

AT JOYCE KILMER'S GRAVE IN FRANCE

COMRADE DESCRIBES VISIT TO
POET-SOLDIER'S LAST
RESTING PLACE

A visit to the grave of Joyce Kilmer, the soldier-poet and member of The New York Times staff, who was killed on July 30, in France, is thus described in a letter to a friend in New York by Alexander Woolcott, who left his post as dramatic critic of The Times to serve his country abroad and is now a Sergeant attached to The Stars and Stripes, the newspaper of the American Expeditionary Force:

"I want to report to you and to other friends of his on the ninth floor that three days after the tide of battle had moved on toward the Vesle I made my way across the sloping meadow just above the Ourcq and, in the name of all of us of The Times family, placed a spray of cypress on Joyce Kilmer's grave. Grantland Rice and I searched till we found it. He lies buried beside Lieutenant Oliver Ames at the edge of a little copse that is known as the Wood of the Burned Bridge, so close to the purling Ourcq that, standing by the graveside, you could throw a pebble into its waters. Straight to the north, perhaps ten minutes' walk up the unforgettable hill, lies what is left of Seringues, the tragic, half-obliterated village that Yankee troops captured the night before Kilmer was killed.

"He was killed at the height of the great battle, killed in the climax of what I suppose was the mightiest week his regiment had ever known. Two days before, at the dawn of a misty Sunday, they had made a most gallant and irresistible charge across the river and up the hill, charging in the face of machine gun fire that was withering, charging to all the wild battlecries they knew from 'Guts and bayonets, boys!' to 'Heaven, Hell or Hoboken before Christmas!' Then followed the five-day fight for the mastery of the heights, and it was in that fight that Kilmer fell.

"He was at the very front and he was there not because he had to be but because he wanted to be. He had been working as a Sergeant in the regimental intelligence section, working under the regimental intelligence officer, who thought the world of him. It was work that gave him excellent mind plenty to do and he loved it. He had relished so much the chance for service it gave him during the first days of the offensive in Champagne that, later, when his regiment was crouching for the attack across the Ourcq and he found his own battalion would not be in the lead, he asked and received permission to offer his services to the battalion that would be in the lead.

"So it happened that he was close to the Major's elbow when the battalion adjutant was killed and, in the emergency of the battle, without commission or appointment, he was serving as a sort of aid to the battalion commander, when a machine gun bullet dropped him. That commander is one of those who feel that there are times when the temper of the line and the pitch of the battle call for the Major's presence at the very front; that, no matter what the books and the orthodox tacticians may say, there are times when the old man must be seen in front of his troops. When the Major went, Kilmer went too, and it was thus he was killed.

"I wish I could find words adequate to tell you how deep and genuine was the regiment's sense of loss in his death. I was with them in the woods the day they came out of the line to catch their breaths, and the news of Kilmer's death greeted me at every turn. The Captain under whom he had been serving for several months, the Major at whose side he fell, stray cooks, doughboys, runners—all shook their heads sorrowfully and talked among themselves of what a good soldier he had been and what an infinite pity it was that the bullet had had to single him out. And in such days as these, there are no platitudes of polite regret. When men, good men and close pals, are falling about you by hundreds, when every man in his regiment has come out of the fight the poorer for the loss of not one but many friends, there is no time to say pretty things about a man just because he exists no longer. Death is too common to distinguish any one. So the glowing praise and admiration I heard for Joyce was real—every word of it. I should be proud if any one ever talked of me as I heard dozens talk of him.

"I gathered that his stock among men of all ranks had been climbing steadily from the first days when many of them, including myself, felt that he was out of his own element in a rip-roaring regiment. As the regiment's laureate, they all knew him, and they knew too, that he was at work on a history of the regiment. He had become quite an institution, with his arms always full of maps as they used to be full of minor poetry, and his mouth always full of that imperishable pipe.

"They all knew his verse. I never got over my surprise at finding that all soldiers read verse, and most of them write it. Most of them carry a little notebook in which they set down their own couplets and also copy off any poem that has touched or amused them.

