standing simply because I am an honest and truthful man. You asked the Christians to sit down, and not being a Christian I felt obliged to remain standing. I am going to gather tithing pledges next Sunday. Would it be proper to ask all who are tithers to stand and then to ask others to join them? We can only say that such a method would not commend itself even in a church. A pastor asked this question last week, 'I am going to gather tithing pledges next Sunday. Would it be proper to ask all who are tithers to stand and then to ask others to join them?'

We believe in tithing, but we know many generous and noble givers who are not tithers. Would a pastor have a right to embarrass these people by associating them with themselves? We feel that there is a better way. Let us remember the golden rule. Let us play fair with all manner of public assemblies.

**The Catholic Cure for Economic Iills**

**MATERIALISM, AND ITS FORMIDABLE SONS.** Anarchy, Bolshevism, and Unrest, have thrown us the gage of battle; we must catch it up and wage the good fight for God and for Country,” exclaims The Catholic Bulletin (Cleveland), echoing the challenge to unbelief and radicalism contained in the pastoral letter of the Archbishops and Bishops of America read recently to a laity of more than twenty millions. Many secular papers of widely divergent views join in sounding a similar note in commending the letter as an authoritative utterance and in recommending the practical application of its teachings. The pastoral letter, which was prepared by a committee from the American hierarchy, consisting of Cardinals Gibbons and O’Connell and Rev. Thomas J. Shahla, D.D., rector of the Catholic University at Washington, is the first issued in thirty-five years, and, on behalf of himself and more than one hundred bishops, is signed by Cardinal Gibbons, sole survivor of the seventy-six bishops who signed the joint pastoral letter issued to the seven million Catholics in the United States in 1884. Referring to the pressing questions of the day, the bishops write, “It is an error to assume that the issues involved are purely economic. They are, at bottom, moral and religious, and their settlement calls for a clear perception of the obligations which charity and justice impose.” It is pointed out that the first step toward correcting the domestic evil as it is displayed in matters continually in dispute is to insist that the right of the community shall prevail, that law and order shall be preserved, and that the public shall not be made to suffer while the contention goes on from one mistake to another. Failure to compose differences is due, in large measure, we are told, to the untenable supposition that “class is hostile to class,” for it is verifiable, on the contrary, that capital and labor can not do without each other, and that the root of the matter lies in the fact that “the moral value of man and the dignity of human labor are cardinal points.” It is realized that—

“This is not a time for makeshifts. The facts are before us, plain and roughly. They can not be set aside with more expedition by a public that smooths the surface of things but leaves the virus beneath. Rightly or wrongly, the movements which are shaking the foundation of order come out of men’s souls. They embody a demand for right. They may be stayed, but if the movement is in harmony with American principles, order is to rest on the willingness of the people and their free cooperation, their souls must be reached. They must be treated to think rightly and to do as they think.”

“Let us not be afraid to speak plainly and reasonably in this matter. Ignorance is an evil; as such it must be removed. But it is not the only evil. What we have chiefly to fear is educated intelligence devoid of moral principle—the man who uses his knowledge to abuse his country. This is the real issue. Let us recognize its import and act accordingly. It can not force us to love one another. But the reign of law itself will be more complete and sure when willing obedience does away with the need of compulsion. And where the rule of charity and justice will have no occasion to insist on its claims.

“The right of labor to a living wage, with decent maintenance for the present and provision for the future, is generally recognized. The right of capital to a fair day’s work for a fair day’s pay, is equally plain. To secure the practical recognition and exercise of both rights, good will, no less than adherence to principles, is required. Acceptance and mistrust should first be cleared away. When this is done, when the parties meet in a friendly rather than a militant spirit, it will be possible to effect a reconciliation.”

For the secular press the Philadelphia Record speaks characteristically in saying:—

“The appeal of Cardinal Gibbons and the Archbishops and Bishops of the Catholic Church to a fuller recognition of justice and charity as the foundation of human relations should be recognized and the measures of legislation in developing them should be appreciated. . . . In the Catholic Church, in other Christian bodies, outside of all religious associations, among employers and the employed, the workers, the professionals, and the men of business, the discussion of industrial unrest in this pastoral letter deserves very careful reading and honest reflection.”

The Cleveland News urges that “every man and woman give prayerful thought to the subject,” but tinges its reflections with doubt that “so great a development of Christian unity and practical Christianity can be brought about in time to remedy the present dangers, if ever.” Glad to offer a word of appreciation, the Houston Chronicle observes:

“It is time for a more general acknowledgment of the worth of uprightness, good ideas, and sound morality. It is time that we ceased measuring the value of progress in mechanical terms. It is time that we thought more about justice and less about law, more about righteousness and less about regulation.”

No thoughtful American citizen can be “justifiably indifferent.”

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Do you eat soup every day?

Authorities agree that good soup meets a positive need of the human system which no other food can supply so well.

They declare it should be eaten every day.

It not only provides in itself extremely valuable elements of nutrition but it makes all your food digest better and yield you more nourishment and energy.

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With Campbell’s wholesome soups on your pantry shelf you have the best of home made quality at less than home made cost. And ready in three minutes any time.

Prove this with Campbell’s delicious Vegetable Soup today.

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This is Styleplus Week everywhere

Styleplus Week—this week—is a fixed part of Styleplus policy to serve the public. It is a week set aside early in each clothing season when Styleplus merchants make a special display of the new models in "America's known-priced clothes." It is a great nation-wide proof that men can wear stylish clothes of guaranteed, all-wool quality for moderate price.

The correct style and splendid tailoring are there where you can see them. The all-wool quality and good service are guaranteed. The moderate prices are the same to all. Each price is printed right on the sleeve-ticket. Take advantage of Styleplus Week and get the Styleplus habit. You will be well-dressed without paying the extreme price.

