SIDELIGHTS ON THE GREAT WAR

A GERMAN TRIUMPH

A pathetic tragedy caused by the "Lusitania" crime is revealed by the grant of letters of administration of the estate of the late Paul Crompton, aged forty-four, of Oilstone Road, Kensington, W., and formerly of Chestnut Hill, Philadelphia, U. S. A.:

The grant states that Mr. Compton died intestate, "together with his wife, Gladys Mary Crompton, and his children, Stephen Crompton, Alberta Crompton, Catherine Mary Crompton, Paul Romilly Crompton, John David Crompton, and Peter Crompton, who all died in the same calamity, and there is no evidence as to which of them survived."

MASSACRE OF RUSSIAN REFUGEES

A correspondent of the Russkoe Slovo has described a dastardly massacre by the Germans of Russian refugees, women and children, at Kobrin. It appears that thousands of these poor people were bivouacking in the fields near the station. The Petrograd correspondent of the Morning Post thus summarizes the account of what happened from the Russian paper:

Suddenly, while the men were busy harnessing-up and the women were suckling their infants or packing away the remnants of the last meal, five German aeroplanes appeared overhead. It was supposed that they were in search of the railway or the retiring troops, and little notice was taken of them. But the aeroplanes, seeing from the bright-coloured head kerchiefs worn by the women and the general appearance of this lager that there was nothing to fear, came down quite close, hovered quietly for awhile, and deliberately began to butcher the huddled masses of humanity with their bombs. All the five aeroplanes calmly expended their stock of bombs upon these helpless and harmless refugees. Thirty were killed outright and seventy wounded by this typically German act of wanton brutality. Even hardened army surgeons were moved at the sight of young mothers with babes at the breast torn to pieces by the pitiless bombs, and when night fell numbers of tiny children were still crawling about crying piteously for their parents, whilst distracted mothers and fathers were seeking their little ones.

THE RECONCILER DEATH

A reader of the Croix, who was wounded during a spirited and successful attack on the German trenches, describes a moving incident which he witnessed as he lay stricken on the field:

As soon as the first moments of distress which follow on all wounds had passed, I looked in front of me. Quite near lay two soldiers mortally wounded; one a German, a Bavarian, young and fair-haired, with a gaping wound in his stomach, was lying close to a young Frenchman who had been stricken in the side and in the head. Both were in horrible pain, and their faces were growing paler and paler. I could not move, but I kept my eyes on them, for I was dreadfully upset at being unable to help the Frenchman. In the midst of my distress I saw a feeble movement on the part of the Frenchman, who painfully slipped his hand under his coat for something hidden away on his breast. At last he drew forth his hand and in it a little silver crucifix which he pressed to his lips, saying feebly but clearly "Ave Maria, gratia plena," &c. And then as I watched I saw something more which moved me to tears. The German, who had hitherto shown no sign of life except a quick, gasping respiration, opened his blue eyes, which were already glazing with approaching death, turned his head towards the Frenchman and with a look not of hate, but almost of love, murmured also in Latin, "Sancta Maria, Mater Dei," &c. It was now the turn of the Frenchman to cast a look of surprise on his neighbour. Their eyes met and they understood each other. They were two Christians who, companions in a like misfortune, wished, after having lived as citizens, to die as Christians. In a sublime outburst of charity the Frenchman held out his crucifix to the German, who kissed it, and taking him by the hand said: "Having served our countries, let us go to God," and the German added, "Reconciled." Their eyes closed, a shiver ran through their bodies and they passed away. "Amen," said I, crossing myself. The sun, disappearing behind a purple cloud, shed a great golden beam on the two blood stained bodies.

THE KAISER'S VIEWS OF FRANCE

The Frankfort Gazette quotes from a pamphlet in which a German Socialist gives an account of some conversations which he had with the Kaiser last autumn. According to this, the Kaiser had hoped at first that an arrangement with France would be possible. Disappointed in this his rage broke forth as follows:

"We have cruelly exaggerated the merits of the French, as of all other nations. The French are a decadent people. Their way of waging war is full of the most cruel horrors. . . . France is a lost nation."