"I found any number of men who had only to fish about in their tattered blouses to bring out the copy of a poem Kilmer wrote in memory

of some of their number who were killed by a shell in March. I made my own copy from the grimy pages of one proffered diary, and I put it in for you to see, though it occurs to me it may have been published in the States long since. You will see that there is a refrain which calls for bugle notes, and I am told that at the funeral services, where the lines were first read, the desperately sad notes of 'Taps' sounded faintly from a distant grove when the refrain invoked them. The lines were read by Joyce's own beloved Father Duffy, and those who were there told me the tears streamed down the face of every boy in the regiment. They just blubbered.

I have put aside among my papers a detailed, small-scale map which shows the Ourcq battlefield and has Kilmer's grave marked on it. Some day, when I may forward such a document, I will send it to you and you can send it to Mrs. Kilmer, if you think it would please her to have it.

"I wish I could reconstruct for you that rainswept battlefield as I saw it. After we had turned our backs on the pitiful ruins of Seringues, there was nothing to remind us of war save the boom of the cannon heard faintly from the direction of the Vesle and there on the horizon the sentinel balloons swaying ever so slightly in the wind. You must remember that all this countryside had been quite outside the blasting path of the armies only ten weeks before, so that only its villages and the forests that have received a concentration from the big guns are really deeply scarred. This is not the bleak, blasted heat of such a veteran front as the Chemin des Dames, but rather such a fair, rolling country as our own Berkshires, with fields still golden with unharvested wheat. For Kilmer's grave I might have gathered poppies from the field or an armful of Queen Anne's Lace, but as I picked my way through the unappealingly foul and battered streets of Seringues, it occurred to me to crawl over the shell-wrecked churchyard wall and get a branch from the cypress tree.

"Then, when I found the grave, I say I need not have brought anything, so eloquent was the grave itself of affection in the making of it. The sod was so trim, the green cross of sod across its surface shaped and patined with such painstaking care. It was marked, of course, by a wooden cross, and on this was written 'Sergeant Joyce Kilmer.' Then, after his company and regiment were inscribed, there was just the line, 'Killed in Action—July 30, 1918.'

"That's all there is to my story, and I have sat up late to write it because, while I myself did not know Kilmer well, I know there were many in the ship who knew him well and that they will want to know."

The poem by Kilmer mentioned by Mr. Woolcott is in the September number of Scribner's Magazine, and is as follows:

ROUGE BOUQUET

In a would they call the Rouge Bouquet

There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.

There lie many fighting men,
Dead in their youthful prime,
Never to laugh nor love again
Nor taste the Summertime.

For death came flying through the air

And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
Clay to clay.

He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they fought to free

And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
Three volleys ring.

And perhaps their brave young
spirits hear

The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!"

Slumber well where the shell
screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor.

You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.

Never fear but in the skies
Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
On this new-come band.

St. Michael's sword darts through
the air
And touches the aureole on his hair
As he sees them stand saluting there.

His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors
still

The Gael's blood runs.
And up to Heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet.

A delicate cloud of bugle notes
That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!"

Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes
are

And your memory shine like the
morning star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here,
Farewell!"

A COARSE SLANDER AND A DIGNIFIED REBUKE

At a meeting of the Catholic hierarchy in Maynooth College on Tuesday, (June 25th) at which Cardinal Logue presided the following statement was adopted:

"Lord Curzon is reported to have stated in the House of Lords on June 20, 1918, that the Irish Catholic clergy in Ireland . . . advised their flocks under pain of eternal damnation to resist conscription. The context and the comments of the journals like The Times and The Irish Times seemed to show that the spoke of the action of the Irish Bishops in connection with conscription. We protest against this grave calumny, rendered all the more grave inasmuch as he spoke in the name of the Government, who no less than private persons are bound by divine precept not to bear false witness against their neighbor."

London Times, June 27, 1918.

EDUCATION

The Catholic press is in the habit of paying special attention to educational matters at this time of the year, just before the schools and colleges re-open their classes. This year, it seems advisable to give even more attention than usual to this question, owing to the public conditions in which we find ourselves and to the probability that the end of the War will bring urgent and complex public problems to be dealt with. That this War will have marked effects on public society throughout the world seems certain; and preparedness, (to use a word somewhat of late,) is a wise and sound policy. Competition in brains, and in what brains can do, will be keen after the war; at least when the violent reaction which will immediately follow the War shall have given place to the vast exertion which will be necessary in the reconstruction of a partially ruined world.

