

The Catholic Record.

"Christianus mihi nomen est Catholicus vero Cognomen."—(Christian is my Name, but Catholic my Surname)—St. Pacien, 4th Century

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THE PRIME MINISTER'S HISTORICAL EXCURSION

By THE OBSERVER

Readers of the RECORD, I am sure, were much amused by Mr. Preston's comments on Mr. Lloyd George's excursion into Canadian history. Readers in Ontario, particularly, must have been charmed with the graceful ease with which the British Prime Minister turned the history of their province upside down; even though they may still be unable to rid themselves of the notion that Upper Canada and Lower Canada had separate legislatures before Lord Durham's report; and that what was done in 1840 was to give them one legislature in the place of two.

Of course, it is not unusual to see history violently undidled after the events have receded into that dim region of the past where, as the lawyers say, "the memory of man runneth not to the contrary." But, eighty years is not a long time in history; and it takes nerve, (or else ignorance, and who will dare accuse a British premier of ignorance?), to juggle with events so recent as those of 1837 to 1840.

No one has ever yet charged Mr. Lloyd George with lack of nerve. It is not easy to suppose that he knows nothing of the political fight in the British House on the Durham report. What are Canadians to think about Mr. Lloyd George's remarkable "break"? Did he falsify Canadian history in a burst of sheer nerve; or of pure "bluff"; or, was he ignorant?

We are disposed to think he was ignorant, ignorant with that peculiar, almost invincible ignorance which marks the mental attitude of British "native-born-sons" towards all those parts of the world not enclosed within the white manes of Kipling's "white horses of the Lord."

Why should we be so much astonished that the Prime Minister of Great Britain should know nothing about Quebec and Ontario? Ireland is much nearer to London than Quebec or Toronto, yet, on the whole, more has usually been known in Downing Street, of Quebec and Toronto than of Ireland.

Gladstone, in his long career of over sixty years in public life, was in Ireland only once. Salisbury was never there. Disraeli was never there. Palmerston was never there. Peel was there on a flying trip. Lord John Russell was never there. Chamberlain was never there. John Morley was there once; and he tells us himself he went from the home of one magnate to that of another, and from one police barracks to another and never came in touch with the people at all.

A story is told of an itinerant schoolmaster of a generation or two ago. Curious pupils would sometimes ask him how to pronounce long or difficult proper names; and he did not feel himself certainly qualified to tell them. So he adopted a protective evasion. "Please, teacher, how is this pronounced?" says a little girl, putting her finger on the name Constantinople. "Never mind, my dear," he says, "you'll never go there anyhow."

British statesmen have always found it easy to compose their minds concerning places to which they expected never to go; and one such place, albeit it was only a day's journey from London, was Ireland.

That truculent old savage, Lord Salisbury, who so perfectly typified the superciliousness and egotism of the English character that his greatest blunders, such as backing Turkey and giving Heligoland to Germany, said the Irish people were "Hottentots"; but he never went to Ireland to see them. He might have the right focus on them; or he might not; but it didn't make any difference, because he was never going there anyhow.

Bonar Law has never been in Ireland; but listen to him telling us all about it. That's the trouble with English statesmen. If, being ignorant, and if, further, not really believing that it is worth while to inform themselves, they would only hold their tongues, why, then, Irish

patience, which has lasted eighty years longer than Canadian patience lasted, might last another generation or so.

WEEKLY IRISH REVIEW

IRELAND SEEN THROUGH IRISH EYES

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MR. COOTE, M. P., AND THE GARNTALL SCHOOL

The history of Mr. William Coote, the head of the Orange mission to America, is gradually overtaking him. And it is doubtful if he will welcome it. All newspaper readers on this side of the water know that the object of the "Coote's" is to explain to Americans that the Ireland gets Home Rule, the liberal and tolerant, broad-minded Orange minority is likely to be persecuted and oppressed by the bigoted and intolerant Catholic majority. Now a little bit of Mr. Coote's history will surely smooth the way for winning American sympathy to the patient, tolerant, and long-suffering Orangemen. This bit of history will also enlighten American admirers of the Cootees as to the kind of merit that is rewarded by an M. P. ship in the Orange grounds.

