

**What Will**  
**Children Cry**  
**For It**

ardly a household that of Castoria! At least five are never without it. If children in your family, daily need of its comfort you will find you very much relieved; or diarrhea, or colic, or other distressing conditions, a baby for young folks, Castoria is the thing you have ever advise giving to infants. Castoria is never with mothers than it is suggest has it.

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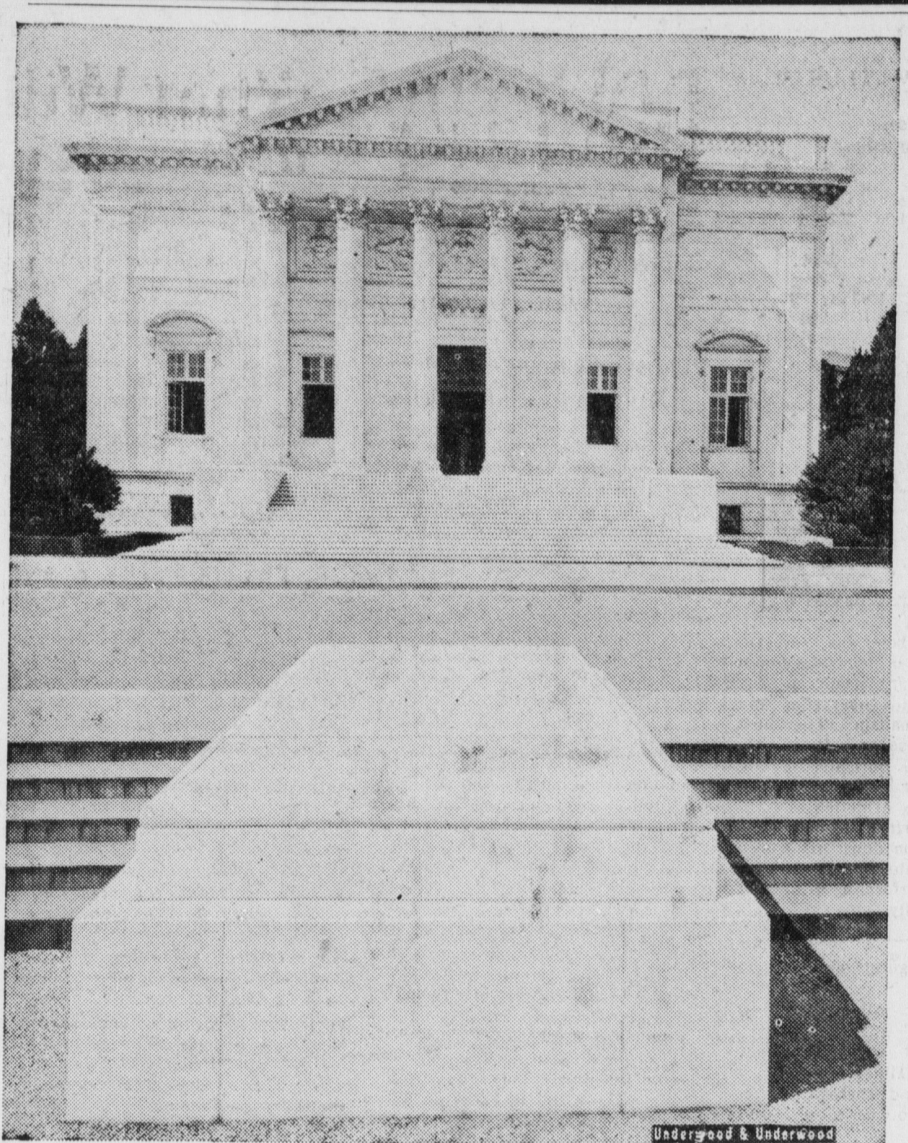
**Castoria**

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**Tomb of Unknown Soldier and Amphitheater**

The Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, in all its plainness and simplicity, before the Memorial Amphitheater in Arlington National Cemetery.

