

# MEMORIAL DAY

Not Entirely One of Mourning

**M**EMORIAL DAY should not be regarded as a day of mourning. Symbols of grief used in connection with the memorial exercises—all save the draping of flags—seem out of place.

The annual celebration of the fame, the sacrifices and the glory of the soldiers of the union is a beautiful custom, but the day was never meant for a time set apart for lamentation.

The nation pays a tribute of flowers, of song and words of praise and appreciation to its glorious dead, and it is in a spirit of tender pride and exaltation that the holiday should be celebrated. It has been a mistake to cover the day with crepe.

Certainly there must be sad hearts on this day, but if Memorial day is made what it should be there will be brought to the widow and the fatherless consolation and strength.

Comfort and wholesome thought are suggested by the tribute of a whole country to those who pledged their lives for the land of their love in its time of need.

Let us not put on mourning garments and make a gloomy day out of the beautiful festival of honoring the glorious dead.

"For how can man die better than facing fearful odds  
For the ashes of his fathers, and the  
altars of his gods?"

If you want to get the inspiration of the day, go early in the morning to any of the "God's acres" which are ever around the dwellings of the living. There, in the dewy quiet, where there is no sound but the songs of birds and the sighing of the wind in the trees, you will look upon the graves where loving hands have set the little flags which tell that a soldier sleeps his last sleep below.

Then, as the morning freshness withers under the sun, you see the forms of men and women and children bending over the places where their loved ones rest, and you will be reminded that love outlives death. The comfort of God comes to those who set flowers over long-made graves.

You will, at last, hear the sound of music, and so will be announced the arrival of the Grand Army and other veterans on their duty of the day.

The old men march to a central place and with bowed heads listen to a prayer and then sing a hymn. The voice of one, perhaps, rises in an oration upon the heroes of patriotism. Then the little procession starts upon its journey and visits every soldier's grave, laying flowers upon the grass so lately sprung from the sleep of winter.

Yes, your eyes will be full of tears, but they will not be the tears which burn; not tears of misery and grief, but those tears of universal, uplifting emotion which make us all feel the bonds of human brotherhood. Renovating tears, that relieve the heart and make it seem less of an enigma.

All day long loving hands bring flowers as offerings to the memory of the unselfish brave; on and on till the sun sets tireless feet walk by the decorated graves, pausing now and then while a stroller reads a tribute graven upon some stone, or notes the offering of blossoms on some otherwise unmarked mound.

And when evening falls the level rays of the sun lie, like a benediction, upon the places where the love of human hearts has heaped up the treasures of May, in tribute to the sons and the martyrs of freedom.

The 30th of May is a day of glorious, inspiring remembrance, one when, if tears are shed, they are only tears which sanctify, without burdening, the heart.

## GLEANINGS—WISE AND OTHERWISE.

Two Irishmen meeting one day were discussing local news. "Do you know Jim Skelly?" asked Pat. "Faith," said Mike, "an' I do." "Well," said Pat, "he has had his appendix taken away from him." "Ye don't say so," said Mike. "Well, it serves him right. He should have had it in his wife's name."—Everybody's Magazine.

"You and your wife have a joint banking account, haven't you?" "Yes." "How does it work?" "Like clockwork. I put the money in, and she takes it out."

Mrs. Snappy (reading from the paper)—"I see a man in Belfast has got intae trouble by marryin' three weemen." Mr. Snappy (under his breath)—"I ken a man a guid dale nearer hame wha got intae trouble by marryin' wan woman!"

"I understand Muggins took part in the football match the other day." "Yes; and the football match took part of Muggins. He's only got one ear now!"

Husband: "What! Another new dress?" Wife: "Well, don't be so cross. I bought it with my own money." Husband: "Your own? Where did you get it from?" Wife: "I sold your fur coat!"

Tourist (in Jersey, apprehensively): "How about the Jersey mosquitoes? Don't you find them pretty vicious?" "Not at all, not at all! creatures?" Jersey native (indifferently): "Why they'll eat right out of your hand!"—Puck.