In 1904 Mr. Coote was not an M. P. He was only the biggest, most powerful layman in all of his South Tyrone district. He was also the auctioneer for the district, the County Councillor for the district, the master of the Orangemen for the district, the magistrate for the district, the most prominent politician of the district—and, in general, the shepherd of the Orange flocks there. Beside Mr. Coote's home was a National School, an Anglican parochial school, the property of all religions and all creeds, and attended by all religions and all creeds. The principal of the school, Mr. Reed, was a Presbyterian, a fair-minded man who taught all creeds that attended his school, without giving offence to any. As a consequence, Mr. Wm. Coote looked upon Mr. Reed as not above suspicion.

And Mr. Coote had his suspicions confirmed when in the spring of 1904, Mr. Reed filled the humblest office and lowest paid office on the school staff—that of manual instructor—by appointing to it a poor, hard-working but competent girl of the district, named Rose Sweeney.

Rose Sweeney happened to be a Papist—the only Papist on the staff of an institution that was supported and attended by Papists as well as Protestants. The work of this poor girl was to teach sewing. She would have a minimum salary of £14 or £70 per year. But if the attendance reached a certain figure her salary would rise accordingly to a maximum of £120 per year. Now in an Ulster district where the liberal, tolerant, broad-minded Orangemen predominated, there had never before been heard of such a flagrant crime as the appointment of a Papist, even to the humblest office, in an institution that was owned by and for Papists and Protestants, alike. Mr. Coote, the powerful and wealthy man of the district, and the shepherd, as was mentioned, of the range of sheep—the same man who is now tearfully selling Americans of the woes that will befall all Irish Protestants if they are left to the mercies of the bigoted Papists—Mr. Coote immediately sounded the alarm, rallied all the Orange forces at his command, and declared war to the bitter end against the poor little sixteen year old Papist working girl—and also against the Presbyterian school-master, Mr. Reed, who, a renegade from the holy Orange principle, had dared to give the little Papist working girl the humblest, meanest paid office in the school.

Mr. Coote formed a combine of the staunchest, best principled Orangemen, who withdrew their children immediately from the Garntall school, and bound themselves never to send their children to that school until Rose Sweeney was deprived of her very poor employment. The school being under the National Board of Education whose first principle is that no one can be discriminated against on the grounds of religion, Mr. Coote's combine did not directly and fully succeed, but they had the eminent satisfaction of preventing the little girl from earning the \$120 a year which the school attendance had warranted. By taking the children away and thus lowering the school attendance, the little girl was pinned down to the lowest peg, and had to eke out an existence upon the meagre salary of \$70 per year—less than \$1.50 per week. The powerful and wealthy Mr. Coote whom God blessed with a weekly income that was easily 100 times greater than that of the little sixteen year old working girl, whom he gloriously triumphed over, was elated with his victory. The local newspaper, the Impartial Reporter, said: "Under God we have been enabled to roll back this conspiracy of Jesuitism and Irish Nationalism that struck a blow at the liberties of British subjects, and would deny to us parents the inalienable right we have, under British Law, of protecting our own interests and those of our children." Such

were the glowing words in which the missionary, Mr. Coote, described the inalienable British right to trample on the Catholic minority in their midst.

ORANGE CLERGYMAN PROTESTS IN VAIN

Canon Haire Foster, the rector of Clogher, and a member of Mr. Coote's Orange lodge, went to Coote and begged of him not to injure Mr. Reed, the schoolmaster, by withdrawing children from his school. The indignant Mr. Coote flew into a rage with the Canon, and declared him a renegade also. The Canon pointed out to Mr. Coote that as he was in the habit of making public protests against the handing over of the Irish Protestant minority to the bigoted Catholic majority under the proposed Home Rule, this action of his if it got into the papers would have a very bad effect. Mr. Coote, for reply, held the good Canon before the Orange lodge and indicted him for "outrageous conduct"—in "aiding and abetting Roman Catholics."

In short, the wealthy and powerful Mr. Wm. Coote triumphed over the little working girl, and over all who dared, directly or indirectly, to question the prudence of his course in trampling out all Papist worms. His popularity among his fellow Orangemen was multiplied ten fold—and when the opening occurred, he was swept into Parliament on an unprecedented wave of Orange enthusiasm—as the hero who had successfully resisted papal aggression.

It is well for Americans to know so much of the history of this hero, who is so pathetically weeping his woeful way over America, begging all impartial Americans to mingle their tears with his, for the persecutions which the wicked Irish Nationalist bigots will practice upon him and his innocent Orange brethren, when the latter come under the power of the former.

