

MORE shall the war cry sever, Or winding rivers be red; They banish our anger forever When they laurel the graves of our dead!

Under the sod and the dew, Waiting the judgment days Love and team for the Blue. Teas and love for the Gray. -Francis Miles Finch.

CH KO

Bay Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still; My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will; The ship is anchored sale and sound, its voyage closed and done; From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won! Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells! But I, with mournful tread, Walk the deck, my Captain lies, Fallen cold and dead. -Walt Whitman.

(47. WA)

trike not one lewel from the crest The loving mother wore; Reset the gems upon her breast, Each where it stood before. Clasp in the glorious cynosure The whole dear Thirty-Four. -Samuel Francis Smith.

Tifter all-Herk! from the heights the clear, strong clarion call And the command imperious: "Stand forth, Sons of the South and brothers of

the North! Stand forth and be As one on soil and sea-

Your country's honor more Than empire's worth!" -Frank Lebby Stanton.

Conor to them! Par graves today are flinging Up through the soil peace-blooms to meet the sun, And daisied heads through summer winds are singing Their long "well done."

-Irene Fowler Brown.



MINGLING OF BLUE AND GRAT

Suggestion for One Common Memorial Day While Yet the Veterans Are With Us.

Early in 1866, just after the close of the Civil war, Mrs. Mary A. W. Howard, widow of a confederate officer, suggested the setting apart of a day for placing flowers on graves of confederate soldiers and for appropriate memorial exercises. The idea was received with general approval, and April 26, that year, was made the occasion for the first confederate memorial observances.

This southern idea appealed to the sentiments of men and women of the north as worthy of imitation. In 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, then national commander of the Grand Army, issued an order calling for Memorial day exercises May 30.

The latter date has been retained as the time for the annual decoration of union soldiers' graves and public exercises commemorative of the lives and deeds of the men in blue. The ex-confederates in most of the states have continued to observe April 26, though the custom is not uniform.

On both sides, the rosters of the survivors who will participate in the memorial exercises are decreasing sadly, fearfully. In a comparatively short time all will have joined their comrades "on fame's eternal camping grounds."

There still is left time for both sides to unite in observing a general Memorial day. Nothing in all the world's history was ever so impressive as would be the mingling of the blue and gray in paying mutual tribute to the end of the two armies who fought oh other in the awful days of '61 to

Memorial Bap

Oliver Wendell Hafmes, Mr.

Oliver Wendell Holmes, Jr., jurist, was born in Boston, Mass., March 8, 1841. He received his education at Harvard university, where he received the degree of A. B. in 1861 and L.L. B. in 1862. In 1886 he received the degree of LL D. from Yale. and in 1909 the degree of D. C. L. from Oxford. He served three years in the 20th Mass. volunteers as lieutenant and lieutenant colonel; was wounded in the neck at Anticiam, Sept. 17, 1864, and in the foot at Marye's Hill, Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in 1867, became professor of law at Harvard law school in 1882, was associate justice from 1882 to 1899; chief justice from 1899 to 1902 in the supreme court of Massachusetts and associate justice of the supreme court of the United States Dec. 4, 1902.

(From an address before John Sedgwick Post No. 4, G. A. R., Keene, N. H., May 30, 1884.)



OMRADES, some of the associations of this day are not but joyful. Not all whom we stood shoulder to shoulder - not all

of those whom we once loved and revered-are gone. On this day we still meet our companions in the freezing winter bivouacs and in those dreadful summer marches where every faculty of the soul seemed to depart one after another, leaving only a dumb animal power to set the teeth and to persist-a blind belief that somewhere and at last there was rest and water. On this day, at least, we still meet and rejoice in the closest tie which is possible between mena tie which suffering has made indissoluble for better, for worse.

When we meet thus, when we do bonor to the dead in terms that must sometimes embrace the living, we do not deceive ourselves. We attribute no special merit to a man for having served when all were serving. We know that if the armies of our was did anything worth remembering, the credit belongs not mainly to the individuals who did it, but to average human nature. We also know very well that we cannot live in associations with the past alone, and we admit that if we would be worthy of the past, we must find new fields for action or thought, and make for ourselves new careers. But, nevertheless, the generation that carried on the war has been set apart by its experience. Through our great good fortune, in our youth our hearts were touched with fire. It was given to us to learn at the outset that life is a profound and passionate thing. While we are permitted to scorn nothing but indifference, and to not pretend to undervalue the worldy rewards of ambition, we have seen with our own eyes, beyond and above the gold fields, the snowy neights of honor, and it is for us to bear the report to those who come after us. But, above all, we have learned hat whether a man accepts from fortune her spade, and will look downward and dig, or from aspiration ber are and cord, and will scale the ice. the one and only success which it is his to command is to bring to his work a mighty heart.