More than once tears started to the eyes of the Emperor as he spoke. They were tears of shame at the thought of the degradation of a people who had been thought to be noble and chivalrous.

LIEUTS. O'LEARY, V. C., AND DWYER, V. C.,

The statement that Sergeant O'Leary, V. C., and Private Dwyer, V. C., had received commissions in the Northumberland Fusiliers should be supplemented by the additional detail that the commissions of these two Catholic V. C.'s are for the "Tyneside Irish Brigade" of the Northumberland Fusiliers, a brigade for the recruitment of which Tyneside Catholics have worked very hard and which in its constitution is largely Catholic.

HERMAN RIDDER

GREAT CATHOLIC PUBLICIST DEAD

HIS LAST WISH FOR PEACE

Herman Ridder, publisher of the New Yorker Staats Zeitung and who had been prominent in political and civic affairs for twenty-five years, died yesterday afternoon at his home 11 West Eighty-first street, in his sixty-fourth year. At 2 o'clock Mr. Ridder, according to his daily custom, had discussed with his eldest son, Bernard H. Ridder, phases of the war in relation to the news and editorial policy of the newspaper, and at the conclusion of the conference of twenty minutes he remarked:

"May peace soon be with us." An hour later he suddenly became unconscious. He expired at 4:15 from the effects of arterial sclerosis. Mr. Ridder last visited his office in the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung building, at 182 William street, on Dec. 16, 1914, but from his sickroom he had continued to be the guiding spirit and inspiration of the newspaper's policy. At the outbreak of the war he started a special column in the paper under the caption of "The War Day by Day," in the English language, for which he wrote the first article, which has been continued by Bernard H. Ridder over the signature of his father.

HIS DEEP INTEREST IN THE WAR

During the last year Mr. Ridder, who had taken a deep interest in the war and its effects on this country, became greatly worried over the feeling aroused here, and with the idea of allaying this condition he announced his purpose in presenting his views in English in this statement of his position:

"It was not without many misgivings that I entered upon the conduct of this column. I could not be blind to the dangers of misinterpretation to which I might be open. I assumed the task, as in duty bound, not as a German subject, which I am not, but as an American, which I am; not to create ill-feeling among Americans, of diverse sympathies, but to allay it. Truth alone can survive and upon truth alone can be founded the lasting impressions which must follow inevitably the present war."

Since the war all of his personal means were lost in the failure of the International Typesetting Machine Company, of which he was President, and he died practically penniless, in fact, his personal estate was insolvent. This he accepted with the philosophic comment: "After all the death of a poor man is one to be envied."

Some months ago friends of Mr. Ridder, and other supporters of his newspapers, assumed the debts of the publisher to insure the integrity of the newspaper property and the continuation of the publications. His death, therefore, will cause no great change in this respect. The papers, which consist of morning and evening editions, will be continued under the joint management and direction of his two sons, Bernard H. and Victor F. Ridder.

BEGAN CAREER AS ERRAND BOY

Mr. Ridder, who was born in the house at 400 Greenwich Street, got a few years of study in the Public schools, was in turn an errand boy, a clerk in a Wall Street office and an insurance company, went into business for himself when he established the Katholisches Volksblatt in 1878. Ten years later he founded The Catholic News, which is now published by his brother, Henry Ridder. Herman Ridder became a stockholder in the New Yorker Staats-Zeitung in 1880.

During the campaign of Mayor Strong Herman Ridder entered politics by aiding to organize the German-American Reform Association. He was active in the Cleveland campaigns and in 1908. Chairman Mack appointed him Treasurer of the Democratic National Committee. He was always active in tariff reform, and although an independent Democrat he supported the candidates of the Tammany organization on several occasions. He had many verbal political tilts with his political opponents in the Republican Party, the most prominent of which were the dispute with Senator Cannon and his exchange of views with President Roosevelt, when, after his visit to Mr. Bryan, it was reported to Mr. Ridder that President Roosevelt had referred slightingly to him. This was denied by Colonel Roosevelt, but not until there had been much comment about it in the public press.