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"The sleeve ticket tells the price"

AMERICA'S KNOWN-PRICED CLOTHES
A BATCH of recently published books of verse claims our attention; many of them, it will be seen, are preoccupied with the war and its reactions. John Daniel Logan was a sergeant in a battalion of Nova Scotia Highlanders. His portrait shows him too mature to be wrenched among the young singers of the war; but the heart that speaks in his war-verse is as young as any of them. The verse in his "New Apocalypse, and Other Poems of Days and Deeds in France" (T. C. Allen & Co., Halifax), is one of those treasures of personal remembrance that the war has created in great numbers probably. They will be valued by the intimate circle of the writer’s friends and even beyond. Perhaps many of our own dough-boys will reecho this:

Farewell to France
By John Daniel Logan

Now have my glorious days in France at length Run their adventurous course. The wonted strength Of my prime years remains no longer mine. Worn out by moiling months in camp and line, I yield to Time’s concealed, relentless raids, Furtive and silent exiles, And cease my proud support of human laws Against the lion and his Haden cause. Yet am I reconquered with ministries Above all price—evangel memories Of days and nights that can not lose their thrill. And scenes suffused with beauty magical. And love triumphant and the spectacle Of sacrificial deeds no tongue can tell— That joy of earth and sea, the light and air. If thanks be meet, let this fulfill my prayer. One gleam of old lang syne.

The writer of this poem was intimately associated with Joyce Kilmer, so it is safe to conclude that Kilmer is meant here, especially as the picture of the heroic poet who never dealt in “heroics” is so faithfully drawn. As a bit of biography it may be accepted. It appears in John Bunker’s “Shining Fields and Dark Towers” (John Lane Company):

On bidding farewell to a poet gone to the wars
By John Bunker

You didn’t pose, self-conscious of your lot, Nor speak of what might be or might have been; You always thought heroes stupidly rot, And so you merely wore your old-time grin.

Whether you had a vision in your eyes Or bore a splendid dream within your heart, I couldn’t tell, such things come with surprise And can not be forecast by any art.

Of those high secrets I can say no word Nor why on this grim business you were bent; What visions in your bosom were hid Will doubtless be made clear by the event.

I know but this, that ’mid the manifold din Of breaking camp we said good-by, we two, And you looked at me with your old-time grin— And this is all I can report of you.

Among American fighters who turned to poetry for expression and relief is Danford Barney, and the recent volume, “Chords from Alibrio,” which the John Lane Company has published, contains work accomplished since 1916, covering the period of his service in France and since his return. Inverting the probable order of their composition are these two representative of the periods named:

Woman’s Song
By Danford Barney

If we give thanks for any gain of war. Let mine be only this, Throughout the cloud there shone one instant star, That he may lift the cup when the night is o’er. And dwell with them in my heart’s bivouac. That joy of earth and sea, the light and air. Distilled in him were for a moment his. If thanks be more, let this fulfill my prayer. One gleam of old lang syne.

Blessed
By Danford Barney

He’s got little chance To finish the dance. That chap lying there? ’Twill do him no good To waste all the blood; They got him for fair. Watch that—did he gulp? Just a mass of new pulp. If you are sure he’s not dead? Dead? No—don’t be sure What the dook shall endure: He’ll come back on the bed. Just a history of fracture; We’ll soon manufacture A man from the mass; For a space, like as not; Yet how long, and for what, The hour’s broken glass? To breathe or to think In the mind’s life and blink. Without limb, without sight: Be it life, tho it seem Two were no heaven to dream Without stars in the night.

There is much deliberately Whitmanesque in James Oppenheim’s “The Solitary” (B. W. Huebesh). Turning the pages recalls the book of “Leaves of Grass,” but Mr. Oppenheim is sufficiently individual to need no help from purely mechanical resemblances. In these narrow limits it is difficult to make quotation from the long poems of the volume, so we offer one of the shortest:

Silence
By James Oppenheim

And now I know how quiet a thing And calm it is freedom. . . . It can not raise his voice nor break The firm of its breathing. . . . It is— Needing no song. No trumpet. . . . It does not cry nor laugh But is silent. . . .

To give it voice Silence should have to turn to song. But what is song? . . . Silence broken.

A volume of “Georgian Poetry” (G. P. Putnam’s Sons) furnishes to American readers the outstanding verse production of our English cousins during 1918-1919. Some that our columns have already contained are to be found here. One that theatregoers may be glad to have preserved after hearing it at the play is—

Chorus from “Lincoln”
By John Dehnower

You who have gone gathering Cornflowers and meadowSweet, Heard the hazels plucking down On September eyes, Seen the homeward roots on wing Over fields of golden wheat, And the silver cups that crown Water-sly leaves; You who know the tenderness Of old men at eve-tide, Coming from the hedgerows, Coming from the plow, And the wandering carens Of white upon the with-hind, When the crying yaffle goes Underneath the bough: You who mark the flowing Of sap upon the May-time, And the waters welling From the watershed, You who count the growing Of harvest and haytime, Knowing these the telling Of your daily bread, You who cherish courtesy With your fellows at your gate, And about your heart’s home sit Under love’s drouss, You who know that death will be Speaking with you soon or late, Kleissen, what is mother-wit But the light of those? Knowing these, what is there more For learning in your little year? Are not these all gospels bright Shining on your day? How then shall your hearts be sore With envy and her brood of fears, How forget the words of light From the mountain-way . . .

Blessed are the merciful . . .

Does not every threshold seek Under love’s drouss, Under the bough; From the mountain-way . . .

Blessed are the meek . . .

Silence broken.

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