SYMPATHETIC STUDY OF IRISH QUESTION

A worthy and a noted Breton scholar, Professor Yann Morvan Goblet, is delivering before one of the more important educational institutions in Paris the Ecole Inter-alliée des Hautes Etudes Sociales, a series of lectures upon Ireland—one other evidence of the great hold that the Irish Question is taking upon the French people—especially upon the thinkers of Paris. He is having large audiences. And his lectures, which are reported to be delivered with ability, brilliancy and charm, are having marked effect. The Bretons are of course a Celtic people, and they still speak their own Celtic language, a sister language to the Irish. They are, and always were, very sympathetic with the Irish people. They send representatives to Gaelic festivals in Dublin, and the Gaels in turn send representatives to them. Not only is their language a Celtic language, but many of their old fairy tales and legends are the same that may be heard around the firesides in Ireland. The Breton people, too, strongly resemble the Irish people in their characteristics. They have the same simplicity, earnestness, piety, idealism, that the Irish people have—and the same faithful clinging to the ancient traditions of their race.

THE SEDITIOUS XMAS FAIR

The Aonach na Nodlag, or Christmas Fair, which was to be held in the Mansion House, Dublin, and which was suppressed by Lord French, is a yearly exhibition and sale of Irish manufactured goods—the work of people of all creeds and all politics. At the suppressed Aonach there were twenty-five Unionist exhibitors. The Aonach was at first established by the Gaelic League, nearly 26 years ago. It soon grew to be a great annual event—and a great help in the promotion of Irish industries and manufactures. Although organized by Nationalist people, non-Nationalist manufacturers have probably derived much more profit from it than manufacturers of Nationalist sympathies.

As Lord French surrounded the Mansion House with his troops, machine guns, and artillery, a few hours before the announced opening of the Aonach—and without any previous intimation of his intentions, large financial loss fell upon the organizers and the exhibitors. But that matters not so long as Irish industry and manufactures have kept from competing with the English. The seditious exhibits suppressed included Metal-work and enamels, broilers, pictures, books, fancy goods, furniture, decorations, poplins, clothing, lace, umbrellas, tweeds and woollens, boots, hardware, tobaccos (Irish grown and manufactured,) Xmas presents, etc. There was a section devoted to the younger Irish artists and a fine exhibit from the students of the City of Dublin Technical Schools, and the Municipal workshops. The chief exhibitors hailed from Dublin, Belfast, and Wexford. This yearly Aonach meant the yearly retention in Ireland of half a million dollars which would otherwise have gone abroad—chiefly to England—for purchase of foreign made articles.

SEUMAS MACMANUS
OF Donegal.

THE FAITH OF FOCH

ATTRIBUTES VICTORY TO THE GUIDANCE OF GOD

N. Y. Times Cablegram by Edwin L. James

Paris, Jan. 1.—In a remarkable interview published here today Marshal Foch says he was divinely inspired to defeat the Germans and that the allied victory was willed by God.

A WILL SUPERIOR AND DIVINE

"When," says Marshal Foch, "in a historic moment a vision is given to a man and when in consequence he finds that this vision has determined movements of enormous importance in a formidable war, I believe that this vision—and I think I had it at the Marne, on the Year and on March 26—comes from a providential power in the hand of which one is the instrument, and I believe that the victorious decision was sent from on high by a will superior and divine."

In religion Marshal Foch is a devout Catholic. The allied leader also reveals that from boyhood, when he saw Germany defeat France, he had lived for but one purpose, and that was to humble the power that had humbled his country.

All the world knows Marshal Foch as a soldier. The allied statesmen and the Germans, too, have come to know him as no mean diplomat. But how many know him as a philosopher? This is the side of his character which is pictured by his acquaintance, Andre Danicourt, in the Echo de Paris.

COUNTED ON FACTS

"From the age of seventeen," Foch says, "I dreamed of revenge, after having seen the Germans at Metz. And when a man of ordinary capacity concentrates all his faculties and all his abilities upon one end and works without diverging, he ought to be successful. There are, of course, conditions. He ought to be objective and never subjective. I contend he ought not to get lost in passing impressions. Facts alone count, and he ought to devote himself to facts."

