

WE SHALL REMEMBER THEM.

They sleep beneath no immemorial yew.
Their resting place no temple arches hem.
No blasted shaft or graven tablet woo
Men's praise—and yet, we shall remember them.

The unforgetting clouds shall drop their tears;
The winds in ceaseless lamentation,
For God's white knights are lying on their biers,
Who pledged their services to restore the realm.

They gave their lives to make the whole world free;
They reeked not to what flag they were assigned.
The Starry Banner, Cross, or Fleur-de-lis—
Their sacrifice was made for all mankind.

For them the task is done, the strife is stilled;
No more shall care disturb, nor zeal condemn;
And when the larger good has been fulfilled,
In coming years we shall remember them.

How can the world their deeds forget? In France
White crosses everywhere lift pallid hands,
Like silent sentinels with sword and lance,
To keep their memory safe for other lands.

What need have they for holy sepulture?
Within the hearts of men is hallowed ground—
A sanctuary where they rest secure,
And with Love's immortality are crowned.
And far-off voices of the future sing,
"They shall remain in memory's diadem";
And winds of promise still are whispering
That same refrain, "We shall remember them."
—James Terry White

NOT TROUBLED BY NERVES

Juggler Who Gave Exhibition Far Above Street Level Must Be Wonderfully Constituted.

While his companions hugged the coping in a perspiring effort to keep their eyes from Herald square, 25 stories below, "Dare Devil" Reynolds of New York city recently gave an unprecedented exhibition of juggling



This is the Way a Juggler Gave Publicity to a Recent "Drive." He Went Through His Tricks Just 25 Stories Above a New York City Street.

skill. He placed a kitchen table astraddle a corner chimney, and on the table two chairs, face to face. A third chair rested with two legs on each of these. A fourth chair he set at a slant against the back of the third. Then he climbed to the top of the rickety perch, stood upright, pulled three billiard balls from his pockets and tossed them nonchalantly about, seeming to forget that a dropped ball would shoot down, and down, to a crashing finish on the pavement far below. The stunt completed to his satisfaction, he sat on the tilted chair, slowly stretched his feet over Herald square, and balanced himself on two chair legs.—Popular Mechanics Magazine.

New War-Word.

W. Y. Morgan of Hutchinson, now in Germany with the army of occupation, says he has discovered a new war word which may be used freely before a mixed audience. A British officer, he says, was telling how he managed some Chinese laborers during the war. "I swooned them a lot," he said. Asked to elaborate on the meaning of the word swoof, the officer continued: "Oh, I tell them how fine they are, and what good men they are, don't you know, and they like it and work their blooming best." Mr. Morgan regards the word swoof as a valuable addition to the language.—Kansas City Star.

And a Nightmar, Too?

Little Ben, who was very fond of beefsteak, passed his plate the other night at dinner for a second helping. "Why, Ben," said his uncle, "you mustn't eat any more meat. Don't you know," he consoled, "if you eat any more meat you might have a dream and see elephants and tigers and lions and scorpions and panthers and—"

Ben grinned delightedly, "Gimme another piece," he begged. "I want to see all them things."

Household Hint.

Guest—Your cook is perfection itself. How do you manage to keep her.
Hostess—We learned what dishes she likes best herself and we have those only.—Boston Transcript.

The Scrap Book

SOME ERROR IN PHRENOLOGY

Doctor Probably Satisfied There Was Reason for the Incarceration of His Acquaintance.

When a well-known doctor, an enthusiast on phrenology, visited a lunatic asylum in Paris, he was shown around the establishment by one of the inmates, who was quite rational in his talk. The doctor, therefore, felt his head, and remarked:

"I find here not a vestige of madness. What brought you into the asylum? I can discover no trace of madness about you, and you seem to act and speak sensibly enough?"

Said his guide: "It's not a bit likely that you will detect any trace of lunacy in the head which you now see on my shoulders; for you must know that it is not my head at all. I only had it stuck on after I was guillotined during the Revolution."

The doctor was satisfied.

EMBLEMS OF GREAT STATES

Almost All the Commonwealths Have Adopted an Official Flower—Here Are Some.

Nearly all the states have adopted an official flower, and in those that have not the question is up for discussion. Cut this out and paste it in your scrapbook.

- Arizona—Giant Cactus.
- Arkansas—Apple Blossom.
- California—Golden Poppy.
- Colorado—Blue Columbine.
- Connecticut—Mountain Laurel.
- Delaware—Peach Blossom.
- Florida—Orange Blossom.
- Georgia—Cherokee Rose.
- Idaho—Syringa.
- Illinois—Violet.
- Indiana—Carnation.
- Iowa—Wild Rose.
- Kansas—Sunflower.
- Kentucky—Trumpet Vine.
- Louisiana—Magnolia.
- Maine—Pine Cone and Tassel.
- Massachusetts—Mayflower.
- Michigan—Apple Blossom.
- Montana—Bitter Root.
- Nebraska—Golden Rod.
- Nevada—Sage Brush.
- New Mexico—Cactus.
- New York—Rose.
- North Carolina—Daisy.
- North Dakota—Wild Prairie Rose.
- Ohio—Scarlet Carnation.
- Oklahoma—Mistletoe.
- Oregon—Oregon Grape.
- Rhode Island—Violet.
- South Dakota—Pasque Flower.
- Texas—Blue Bonnet.
- Utah—Sage Lily.
- Washington—Rhododendron.
- West Virginia—Indian Paint Brush.
- Wisconsin—Violet.
- Wyoming—Indian Paint Brush.

