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Leaders of Men

The World's Work Magazine usually has biographical notes on some big men. The July number has three such articles, and the three subjects of them are Catholics who did not seek the leadership they now exercise, but were selected for character and capacity. The first is the Commander-in-Chief of all the Allied Armies, General Foch. The writer, a French officer, recalls having heard Joffre state in energetic terms in 1916 that without the French military college known as the "Ecole Supérieure de Guerre" the victory of the Marne would have been impossible. For many years in this college Foch had been training both mentally and militarily the general officers who are now in command under him in the French Army. In the words of the writer, "Foch is above all the chief who conceives, commands, and is always obeyed."

The second subject is Charles M. Schwab. He has the biggest shipbuilding job ever undertaken. The launching of ships in the United States was lagging, and the military authorities were clamouring for transport. Four other men had been tried in the general management of this work within a year. Then the President asked Schwab to undertake it. The ships were forthcoming and the Army was crossing the Atlantic with all needed supplies at a vastly increased rate. It is all a question of leadership. The men do more work under him than under any other.

Somehow the airplane business of Uncle Sam was in a worse plight than the shipbuilding. The cause of the delay was investigated, but meanwhile a new leader in this work was needed, and the man selected could not tell one kind of airplane from another; but he has the brain power and the personality, with experience in handling men, and nothing more is needed. John D. Ryan, of Montana, now in charge of the aircraft construction, is one of the copper kings of the United States. "He won't talk about himself and his own activities." There has never been a strike among the many thousands of men who worked for him. Of course, knowledge is needed in any position of leadership; but the developed mind and the trained character are vastly more necessary.

Catholic Register.

All Is Not Yet Well.

The triumph of democracy everywhere, which the war was to secure, seems less likely now than a general outbreak of anarchy. The Bolshevik menace is not confined to Germany, but is raising its head in Denmark, Sweden, Italy, and Holland. The spirit of lawlessness is abroad. It was recognized in our own country (U.S.A.) during the victory celebration last week. The streets of our cities were made unsafe for decent people at night, mob power being everywhere in the ascendency. Drunken, cursing, fighting men were so numerous in the metropolis that the police at once realized the futility of protest or action. In one of our Western cities the militia had to be called out to protect the lives and property of residents of foreign descent.

It was a great celebration, and a certain amount of disorder was of course to be expected; but that the rejoicing should have been so indecorous and irreligious as to cause law-abiding and respectable people to leave the streets, has filled all sober-minded citizens with dismay. Imagine such mobs swayed by rage, bigotry, hatred, or hunger! And how easy it would be to recruit them in any large city! President Wilson might well warn our country, and through it the other nations of the world, that all is not yet well, though the war is ended.

—Ace Maria.

Dear Old Hash!

Democracy is once more triumphant in U. S. A. The food administration has raised the ban on hash and now permits restaurants and boarding-houses as well as private homes to serve that nutritious but plebeian dish.

No doubt the administration lifted the hash embargo just before election as it did in order to influence the vote. Naturally the voters would flock to a platform, one of whose main planks is "Hash." It was a sop to the multitude, an appeal to the masses. The classes do not eat hash; it is a dish of the proletariat almost exclusively; even the bourgeoisie are mostly above it. The recrudescence of hash is therefore a sign that the war is making things safe for democracy with a small "d", not only democracy abroad but democracy at home. We are allowed to have hash from now on—provided we can scare up the money to pay for it or to buy the ingredients. Just why hash was ever placed on the proscribed list is not understood by the general public. It is surely an economical food, usually made of whatever is left over from the day before. We were urged to save food and were told that this would win the war. But hash was neither one thing nor another; anything might camouflage under that name and thus the food rules as to serving meat might have been evaded. Kaiserists might slip pork into their hash and thus be able to eat it on a porkless day. The sleuths could detect pork or beef while it retained its original character but it would baffle them if they had to follow it throughout all the ramifications and mysteries of hash. Sherlock Holmes would have been stumped at that. The ban on hash was a necessary part of winning the war, irksome though it was to us common people to whom hash is such a boon. The fact that hash is once more on the bill of fare and that it can be served and consumed by good citizens without penalty is the most convincing proof we could have that the war is over and peace is again here. Volumes could be written on hash; we could go on forever about it and the only thing that stops us is the necessity for conserving paper. As it is, all we say is "Long live hash!"—a hybrid dish that is neither animal nor vegetable but that fills the bill—not to mention the stomach.