Such hearts-ah me, how many!were stilled 20 years ago; and to us who remain behind is left this day of memories. Every year-in the full tide of spring, at the height of the symphony of flowers and love and life -there comes a pause, and through the silence we hear the lonely pipe of death. Year after year lovers wandering under the apple boughs and through the clover and deep grass are surprised with sudden tears as they see black veiled figures stealing through the morning to a soldier's grave. Year after year the comrades of the dead follow, with public honor, procession and commemorative flags and funeral march-honor and grief from us who stand almost alone, and have seen the best and noblest of our generation pass away.

But grief is not the end of all. seem to hear the funeral march become a paean. I see beyond the forest the moving banners of a hidden columa. Our dead brothers still live for us, and bid us think of life, not death -of life to which in their youth they lent the passion and glory of the spring. As I listen, the great chorus of life and joy begins again, and amid the awful orchestra of seen and unseen powers and destinies of good and evil our trumpets sound once more a note of daring, hope, and will.



Patriotism. You cannot analyze it. It is subtle but it is true. It often "sleeps like the lamb, but roused from its lethargy breaks out with the strength of fl

National Memorial

Air: STAR SPANGLED BANNER FREDERICK R. MERES

Oh say can you see by the dawn of the day, The day set apart for the grave decoration, The remnant of those who in battle array Had offered their lives for the life of our Nations That the shackle and chain no longer remain, Nor the slave block its horror our Nation profane?

CHORUS:

Then gather the flowers that grow by the way, And strew on the graves of the Blue and the Gray.

Oh the havor of shell and the gloom of the pen, The ravage of fever, the pang of starvation, Are past and forgiven by this band of brave men Who honor the graves with love and elation. For the sword now is sheathed, they are resting beneath The sod and the wave for the freedom of slave.

CHORUS:

Then lovingly cast on the crest of the wave The tribute of love for the true and the brave.

Then cast on the flowers, deck the monument fair. In church-yard and park with thy holy reflection: With malice to none and in charity share

The principles held by the great of each section, And the flag of the free forever will be The emblem of peace and of true liberty.

CHORUS:

We will counsel our children to honor the day That ended the strife 'tween the Blue and the Gray.

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While o'er their

with the anguish of hearts that are breaking Come we as mourn-

ers to weep for our dead; has grown wear of aching. Green is the turt where our tears we have shed.

marbles the mosses are creep-Stealing each name and the legend away. Give their proud

orv's keeping. Shrined in the temple we hallow today.

Hushed are their battlefields, ended their Deaf are their ears to the drum beat

Rise from the sod, ye fair columns and Tell their bright deeds to the ages un-

Emblem and legend may fade from the Keystone may crumble and portal may

They were the builders whose work is Crowned with the dome that is over us



IVER WENDELL HOLMES the poet of occasions, wrote this lyric for the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner stone of Harvard's great Memorial hall

built in honor of her sons slain in the Civil war. Grandsons of the undergraduates who heard it when it was first read have since been born, and have passed under the stately roof of the Memorial hall on their way to the lofty dining hall of the old college. To them and to their children the grief which had ceased to be heartbreaking when Holmes penned his poem, is no more than a reverential, idealized and ennobling sentiment Yet thirty-four states will by flat of their respective legislatures observe Memorial day as a day consecrated to memorial services for those who served in the wars of this country. And to most of us this means the soldiers of the Civil war, though in truth a recent visit to Arlington cemetery brought home the truth that the war with Spain demanded its toll of the

But the custom of placing flowers on the graves of soldiers on a certain fixed day devoted to services commemorative of their patriotism came into practice at the close of the Civil war, and Memorial day is still most

nation's manhood.

into the land of memory, though comparatively small number of its veterans still survive to march in the procession which is a part of the day's observance.

The first Memorial or Decoration day which these veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic recall each year was not, as it is now in most of the states and even in Alaska and Porto Rico, a legal holiday. It came as the result of an order issued by Gen. John A. Logan, national commander of the Grand Army of the Republic, then a young organization. It was in May, 1868, that Adjutant General N. P. Chysman conferred with General Logan concerning the matter of having the Grand Army inaugurate the custom of placing flowers on the graves of Union soldiers at some uniform time. Following this conference General Logan issued an order setting aside May 30, 1868, "for the purpose of strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country during the late rebellion and whose bodies now lie in almost every city village or hamlet churchyard in the land."