Frequently Mr. Ridder was mentioned for public office, and several times public posts were offered him, but he declined them.

"I don't want public office," he said. "I would rather do what I may as a private citizen. He had broad, human, sympathies, as shown by his extensive charitable work, and he had a human side that won and retained friends for him. His two chief recreations were walking and attending baseball games. He was caught by a camera at one of the Giants' games, and a copy of the photograph, showing him in his shirt sleeves on a hot day, was presented to him.

"I'd rather have that picture," said he, "than a painting showing me with royalty."

Some of his many civic activities included membership in the Chamber of Commerce, the German Hospital board, the Catholic Protectory, State Board of Charity, Charity Organization Society, and the Legal Aid Society. He was a member of many clubs and societies, and a director in the Mutual Life Insurance Company and the Emigrant Industrial Saving Bank. He was vice president of the Hudson Fulton celebration and co-operated with Mayor Gaynor in organizing the "safe and sane" Fourth of July observance. He was a director of the Associated Press and member of the New York City Publishers' Association.—N. Y. Times, November 2.

Editorially the N. Y. Times thus refers to the great publicist who has just passed away:

Herman Ridder was born to the happy fortune of being liked by everybody. It would, indeed have been difficult to dislike a man possessed of so many of the qualities which invite friendships and make for popularity. His interest in public affairs was very broad indeed, and he gave his personal influence and support and the influence and support of his newspaper to many causes, and to none without sincerity and earnestness. Through his control of one of the chief German-American newspapers in this country he was looked to as a leader by the men of his race and he was keenly alive to their interests and loyal to them.

It has been a source of regret and pain to Mr. Ridder's innumerable friends that the last year of his life was saddened by ill-health, which for many months had incapacitated him for his newspaper duties, and by misfortunes in business ventures quite apart from his newspaper interests.

NEW GAS ENGINE

PRIEST INVENTS IMPROVED TYPE OF MOTOR

Lewiston Evening Journal

It is not generally known that Rev. Father Thomas M. Gill, superior of the Dominican Monastery, Bartlett street, Lewiston, is one of the finest mechanical geniuses in Maine.

Not only that, but he is also a successful inventor. He has just completed and patented a gasoline engine that is the admiration and astonishment of every machinist that has examined and seen it work.

For two years, Father Gill has worked on this invention and has expended over $2,000 in making and remaking its several parts. To day it combines all the good points of the old engines with several new ones, and all these in one half the former size and with from 30 to 40 per cent. more horse power.

In the work of assembling its parts Father Gill has had the assistance of Abner Nichols, the well known machinist of Augusta and it is unnecessary to say that he is equally enthusiastic over the new engine.

The reporter is not a mechanic and therefore does not dare to attempt a full description of this machine for fear that an error may creep in, but the one fact which impressed him most deeply was its simplicity. Says Father Gill.

"The scheme of inventing a more powerful gasoline engine, more simple and less space, has long been in my mind but not until 1912 did I begin the work in earnest. Since then my spare moments have been given to this work, and now it is complete. It is now in working order and any person can see who desires to do so."

It is well known that the two gasoline engines most commonly used are the two cycle and four cycle. The two cycle engine fires every second stroke, while the four cycle fires every four strokes. The gas and air are lighted and then comes the explosion that drives the piston and does the work.

The four cycle is more elastic and can slow down easier. It is larger and cleaner and has much more power. The first stroke sucks in the charge, the second stroke compresses it, the third fires the charge and the fourth is for the exhaust. This is the general principal upon which the four cycle engine works.

The two-cycle engine takes in the gasoline charge and compresses it with the first stroke. The second stroke fires and cleans at the same time.