HOW IT WORKED.

"I can't make 'em shine like I used to, 'cause it takes a drink of whisky to do that," said the old colored window washer in a downtown office building.

With that remark the dizzy blonde stenographer woke up and sang out, "What on earth has whisky got to do with window cleaning?"

Sam had his answer ready and told her: "Miss, you see I would drink the whisky and then I blow my breath on the window. Lady! Lady! How it does make them windows shine."—Indianapolis News.

Wears Straw Hat 27 Years.

We travel daily toward with a commercial magnate whose particular pride is a twelve-year-old morning coat and etceteras, and which he hopes to "keep going" for many years more. Another acquaintance makes much of a pair of boots which have trodden underfoot the storm and stress of sixteen years. But from a Manor Park reader comes the "clou" of antiquity: "I have," he confesses, "a straw hat twenty-seven years old, and still in good condition except the color. Weather permitting, I shall wear it again next month and during the summer. My colleagues at business chat me each year I put it on, but that doesn't matter."—London Chronicle.

Like American Machines.

A new field for American music machines is now open, as is shown by a report from Valencia, Spain, that the player piano has met with a favorable reception in that market, and those chiefly in use are of American make, so that there is a growing demand for these music rolls. Musical instruments used there have in the past been chiefly of French manufacture, and this is especially true of phonographs and similar instruments.

Knew the Signs.

"That young fellow looks furtive. Isn't he apt to try to pinch something?"

"Naw," said the experienced jeweler. "He wants to buy an engagement ring."—Kansas City Journal.

"Symptoms"

By ALDEN CHAPMAN

(Copyright, 1919, by the Western Newspaper Union.)

Young Doctor Bellows felt that he was on the high road to success when that acknowledged leader of the ruling social set, Miss Marcia Druse, sent for him. He was a newcomer in the village and had located there upon learning that the principal physician, Doctor Morton, was about to retire from practice.

Bellows understood that Miss Druse had been a source of regular professional income to his predecessor. He was in the drug store when the telephone message arrived and its proprietor grinned expansively.

"I hope you diagnose Miss Druse's case on the basis that Doctor Morton followed," he observed. "Miss Druse is a good patient to nurse along, and you mustn't oppose symptoms. They comprise the pet frailties of her life. She has been that way ever since an electro-specific-humbuggo faddist discovered that she had about everything under the sun. Why, do you know that she actually broke off the engagement with Col. Leo Dysart, the richest man in town, on account of the predicted near approach of dissolution."

The young physician made no comment, and realized that it was policy to act on his own initiative. He spent a full two hours with this new patient. Miss Druse had a long list of symptoms to present, a miniature drug store in her cabinet, and Bellows at once analyzed the situation. She was physically sound, but with her idle whims and the arrant nonsense injected by the faddists she would, he foresaw, ultimately degenerate into a chronic hypochondriac.

Bellows was serious of visage and sympathetic of tone, but this he affected in order to gain time to think over matters and possibly rescue his patient from her fanciful terrors and infuse into her some common sense.

"I did not sleep at all last night, doctor," declared Miss Druse dolefully. "For several days there has been a stinging sensation in the left shoulder blade, dangerously near to the heart. I can feel a distinct lump there. Don't alarm me too greatly, doctor, if there is still any hope, but I very much fear that it is the beginning of the end."

Doctor Bellows diagnosed a vicious mosquito bite and feigned to ponder gravely. He had interrogated his patient as to diet and habits of exercise, and a quick idea suggested itself and he illuminated it to the full.

"Miss Druse," he said, "do you wish to become a perfectly well being, in all the fullness of your youth and beauty?"

"Oh, Doctor Bellows! you are flattering me," she simpered. "But—yes, of course I desire the restoration of my health above all things."

"Then you must absolutely follow my directions. I will leave you a simple lotion that will speedily eliminate the swelling on your shoulder. We must arrive at a point where there is more elastic action to the vasa motor nerves, and for this I am going to give quite drastic directions. You must arise as early as five o'clock every other morning and walk in the dewy grass a full hour, barefooted."

"I know I am too delicate to survive the harsh order," she wailed. "But if my niece Muriel will sustain me, I will try."

Her niece Muriel Allen! Doctor Bellows met that bright, lovely young girl at the next call, and from that moment his life seemed warmed by new sunlight. Somehow a mischievous twinkle in those intelligent eyes told the young physician that Miss Allen shared his opinion as to the trivial character of the ailments of her aunt.

Three mornings after that Doctor Bellows purposely came upon the twin tramping across the greenward of an inclosed pasture. The shapely pink and white feet of Muriel twinkled in and out of the dewy grasses, with bewitching gracefulness. Miss Druse was grumbling a trifle, but already showed the salutary effects of the new and needed exercise.

