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LONDON, SATURDAY, SEPT. 22, 1928

THE NEXT WAR

During the Great War many were deluded by the specious piece of propaganda that this was the war to end war forever. So obsessed had we become with the idea that we embodied all the virtues and that the "Huns" monopolized all the vices of human nature that we were easily convinced that, the "Hun" peril removed, civilization would move peacefully on to the new heaven and the new earth promised by the propagandists. That view of things seemed somewhat strange to those of us who remembered that prosperous and enlightened Germany, the cradle of the Reformation, had so often been held up as a conclusive proof of the superiority of Protestantism. And this reminds us of another strange obsession with many otherwise intelligent fellow-Canadians. Notwithstanding their firm conviction that the Pope caused the War they never adverted to the fact that it was on Catholic France, Catholic Belgium and Catholic Italy that we had to depend for support in the life and death struggle, while Protestant Holland, Protestant Denmark, Protestant Norway and Protestant Sweden stood aside and lifted not a finger to help.

Well, we have discovered that the Germans were not so black as they were painted and we have laid aside our halos. The war to end war did not end anything, and the new heaven and the new earth are still far, far off, though the Hun peril has entirely disappeared.

Partly, perhaps, from a natural disinclination to admit that we were completely humbugged, and partly because some effect of the anti-German war propaganda still remained, there was a flutter of surprise and resentment when Admiral Sims lightly brushed aside some of our most cherished reasons for hatred of the Hun. To make matters worse the Admiral was not in the least anti-British nor in the remotest degree pro-German.

Now comes Col. J. F. G. Fuller, who, in his book "The Reformation of War," makes us feel positively ashamed of our erstwhile loyal credulity. Col. Fuller is an Englishman, an English soldier who knows war both in theory and in practice. He has fought through two of England's wars, winning the Distinguished Service Order in the last. "To anatomize war," he writes, "is to gibber like a fool, and to declare it to be unreasonable is to twaddle like a pedant. Love is unreasonable and so is madness. All things divine and diabolical are unreasonable, and mixed with clay from out of these two unreasoning opposites emerges man, a vibrating mass of unreasoning instincts which will out, and demoniacally so when they are imprisoned. As well attempt to damp down Erebus with a duster as to attempt to control the primitive instincts of man by oath, syllogism or agreement."

Quite a different tune from "The War to end war" and "Never again."

In his desire to open the eyes of his compatriots to "the dangers of rules based on pseudo-humanitarian vapourings" he is shockingly honest.

"The fourteen points and the League of Nations ruined the peace treaty, because they were based on

sublime nonsense and not on common sense, which includes human nature. The terms of the armistice based on the fourteen points proclaimed the brotherhood of man. * * * The Germans, ever foolish in diplomacy, swallowed the fourteen points hook and all. The Allies thereupon drove the gaff of the Treaty of Versailles through the German skin. * * * Just as in 1914 the Germans tore up their treaty because self-preservation demanded that their armies must advance through Belgium, so, in 1919, the Allies tore up their armistice terms."

And that was not the only solemn obligation that England treated either openly or covertly as a scrap of paper. The "Declaration of Paris," to which Great Britain became a party, agreed to exempt from capture in time of war enemy goods in neutral ships and neutral goods in enemy ships. By this agreement, our author avers, England "hung a millstone around her neck." And he continues:

"From the opening of the War onward, few opportunities of a surreptitious nature were missed by Great Britain to file through the shackles of the Declaration of Paris. * * * Having agreed to it in peace time, Great Britain tried to wiggle out of it in war time."

No, he argues, do not let us be fooled by "incantations on the lines of the Declaration of Paris or the Declaration of London." Do not let "pseudo-humanitarian vapourings" blind us to the fact that when war comes, nations use the most effective weapon available, be it what it may.

Did not both England and Germany try to starve each other out? And then he fairly takes our breath away by placing England's investment of Germany on precisely the same footing—because the object in each case was identical—as Germany's unrestricted submarine warfare.

"If the slow starvation of German men, women and children by means of investment did not contravene the spirit of international law, then neither did unrestricted submarine warfare contravene it, though it may have infringed the letter of the tradition which this law had created. If starvation is right in one case it is right in both. The drowning of non-combatants is but an incident in the operation of killing by starvation, it does not affect the principle underlying this act."