**WOMEN OF SOUTH FIRST TO LAUREL GRAVES OF FOES**

Institution of Memorial Day Credited to Action of Feminine Relatives of Confederate Soldiers in Striving Flowers Indiscriminately Over Their Own and Federal Dead.

ROMANCE blended with tender sympathy lends a sacred atmosphere to the origin of that peculiarly American celebration termed Memorial Day. In the spring of 1867, two years after the Civil war was ended, a New York newspaper published a paragraph briefly reciting that "the women of Columbus, Miss., have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They strewed flowers alike on the graves of Confederate and of National soldiers."

The announcement sent a thrill through the heart of the whole country, Henry Wood writes in the New York Times, for it was the first application of that healing balm to a nation which for four years had been fiercely engaged in the most terrible fratricidal conflict known to human annals.

Anger, hatred, suspicion still were rife in 1867 when the Little newspaper paragraph appeared telling of the tender action.

General Logan's order, instituting the ceremonies of Memorial day, concluded as follows:

"It is the purpose of the commander in chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of the departed."

**North in Hearty Response.**

The value of the idea at once was appreciated, and legislatures of a large number of states designated May 30 as a legal holiday. So great was the response of the North to the unselfish action of the women of Columbus, Miss., that it struck fire in the heart of a young lawyer, Francis Miles Finch of Ithaca, N. Y., who wrote a poem entitled "The Blue and the Gray," which since then has become closely identified with the day. Not long afterward Henry Grady, Georgia statesman, writer and orator, in one of his famous addresses made the following reference:

"In soliciting the participation of Confederate soldiers in the solemnities of this day, you mean to tender them an overture of reconciliation, to avow your good will toward your recent ad-

versaries, and to proclaim your desire for the prevalence of peace and fraternal feeling between the belligerent sections.

"By no token more touching and impressive could you make manifest those liberal and patriotic sentiments. To proffer your former foes a share in the simple, but pathetic ceremonial by which, on this hallowed anniversary, you symbolize the perennial bloom and fragrance associated with the memory of your departed comrades, and allow us to unite in the homage you render to the fallen heroes of the Union, is indeed so affecting a testimonial of your kindness and magnanimity that we unreservedly yield ourselves to its benign influences and reciprocate, with all the warmth of our ardent southern natures, the fratricidal but heartfelt aspiration for the reign of peace and good will over our agitated and afflicted land."

**New Wars and New Graves.**

Principally under the auspices of G. A. R. posts all over the country Memorial day became more and more widely celebrated, probably reaching its peak more than three decades ago—the year of the grand review of G. A. R. veterans in Washington. Then, little by little, as comrades began to drop out by reason of advanced age, the annual ceremonies attracted less general attention. The men who fought the Civil war were passing. Young men who knew of it only by hearsay were coming forward in the full tide of activity. Modern conditions of life swept to the fore, with all their weight of business, industrial and social strain. Added to this, immense throngs of immigrants from other lands swarmed hither, most of whom had but the slightest interest in the struggle between North and South which ended so long before; who could not understand the sacredness of this American national observance which was as foreign to them as the national holidays of Lithuania or Croatia, for example, would be to Americans.

**Day Restored to Honor.**

The Spanish war and its attendant loss of life caused a renewal in the numbers of those who observe Memorial day. And when May 30, 1918, rolled around, with the first harvest of American lives gathered by the Grim Reaper because of the World war, the observance again swung to its full height as a ceremonial of honor, personal sorrow and national gratitude.

In many of the older parts of the country are decorated not only the graves of those who fell in the Civil war, the Spanish war and the World war, but, owing to the influence of

patrician societies, graves are decorated, and reverent mention is made of those who died in other conflicts—the Revolutionary war when about 310,000 Americans were engaged; the War of 1812, with 576,222 Americans on land and sea; the Mexican war and the Indian campaigns. It is possible that also on decorated graves of some who were engaged in the naval war with France, when 4,593 Americans manned warships in hostilities lasting from July 9, 1798, until September 30, 1800.

