

MEMORIAL DAY



Memorial Day is the day upon which we look back into the bloody '60s, and bring our meed of tribute not only to the living, but also to the quiet dead. It is unique, this memorial day. Other nations have had their wars and heroes, but there is nothing else in the world like this day of ours, when, year after year and decade after decade, we cease from active business life, when we send our school children, out with fluttering flags and martial songs, when we bring roses and wreaths to lay upon shaded graves, and when we cheer with a lump in our throats at the ever-dwindling, ever-more tottering column in parade.

of them as disembodied spirits, but hardly as looking down on what takes place over their mortal dust. They have all passed away. Even if they were consciously present they could not in any strict sense receive additional honor from the people of the present day, who have done nothing and may never do anything for humanity. Decoration Day, therefore, is for the living. Its exercises are intended to sanctify and ennoble a generation of people who are wholly employed in enjoying the good things which are the dear-bought purchase of those who are sleeping. Ruskin has said: "Do not think it wasted time to submit yourself to any influence which may bring upon you any noble feeling."

MEMORIAL DAY AT GETTYSBURG

These graves, which show where blood was shed, These mounds, now strewn with roses red, Recall just days of bitter strife, When brother sought his brother's life.

That hate, which once had unknown power, Has turned to love in this glad hour; No more shall war, with threatening air, Arise to drive us to despair.

Each soldier brave who now survives Recounts the blessings he derives From untold hardships he endured, And what to all has been secured.

The gray, the blue, their loves here show For comrades resting still and low; Beneath these mounds their forms will lie Till Gabriel calls them to the sky.

Soon all these living soldiers, bent With years that Eastern Time has lent, Will rest within these hallowed grounds; Still friends will strew with flowers their mounds.

Where once was hate, love reigns instead; Love rules the heart and guides the head; Dread civil war we no more fear, Since love grows strong from year to year.

May peace throughout all time be ours, A pledge be these expressive flowers, And as each coming year they bloom, May they adorn a soldier's tomb.

Here Meade, the hero of this field, Caused Lee, with all his hosts to yield To force of arms well controlled As those of Marathon of old.

Now two score years have passed, and more, Since those dark days of war were o'er, Yet time moves on, and on and on; Soon our last veteran will be gone.

Their ranks grow thin each passing year; Their "I'll soon be home to answer 'Here'" Then all will be enrolled on high, Where there are no tears, nor e'en a sigh.

Still songs will be forever taught To tell of deeds through valor wrought By those who fought and died to save Our land from a dishonored grave.

THE 30TH OF MAY. Memories Recalled by the Great National Anniversary.

The return of this national anniversary has a testimony to offer you. Every Decoration Day witnesses a smaller number of northern and southern veterans. The minimum is passed, the minimum increases daily and annually. The flowers upon graves and chaplets woven around faded banners bear testimony that the republic cannot forget her old soldiers, can never allow them to be visited with social contempt.

Mr. Lincoln, the great of the past, declared that the world "can never forget what they did." Decoration and Dead go together. Some things may cause controversy, but when men have fought and bled and suffered, no words can supplant their claims on our respect.

Let two veterans meet who fought on opposite sides, and their stories are mingled with their tears. No warmer comradeship, no more fraternal intercourse could be desired. There is no more honorable feeling than that of one brave man for another equally brave. To-day the feeling will predominate, and among the reminiscences of strife will be the actual overhauling presence of peace, good will and loving unity.

Decoration Day is the gift of the woman-ahood of our land thirty or less years ago. They gave it not with triumphant means of victorious rejoicing, but amid heartsache and grief and tears were these first graves decorated, the name bestowed and the date perpetuated. If there is a more sacred gift than that born of a suffering woman's holy love, one does not know it. And we are convinced that the soldier's mother who prayed for him in the closed room of intercession, and his heart and his wife who loved him as no other did or could, will demand that Decoration Day shall ever represent their hearts, and its flowers their hopes beyond the veil, and its tears and joy, like rain and sunshine in spring's mingling of both, be indicative of the mingled feelings with which they reconsecrated the places where lay the dead of blue and of gray.

The Senators and Legislatures of federal and State governments have deemed many public occasions. Here is one ordained by those whose common suffering and charity and patience have ever redeemed the credit of a people, whose silence enhances their glory—the women of the war, who gave us Decoration Day.

The lessons of patriotic value taught by this day can be discerned by all. Amid chaos the country struggled into more peaceful days. Disunion has been healed. In strife more than in banishment she developed her latent forces, and the red rain of blood brought forth a harvest of devotion immortal in our annals.