At the recent diocesan conference on education, held at Antigonish, Right Rev. Monsignor McIntosh, Vicar-General, delivered an address, of which we have obtained a report; and we cannot do better, for what we want to say today, than make his words our own, and quote him verbatim. Monsignor McIntosh has had long experience as a parish priest, and is known for his moderate views, and his thoughtful consideration of all questions in which he takes an interest. We ask our readers to read and consider carefully his words, which are as follows:

It is of vital importance and at the same time a patriotic duty at the present time to encourage parents to make strenuous efforts to send their children, boys and girls, young and old, to the common schools, the high schools and the colleges. This is absolutely necessary in order to provide men for the future who will take the place of the young men who have gone and are going to the War. Where will our priests of five or ten years hence come from, for instance, if a strenuous effort is not now put forth to get our young boys in line, particularly those doing high school work? Would it not be possible to get at least one boy from every parish to enter college next winter? Our Colleges will not have many advanced pupils, and consequently the college professors should make a strenuous effort to fill up the colleges with younger students to whom they would give their attention during the next few years. If such boys can get high school work at or near their own homes, well and good, if not a very special effort should be made to get them into the colleges.

Take again our young girls. Even before the War it was hard to get young women in sufficient numbers to do our teaching, and harder still to get competent ones. Education for the next five or ten years in the common school and in high school will be almost entirely in the hands of women. If the supply was short before the War, what will it be in the future unless a special effort is made to bring home to women their responsibilities in this matter. Nursing, stenography, banking, etc., are attracting multitudes of women. The matter of education ought to be put before our women as a patriotic duty. Moreover, we are talking teachers. All of which means that we shall need more women teachers and better educated than formerly. Where there are convents in close proximity to colleges, college professors ought to take this matter up and devote more time to the preparing of these women. Our priests should therefore encourage young women to take up teaching in order to bridge over the chasm that has been opened up by the enlistment of so many of our young men.

It is generally felt by the unthinking that the colleges will have few students next year. It is my opinion that if the situation were put squarely before our people there would be more boys in our Catholic colleges this year than ever before. They would be younger than usual but that would make little difference. Then there is the returned soldier, many of whom would make very desirable students. There will be great openings in all the professions for the next ten or fifteen years at least, and any young boy who has brains or ability will be grabbed up as soon as he can get through any of the professions.

Think of all the priests who have been killed in this War and of the young men who would have studied for the Church if they had not gone

to the War. A few will eventually return to the seminary, but military life is a very poor preparation for the priesthood. France sent thousands of missionaries over the world, she even sent them to Canada. It will take France generations to get enough priests to look after her own spiritual wants. Should we not exert ourselves to make up this shortage and to send to College every boy who may possibly have a vocation for the priesthood. We hear much about reconstruction. The best reconstruction we can advocate is the mental training of every available young man and woman, so that we may have leaders of the people and men and women capable of stepping into the breach caused by this terrible War.—Antigonish Casket.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY OF CANADA

CHARITY

There is no virtue so constantly and insistently urged by God on man as the sweet virtue of Charity. Charity is the Queen of all virtues. Without it all taking into consideration the sacred words of St. James, we are compelled by the common belief of men, to hold that religion without charity is no religion. The very pagans led on by reason reached the conclusion that in the world there was nothing so noble as love, pregnant with mercy, on behalf of suffering humanity.

Illuminated with the light of faith Catholics know and believe that whatever is done for sweet charity's sake is done for Jesus Christ. How well this is exemplified by the legend of St. Martin of Tours! A poor beggar shivering with the cold encountered the noble Martin, filled with compassion the Saint-to-be divided the cloak that covered him and gave the half to the poor miserable creature. That night Christ appeared wrapped in Martin's divided garment

and blessed the generous giver, and said: "Because you did it to the least of Mine you did it unto Me." The words of the Prophet Isaiah on the subject are compelling and unforgettable words:

"Deal thy bread to the hungry and bring the harborless and needy into your house; when thou shalt see one naked cover him and despise not thy own flesh. Then shall thy light break forth as the morning and thy health shall speedily arise and thy justice shall go before thy face and the glory of the Lord shall gather thee up." What wonderful words and what an incentive to Catholics to practise holy Charity!

In this life we know on the word of Christ Himself that as a reward the charitable shall have their sins blotted out; that graces innumerable shall be their portion and that the mercy of God shall have so great a compassion on the merciful that "mercy shall be exalted above judgment."