Little has been written or published regarding the origin and development of the American Memorial day. Search in libraries brings to light almost nothing save newspaper reports of local celebrations here or there and speeches usually privately printed in pamphlet form. In 1911, however, a New York publisher brought out a volume edited by Robert Haven Schaufusser, who wrote an introductory chapter in which he quoted from Walsh's "Curiosities of Popular Customs" and "Popular Antiquities," as well as from Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments."

**Flowers and Antiquity.**

From these and one or two other works in their special field of history it appears that the custom of strewing flowers on the graves of departed friends and national heroes is very ancient indeed. More than fourteen hundred years ago the Benedictine monastery used to hold memorial services at Whitstide for their departed brethren. The Greeks used to place on tombs a species of hyacinth with parsley and myrtle. The Romans added fillets of wood. But the primitive Christians deemed such practices almost impertinent.

In brief, says Schaufusser, days particularly set apart for ceremonies in honor of the dead are common to mankind and are well-nigh as old as history itself. Frequently these ancient ceremonies included offerings in addition to the flowers which have been almost universally strewn on graves. Savage or semi-savage peoples, like some of the North American Indian tribes, killed ponies or dogs, which were placed with hunting implements on the grave of a departed chieftain; and as every one knows, tombs of the pharaohs were depositories of valuable offerings.

As civilization advanced, here and there, toward the more poetic and the more spiritual, material gifts for the departed were changed into beautiful symbols, such as fragrant blossoms—these being of a nature different from monuments or other structures of stone or metal which served primarily as marking places and for brief inscriptions.

**THE PATTON COURIER**

**GOLD ON THEIR OWN HEARTHSTONE**

(By D. J. Walsh)

"MY POOR little girl," said the haughty, gray-haired woman seated at the patient's bedside. "Everything seems to conspire to retard your convalescence. Try to eat your egg, sweetheart."

"I don't believe I can," said the invalid, languidly.

"Oh, but you'll take it from mother, I'll feed you, darling."

Mrs. Mayland emptied the egg into a cup, put a sprinkle of salt, and a piece of butter in it, and held a spoonful to her daughter's lips. The girl opened her mouth, in the manner of a newly hatched chick waiting for a worm from the parent bird, and little by little the egg disappeared.

"That's wonderful, precious," said the mother, with an approving kiss.

Her supper finished, Miss Mayland reached for her mirror and vanity case and the nurse knew she was preparing for the doctor's evening call. It had seemed incredible at first that Doctor Ingraham, the most popular of the younger members of the hospital staff, should fall a victim to such a shallow and selfish girl. But it had proved to be only too true, and Grace Roe had suffered severely in consequence.

The toilet articles were scarcely removed when the doctor knocked and entered. He bowed mechanically to Mrs. Mayland and said tenderly to her daughter, "How are we feeling tonight?"

Miss Roe, fearful of betraying the tumult in her breast, hastily left the room. In the corridor outside she met Miss Pierce, the night nurse.

"How's the hospital's prize nuisance?" asked Miss Pierce.

"As usual she's difficult."

"Luckily for me—and for herself—she sleeps nights. Otherwise I'd be tempted to give her a pill that would quiet her for good. Why in the name of common sense doesn't Doctor Ingraham send her home? She's well enough."

Miss Mayland went home the following week and the announcement of her engagement to Doctor Ingraham followed shortly after.

"Hm!" scoffed Miss Pierce. "Some people are born to trouble and some people have trouble thrust upon them, but Doctor Ingraham goes looking for it with a lantern. Between that pretty, pampered ninny and her field marshal of a mother he'll stand at attention for the rest of his life."

Pampered ninny Miss Mayland might be, but that didn't lessen Doctor Ingraham's feeling of self-congratulation, nor did it alter Grace Roe's conviction that justice was very unevenly distributed in the world. Not even graduation, the event she had looked forward to with intense eagerness for three years, could dispel the gloom which took possession of her. She was very much depressed indeed, as a diploma in hand and clad in the vestments that her new status called for, she rounded a corner of the hospital corridor and almost collided with Doctor Ingraham, whom she hadn't seen since the announcement of his engagement.