Col. Fuller holds that in the evolution of warfare the next war, even though it come within a few years will make the Great War of 1914-18 seem an archaic struggle between barbaric hordes. The traditional soldier will have gone. The airplane will have made the two opposing armies locked in deadly struggle utterly useless. What use of armies advancing, locking horns, struggling, if a fleet of airplanes can leap the barrier and carry destruction into the heart of the enemy's country?

Destruction will be wrought by gas, the most effective weapon that the world has yet seen. There is still a lingering belief that Germany alone used this "diabolical" weapon in the Great War. Of course it was used on both sides.

Col. Fuller then unfolds his conception of the Reformation of War. "A nation which destroys the economic resources of its enemy, destroys its eventual markets, and thus wounds itself. War must entail some loss, but the less this loss is the greater will be the victory; consequently, the military object of a nation is not to kill and destroy, but to enforce the policy of its government with the least possible loss of honor, life and property. If the enemy can be compelled to accept the hostile policy without battle, so much the better. If he opposes it by military force, then it should never be forgotten that the strength of this force rests on the will of the Government which employs it, and that, in its turn, this will rests on the will of the nation which this Government represents. If the will of the nation cannot directly be attacked then must the will of the army protecting it be broken. In the past this will has been attacked by attacking the flesh of soldiers, and so consistent has this been, that the idea has arisen that the military object of war is to kill and destroy. Thus, in the popular and military imaginations, the means have obscured the end; con-

sequently, the prevailing idea of all parties in the recent War was destruction, to destroy each other, and so blinded were they by the means that they could not see that in the very act they were destroying themselves, not only during the war, but in the peace which must some day follow the war.

"I believe that the world is slowly learning this lesson, and that, as in my opinion wars are inevitable, the old idea of warfare based on destruction will be replaced by a new military ideal, the imposition of will at the least possible general loss. If this be so, then the means of warfare must be changed, for the present means are means of killing, means of blood; they must be replaced by terrifying means, means of mind. The present implements of war must be scrapped, and these bloody tools must be replaced by weapons the moral effect of which is so terrific that a nation attacked by them will lose its mental balance and will compel its Government to accept the hostile policy without further demur."

That is directly contrary to the uninformed prediction, so freely and so frequently made, that the next war will be so brutally effective along the old lines that it will destroy civilization.

On the contrary Col. Fuller writes:

"I believe that in future warfare great cities, such as London, will be attacked from the air and that a fleet of 500 airplanes each carrying 500 10-pound bombs of, let us suppose, mustard gas, might cause 200,000 minor casualties and throw the whole city into panic within half an hour of their arrival. Picture, if you can, what the result will be! London for several days will be one vast ravine. Bedlam, the hospitals will be stormed, traffic will cease, the homeless will shriek for help, the city will be in pandemonium. What of the Government at Westminster? It will be swept away by an avalanche of terror. Then will the enemy dictate his terms, which will be grasped at like a straw by a drowning man. Thus may a war be won in forty-eight hours and the losses of the winning side may be actually nil!"

A fleet of airplanes might succeed in repelling the invading fleet. Colonel Fuller suggests another possibility. Suddenly all the enemy airplanes "swoop down to earth and crash upon the ground. The victorious side, all unknown to the enemy, has discovered how to derange, by means of etheric waves, the mechanism of the hostile planes."

That this suggested possibility may have already become an actual achievement is the purport of a despatch last week from Paris telling of the great number of French planes brought down in a certain part of Germany and there confiscated.

War may come so soon that there will be no time for that reformation of which Col. Fuller writes. Lloyd George, referring to the European situation, said only the other day: "At any moment, there was danger that things might happen that would once more precipitate the world into the carnage and horrors of the Great War."

At all events we may learn to be a bit distrustful and suspicious of the propaganda that precedes war; and that, war or no war, accompanies the shifting national diplomatic alignments in unstable Europe.

MGR. CORBET'S JUBILEE

Those who enjoyed the privilege of participating in the celebration of the Rt. Rev. Mgr. Corbet's fiftieth anniversary of his ordination will not soon forget the remarkable manifestation of good-will and high esteem for the venerable and still vigorous jubilarian.

