defend yourself with an umbrella and a rubber-coat; but how are you to protect yourself from that foot-shower-bath that was not on the list of your daily programme?

SUGGESTIONS.—It is quite possible that none of the drivers of sprinkling carts will ever read my column; and were they by chance to read it, they are not likely to pay any attention to it. So I will not take up space with any special address to these gentlemen. But I would humbly suggest to the inspector or that department, or whatever the title of the gentleman in charge of the said operation, that he should impress upon the drivers the advisability of lifting the check-chain before reaching the crossing and of not dropping it until the cart, as well as the horse, is at least three feet beyond the same. Then he might tell them that their wheels should be kept no less than three feet from the edge of the sidewalk when driving along a street, which precaution would obviate the necessity of giving the pedestrians more water than they bargain for. This reminds me of another subject, but I have not time this week to deal with it—I refer to the water-tax and its proportion, or rather disproportion, to the assessments and rents. However, this is a matter of too grave an importance to be treated in conjunction with sand and dust storms, or water-carts and sprinkling, so we will adjourn the discussion till next week.

Typhoid at Summer Resorts.

City physicians have learned to expect every fall an increase in the cases of typhoid. It is not in the slums or the tenements that the disease shows itself, but in the homes of the well-to-do, among the people who have been away on vacations and have unwittingly brought the germs of typhoid back with them. It is rather late to call attention to these facts, with any good purpose, after the mischief is done. But it may not be quite in vain, before the summer opens, and when vacation plans are just beginning to be considered, to suggest that a good water supply is more important than golf links, and that the enjoyment of superb scenery may be bought at too high a price if it is attended with unsanitary conditions.

Typhoid fever is essentially a filthy disease, and the conditions which produce it are tolerably well understood even among the laity. The trouble usually is not ignorance so much as indifference. The sanitary question, unless it obtrudes itself, rarely enters the mind of the summer sojourner. Everything else is taken into account, the size and situation of the rooms, the outlook from the windows, the bills of fare, the service, the accessories, the walks and drives—everything but this which is the most vital and fundamental of all. What father of a family can lay his hand upon his heart and aver that in selecting a cottage or a hotel for his family for the summer he has been in the habit of doing so simple a thing as to have the drinking water analyzed to see whether it is fit for use? The poison is so subtle and its effects so serious and so lingering that it may be pardonable to insist upon reasonable precautions against it at an alternative to vain regrets afterward. Every hotel or boarding house which offers itself for the entertainment of summer guests ought to be able to show an absolutely clean bill of health—plumbing that is open to every one's inspection, and a water supply that is without taint. At the risk of being thought needlessly inquisitive and perhaps disagreeable, let the seeker for summer rest and pleasure put this at the head of his list of questions.—Boston Transcript.

AN ARMY OF CIVIL SERVANTS.

The number of employees in the New York municipal service has reached 45,299, of whom 12,000 are teachers and 10,000 are members of the Police and Fire Departments.

Catholic Mission And Irish Emigrant Girls.

When the newspapers announced last week that the White Star liner Cymric had reached port with 780 Irish girls aboard many a housewife headed for the Battery in the hope of getting a good cook, maid or nurse, says the New York "Sun."

But while Irish lasses are coming to New York now at the rate of 2,000 a week they are a vanishing import and not 3 per cent. of them are in the market for employment when they get to the Barge Office.

In the first place one must subtract the number that arrive here with railroad tickets or passage money to take them to other parts of the United States. As soon as they have passed the immigration officials they start on their inland journey.

Then there are those who are booked for New York and have relatives and friends to receive them. They are held at Ellis Island until 5 o'clock. When their relatives or friends call and satisfy the officials that all is right the immigrants are turned over to them.

There remain then the girls whose relatives have failed to call for them and such as have no relatives or friends here. All of these are turned over to the representatives of the Mission of Our Lady of the Rosary for the Protection of Irish immigrant Girls.

The girls are brought to New York and housed in the mission building at 7 State street. Here friends can call for them up to 10 o'clock at night. The house can accommodate about fifty girls. That is more than the number uncalled for as a rule.

When the Cymric got in last Tuesday with her big cargo of girls all were taken away by relatives except thirty-five. These the Rev. Anthony J. Grogan escorted to the mission house, where they were lodged and fed without cost.

By noon on Wednesday all had departed, in charge of friends; but one. In the meantime, the door bell was kept ringing all day by women who came from all parts of New York seeking servants. On the front of the mission house was this sign:

"We have no servants."

It did not appear to act as a deterrent, for women who came by street car, in carriages and in automobiles read it and calmly rang the bell just the same, arguing, womanlike, that it wasn't meant for them.

On the priest's desk in the office inside were many letters saying, "Send me a good girl at once," or "Please let me have a good cook," or "I would like a first-class nurse girl right away."

"We can't fill one in twenty of the applications that come to us in this way," said Father Grogan. "The girls who are booked for New York are, of course, the only ones available, and they prefer to go with their friends, and let their friends find places for them."