"Jack, I'm grieved to hear that you have lately told your mother several falsehoods. This cuts me to the heart, my boy," said a father, with stern pathos; "always tell the truth, even though it may bring suffering to yourself. Will you promise me?" "Yes, father." "Very well. Now go and see who is knocking at the door. If it's about the dog license, say I'm not at home. That's a good boy!"

Magistrate (sternly to prisoner): "You say Patrick that you stole the loaf of bread because you were out of work and your family starving and yet I understand you keep four dogs about your house. Is that correct?" Patrick—"Yes, sorr, but I wouldn't ask my family to eat dogs your Honor."

"Way up in Vermont, Uncle Eph Kinney was looking over his field of clover, when up drove a neighbor. "Grass is awful short this year, ain't it, Uncl Eph?" he said. "Short!" cried Uncle Eph. "Why it's so short the bumble bees hev to git down on their knees to suck the blossoms!"—Home Companion.

A nervous looking man came into the grocery store with his baby on one arm and an oil can on the other. He placed the can on the counter and said, gently: "Sit there a moment, dear." Then holding the baby up to the dazed clerk, he added: "A gallon of kerosene in this, please."

Teacher: Williams, this essay of yours is so abominably bad that I shall send it home to your father and ask him to chastise you." Williams: "Please, sir, father wrote it."

The minister was making friends with Johnny, his host's son. "How old are you?" he said. "I'm five," said Johnny. "Ah, quite a little man. And what are you going to be?" questioned the minister who had been in the ministry many years, and declares that he selected his own career in the cradle, and that all infants do likewise. "I'm going to be six," Johnny replied.

Dr. Stebbens must have been impressed, early on his arrival at Portland for a conference, there was need there for dissemination of light. As he was driven across a bridge spanning the Willamette, in entering the city, he said to the driver of the bus, as he gazed at the high water. "Is this the average river?" "No," responded the knight of the reins. "It is the Willamette."—Pacific Unitarian.

"Mr. Sampson," she said softly, "why do you wear that bit of string about your finger?" "Oh," replied Mr. Sampson, taking it off, (that was to remind me of my engagement with you tonight.) It wasn't much but it was enough to dash all her hopes.

The mother was reading to her youngest child, when the girl suddenly began to cry. "Why, what is the matter?" said the mother. "I failed yesterday," sobbed the little girl. "But that was yesterday," said her mother. "Why do you cry about it today?" "You wasn't home yesterday," explained the child.

Trivet: "Is this your advertisement in the paper for a lost dog?" Dicer: "Yes." Trivet: "Why, you never had a dog to lose." Dicer: "I know; but I want one now, and I think I can make a satisfactory selection from the animals the advertisement will bring in."

A boy of six years who attends a private school where prizes are given on every sort of provocation, but as yet had never earned a prize, came home one afternoon and exhibited proudly one of these rewards of merit. "Good!" said his mother; "but how did you gain it?" "I was first in natural history." "Natural history at your age? How did that happen?" "Oh, they asked me how many legs a horse had." "And what did you say?" "I said five." But a horse hasn't five legs, child. "I know, but all the other boys said six."

"There have been times," said the actor-manager, "when I have shed real tears." "Ah, when you have been in great sympathy with the part you were playing," suggested the matinee girl. "No, when I have had my own money in the show," replied the actor-manager with a tinge of sad remembrance in his tone.

Wise: "He says he has perfected plans that will enable him to build low priced motor cars, placing the machines within the reach of all." Browne: "My, that means a great business undertaking." Wise: "H'm! It also means a great undertaking business."

Maude withered Bob with her look of disgust. The young man plunged his hands wildly through his locks. "I can't imagine, dear," he said sadly, "what has come over you so suddenly. I simply asked if you were romantic, when—" "Oh, Bob, Bob, Bob! Forgive me, dear!" exclaimed Maude, casting her arms affectionately about his neck. "I thought you asked me if I was rheumatic!"

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