Clear-seeing, earnest and zealous Mgr. Corbet was a man of decided convictions; and in shaping speech and action in accordance with his judgment he was always absolutely fearless, disdainful of the disagreeable consequences that give pause and let us call it prudence to less virile characters. And yet it was this man, fearless and uncompromising in fidelity to his honest convictions, who was the recipient of a most remarkable manifestation of genuine respect, esteem and love. This was the deep, ineffaceable impression made on all who were privileged to be present. Complimentary, even flattering, references

are in order on such occasions; but here one and all were evidently sincere and speaking from the heart. The federal and provincial representatives, an ex-member of Parliament, the warden of the united counties, the Mayor of the city, Mr. Justice Smith of the Supreme Court of Ontario and others, all Protestants, bore willing and grateful testimony to their respect and affection for Mgr. Corbet; and, almost without exception, pointed to the fact of mutual good-will and esteem between the Protestants and Catholics, French and English, of the district as the ideal for all Canada. There is something here that not only honors Mgr. Corbet, but that reflects great credit on the whole community. It shows that a man may be straightforward, outspoken and fearless, true to his convictions, and yet be held in the highest regard by those whose many things differ profoundly from him. A lesson for all Canadians as many pointed out; but, perhaps, a special lesson for Catholics. We may be firm without being truculent, uncompromising, and yet considerate of the convictions, the feelings, even the prejudices of opponents.

Archbishop McNeil suggested something else that might well be given some thought. We were gathered there to honor a man who received his education when—so we confidently believe and boast—educational facilities and advantages were meagre compared with what we enjoy today. And yet he, like so many of his generation, was scholarly, a man of deep and solid reading, and capable of presenting his views forcefully before the public, able to write. Without going so far as to affirm the fact, His Grace questioned if the results of education today were as satisfactory. It is something worth thinking over.

Father Corbet comes of that old Scots stock that settled Glengarry a century ago. They are all proud of their Scots descent; but they are out and out Canadians without qualification. Bishop Couturier said: Father Corbet is a great Canadian, and he is a great Canadian because he is a great Scotsman. Now that is a great truth. Canada is a new country; from Scotland, from Ireland, from England, from France and from other countries our fathers brought something, a heritage of great value. The Glengarry Scots cherish their traditions and customs, are proud of the achievements of their fathers; but they are great Canadians.

These are some of the many lessons, all helpful and suggestive, that we learned at Father Corbet's golden jubilee. They are not all. Some were too deeply sacred to write about easily. It is safe to say that priests and laymen, Catholics and Protestants, all who participated, will long cherish the impressions of that day when the life-work of a good man and great priest received such sincere marks of genuine appreciation. And we shall all be the better for remembering.

THE PASSING OF COURTESY

BY THE OBSERVER

A few weeks ago I made some remarks in this column on the bad manners that are so noticeable at the present time, especially amongst young people, and even on the part of children towards their parents and towards others who are older than themselves. Since then I have seen an article by a writer in the Boston Herald, which so far corroborates what I have said, that I think I shall quote part of it here:

The lack of courtesy to day is by no means confined to the young, it is seen everywhere, every day, and is not getting better. When three or four people walking abreast take possession of the sidewalk, the approaching pedestrian, regardless of age, may wade into a snowbank, mount an ice pile, step in the mud or dust, or flatten out to wait for the crowd to pass. Snowbanks may have their charms, but like mud and ice and dust, a little will go a long way.

Whispering in a public hall during a performance is most annoying. It was Mark Twain who endured it for a time and then rose and asked in no uncertain tones, "Can't you keep still back there?" The chatterers could not do it, and Mr. Clemens and his party heard the rest of the concert in comfort. Many of us would like to ask that question of busy talkers at theatres, movies and concerts today.

School children are justly criticised for their bad manners in school, in electric, on the street. The teachers can't do all the training

and it's a case where parents owe something to their children. As The Boston Herald said the other day, "Ill fares the child when the home leaves to the school what the school is leaving to the home." Good manners should be as much in the regular course as hygiene, good citizenship, or any other study. Few things are more unattractive than a rude young person, and it isn't fair to the child to let ill manners pass lightly by; while nothing is more attractive than courteous youth. But by no means are modern boys any more discourteous than modern girls. It's "six of one and half a dozen of the other." As Shakespeare put it, "There's small choice in rotten apples."

One of the noticeable differences between private and Public schools is the courtesy shown. The private school teachers recognize the importance of courtesy and have the home background of the children as a basis. Some Public school children have excellent training at home, but many of them are not so fortunate. Proud was the mother whose son when a sophomore received a medal—the first of the kind ever given by that college—for "Christian courtesy." A charm of manner like his is worth more than principalities and powers and his influence lingers long after college life is over.

Courtesy is the ability to put one's self in the other person's place. The basis is kindness, unselfishness, a desire to make people comfortable. It is "the golden rule in bloom."