The spirit of those days was rude, but she evoked great men to control them, and as one surveys the list of heroes, the question forces itself: "When shall we look upon their like again?" Peace has dangers no less great than those of strife, and sometimes the more to be dreaded because the less to be discerned. The rights and privileges purchased for us during the past century and a half are ours to keep, increase and bequeath to those who come after us. Now, shall we not act so as to earn, if not the soldier's glorious wreath, at least a modest flower of remembrance for the maintenance of right?

For if Washington and Lincoln could ride at the head of every festive procession in this nation on May 30, they would cry aloud: "Maintain! Maintain! Let your birthright, purchased in blood, be kept in undivided security!"

Decoration Day bears one last word of testimony to our peaceful unity and solidarity as a nation. "Irrepressible" conflicts are repressed, schisms are healed, localities are reunited in the great, same view this day affords. East and West, North and South are as indivisible in that common sentiment of American patriotism which no party discussions can disturb as are Rhode Island and Connecticut. Express trains have abolished physical barriers; mutual dependence in commerce facilitates an already natural intercourse. Between ocean and ocean lives a mighty race, whose guiding forces and aspirations are a unit. One law, one element, one blood, and, henceforth, one language.

And as the watchers of God look down on hill and hamlet, on mighty seas, and over great shoulders of mountains, right down on the spots thirty years ago crimsoned with strife and now fragrant with spring's gifts, their thankfulness will be that in this great land there is peace, sweet peace.—New York Ledger.

The Field of Flowers. Yes, bring the fairest roses—Carnations white and red



MEMORIAL DAY. Meade, from your dusty tomb, Have marched to bow us down, At about the day is granted, In the great National world, High Old Glory, King unfurled, On the tide.

Didst thou hear the brave salute, Of thy comrades, long-eyed, mate, On thy grave? Didst thou hear the eulogy, Thou, defender of the free, Thou who never thought to flee, Thou the brave?

Didst thou hear that story sweet, Of the victory from defeat? Of thy part? He reveille sang the song; Ah, how stirring, sweet and strong, Still it sounds with echoes long, In my heart.

Canst thou feel my breath at rest, On thy loving loyal breast, Lying low? Canst thou feel my falling tear, As I kneel beside thee here— Thou who heldest me so dear Long ago?

Rest, brave comrade in thy bed, With our flag above thy head, Peacefully, Soon I'll join thee, lifeless mate, Soon with drum and fife and flute, They will give us one salute— Thee and me!

Hattie Homer Louthan. —National Tribune.

Household News. FOR THIN BEAMS. If the material to be stretched on the machine is very delicate...

TO PRESERVE ORIENTAL RUGS. Oriental rugs are not intended to be walked over by heavy boots...

TO REMOVE MILDEW STAINS. Mildew stains may be removed from white goods by wetting the spots and rubbing plenty of good laundry soap...

TO LAUNDRER MUSLIN DRESSES. It is quite a problem to know just how to do up lawn and muslin dresses so they will not be too stiff.

FOR FREEZING. Many people would freeze their feet, especially biscuit glue, in individual molds if it were not for the trouble of keeping the cases airtight.

WASHING BLANKETS. A famous housekeeper says that she washes her blankets at house cleaning time with great success in the following manner: She makes a suds in her bath tub with some good soap powder and warm (not hot) water.

RECIPES. Marshmallow Souffle—Chop up a half pound of marshmallows and beat lightly into half a pint of cream which has previously been whipped until stiff.

Shrimp Salad—Use fresh or canned shrimps; if fresh cook and shell them, pile on a platter or fat salad dish which has been covered with lettuce leaves; garnish with hard boiled eggs cut in quarters; pour over all a mayonnaise sauce.

Scotch Scopes—One quart flour sifted with 2 teaspoonsful yeast powder, 1 tablespoonful sugar, 1-2 teaspoonful salt, 1 tablespoonful lard, 3 beaten eggs and a pint of sweet milk. To be eaten hot with butter. Bake in muffin rings in hot oven.

Croutons—Cook 1 tablespoonful of minced onion in 1-4 cup of butter for 3 minutes; add 1 can of tomatoes stewed until reduced to 1 pint and cook 5 minutes, then add 1 tablespoonful of caper, 1 teaspoonful of sugar, a dash of pepper and salt to taste. Beat 4 eggs slightly, add to the tomatoes, cook and stir constantly until the eggs are set; serve on rounded pieces of toast buttered.