JAPANNED ENGLISH.

A recent writer in a Tokio journal reports the struggles of Japanese writers to translate English idioms into their own tongue. We recite several of these: "We put our heads together" (We collided). "He could not find it for the life of him" (He could not discover it till his death). "He is a great loss to his country" (He is a great calamity to his country). "He hung his head for shame" (He committed suicide by strangulation). "He takes things easily" (He is a deft thief). "She sat over a cup of tea" (She sat upon a tea-cup). "Spare me five minutes" (Spare my life,—only for five minutes).

WHAT CAN'T BE CURED.

"Ah!" said the visitor, "this village boasts of a choral society. I understand."

"No," said the resident, "we don't boast of it—we endure it with resignation."

RIDDLES.

Why is a dirty boy like flannel?
—Because he shrinks from washing.

What is the difference between a lady and a soldier?
—The soldier faces the powder, and the lady powders her face.

Round on both ends and high in the middle?—Ohio.

SPARKS FROM THE ANVIL

(Special for St. Peter's Bote.)

—The repeated attacks of "The Saskatoon Daily Star" made on the defenders of the Catholic Parochial Schools, will remind the reader of the boy who was ill-treating his smaller brother. When the latter complained, his bigger brother called out: "Mother, make Jamie keep quiet! Every time I hit him, he yells."

—No one so blind as he who will not see.

—One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

—There are times when language cannot in the slightest way express one's feelings. Have you ever felt that way?

—Religion, according to Carlyle, cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will re-appear.

—A prudent man is like a pin; his head prevents him from going too far.

—The man who edits a country newspaper and possesses his readers confidence is the school teacher of grown-up men and women. It is to him that citizen's mind turns in time of doubt for information and for advice based on local knowledge.

—A man who quarreled with the editor, sought a lawyer and asked the best way to put the newspaper out of business. The lawyer told him to buy the paper and run it for six months. And worse than that, the lawyer charged him two dollars for the information.

—When a man dies the undertaker gets from \$75 to \$150 to bury him, and the editor gets nothing for publishing his obituary notice.

—Being remembered in a will is about as uncertain as an unpaid egg.

—Obey orders implicitly if you can do so with honor. Never break a promise. Make no promise that you might not like to, or may not be able to keep.

—The richest vintages are grown on the rough slopes of the volcano, and lovely flowers bloom at the glacier's edge; and all our troubles, great and little, may be converted into joys if we accept them as God meant them.

—We have not our choice to be rich or poor; to be in health or in sickness; but we have our choice to be worthy or worthless.

—Sanctity does not consist in doing extraordinary things, but in doing ordinary things extraordinarily well.

—We had rather leave our final doom in the hands of the all-holy God than in those of the most merciful of sinful men.

A Lesson in Thrift.

A young woman beginning her work as a typist and stenographer secured a position with a man noted for his large gifts to religious and charitable organizations. One day he saw her taking new rubber bands from a box and stretching them until they broke. "Why are you doing that?" he asked. "Oh, I am just seeing how far they will stretch before they break," she replied.

"Well, if you had to pay for those bands would you use them in that way?"

"I don't suppose that I would."

"But I have to pay for them, and I would rather you did not waste them in that way."

Referring to the matter on reaching home, the young woman said to her father: "To think of his making such a fuss about a few rubber bands! He gives away enough money every day to buy bushels of rubber bands. If I had all of his money I don't think that I would make such a fuss about a few rubber bands that cost so little."

"It is because he has never foolishly wasted what he has that he is able to give away so much, and he did just right to speak to you about wasting rubber bands," said her father.

CORRESPONDENCES.

DEAD MOOSE LAKE, SASK.,
Nov. 26, 1918.

Dear St. Peter's Bote:—

On Nov. 19th we had the pleasure of witnessing the wedding of Mr. J. H. Hofferth and Miss C. B. Fritz. The celebration after the services was held at the home of the bride's parents.