"I DID IT BY SMOKING MY PIPE"

"How then did I win the War? I did it by smoking my pipe. I mean to say in not getting excited in reducing everything to its essential, in avoiding useless emotions, in concentrating all my strength on my job."

"Was this job difficult? Possible it was. Our War you see was a very curious War. It was a battle of governments. To speak only of ourselves—we had confronting our French Republic, with its profound national sense, the Kaiser, man intelligent, perhaps, but not very intelligent, a bluffer, a man of hasty action, and for that reason a bad judge of his acts."

"Germany, it is true, had a super army and professional soldiers of the first rank, but she lacked a Moloch. He would have never started the War without trying to neutralize Russia, and if he would have had to swallow that pill, believe me, he would have conducted the War differently. The Kaiser served us in good stead, for an express train was intrusted to the stage coach driver."

"I am often asked if I really believed the War would be a long one. I know nothing about that. It wasn't my business."

NO SPECULATION ON NEEDS OF HOUR

"It is a loss of time, thought, and strength to speculate at the expense of needs of the hour. I have always sought to do my work according to the formula 'sufficient unto the day is the ill thereof.' When one philosophizes too much on the consequences of the act he thinks he ought to perform one loses his footing, also his strength."

"I permitted myself two emotions because they were agents of power. It was necessary to face the idea of defeat and to face the idea of victory."

"Look at what defeat meant—the sacrifices had been bloody, cruel, and more than cruel. They pointed out the superior duty. They ought not to be useless. If we did not succeed, I said to myself, all would smash. That couldn't be."

BEATEN ON THE MARNE

"On the Marne I did not forget this advice. I had been beaten and I said to myself, 'I will be beaten four times or five times if need be, but I will survive.'"

"Above everything stands the will to conquer based upon confidence. But this will is nothing if it does not know how to use the means, and I do not speak only of myself when I say that it is there that hangs success or failure of the chief from the intellectual point of view."

The Marshal then goes on to tell how, when he took the leadership, he

found soldiers jaded and worn by the weary months of War and how it was necessary to inspire in them the will to win. He says he did this and won.

"And now," says the Marshal, "Do not speak to me of glory or the beauty of enthusiasm. They are only words. Guard yourself in France against these expressions. They are useless. They are lost strength. 'The War is finished.' That is one expression that is good but epithets as well as fancy phrases are worth nothing. Nothing survives except acts because acts alone count."

FOCH'S SATISFACTION

"Here is one act that gives me satisfaction. It was the meeting at Rethedorf. That was an act. That act marked the decomposition of the German Empire and I saw Erzberger with rage seize his pen and sign that act. And then I was content to have willed it and to have known how to employ the means, for the business was done."

Marshal Foch concludes with the statement that he believes he was guided from on high as given at the beginning of this dispatch.

THEY LOVE SERVITUDE

A PROTEST AGAINST ANGLICAN "LIFE AND LIBERTY"

The Church of England, everyone knows, is the most impossible conglomeration of inconsistency and contradiction that history has ever known. So it is quite in the Anglican manner that a strong protest against the Enabling Bill—which with its imperfections at least makes for the removal of abuses and for some shreds of spiritual independence—should come from a number of bishops, deans, and rectors, with the addition of Mr. Strachey, the editor of the Spectator; Mrs. T. H. Green, and Mrs. Humphrey Ward. If only one could infuse a sense of humour into the average Protestant ecclesiastic, the dignified persons who have signed this Letter to Mr. Lloyd George would see what an absurd figure they cut in company with the other signatories. And the text of their protest certainly does not tend to increase the average man's estimation of their dignity or of their loyalty to the Church of which they are more or less prominent ministers. So far as can be made out they wish for the continuance of the present Parliamentary tyranny over the Established Church.

"The guardian of the National Church," they state in the face of the experience of centuries, Anglican quarrels are not our business, but if history teaches anything on this question there can be no dispute as to the remarkable character of that guardianship! At every turn Parliament, since the Revolution at any rate, has lost no opportunity of flouting, hindering, and humiliating the unhappy Church of England. The Legislature has shown itself ridiculously jealous of the quasi-spiritual estate, and has gradually but steadily weakened its influence in the country. And the present "Life and Liberty" movement, with its offspring the Enabling Bill, is a desperate attempt on the part of the Church to assert a little of that right to self-government and internal liberty which is due to the most insignificant of the sects.