Graham Bread—One cup water, 2 cup milk, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon soda, pinch of salt, 3 cups of graham flour. Place dish in water, set in oven, steam 3 hours, last half-hour remove your bread in dish to bottom of oven.

Floating Island Pudding—Allow 1 egg, 1 tablespoonful of sugar and 1 cup of milk to each person. Put the milk in a dish, beat the whites of eggs to a stiff froth and drop in the boiling milk gradually, turn and place on a platter. This done, stir in the beaten yolks and flavor with vanilla. When cold pour custard in a deep dish and put the whites on top.

Impresident to Match. "The president," said a Pennsylvania avenue bootmaker, "would be pleased if he knew what a pretty girl said about him in my shop the other day."

"She came in to order her brother some riding boots. I showed her the best idea in riding boots, a spotted thing."

"My goodness, gran'pa, were you ever as young as that?" "That was taken the day we marched away... forty-six years ago. I was the drummer boy. The men used to laugh at me and my big drum, and they called me the baby of the regiment."

THE GRAND ARMY.

Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear, And at each succeeding roll call fewer voices answer "Here."



Still their regiments are marching with no less tread, And the bugles sound "assembly" in the bosom of the dead.

Glorious tales of gallant service who still on every hand, Charge and sledge and bitter hardship—comrades lost on sea and land.

Now a reunited nation joins to bless the dead, Though forgetful of the living who have likewise fought and bled.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here; Lift them to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer and cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be Tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half mast waves, Keeping green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay; Now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blossoms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore, Eighty million throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

—Elsie Florence Jay in Success.

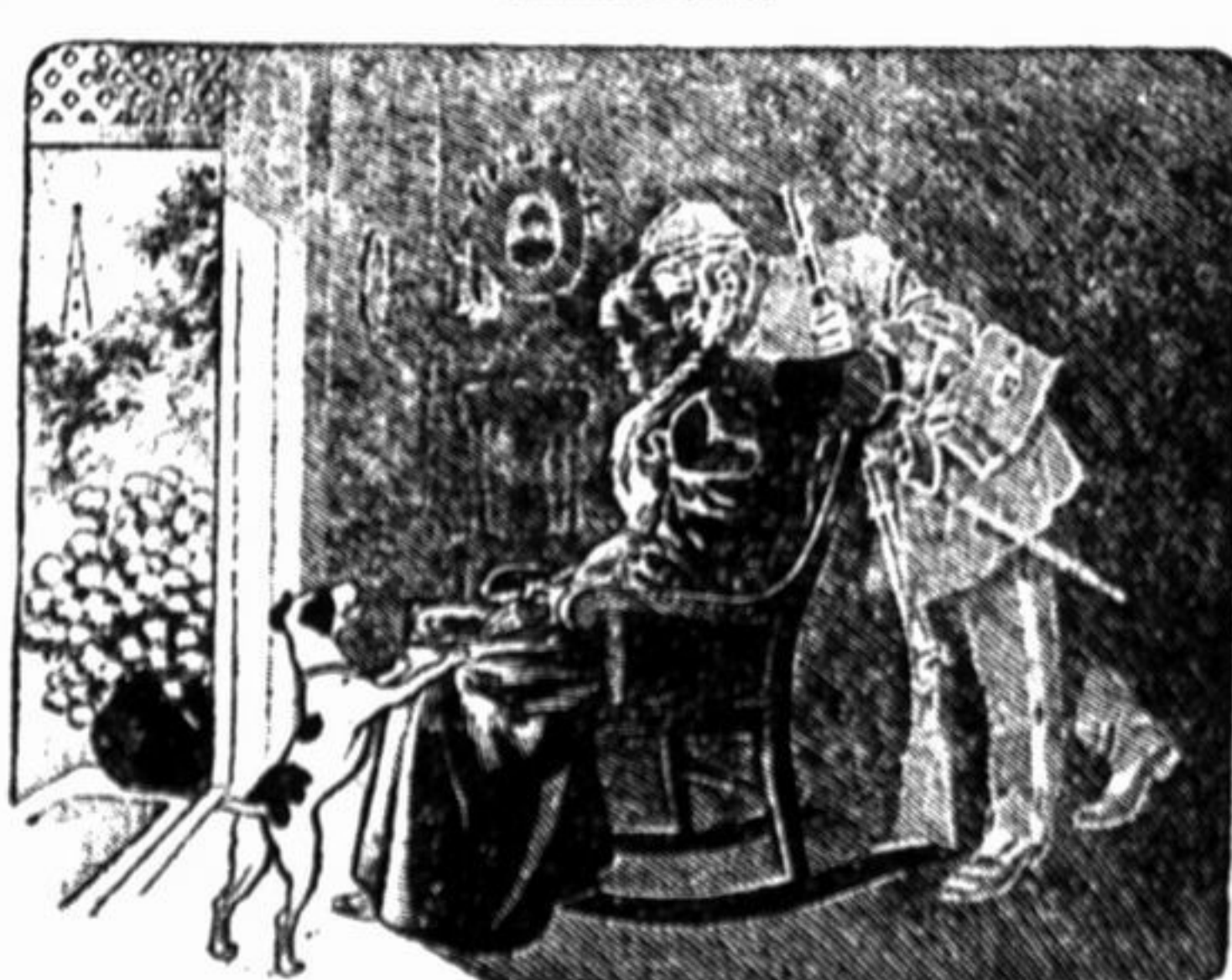
FEEDING CONFEDERATES.