Chicago had the first celebration of a Decoration day under the auspices of the Grand Army organization in 1868. Two years before this, in a letter which was printed March 12, 1866, in the columns of the Columbus Times, a southern woman, Mrs. Mary Ann Williams Howard, widow of a confederate officer, Maj. John H. Howard of Milledgeville, Ga., had suggestthat April 26 of that year be set aside as the date "to wreathe graves of our martyred dead with flowers." The suggestion was followed and that date, April 26, is now observed as Confederate Memorial day, and set aside as a legal holiday, as is May 30 in other states, in four southern states, Louisiana, Alabama, Georgia and Florida. Mrs. Williams was greatly beloved in the south. During the war she was as active in doing all she could to serve the southern side as her husband and was the moving spirit in putting into operation what were known as "wayside houses." in which care was given soldiers en route to battlefields. When she died at Columbus, Ga., in 1874, she was buried with military honors.

Two southern states, North Carolina and South Carolina, observe May 10 as their memorial day. In New Mexico it is left to the governor to appoint the day. As every state is independent in its legislation, traditions and customs, every state has power to appoint its own holidays, but, despite these variations, a spirit of centralization or the growth of a national spirit, if you wish to call it that, has aided in bringing about an approximate uniformity of date for Memorial day in most of the states. Thirty-four states and Alaska, Porto Rico and the District of Columbia observe the 30th of May as a legal holiday dedicated to the memory of soldiers. Four southern states, as has been said, observe the day on April 26, two on May 10.

It is a good custom this, which teaches each succeeding generation to honor the courage, patriotism and loyat sacrifice of those, who have preseded it. A nation which does this it pirit every day as it does in sy

Epic of the Civil War

Proce and Poetry of March and Meeting of Veteran Legion

By E. W. LIGHTNER



better than the men of the Union Legion Veterans' the tragic truth of epigram of General Tecumseh

"War is Hell."

This must not be accepted as meaning that war is always inspired by the devil, though the wars of history, most of them, have plainly had their origin in impulses of hate, rivalry, unlaudable ambition, lust for mere con-

The Civil war in which these veterans fought, and in which hundreds of thousands who are not living to march and meet today played their part of sacrifice, must be said to have had Divine inspiration if war ever had such spiritual impulse.

Even to those who were mere children in those terrible years the spectacle of these grizzled ones marching recalls the period of intense anti-siavery agitation; sacrifice and bravery of pioneers in that grand writing and oratory which even in the north led to mobbing of platform speakers, sacking of newspaper offices and assassination of editors, such as Elijah Lovejoy, at Alton, Ill.; the Fugitive Slave Law and the infamous Dred Scott decision of the Supreme Court of the United States, two justices dissenting, which declared the negro, virtually, to be an animal and that be had no rights which a white man was bound to respect; the Kansas-Missouri warfare; the exploit of John Brown and his associates at Harper's Ferry to arouse the negroes to fight for their freedom, and the hanging of Brown and others; these incidents and affairs, and far more, with the final election of Lincoin to the presidency, are vividly recalled by the presence of the veterans of the war, most of whom volunteered in answer to the first and second call for volunteers when a declaration of war followed the secession of one southern state after another and when the south began hostilities by the cap-

ture of Fort Sumter.

alternation of victory and rout; the dark days following Bull Run when the capture of Washington by the rebels was imminent; the horrible slaughter of succeeding battles in the region of Washington, in west and southwest; the marine and semi-marine battles on the Mississippi, Gulf and Atlantic coast; the succession of commanding generals as one after another failed; the coming of Grant; the great march of the troops of Sherman from the interior to the Atlantic; at Savannah and Charleston; Vicksburg, Fort Donelson, New Orleans Antietam, Fredricksburg, Gettysburg, Winchester, Richmond, Appomattox, Grant, Sherman, Farragut, McClellan, Halleck, Hooker and the rest of them; the brave, grand hody of lesser off cers, privates, who did the actual fighting, hundreds of thousands of them piled dead and wounded on hundreds of battle fields; their deadly suffering in mud and rain and snow; their hunger and thirst and fever; hospitals always crowded: the agony of relatives at home; last act of all, amid the acclaim of victory with the surrender of Lee, the assassination of the captain of all the captains, "Captain! my Captain!" Great God! What a ghastly and glorious succession of moving pictures masses before the eye with every foot-fall of the gray and wrinkled

ones who march through the streets. It has just been said by some one that with the passing of the remaining comparatively small group of veterans the grand army will become ghostly memory. Not so. After the last man has been dead for an age. and for ages, the army, its privates and its captains; their forbears who fanned the embers of human freedom to a living flame; the dead of the battle fields and the dead who were fortunate enough to live for years after the last battle was won, will remain, yes, remain forever, as vividly in the memory of future peoples as though the patriotic war for freedom and unity were a thing of resterday.