The great improvement in the invention of Father Gill is that it combines both of the above engines. It is more simple, more efficient and can be run at a far smaller cost. It is less complicated and with two cycles equals the four cycles of all former engines. In other words his two cycle engine is more effective than any four-cycle engine now in use, and is much less costly than any two-cycle engine in common use.

There are no expensive parts to this new invention and a single explosion is far more effective than any other four-cycle engine in existence.

Another valuable feature is the absence of any crank. All students of gasoline machinery have long seen the need of this and Father Gill can now exclaim: "Eureka." In his engine a can takes the place of the crank. The ports let one charge in and the other out at the same stroke. It takes in a bigger charge than the old four cycle and it is at the lowest estimate 30 per cent. more powerful.

Still another great feature is that there are no connecting rods nor crank shaft or case. It has a wonderful flexibility and gives no kick whatever. The engine can have any number of cylinders from one up to eight. There are no gears whatever and the whole affair is simplicity itself.

This engine can now be seen in the machinist room at the monastery and Father Gill tells the Journal that every person interested in such matters will be welcome to come and see it work. He will be glad to explain its working and they can see for themselves the tremendous power that this little engine shows.

LETTER FROM FATHER FRASER

Catholic Mission

Taichowfu, China, Sept. 16, 1915.

Editor CATHOLIC RECORD:

Dear Friend,—In returning from Sienku in a rowboat down the rapids I had some thrilling experience. The mountain torrent which we were descending was swollen by the heavy rains and the boat flew along at a breakneck speed. At some places where the river made a sudden turn the boat would rush straight for the solid rock. One of the boatmen would then stand on the prow with a long bamboo pole pointed with steel in his hand ready for action. At a given moment he would make a desperate thrust with the pole against the rock and, straining every muscle in his body, turn the boat's head away from it. It is a thrilling moment to watch him perform this feat. The least error in his movements and we would be dashed against the rock.

I spent a few days in my central station arranging the classes in the girls' and boys' school and instructing the children in the catechism. When I had just retired to bed one night I heard a loud rapping and upon opening the door was greeted by a man from Ging Choo, a village sixty miles away, who begged me to go and give the last Sacraments to his brother. It took me two days to make the journey, and we were walking from morning till night. I found the young man very ill and out of his mind, but after reading over him the prayers of the ritual he greatly recovered. The pagans, of course, in the village say that this misfortune has come upon him because he has given up the adoration of idols and smashed the kitchen god. They are doing all in their power to get his mother to renounce the faith and return to idolatry. The young man took ill while studying French and English in our college in Ningpo. To make things worse his father, who was in a delicate state of health, when he heard that his son in whom he placed all his hopes was sick and dying, became heartbroken and died. For another reason the pagans are insulting their Catholic neighbors. There has been a grievous plague among the oxen and many have died. The Catholics are blamed for this because they refuse to contribute to the upkeep of idolatrous worship. Meetings are being held and resolutions passed that the Catholics in Ging Choo must contribute towards the expense of a play soon to be given before an idol. Yesterday I related all this to the magistrate and he told me all I had to do was to give him the names of those who disturb the Catholics and they would at once be arrested and punished. This is very satisfactory and shows that a kind Providence is watching over us, and that my kind friends are praying for my mission. As I was writing the above a Christian from Ging Choo entered and tells me the sick young man has recovered his senses. Thanks be to God; the pagans will now be confounded and many seeing that he was restored to health after the priest's visit, will probably be converted. Poor Ging Choo! it is sadly in need of a decent chapel. The present place is a dingy attic the beams of which are so low I always come away with my head sore from the knocks I get. One has to stoop continually to avoid an accident. On the altar which is a poor little table, the solitary ornament is a rude crucifix. When I spread the altar cloths for Mass the wind blew down on them a quantity of soot and dirt from the tiles on the roof for there is no ceiling. I remedied this by extending above the altar the piece of cloth which serves for a confessional! When I turned round before Mass to give an instruction I was surprised to see the congregation sitting with their backs turned to me. It seems they are too poor to buy benches for sitting and have only kneeling benches which can not be easily turned around for the sermon. I passed two days in that village and visited the homes of all the Catholics, explaining the doctrines of the Church to them and their pagan neighbors. I recommend this and the surrounding towns to the prayers of my friends for they are in danger of being severely tried for their faith. Leaving Ging Choo I walked ten miles through a gully over the boulders of a mountain torrent which we crossed twenty times. There was not a single bridge. Sometimes my acolyte threw big stones into the water to act as stepping stones; sometimes I was borne across on the shoulders of the stalwart Christian who carried my mission box. It was hard going and took us 6 hours to make the ten miles. Fortunately this time the water was not deep, but my visit last year was really dangerous. Two men carried me in a chair. They were often up to their waist in water which was rushing at a great rate. They often came near losing their balance. The chair would go lebsided and my heart would go into my mouth as I expected the next moment to be plunged into the foaming and icy water. At one place the path for miles was just wide enough for a goat to walk along, and cut into the side of a precipice. The chairbearers had to pick their way step by step, especially at one point where the rock gutted out and took a sudden turn. They got half way around and then shouted to each other that it was impossible to pass, and I found myself poised in mid air a hundred feet above the abyss. By force of muscle they got the chair round the curve and I was greatly relieved I assure you. At another point there was only the vestige of a path over a slippery sloping rock with the deep green water below. Here a couple of young convert boys as nimble as mountain deer lay down on the rock and held my feet step by step to prevent their slipping. Further on there was no path at all so I had to climb up the cliff at the risk of my life and down the other side. A convert doctor heard I was going to Saokang to say Mass and being very fervent resolved to attend. He had walked many miles and night came on when he came to this particular place. He tried to cross but slipped down and over the rock into the water. Fortunately he succeeded in pulling himself out and arrived at the chapel drenched and shivering with cold. He was not down in the mouth, however, but laughing and joking related his adventure.