Lee's Soldiers Drove Three Days' Rations from Sheridan. There having been some controversy as to the incidents connected with General Grant's issue of rations to Lee's troops at Appomattox, General Michael R. Morgan writes to the Washington Post as follows:

I was General Grant's chief commissary and was present in the room during the interview between him and General Lee. After the terms of the surrender had been agreed upon, General Lee said to General Grant: "General, I would like my army fed." General Grant turned to me, as his chief commissary, and said: "Colonel, feed the Confederate army."

I asked: "How many men are there?" General Grant asked: "How many men have you, General Lee?" General Lee replied: "Our books are lost; our organizations are broken up; the companies are mostly commanded by non-commissioned officers; we have nothing but what we have on our backs."

A MEMORIAL DAY RESTROSPECT.



pieces of fresh beef, salt, hard bread, coffee and sugar. He mounted his horse immediately and proceeded to carry out his order.

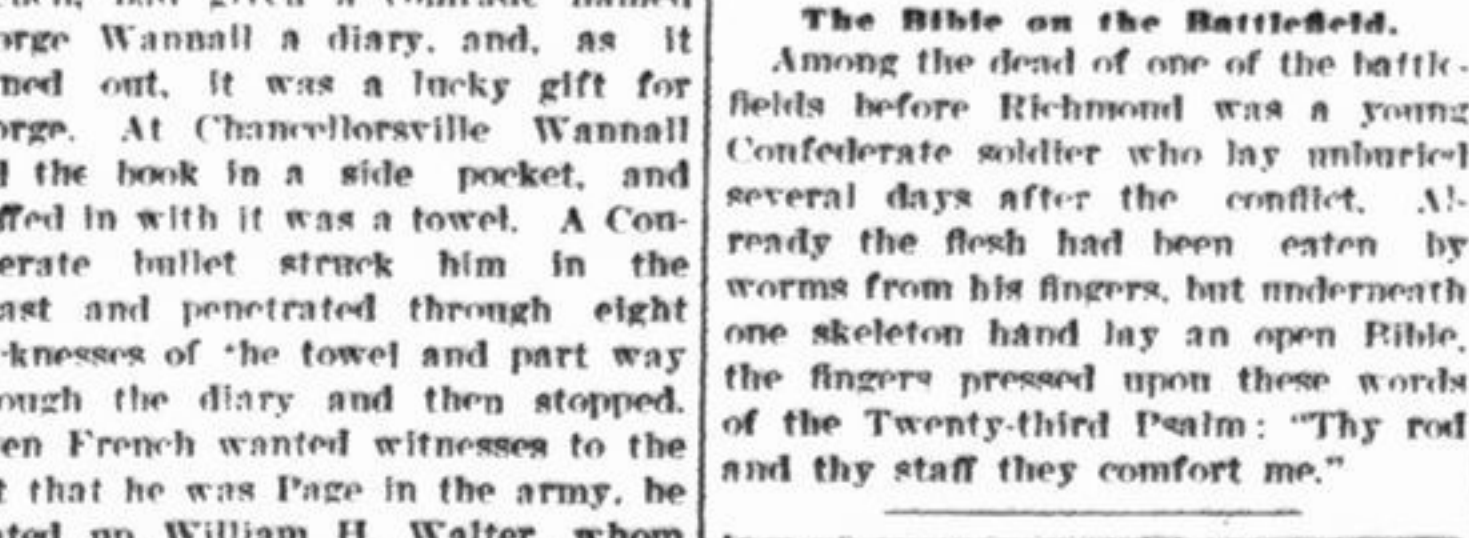
Both Colonels Kellogg and Small are now dead. That we had any rations on the spot to spare may be wondered at when the swiftness and extent of the pursuit are considered, but we had, and we soon found sufficient to supply the famishing army.