The Catholic Church Extension Society is an association of charitable Catholics. Its objects are not to clothe the naked and fill with food and drink the hungry and thirsty, but rather to cast the mantle of grace over souls forgetful of God. To seek out the wanderers from the fold and return the bruised and famished sheep into the keeping of the Good Shepherd and to feed with the bread of life the starving children of the Church, crying out for the strong food of Jesus Christ. It is, in a word a Missionary Society for the propagation of the Faith. How great shall be Christ's reward to those who aid Him in the work of Redemption! How merciful shall He show Himself to the mercifully inclined, who by their generous offerings, aid in the education of other Christians and in the building of Churches for His service!

Donations may be addressed to:
REV. T. O'DONNELL, President,
Catholic Church Extension Society,
67 Bond St., Toronto.
Contributions through this office

should be addressed:

EXTENSION,
CATHOLIC RECORD OFFICE,
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DONATIONS
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J. J. F., Niagara Falls..... 5 00
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THEY'RE GETTING TOO PROMINENT!

More or less uneasiness is likely to be caused in the camps of the Guardians of Liberty if the Jesuits continue to attain prominence in the running of this War. "There's not enough that Marshal Foch has a brother among the sons of St. Ignatius; now comes the news that Lieutenant-Colonel Hugh A. Drum has been appointed by General Pershing to the important post of chief of staff of the First American Field Army, and he, too, is likely to be open to Jesuit influence, inasmuch as his brother, the Rev. Walter Drum, is a prominent member on the staff of the Jesuit College at Woodstock, Md. What's to be done, if these relationships continue to multiply?—Catholic Transcript.

Before Europe knew anything about the arts of printing and journalism, says The Missionary, a Chinaman named Gong-Chun invented a means for making type out of a composition of lead and silver. In the year 400 A. D. the first issue of the newspaper King-Bao, printed on sheets of yellow silk, made its appearance. For 1,500 years thereafter it undertook to supply its readers with the news of both China and foreign countries, being issued regularly until a few years ago, when Yuan Shi Kai, then President of the new Chinese Republic, suppressed it. Another venerable publication is the Tsing Pao, or Pekin News, which made its maiden appearance before the Chinese reading public some 1,400 years ago. The story runs that in order to encourage accuracy and

keep the paper's pages reasonably free from errors, it was the custom until only a few years ago to punish a printer guilty of a mistake with instant death. The Kin Pan, another Chinese newspaper, has attained the age of 1,000 years.

How much sharper than a serpent's tooth it is to sit at the window of your room in the porch and to see your son or daughter whizzing by in a twin-six automobile.

FATHER FRASER'S CHINESE MISSION

Taichowfu, China, Nov. 26, 1916.

Dear Readers of CATHOLIC RECORD! That your charity towards my mission is approved by the highest ecclesiastical authorities of Canada let me quote from a letter from His Excellency, The Most Rev. Peregrina F. Stagni, O. S. M., D. D., Apostolic Delegate, Ottawa: "I have been watching with much interest the contributions to the Fund opened on behalf of your missions by the CATHOLIC RECORD. The success has been very gratifying and shows the deep interest which our Catholic people take in the work of the missionary in foreign lands. I bless you most cordially and all your labors, as a pledge of my earnest wishes for your greatest success in all your undertakings." I entreat you to continue the support of my struggling mission, assuring you a remembrance in my prayers and Masses.

Yours faithfully in Jesus and Mary
J. M. FRASER.

Previously acknowledged \$18,148 78
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GIVE!

WON'T you help make it possible for all the boys to be inside?
YOU—EVERYBODY—can give something. Put your fighting dollars behind our fighting lads. Give them your loyal support, the help, comfort, care and consolation you would want if you were there.

THERE IS ABSOLUTELY NO DISTINCTION OF RACE OR CREED
ALL SOLDIERS ARE ADMINISTERED TO ALIKE

\$500,000.00 is needed quickly to keep pace with the wants of our boys who are wearing down civilization's most savage and "bloodthirsty" enemy. The increasing demand for more huts and supplies is great—far greater than our finances at present can maintain. So won't YOU help us "carry on" this angelic work?

"Stand behind the boys behind our guns"

GIVE AS MUCH AS YOU CAN



Headquarters for Canada Knights of Columbus, 95 Laurier West, Ottawa, Ont.