"I have no doubt that many of them would be much better located if they would take the offers of employment that are open to them here, but they all seem to prefer to let the relatives or friends, they know here locate them. Of course, we do not argue it with them; yet often, when I see a clean, bright girl going away with friends who have not these qualities, I wonder if her future life would not be brighter if she came to America without a single friend to greet her."

"There is plenty of employment all ways for Irish girls in domestic service, because they make the best servants. Of course, a large percentage of the girls who come here have got to earn their own living, and it is rather surprising that so few of them will accept the offers of good wages as domestics open to them here."

"From the last part of April until the end of June is the big season for Irish immigration. The ocean liners bring about 2,000 Irish girls a week during that period. Then the number falls off for the rest of the year."

"We make no charge for the care of the girls, whether they are with us a few hours or for three days. We take them away from the mixture of nationalities and classes on the island, and they appreciate it,

and often, long afterward, we get donations from girls who remember the kindness shown them here."

The last girl to be provided for of the thirty-five taken by the mission house from the Cymric's load reached New York with the idea of going to Akron, Ohio. It seems that two years ago an Akron woman traveling in Ireland met her and said she would employ her if she would come over.

Still having faith in that promise the girl came to America. When she told Father Grogan about it he suggested that she stay over until he made inquiries about the woman and also learned if she still wanted a servant.

A telegram of inquiry was sent to Akron and brought a reply that the woman kept a hotel there and that its reputation was none too good. On the priest's advice the girl abandoned the idea of going to Akron, and was engaged at once as a cook in a fashionable household at \$25 a month.

The number of Irish girls coming to America exceeds the number of boys, thus differing from the immigration figures of all other races. Analysis of the Irish immigration now shows that the girls constitute almost 60 per cent. to 40 per cent. of men. On the other hand, the immigration as a whole shows 65 per cent. of men to 35 per cent. of women.

In the matter of education, the Irish immigrants far surpass most of their fellows from other lands. Last year the percentage of illiterates from Ireland was only 3.7, while among Italians it was 52.6 and among Poles 29.8.

"I can understand why the girls outnumber the boys," said Father Grogan. "There is very little industry in Ireland now to offer employment to girls."

"There is a little in Cork, Belfast and Dublin, but most of the immigrant girls have been brought up on little farms. The sons can be employed in agriculture, but there is nothing at home, nor in the nearby cities for the girls, so naturally they come to America."

Three steamers a week with the Irish collectors aboard is the average now, and many people bound for South Ferry or uptown stop to watch the little flock that comes across to the mission house about 5 o'clock in the afternoon of arrival days. Many of them are comely, some are very pretty and the great majority have the grace of neatness.

Father Yorke's Plan For a Children's Mass

In a recent number of "The Review of Catholic Pedagogy," the Rev. Peter C. Yorke describes a good working plan for a children's Mass. He sums up his recommendations in these words:

In order to make the order of such a children's Mass clear, let me describe it in detail. At the hour fixed for the Mass, the children assemble, each in his own seat. At a given signal they all kneel and the reader recites the Judica and Confiteor, the children making answer. The priest is in the sacristy, and, as the organ sounds the first notes of the Introit, he enters the sanctuary and the children, standing, begin the Entrance Hymn. While he is arranging the chalice, saying the preparatory prayers and reading the Introit two verses. At the Kyrie the reader begins, "Lord, have mercy," and the boys reply, "Lord, have mercy," and the girls and boys take it up antiphonally to the end. Then the reader says, "Glory be to God on High," and the children continue in the same manner as at the Kyrie. The superintendent then follows with the Collect and the Epistle, the children giving the proper responses. By this time the celebrant has finished the Gradual, and, as the book is changed, the congregation stands and sings the gradual hymn. At the end of the Gospel the celebrant ascends the pulpit, reads the Gospel in English, the children again making the usual notices and delivers the instructions.

After the instruction the reader begins the Nicene Creed and the children continue in the same manner as at the Gloria. Here it will behoove the celebrant to go slowly so as not to guffaw before she congregate arrives at the Incarnatus.

While he is arranging the chalice, etc., the children sing the Offertory hymn, and, as he begins the Preface, the reader recites it in English, the children standing and again giving the responses. Here, too, the celebrant must take care not to go quickly, because the Sanctus bell should coincide with the end of the reader's preface, the children recite the Sanctus in the same fashion as the Gloria, and there is silence during the consecration.

After the consecration the children may be left to their own devotion or the O Salutaris may be sung. At the Pater Noster the reader begins "Admonished by saying precepts," and the children recite the "Our Father" in unison. They say the Agnus Dei in the same manner as the Sanctus and may sing during the Communion the hymn "O Lord, I am not worthy."

When the priest has covered the chalice they sing the Communion hymn, after which the reader recites the Post-Communion. They then kneel for the blessing and stand in silence during the last Gospel. After the concluding prayers, when the priest has returned to the sacristy they stand and sing a thanksgiving hymn, such as "Holy God."