Joys are not without their sorrows. We hear that the Spanish Influenza did not fail to grope with its feelers throughout our neighborhood and the adjacent localities. None here died from its effects, though the malady fails not to slightly dampen our wits. Thus the scare of the "Flu" radiates from our place as center into a round of turns. It came from the East and felt its way to our neighbors in the West, with some fatalities. We have no deaths to record among our northern neighbors. Lenora Lake states the fact: "Miss 'Flu' is here". Pilger registers some slight and some serious Influenza cases. The Pastor brought Holy Communion to Robert Rindermann, Fritz Fleischhacker, Mrs. Henry Schmidt, and Mrs. J. H. Brunen, after Sunday's services. In the evening of the same day, Mr. Ed. Litz of Dead Moose Lake was added to the list of patients at St. Elisabeth Hospital, Humboldt. In the absence of Reverend T. Schmid, Father Casimir was called to the hospital to administer the Sacraments to Mr. Litz and a patient who arrived from the West. Holy Communion was brought to Anton Prokosh of Dead Moose Lake, and to Herman Lange of Pilger, both at the hospital. The Sisters, Mother Xaveria and Sister Josepha are nursed at Dead Moose Lake.

Monday Mrs. Ed. Litz came per auto to pay her husband a visit, and had to stay at the ladies' quarters of the "Flu" department by the advice of Dr. McCutcheon, to share the fate and the sympathy of her husband. The Reverend visitor had the occasion to use Litz's auto for his own transportation to Dead Moose Lake. The Reverend T. Schmid assisted at a burial at Howell; thereupon the Reverend Pastor of Dead Moose Lake was again called to Humboldt to conduct the burial ceremonies of the lately deceased Mrs. Theo. Mamer, who died a couple of days after the demise of her beloved husband. A number of mourners in auto procession accompanied both funerals. The parents of both husband and wife were also present, those of the latter from the U.S.

The Pastor of Humboldt, Rev. Fr. Benedict, is rapidly recovering from the attack of the "Flu". He is able to take some active part at the hospital and will soon be able to resume his duties at the Parsonage.

Peace — But Not Plenty!—The end of the war has come, but Canada must not relax her efforts to increase the production of food. In addition to the Allies, whose productive powers have been hampered by the war and who need imports from this continent to build up a reserve, the people of the neutral nations must also be considered. Canada Food Board calls attention to the fact, also, that the countries of the defeated enemy nations have also to be considered as in some cases millions of helpless people are facing starvation. Counting Russia, Austria, Hungary, Turkey, Bulgaria, the neutral countries, and France, Belgium, Italy and Great Britain, a grand total of 2,500,000,000 people are short of food.

Canada will have a hunger market for her agricultural products and our greatest possible effort to maintain and increase production will be none too great.

What Canada Sent. — "A special compilation made by 'The Financial Post' shows that for the forty-seven months of war the fabulous sum of \$1,874,710,990 worth of foodstuffs was exported from Canada."

Live Stock.—The Minister of Agriculture in Quebec advises farmers of that province that only hogs weighing at least 150 pounds and not more than 250 pounds be marketed and only oxen weighing 500 pounds.

Prayer against Epidemic Diseases.

(Approved for the Diocese of Prince Albert by Bishop Pascal, O. M. I., on August 30, 1918, and endowed with an Indulgence of 50 days, which can be gained once a day by the Faithful within the said diocese.)

Antiphon. Remember, o Lord, thy covenant and say to the destroying angel: Now hold thy hand, that the earth may not be desolated, and do not destroy every living soul.

Lord have mercy on us. Christ have mercy on us. Lord have mercy on us.

Our Father (silently).

V. And lead us not into temptation.

R. But deliver us from evil.

V. The Lord sent his word and healed them.

R. And delivered them from their death.

V. Let the mercies of the Lord give glory to him.

R. And his wonderful works to the children of men.

V. Lord, remember not our former iniquities.

R. Let thy mercies speedily prevent us.

V. Help us, o God, our saviour.

R. And for the glory of thy name, o Lord, deliver us.

V. Forgive us, O Lord, our sins.

R. And deliver us for thy name's sake.

V. Hear, O Lord, my prayer.

R. And let my cry come to thee.

V. The Lord be with you. R. And with thy spirit.

LET US PRAY.