Half way to Saokang we entered the home of one of the boys who were accompanying us. It would seem as though the people in that village had never seen a foreigner before. They crowded round the doors and windows and swarmed into the room where we were sitting much the same as if a tame monkey or a chained bear had been brought to town, but here as elsewhere there was no sign of unfriendliness but just the reverse, every mark of hospitality. How I wished I could remain longer among them, a month or two, and gather them into the true fold; but we had to push on to Saokang, where a hundred newly baptized and catechumens were awaiting us. A mile or two from the place the master and his school boys came to meet us. The latter were overjoyed to see their beloved priest once more and expressed their joy by skipping about much the same as Mary's little lamb; no danger that these children of the mountains topple over the back of the river and how readily they leaped into the torrent and served me as a prop whilst crossing the shaky stepping stones! "And what has become of the idol?" I asked as we passed a little shrine. "Oh! we threw it into the river," they replied with a roar of laughter. "What is your name?" I asked one. "Heaven's grove," he answered. "And yours?" I asked another, "Doctrine of Heaven." "And yours?" "Kingdom of Heaven." "And yours?" "Cave of Heaven." "And yours?" "Son of Heaven." Every boy in the village has "Heaven" in his name, and they received these names while yet pagans! Surely Heaven is looking with a kind eye on this village nestled in the mountains, for nearly all its inhabitants have entered the Church during the past twelve months. The master whistled and they all came trooping into the chapel; if chapel it can be called. The altar, (a table) is in one corner, with a couple of little wooden vases and faded paper flowers on it. In the opposite corner my bed of rough boards. In another corner the master's desk, for he also teaches school in this upper room. No ceiling, just a roof, no windows or door, not even walls. The sun comes streaming in in summer and the chill blasts in winter. A school boy told me that "it is freezing cold in winter, the wind coming from six sides." I asked him to explain. "Before and after, on both sides and above and below," he answered. I looked at the floor. The cracks were an inch or two wide and the boards not nailed down. "Why don't you plane and nail the flooring?" I asked the owner, who is the first convert we made here. "We are too poor to buy the nails and hire a carpenter," he replied, "and besides the boards are only lent; they do not belong to me." Could you imagine a poorer chapel than that? Several babies fell through the cracks in the floor to the lower story but were found unhurt, which the people attribute to Divine protection. They showed me a piece of land near the chapel on the side of the mountain which they would willingly give me if I wanted to build a church. How they would love to have a nice little church to adore in. The lot is rather sloping but could be made level. Besides there is no level ground in or near Saokang; mountains tower up on all sides. Of course the poor people could do no more than give the land and perhaps a log or two; the rest will have to come from my dear friends abroad. Whilst I was preaching that evening to a very attentive audience crowded into that loft and seated on rickety stools and benches of every description and on the floor, an old man pushed his way to the very front and sat on my bed, the only vacant space. "He wanted," he said, "to hear the doctrine for himself." All eyes were fixed on him with reverential awe and I could see that he was one of the principal personages in the village. After the sermon I asked, as is usual with visitors, "his honorable name and age," and he asked mine. He thought that "I was awfully young," which was quite refreshing after my church building, etc., of the last few years. It appears he was very angry with the Catholic boys of the village who threw the idol he had made into the river, but he has got over that now and is approaching our Holy Faith. I cannot express the consolation I felt in hearing the confessions and giving Communion to so many who a year ago were grovelling in superstition. Saokang would make a dear little parish in itself for some apostolic soul desirous of giving himself to the missions. How many vocations to the priesthood, how many to the religious life is it not capable of producing and that in a very short time if only fostered by a resident priest? But I must be off. Only one day is all I can afford to give to Saokang. I recommend this village also, with its simple mountaineers and the gentle children with their pretty names, to the prayers of my pious friends.