BOOK THAT SAVED A LIFE.

Meeting Meeting Between Two Old Union Soldiers. When Andrew French was a mere youth he resolved to become a soldier in the Union army. He thought that perhaps, as he was only nineteen, the parental authority might intervene, and so, in common with thousands of others, as it has turned out, he went in under another name, that of Andrew Page. He enlisted in Company D, Third Maryland Infantry, and proved himself a gallant soldier, says the Baltimore American. He was wounded at Chancellorsville on May 3, 1863, and subsequently received an honorable discharge. Some time after the war he applied for and secured a pension of \$6 a month, and under, of course, his army name. The special pension examiners found, among other things, that no one knew of any Andrew Page at the address given, but did know Andrew French. The "alias" made an identification requisite under the rules of the department, and French was identified as Page by Colonel J. M. Ladsburg and two comrades. Here is where a story comes in.

Previous to Chancellorsville Page, or French, had given a comrade named George Wannall a diary, and, as it turned out, it was a lucky gift for George. At Chancellorsville Wannall had the book in a side pocket, and stuffed in with it was a towel. A Confederate bullet struck him in the breast and penetrated through eight thicknesses of the towel and part way through the diary and then stopped. When French wanted witnesses to the fact that he was Page in the army, he hunted up, William H. Walter, whom he knew as a comrade, and the latter brought with him Mr. Wannall also, whom French had not seen since the war. French didn't recognize Wannall until the latter called to mind the diary given him and which had saved his life. Then the meeting became affecting between the two old soldiers.

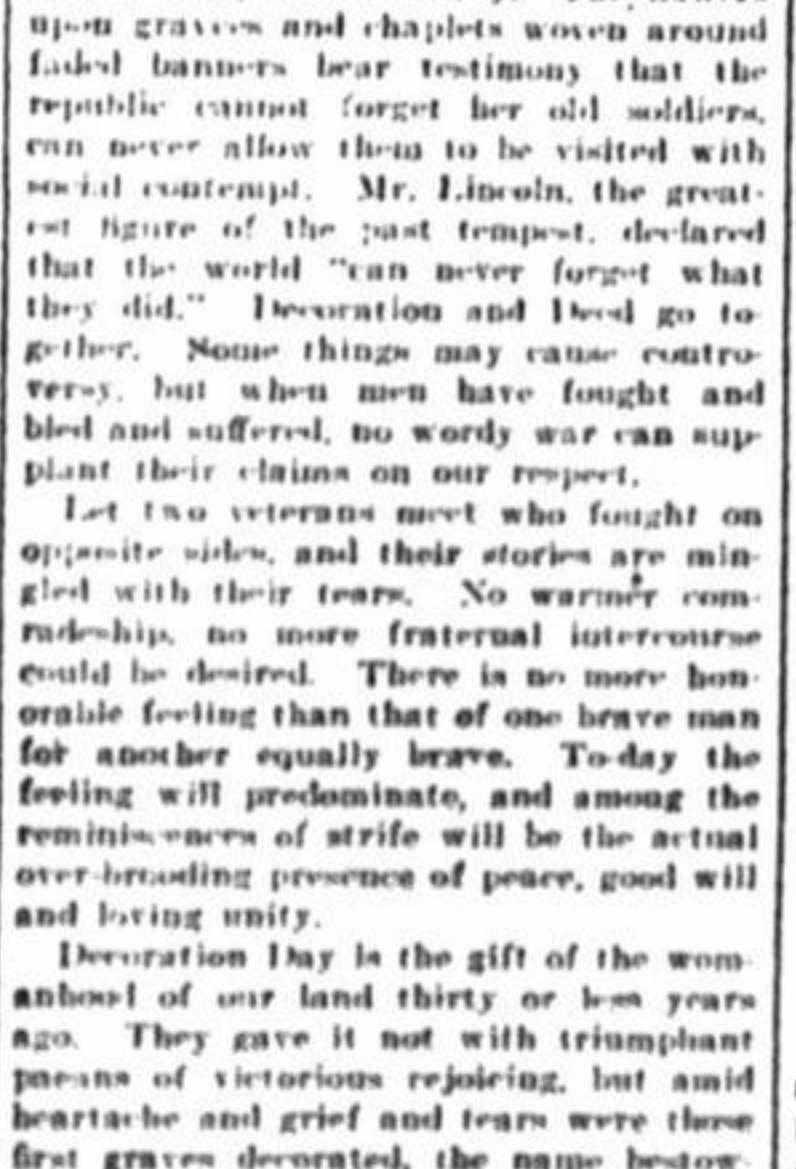
Charles Sumner on War. Give me the money that has been spent in war, and I will purchase every foot of land on the globe. I will clothe every man, woman and child in an attire of which kings and queens would be proud. I will build a schoolhouse on every