O God who dost not desire the death, but the repentance of sinners, through the intercession of the blessed Virgin Mary, Mother of God, look propitiously upon thy people returning to thee, that thou, whilst it remains attached to thee, mayest graciously remove from it the scourge of thy wrath. Through the same Christ our Lord.

ORATIO CONTRA PESTILENTIAM.

Antiph. Recordare, Domine, testamenti tui, et die Angelo percutienti: Cesset jam manus tua, et non desoletur terra, et ne perdas omnem animam viventem.

Kyrie eleison. Christe eleison. Kyrie eleison.
Pater noster (secreto).

V. Et ne nos inducas in tentationem.

R. Sed libera nos a malo.

V. Misit Dominus verbum suum, et sanavit eos.

R. Et eripuit eos de morte eorum.

V. Confiteantur Domino misericordiae ejus.

R. Et mirabilia ejus filiis hominum.

V. Domine, ne memineris iniquitatum nostrarum antiquarum.

R. Cito anticipent nos misericordiae tuae.

V. Adjuva nos, Deus salutaris noster.

R. Et propter gloriam nominis tui, Domine, libera nos.

V. Propitius esto peccatis nostris, Domine.

R. Et libera nos propter nomen tuum.

V. Domine, exaudi orationem meam.

R. Et clamor meus ad te veniat.

V. Dominus vobiscum. R. Et cum spiritu tuo.

Oremus.

Deus, qui non mortem, sed penitentiam desideras peccatorum: per intercessionem beate Dei genitricis, virginis Mariae, populum tuum ad te revertentem propitius respice: ut, dum tibi devotus existit, iracundiae tuae flagella ab eo clementer amoveas. Per eundem Christum Dominum nostrum.

Approbatur pro nostra diocesi. Concedimus indulgentiam 50 dierum semel in die lucrandam fidelibus has preces infra fines nostrae dioceseos pie recitantibus.

IMPRIMATUR.

ALBERTUS, O. M. I.,

Die 30 August. 1918.

Episcopus Principis Albert.

Gebet gegen epidemische Krankheiten.

(Von Bischof Pascal, O. M. I., am 30. August 1918 antworten für die Diocese Prince Albert und mit einem Ablass von 50 Tagen versehen, der täglich einmal innerhalb der genannten Diocese von den Gläubigen gewonnen werden kann.)

Antiphon. Gedente, o Herr, deines Bundes und befehle deinem strafenden Engel: Halte jetzt ein deine Hand, auf daß die Erde nicht verödet werde, und töte nicht jede lebende Seele.

Herr erbarme dich unser! Christus erbarme dich unser! Herr erbarme dich unser!

Vater Unser (leise).

V. Und führe uns nicht in Versuchung.

R. Sondern erlöse uns von dem Uebel.

V. Der Herr sandte aus sein Wort und heilte sie.

R. Und entriß sie ihrem Tode.

V. Sie sollen danken dem Herrn für seine Barmherzigkeit.

R. Und für seine Wunder unter den Menschenkindern.

V. O Herr, gedente nicht unserer alten Missetaten.

R. Laß eilends uns zuvorkommen deine Barmherzigkeit.

V. Hilf uns, Gott, unser Heiland.

R. Und um der Ehre deines Namens willen erlöse uns.

V. Sei gnädig unsern Sünden, o Herr.

R. Und befreie uns um deines Namens willen.

V. Herr, erhöhe mein Gebet.

R. Und laß mein Rufen zu dir kommen.

V. Der Herr sei mit euch.

R. Und mit deinem Geiste.

Lasset uns beten!

O Gott, der du nicht den Tod, sondern die Bußfertigkeit des Sünders willst: durch die Fürbitte der allerheiligsten Gottesgebärerin und Jungfrau Maria beauftragt, blicke herab auf dein Volk, welches sich wieder zu dir wendet, auf daß du, während es dir getreu bleibt, die Geißel deines Zornes barmherzig von ihm abwendest. Durch denselben Christum unsern Herrn.