"REVIVAL OF TESTS"

Now the Bishops of Carlisle, Manchester, Hereford, and Newcastle (the really leading Anglican bishops being, of course, conspicuous by their absence), with their co-signatories, fall foul of the very mild and obviously reasonable provision of the Enabling Bill, which secures that none but Anglicans shall have the franchise in the election of the proposed National Assembly and the other bodies which would be created by the measure. It is the extreme of folly to call this "the revival of tests." What would our friends of the Established Church of Scotland say if a crowd of Catholics, Protestants of various colours, and even avowed non-Christians, claimed to interfere in their Presbytery or Synods, and in the constitution even of the General Assembly itself? Elementary common sense declares that if you want to take part in the administration of a religious (or any other) society, you must first belong to it, and if you belong to it you must accept whatever tests it sees fit to impose. It is simply incomprehensible to an ordinary mind how otherwise you can wish to have any connection with it. There is usually nothing so unutterably attractive about Anglicanism that a non-Anglican should feel aggrieved because he cannot have privileges which his very position as an outsider declares that he doesn't want.

And what fault can a reasonable person find with the provision that the delegates of the Parish Councils to the National Assembly shall be practising and not merely nominal Anglicans? If, on the other hand the Anglican Church is held to be an amorphous creation, without any definite principle or creed, and that a man is a member of the Establishment only because he happens to reside somewhere between Lead's End and the Chevriots, what becomes

of the whole *raison d'être* of Non-conformity?

SENTIMENTAL WRONGHEADEDNESS

What is there to be gained, in these days of religious equality, by membership, real or pretended, in the Established Church? Nothing either socially, or intellectually, or pecuniarily. Mrs. Humphrey Ward, in one of her letters to the press, writes of the attraction of Anglican functions and the wish such as herself have to take part in them, though absolutely denying any supernatural character to them. If emotional reasons of that kind really weigh with some people, we are sorry for them. Wrong-headedness in such a matter is deplorable; but sentimental wrong-headedness is unutterably sickening.

Of one thing the people who have signed this protest may be sure that if the present movement towards self-government in the Anglican Church is rendered futile by fundamental changes in the Enabling Bill, all convinced and reasoning Anglicans will declare more and more for Disestablishment. Perhaps some of the signatories would by no means object to such a result. If a powerful body is determined, as the majority of the Church of England people who care anything about the matter (not an overwhelming percentage) is determined, on liberty to arrange its own affairs, it is only a matter of time until the point is gained. And Disestablishment would after all be a small price to pay for freedom.—J. F. S. in Edinburgh Catholic Herald.

INDUSTRIAL STRIFE

BISHOP AND LORD MAYOR GIVE COUNSEL

In his Advent Pastoral the Bishop of Salford quotes with approbation the counsel given by Manchester's new Labor Lord Mayor—Sir Daniel McCabe's Catholic successor. Discussing the industrial situation, His Lordship says:

"We may justly be said to have passed a year in a very serious state of civil warfare. The whole of society has been, and is being, agitated by these deplorable convulsions, which are disorganizing our daily life and causing widespread distress and confusion. As we said a year ago, all this unrest—perhaps by bitter experience learned—perhaps by bitter experience—that it is only by brotherly goodwill and co-operation on the part of all classes and all sections of the nation that true peace and welfare can be secured, the 'present discontents' will be perpetuated and even aggravated. Timely and wise words did our new Catholic Lord Mayor utter in his inaugural address, which all citizens should take to heart:

"May I say that whilst I am in full agreement with the aspirations and demands of my fellow-workers I would beg to remind them that their power to achieve humane and equitable treatment, by the power of their organization and the justice of their cause, also imposes upon them grave responsibilities?"

"Owing to the ravages of the Great War, the world at large is hungry and naked, and this sad plight of mankind can only be rectified by all uniting their forces for the abundant production of the necessities of life. I would counsel the workers to give careful thought and consideration to the dangers of industrial strife."

"In times of strikes and industrial confusion it is the women and children of the workers who are first to feel the evil effects of lessened incomes in their home, and most of the hardship and suffering is theirs. I do not suggest that they ought never to strike, but I do assert that strike or lock-out should never occur until every other possible means of reason and conciliation have been exhausted."