From Saokang I walked ten miles to Kade. On the way many passers-by greeted me and expressed their surprise that I should travel on foot. I made excuses as best I could but the real reason was I could not afford to ride in a chair, being so hard pressed for funds to support my catechists, keep my schools and build my chapels. From Kade where I administered the sacraments, to Bingching the next station, is only seven miles and the road is level. Next Sunday I shall be in another chapel, or rather Chinese loft, ten miles north of the city of Tientai where I am writing this letter. Then I visit three other similar places and finally return to Taichowfu where I hope nothing has gone wrong in my absence.

Yours faithfully in the Sacred Hearts of Jesus and Mary.

J. M. FRASER.

There is no good in praying for anything unless you will also try for it. All the sighs and supplications in the world will not bring wisdom to the heart that fills itself with folly every day, or mercy to the soul that sinks itself in sin, or usefulness and honor to the life that wastes itself in vanity and inanity.

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Waiting the snow-white shroud and Winter's grave.

Trees bare and gaunt, against a dull grey sky;
Grim spectre shapes that idly moan and sigh.

Leaves, sere and brown, trodden beneath the ways;
Innocent victims of the war of days.

Dirge-like the eerie winds tap on the pane,
There are bitter tears in the dripping rain.

All through the house the tread of ghostly feet:
On Memory's portals ghostly fingers beat.

* * * * *

I wait in the hope of Faith's vernal rays,
With a heart as void as November's days.

—REV. D. A. CASEY

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, March 22, 1915.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD:

Yesterday (Passion Sunday) I laid the corner-stone of the church in Taichowfu. The former church was too small for the crowds who are being converted in the city and neighboring towns. Even with the new addition of forty-eight feet and a gallery it will be too small on the big Feasts. May God be praised Who deigns to open mouths to His praises in the Far East to replace those stilled in death in Europe. And may He shower down His choicest blessings on my benefactors of the CATHOLIC RECORD, who are enabling me to hire catechists, open up new places to the Faith, and to build and enlarge churches and schools. Rest assured, dear Readers, that every cent that comes my way will be immediately put into circulation for the Glory of God.

Yours gratefully in Jesus and Mary,

J. M. FRASER.

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A friend, Toronto.....	5 00
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