She managed to pull herself together sharply and said a few appropriate words. He thanked her, adding, as his eyes took in the white gown and diploma, "But I'm not the only one to be congratulated. I see you're all ready for a tussle with the well-known cruel world."

"Yes, I'm through." Her face flushed and she was about to turn away when he put a restraining hand on her arm, saying impudently, "How would you like to be office nurse, Miss Roe? We've worked together so often and understand each other so well that I'd rather have you than any one else."

"I'm not a woman to him at all," she told herself bitterly. "I'm just a machine to carry out his orders. But I'll be near him and share his work in some measure."

"Very well, doctor," she said, at once.

"As you say, we understand each other so well."

So Grace Roe was installed as high priestess in Doctor Ingraham's temple of healing, from which vantage point she was shortly able to discover that the doctor's engagement was bringing him as much grief as rapture.

On a certain afternoon when the doctor's office was filled with patients Miss Roe was surprised by the unexpected appearance of Felicia Mayland and her mother, with the request that Doctor Ingraham be summoned forthwith.

"But he is very busy," she tried to explain. "Some of these people made appointments weeks ahead. May I take a message instead?"

ed suspiciously like an oath. "Where are they?"

She told him. As he came out the expression on his face boded no good to the house of Mayland.

"I told you," he said, facing his fiancée and her mother a moment later, "that I'd be busy until seven. I have tickets for the theater and will call for you at that hour."

"But I'd rather you took me to a matinee," said Felicia. "There's a ball I'd like to attend this evening."

"A matinee? Be sensible, Felicia. Go with your mother."

"You never have any time for me!" his betrothed broke out angrily.

"And my daughter," put in Mrs. Mayland majestically, "doesn't have to put up with neglect."

The doctor regarded her with frowning disfavor. "Please remember that if I preferred matinees to saving human lives I wouldn't have been on hand when Felicia needed me to operate on her. A doctor's life isn't a succession of matinees and pink teas, you know."

"I don't care what excuses you make—" Felicia began.

"I'm not making any," he stated emphatically. "I'm simply telling you that if you marry a doctor you must reconcile yourself to being deprived of his society occasionally."

"Oh, must I—" She drew his ring from her finger and flung it to the floor. "Let's go, mother."

Doctor Ingraham stared after them a moment, shrugged his shoulders helplessly, picked up the scorned ring and returned to his patients.

When the last one was gone he sought Miss Roe, busily sorting papers at her desk.

"Would you be surprised to hear," he asked, smiling grimly, "that my engagement to Miss Mayland is at an end? Here's the proof," he added, taking the ring from his pocket. "What am I to do with an article so useless?"

"I'd keep it," replied Miss Roe, a wave of color crimsoning her cheeks. "Some day you'll meet a woman who'll consider it a privilege—and an honor—to wear a ring of your giving."

He stared and for the first time took note of the delicate color in her face, the sensitive mouth, the shining gray eyes, the curls of Auburn hair escaping from beneath the little white cap. Still staring, he returned the ring to his pocket and remarked cryptically, "Men are awful fools."

"Are they?" she murmured.

"Yes. They go searching for gold afar—when it's lying on their hearthstones. They travel around the world looking for the bluebird of happiness that's been singing over their doorposts for ages. They—but let's not philosophize. I have a free evening and some theater tickets. Will you honor me with your company, Miss Roe?"

**Geologists See Signs of Returning Ice Age**

The feeling that another ice age is creeping slowly back on northern Europe and North America has been revived in European minds by the unusual cold of the last winter, and it has received the support of the distinguished German geologist, Prof. Walther Gothan, of the Prussian geological survey, according to Dr. E. E. Free. Professor Gothan bases his suggestions largely on the evidence of fossil plants. The ice age was not, he points out, a single period of cold. Instead, it was divided into several glacial periods separated by warm interglacial periods. During these interglacial periods plants migrated northward behind the edge of the melting ice, leaving their fossils in a regular succession.