"Ah! I would like to join you," declared Bellows animatedly. "I just met Colonel Dysart, Miss Druse, who had caught sight of you in the distance. What a poetical being he is! He alluded upon nymphs—visions of loveliness and like enraptured sentiments," and Miss Druse flushed up like a sensitive schoolgirl and Muriel directed a quizzical glance at the young doctor, fully apprising him that she was able to analyze his tactics.

At the end of two months Miss Druse was a new woman. Her vagaries were dissipating one by one, and Colonel Dysart was again a hopeful suppliant at the altar of love. "Doctor Bellows," spoke Miss Druse one day. "I hope there is no danger of illness with my dear niece. She just ran out of the room as you came. I noticed that her face grew flushed and excited, and I could see her pulses flutter as though there was some intensive action of the heart. She has started in writing poetry and sits up late. I do hope there are no symptoms of a nervous breakdown."

"Not at all," assured Doctor Bellows. "These symptoms are natural with a young girl alive and pulsing with the fullness of the sheer joy of living," and within his secret mind he knew they were symptoms of love, and ascertained it to a certainty later on, and was a happy man, indeed!

Some Country!
Finnegan, a railroad worker, though not he of "On again, off again" fame, returned to Ireland recently on a visit. On being questioned by his relatives concerning the wonders of America, he described its size as follows: "Phwy, Amer-r-ica is so big that if ye war to dr-rag England through the Shtates ye wouldn't have a mar-ck in th' dirt, an' ye could lose Oireland intirely in wan o' thim gr-rreat inland oceans we hov, phwat we call lakes, an' if ye had Scotland to get rid of there are a thousand carnars to hide her in, an' nobody could tell phwere ye'd put her, except, begorra, for the strong smell av whisky."—Boston Transcript.

The Windward Islands.
The Windward Islands belong to Great Britain. They consist of the islands of St. Lucia, St. Vincent and Grenada, with the smaller islands of the Grenadine chain. The islands, really, form three distinct colonies, united under a governor-in-chief, who resides at St. George's, Grenada. The Windward Islands derive their name from their position, as do also the Leeward Islands to the east, being more exposed to the trade winds than the neighboring Leeward Islands.

Apt Reminder.
"Come upstairs and let me wash your hands," said Winnie's mother. "I don't want to go up!" wailed Winnie, aged three. "Let her wash them down here," called grandmamma; "she can do it just as well." "No," her mother said firmly. "I want her to come up with me!" Winnie came upstairs as slowly as possible. "Oh," she said, turning a wrathfully tearful face to her mother, "why don't you obey your mother?"

Temperature and Metals.
In a demonstration at the London Royal Institution of the effects of sudden changes of temperature on various materials, Prof. C. H. Lees showed that iron and marble could be removed from low temperature to 630 degrees Fahrenheit, and changed back from heat to cold without cracking. Quartz was shattered, though silica glass was unaffected.

Remarkable Crab.
A peculiar crab has been captured in the Indian ocean. It is nearly two feet in diameter and its longest claws are about a yard. It has projecting eyes like those of a lobster and is very voracious. It was put in a tank of sea water and when darkness came it proved phosphorescent, emitting peculiar white rays.

Presidents Who Were Masons.
Masonic records of the early presidents are not complete. The following presidents are listed as Masons: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams, Jackson, Harrison, Tyler, Polk, Taylor, Pierce, Buchanan, Johnson, Garfield, Arthur, Cleveland, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft.

Keep Hoping.
It may be that just at the moment that we give way to the bitter influences of discouragement and tell ourselves that nothing is worth while as far as we are concerned, we are perhaps at the point of changing our fortunes although we are unconscious of the fact.

Sarcastic.
"Tomorrow," howled the exasperated manager, after he had seen the ninth packageless patron leave his shop, "I'm going to put a showcase of gold dollars out front, marked down to 90 cents and see if you get rid of few of 'em."—Public Ledger.

Bars Up Against Ants.
The common glass insulators used on telegraph poles can be made to keep a refrigerator free of ants and other insects by placing them under the legs of the refrigerator and filling the interior with kerosene or similar material.

Only Popularity Worth While.
I wish popularity; but it is that popularity which follows, not that which is run after—if it is popularity which sooner or later never fails to do justice to the pursuit of noble ends by noble means.—Lord Mansfield.

Chaptr I.
"There was once a murderer with yellow eyes, and his wife said to him: 'If you murder me you will be hung.' And he was hung on Tuesday next, Finis."—Bookman.

Again Peace on Earth.
"Jones doesn't believe in promoting the good old idea of 'Peace on earth and good will toward men.'" "What makes you think so?" "He has bought his son a cornet."

Wesleyan College the Oldest.
Wesleyan college at Macon, Ga., was founded in 1836, and is therefore older than Elmira college, chartered in 1852. It is the oldest woman's college in the United States.

Reflections of a Flatterer.
Odd that we should call it a dumb-waiter when it tells us what everyone else in the house is talking about.—Boston Transcript.

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