Compared to this Civil war the war of the Great Revolution was sordid, for it had its inception in rebellion against the payment of a money tribute to a foreign potentate. This one was for a grander purpose, the restoration and perpetuation of the government built upon the small foundation resulting immediately from the Revolution, and a declaration of independence for the individual, that henceforth and forever no man, woman or

child, no matter what the color of the skin, should be held as property and sold from the auction block to be



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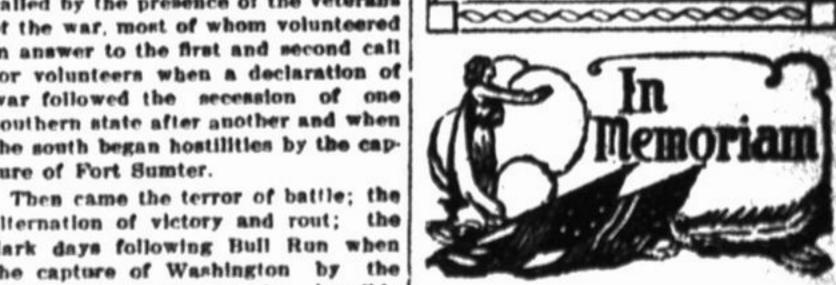
And arms reversed, we much la memory of the coldien Sepulchred at our fest. They are the vaicules herees Who spoke where the field w Spoke when the captain ordered: "Fine from behind the deed."

73They came from farm and village. From growded city and plains They merched in the sultry essentian And pillowed their heads in min They heard the blast of the hugh, And quickly asswered the cells "Form in line of battle-Infantry, troopers, all."

acome of these dropped by the wayeids Some while on picket were shown Some fell in the skirmish line-Some where the battle reged hot. But, also, for the youthfut soldies, Also, for the veteras gray. Who languished in pittless prisons Where the seaper, Dueth, held owngood

Mreaming of skies they could not enous Hoping where hope was win To break the guarded presen bem And breaths from air agains Yearning for wife or mother-Yearning to be careaud, Or longing with broken spirit To be, like these, at rest,

(1) ver these dead sine hundred Fold the flag of the brave, While the marching column halts to plant A flag at each soldier's grave. Violets, piaks and daisies, Roses and lilies bring. When the apple trees are in blossom And the lark and the linest sing,



LESSON THAT ALL MAY LEARN

To Be Drawn From the Patriotism and Tenderness That the Mentories of the Day Evoke.

Under the sed and the dew Waiting the judgment day; Love and tears for the blue, Tears and love for the gray,

While we lay the wreaths of affectionate remembrance over the mounded graves in "God's acre" let us resolve anew to be more patient with the living, more kindly affectionate one with another, not waiting to break our alabaster boxes of fragrant cintment and strew our flowers over the silent clay when the heart they would have cheered has stopped its beating forever. If you love your sister or your neighbor, tell her so. If the children do little thoughtful things for your comfort tell them how much you appreciate it. If you think they are doing well in school let them know you are proud of them; and it the little son or daughter looks well, tell them so unless they are insulerable little prigs and need bolding down. Few people are injured by honest words of commendation. a rule it calls them to do their best in order to live up to the standard you have set. Another thing, don't wait to have your good times together untfl "by and by." Have them now, In the days to come the family circle may be broken and though you may have more time and money them there will be aching hearts when you think how father or sister or brother "would have enjoyed this." Make more of the holidays.

Beautiful Grand Army Habits It is no improper exposure of "lodge" work of the Grand Army of the Republic to call attention in most beautiful and effective method of the order in dispensing kindness and paying tribute to members.

In each meeting of a post is made concerning the num names of those incapacitated ar ness from attending the When the list is completed formal der is made that flowers be sent to

bedside of each sufferer. Further, if any of the known to be in des cumstances, a fiveof larger de