It is a pity that some people drop their good manners with their coats and hats when they enter their homes, for the home where courtesy exists has a charm found nowhere else. The school where the teacher treats her fellow workers and her pupils with politeness is the school par excellence in the city, always pleasant to visit. And the children there are the happiest. The host and hostess who put their guests at ease, who see that all are well placed, who can draw out the best in people, who possess the charm of manner that goes far toward raising society ideals. A gracious courtesy met on the train, in a store, anywhere in public place, leaves as permanent an impression on the stranger who has received it as a beautiful picture, a strain of enchanting music, a fragrant flower.

At a country club in one of our pleasantest cities several women were talking together about the desirability of good manners when a popular leader of the so-called smart set came in. "Manners, manners," he exclaimed, "I don't believe in manners." There we are, and that is the root of the matter.

Can't we get a stronger hold on the "alluring acts of politeness," as Webster defines courtesy, and not lose them in the stress of the age? They are needed today more than ever to elevate the tone of society, of the home, of the school. The real passing of courtesy will be a calamity.—Julia E. Deane in The Boston Herald.

Courtesy, it seems, does not necessarily increase with general education. There are many uneducated people—uneducated I mean in the ordinary accepted sense of book knowledge—who have a very fine sense of consideration for other people, and it is often accompanied by a dignity which is far superior to the half-supercilious air of self-satisfaction which is the most noticeable thing in the manners of the present generation.

The defect in the manners of today is a reflection of the widespread and general selfishness of the pleasure-loving age in which we live. There are many other manifestations of that selfishness. There is, for instance, the abandonment of the fine custom of retiring awhile from public amusements and the wearing of sad-colored garments in honor of the memory of the dead. This is due to selfishness. The abandonment of the custom of sitting up and watching over the bodies of dead friends; we cannot be bothered doing that any more; it is not a comfortable custom for us, and so we find an excuse for stopping it.

In all these cases, we consult our own comfort or convenience; and so it is in the matter of the little courtesies which make life easier and smoother and are an aid to social relations instituted for the greater satisfaction of the greater number. We cannot, or, rather we will not, be bothered being polite, because it requires a little thoughtfulness for others and we are quite convinced that our own selves are entitled to all our thoughts and that it would be mere waste to give any of our thoughts to anyone else.

Have we trampled on a lady's foot? Well, what about it? Let her keep out of the way; we are in a hurry. Do we meet an old man who is getting a little shaky on his feet, on a narrow stairway? We may have to wait a moment in that case; but we say things about him under our

breath. Old fool; why does he take up room; let him stay at home.

An old lady who has been accustomed to courtesy all her life, hesitates a moment in the doorway of a street car to get her footing; a conductor gives her a rude push into her seat; her lips quiver at the unaccustomed rudeness, but she might as well be silent; she belongs to an age of manners; and manners have been sent to the scrapheap. All she can do is hope that in the whirligig of the world's changes, someone may sometime again discover how beautiful and helpful and comforting to all the people of a country, are good manners, and the forgetfulness of self that is at the root of good breeding and courtesy.

But the philosophy of the present time—the more's the pity—is the love of self above all else. The little boy of four years asserts himself and his imaginary importance in the face of his parents and of their authority, and instead of putting him in his place, they applaud him. There is the source of the evil; in the lack of training in the home. Children are growing up with the firm conviction that they and their own little affairs are the only things worth thinking about in the world, and that other people are only entitled to bare toleration.

Does this seem exaggerated? Look about you; watch, and consider.

NOTES AND COMMENTS

THAT ST. PATRICK was a Protestant is an old and familiar claim. There are those indeed who relegate him to the Baptists, but the secret of their animosity we have never quite been able to fathom. The latest development, however, is that St. Thomas a Becket, one of the most outstanding champions in all history of the rights of the Church and of Papal Supremacy, was also a Protestant. Seriously, there is a section of the Church of England—a small section it is true—that is now laying claim to the Martyr of Canterbury. Why not claim St. Ignatius Loyola, St. Dominic, and Cardinal Pole and be done with it?

A MOVEMENT is on foot in Scotland to celebrate the seven hundredth anniversary of the founding of Dornoch Cathedral. A meeting was recently held, at which the Duke of Sutherland presided, to determine the character of the ceremonies which will commemorate the work of a generation whose faith and piety was manifested throughout the land by the erection of those beautiful edifices which even in their ruins give the lie to the vile pretences of the "Reformers." It is improbable that the Catholics of Scotland will have any share in the celebration, but, notwithstanding, the calling back of these old days, when their country was an integral part of Christendom, cannot but redound to the advantage of the Old Faith, and adds quota to that "stream of tendency" back to the old paths.