This scheme of a children's Mass has many advantages. In the first place, it is practicable. It has been tried in several parishes and has worked well. It is true it takes some time and patience to get it going, but everything that is worth having costs labor. In the second place, it has adaptability. In small churches, where priest cannot be spared to superintend, one can omit the Collect, Preface and Post-Communion, a layman or a sister can give the signal for beginning the other prayers. Moreover, wherever even such assistance cannot be had, the addition of another verse to the proper hymn covers the time otherwise used in saying the prayers. In the third place, it interests the children and educates the parents. In the fourth place, it furnishes a splendid foundation for formal instruction on the Mass. The children are accustomed to the various parts of the service and know them by their proper names. The Church's seasons are brought home to them and the hymns store their minds with apt and beautiful thoughts. They have in memory the great liturgical prayers, the highest expression of human piety. In a word, they are put in tune with the spirit of the Church in celebrating the Divine Mysteries.

Now I do not hold that because children go through this Mass they cannot go through it mechanically and with little profit. Experience proves they can. No machinery of religion works of itself. What I do hold is that, with such a children's Mass, it will be much easier for the instructors to bring home to their pupils the nature and meaning of the service than with any other system. The instructor must take plans and give time and have patience, but he will be agreeably surprised to find how soon the children will begin to appreciate the significance of the great Action, at which they assist, and what an insight they will obtain into its treasures of instruction and grace according to the Scripture, "I thank Thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, because Thou hast concealed these things from the wise and Prudent and hast revealed them unto babes."

It must be remembered that no fault is found with the organizers of this Catholic Federation. Their honest, their devotedness to the Church, and their anxiety for the well-being of their co-religionist are matters that have never been questioned. In fact, if there was a serious fault to find it was that over-zealousness, rather than lack of enthusiasm. But it would be a very grave step to hand over to laymen the regulating of the affairs of the universal Church; in fact, it would be subversive of every Catholic tradition and teaching. The same organ, above quoted, speaking of Catholics in the United States says:—

"The Catholic laity in this country represent a great deal of devotion and a world of generosity. But they do not stand for any fixed views of state or church policy. They have had no time to study such questions and know nothing about them. Few of them have received more than a rudimentary education which has not been supplemented by subsequent reading. Our Catholic laymen do not read Catholic books. They do not read Catholic newspapers to an alarming extent. They have no opinions on politico-religious questions, and any pronouncement from them on such matters would be only the applause that always greets bold and radical utterances in assemblies of unthinking men."

AGES OF ANIMALS

Animals vary greatly in the length of their lives. Elephants, eagles and parrots may celebrate their hundredth birthday, but our domesticated beasts are thought to be aged when they have reached a quarter of a hundred. A horse is old at 20, a donkey at 25 and a cat or dog at 15. The span of existence allotted to insects is shorter still, the fly and the butterfly commonly enjoying but one summer of vigorous life, and other religious body, the next in order they are not previously snapped up by a bird.

CHURCH BUILDING.

According to statistics in the St. Louis "Dispatch" fifteen new churches are built in the United States every day. At the present average and in a year the value of new church edifices aggregates \$37,350,000. A table of the value of church buildings just opened or to be opened during the coming summer by the various nominations shows Catholic structures estimated at \$1,250,000. This is far in advance of any other religious body, the next in order being the Christian Scientists with new buildings valued at \$750,000.

The Catholic Federation.

(By An Occasional Contributor.)

Ever since its inception we have refrained from any direct comment upon the project of a Federation of the Catholic societies of America. We can remember well having been asked if we took no interest in such a vast movement. Decidedly we were deeply interested in it; but, it was one thing to take an interest in a movement and another thing to be in a position to pronounce upon its merits. Like thousands of others we could see the visions of great strength and importance that the Catholic Church and Catholic cause, in America, were to derive from such a potent combination. But we were not in a position to judge of the capabilities of the leaders in the movement. Consequently, we were obliged to refrain from expressing any direct opinion. We knew that sooner or later the direct representatives of the Church would be called upon to approve or to disapprove of the Federation, and we were prepared to await such decision, knowing beforehand that it would be based on study and an intimate knowledge of the facts and the circumstances surrounding the movement. That decision has come from the Archbishop of America, at their late meeting held in Washington. How the matter came under the cognizance of the Archbishop is thus told by the Western "Watchman" of St. Louis:—

"In the two first years of its existence the Federation grew to great proportions and wide influence. For the past year its growth has been retarded by a suspicion that the organization was not in favor at Rome and could not hope for the sanction of the hierarchy of this country. To offset this impression and to effect a change of policy, if any hostile action was contemplated, the bishops who have been sponsors for the movement from the beginning have been corresponding with the archbishops with a view to have them approve the Federation at their annual meeting in April. In this way the metropolitans were enabled to form a dispassionate judgment of the merits of the organization before they came together for their yearly deliberations. Still, to show proper respect for those worthy prelates and to treat with becoming consideration a subject that interested many thousands of American Catholics, they discussed the subject long and patiently, and only after careful investigation of the pros and cons did they arrive at the conclusion that the Federation could not be approved. This decision was not incorporated in the published minutes of the meeting, but was communicated privately to the petitioners."

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