First came stunted bushes and grass plants like those which now grow on the tundras of Alaska and Siberia. Behind these, as the climate grew warmer, came forests of pine and birch trees. Finally toward the middle of each warm interglacial period, the forests were of beech trees, as the natural European forests are now. When each interglacial period gave way, in turn, to renewed cold and ice, this plant sequence followed the reverse order, beeches were replaced by birch and pine, these by the tundra, this, finally, by the ice. A few centuries ago, Professor Gothan believes, the present beech forests of Europe were larger than now. Already, he suspects, birch and pine trees have begun to supplant them; perhaps a sign that twenty or thirty thousand years from now the ice age will be back.—Pathfinder Magazine.

**Letter of the Law**

The prospective tenant had inspected all the rooms, the coal cellar, and the other conveniences of the flat, and had expressed himself satisfied.

"Have you any children?" asked the porter.

"I have."

"But you can't have the flat."

"But you don't understand. My youngest child is married and lives in Australia, and the other two are in America!"

"That makes no difference," said the porter. "I have orders not to let this flat to anyone with children!"—Pearson's.

**Maine's Game Sanctuaries**

Maine has 30 game sanctuaries for all bird and animal wild life. In the last 10 years more than 200,000 acres have been set aside for such purposes and there are few counties that do not possess sizable tracts. These havens of refuge for bird and beast are of inestimable value to the state. Some fur-bearing animals that were nearly extinct are now very noticeably on the increase in the large game preserves.



**LIFE'S LITTLE JESTS**

**BAD GUESSER**

The young man was very fond of Dolly, but he was rather shy. They were sitting together when there came a ring at the front door bell.

"That will be Mr. Robson," said Dolly.

"Oh! Well—er—there's such a thing as—being out, you know," suggested the shy young man.

"Yes," said Dolly. "And there's such a thing as—er—being engaged."

**ODOROUS STREAM**

"How did the Oder river in Prussia get its name?"

"Probably from the limburger cheese made on its banks."

**The Nose Knows**

Mary had a little lamb, The lamb had halitosis. Everywhere that Mary went The people held their noses.

**Reasonably Safe**

He—You haven't said a word for 20 minutes.

She—Well, I didn't have anything to say.

He—Don't you ever say anything when you have nothing to say?

She—No.

He—Well, then, will you be my wife?—Capper's.

**Too Bulky**

Mrs. Pryer—Mrs. Eulace and her husband are wondering if they can get into a modern apartment.

Mrs. Guyer—Wondering if they can get into a modern apartment?

Mrs. Pryer—Yes, wondering if they can reduce enough, my dear.

**A Sure Sign**

"How much longer are we going to wait for mummy, daddy?"

"Not for long now, dear. They're just taking the last hat out of the window."

**HIS BIG PARTY**

"He says he's going to hold a big party tonight."

"He's probably telling the truth—she weighs two hundred pounds."

**Thus Ends the Gamp**

The young man led with a heart, The maid for a diamond played, The old man wielded a club, And the sexton used a spade.

**His Prospects**

Boot—I'm thinking about staying out after this cruise.

Rubber Sock—What doin', starvin'?

Boot—Now, I've got a fine job offered me in Switzerland in a big clock factory teaching the cuckoos the numbers before they put 'em in clocks.

**Of No Consequence**

"How could they have the wedding if the groom wasn't there?"

"Well, no one noticed his absence until the ceremony was over."

**Not Concerned**

Merle—I can't understand why you say no when your mother has no objection to your marrying me.

Beryl—No? And I have not the slightest objections to my mother marrying you, so there you are.

**Forgot His Clothes**

Wife of Professor—What is the matter—you are drenched?

Professor—I had a bath and forgot to take off my clothes.—Lustige Blaetter, Berlin.



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