MEANWHILE the erection of Catholic churches throughout the land continues to be a feature of the time. Within the past few weeks at least three have been completed or begun in the dioceses of Edinburgh and Glasgow. A new church in the new mission of Tarbrax in the archdiocese of Glasgow was dedicated by Archbishop Mackintosh in the last week of August and in the same week Bishop Graham, coadjutor of Edinburgh (himself a convert Presbyterian minister) dedicated a new church of substantial proportions at Methil, Fife. Thirdly, a church to cost £7,000 is to be erected at Tranent, on the ruins of the old one which was burned during the period of the suffragette outrages of 1914. And all three are due not to the "Irish invasion," but to the initiative of native congregations.

IN THE "Order and conduct of Divine Service of the Church of Scotland" recently published by Lord Sands, the noble author indulges in sundry reflections on the falling-off of church-attendance in Scotland and asks: "Is the exercise of the duty of public worship agreeable, or is it irksome to the ordinary man as we find him?" and he goes on to say that "the test that brings home the truth is that applied to what a man does when away from home, and released from custom, convention, and domestic or social pressure." If that is a fair test, there can be

no doubt that the hold of the Churches is very slight on holiday-makers. Not many of them think of church if the weather is fine; but last Sunday being wet, I heard more than one individual remark in a resigned tone, "I think I'll go to church." The falling-off which Lord Sands deplures, he attributes largely to the attraction of the golf links and the motor car—evils not confined to Scotland or to the Presbyterian denomination. Catholics certainly in this country are not immune from the reproach.

THE EDINBURGH Scotsman comments sanely on the subject of emigration to Canada. "Canada," it affirms, "has well-nigh limitless natural resources still waiting to be developed. Of her population of ten millions a large proportion is employed in the towns and cities, while great tracts of potentially fertile land are but sparsely inhabited. This country has about a million more people over and above the normal increase of population and in spite of the heavy losses in the War than it would otherwise have had in the past eight years. A large share of these could be absorbed by Canada."

AND, ENLARGING upon the type of settler desired, the Scotsman proceeds: "Before the War Canada attracted the majority of British emigrants, but since then Australia has come more into favor, owing doubtless to the facilities offered in the way of assisted passages. If, as may be hoped, the Canadian Government now intend to cooperate to the best of their ability under the Empire Settlement Act, Canada may recover her former position. The success of any such scheme depends on mutual action in the Dominions and in this country. The advantages also will be mutual. For while Britain is thus enabled to reduce her surplus population, the Dominions obtain the increase they need, and with that improve their powers of development. As the Dominions have grown our trade with them has expanded. The process of absorption of immigrants is bound to be slow, but it should be carried on steadily. It must be regulated by the rate at which the country can be opened up, communications established, and transport provided. The 'right type of settler' admittedly should be obtained, but there is perhaps a tendency to insist on this too narrowly. Youth, sturdiness, and activity are certainly needed in those who are to settle as pioneers on the land, as well as some knowledge and experience of the conditions obtaining in the country. Britain has many of the type required, who, if they were given the chance, might be expected to 'make good' in Western Canada."

IN THE latest issue of Chamber's Journal, which still keeps to the van as a readable and informing periodical, there is an interesting article on the Appian Way, that great highway of ancient Rome which still in point of endurance testifies to the thoroughness of the work of the Romans as road builders. Historically the author makes but scanty reference to the Way's Christian traditions. To the Catholic it must ever be memorable for its association with the early martyrs, and as the scene of St. Peter's entry into the destined capital of Christendom. But writing of its most ancient traditions he says: "Those who go to Rome walk too little upon the Appian Way. It is not specially recommended to the tourists. True, there are other things, so many of them, to see and do in Rome, and they may be more historically spectacular. The Appian Way, to the eyes and minds of some, may not appear like a brilliant relic of the past. It is not at once accessible. One must take a motor-car or go down to the public omnibus by the Trajan Forum to reach the gate of San Sebastian, and pass some way beyond it to the gentle incline by the side of which the majestic tomb of Cecilia Metella stands. Here about we emerge into something like open country, and the Appian Way leads on before us, straight out towards the east. It is a roughish road, but little cared for now. In the winter-time it is deeply rutted and muddy. There is waste grassy land about the sides, and walls which were built by the successors of Balbus, the specialist in these constructions. Poplars and cypress trees are bent by the prevailing wind."