hillside and in every valley over the whole earth. I will build an academy and endow it, and a college in every State, and fill it with able professors. I will crown every hillside with a place of worship consecrated to the gospel of peace. I will support in every pulpit an able teacher of righteousness, so that every Sabbath morning the chime on one hill will answer to the chime on another around the earth's wide circumference, and the voice of prayer and the song of praise should ascend like a universal holocaust to heaven.

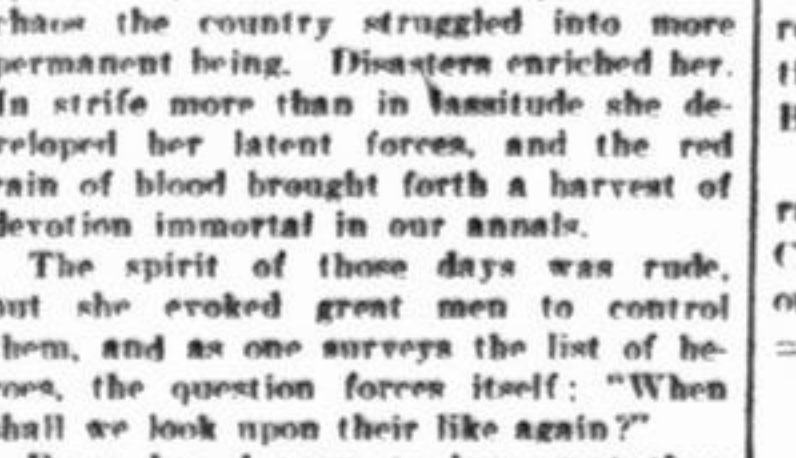
The Man Behind the Gun. Soon after the close of the Spanish war Admiral Schley visited Bangor, Me. General Joseph Smith tendered him a reception, to which many of the townspeople were invited. The people gathered from far and near, and the streets were filled with those who wished to get a glimpse at the admiral.

THE WAR TIME PHOTOGRAPH.

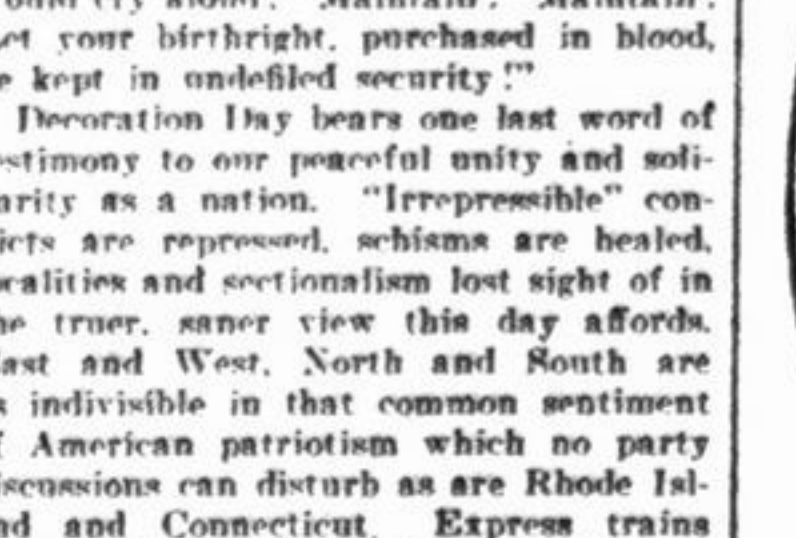


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"Not many of them, poor fellows." "Why, my goodness, I'm just as young as that now, but, you see, I have to look older because I'm a grandpa, you know. I just do it to keep up appearances."—Chicago Tribune.



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