This is sound doctrine, adds the Bishop, directly based upon the social teaching of Leo XIII.—teaching which is amplified in the admirable and exhaustive treatise on the subject of strikes by the late Bishop Bonomelli, of Cremona, translated by His Lordship in The Catholic Federationist, November, 1912, to July, 1913.—The Universe.

Every trial is sent to teach us something, and all together they teach a lesson which is beyond the power of any to teach alone. But if they came together, we should break down and learn nothing.

Let each day take thought for what concerns it, liquidate its own affairs, and respect the day which is to follow, and then we shall be always ready. To know how to be ready is at the bottom to know how to die.

CATHOLIC NOTES

At the Catholic University of Freiburg, in Switzerland, a school of social study for women students has just been founded.

Near San Antonio, Tex., there still stands the historic mission church of La Purissima Concepcion (the Immaculate Conception), built by Franciscan Fathers in 1730.

Twelve thousand French families have applied for the grant of 25,000 francs from the grant fund established by Theodore Cognaco, the French millionaire philanthropist, to assist families of nine children or more.

The expression, "tying the knot," as applied to marriage, comes from an ancient pagan ceremony in which threads taken from the garments of the bride and bridegroom were tied into a knot as a symbol of their union.

A woolen factory has been started in Tourmakeady, Ireland, by the Franciscan Brothers. Tourmakeady is about seven miles from Ballinrobe. High hopes are entertained for the success of the project.

Because of food restrictions imposed by the Bavarian government, it will not be possible to give the far-famed Passion Play next year, according to those who have the leading roles, postponement being imperative until 1921.

It has been officially announced that an Apostolic Delegation has been established in Japan to further the progress of the faith, which is now making great strides in that country. The delegate appointed is Mgr. Fumasoni Biondi Pietto, at present occupying a similar office in the East Indies.

New York, Dec. 30.—Robert E. Ford, president and publisher of the Irish World, aged fifty, died at his home today. He was the eldest son of the late Patrick Ford, who founded the Irish World and was very prominent in Irish affairs, as was also his son Robert, who was a member of the National Executive Board of the Friends of Irish Freedom.

Rome, Jan. 8.—The Holy Father has now undertaken another humanitarian work, using all his influence, in conjunction with the Central Committee of the Geneva Red Cross, to obtain the repatriation of two hundred thousand Austrian and other prisoners, who are undergoing horrible suffering in Siberia. Lack of means of transport is the main obstacle to the return of these men to their homes.

The Rev. Father Fortier, O. M. I., M. C., has been appointed Director of the Catholic Immigration Association with headquarters at Halifax. Father Fortier was four years at the front and by his distinguished services and devotion to duty attained the rank of Lieut.-Colonel in the chaplain services and gained the military cross and three medals. He will meet every ship, and communications regarding immigrants landing at Halifax should be addressed to him—Box 851, Halifax, N.S.

Approximately 100,000 ex-service men and women are receiving instruction in the supplementary schools established by the Knights of Columbus throughout the country according to William J. McGinley, supreme secretary of the Knights, who returned home December 23 after making a tour of inspection of the schools. The schools are increasing at the rate of four a week, he added, with the largest enrollment in Boston, where there are 3,500 students.

After many years of exile, the aged Bishop, Mgr. Hryniewiecki, has returned to Wilna to try to discover his former residence, but it has entirely disappeared. In 1882 the Bishop was torn away forcibly from his own home by the Czarist Government. For thirty-eight years he lived in banishment, first of all, in the interior of Russia, and later in Lemberg. The presence of the Bishop in Wilna was first known at a meeting of the Wilna Working Men's League. Immediately the entire assembly left the meeting, and in a body sang hymns before the Cracow Hotel, where the Bishop was staying. The Bishop came to the window, and after thanking the working men, admonished them all, irrespective of nationality, to unite in love and good-will.

Father A. H. Jousse, S. J., who has come out of the War with special distinction, has been appointed instructor in diplomatic French, and lecturer on French literature in the School of Foreign Service at the Jesuit University of Georgetown, D. C. Father Jousse is described in despatches as the "hero of the Marne, Verdun, and the Argonne." He was called to the colours at the beginning of hostilities, served as an officer of artillery for over three years until his skill as an expert with the famous "seventy-five" caused the Government to appoint him instructor in artillery to American officers. He fought at Reims, and also took part in the "race for the Channel," was wounded while fighting in the Argonne, within the space of one month was cited three times for heroic deeds, and was made a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor.