

Taps: "Lights Out!" In Memoriam 1915

By FREDERICK K. MERES

Deadt no more a smile illumes the face, Do more in their accustomed place Will they appear, Our comrades dear, Cheir mortal clay Will soon decay.

Our triends are dead.

It cannot be -their frailty has put on immortality And with the sun As ages run Ohr blessed thought. By Jesus bought, Chey live.

Chey fiver In this the present age Our prayers and hopes presage Their master's welcome voice Will bid them all rejoice, Proclaim the victory won And to them say "Well done," Thou bero.

'Twill lasti This nation grand will be From stain of slavery free. And to the watching world With flag of peace unfuried Will register the day That o'er these forms of clay The sounding bugle stirred. "Lights out" was beard, In 'Caps

Tis doner Thy servants, Lord, obey Thy call. While we on earth do pray "Thy will be done And may the King, thy Son. Be near us when we say, Hs we lay the forms away That on these mounds of clay May friends sweet flowers spray On each Memorial Day

GERM OF IMMORTAL ADDRESS

Proof That Lincoln Long Had in Mind Right Idea of What the War Meant.

Hay referred to Browning's suggestion that the North should subjugate the South, exterminate the whites, set up a black republic, and protect the negroes "while they raised our cotton.

"Some of our Northerners seem bewildered and dazzled by the excitement of the hour," Lincoln replied. "Doolittle seems inclined to think that this war is to result in the entire abolition of slavery. Old Colonel Hamilton, a venerable and most respectable gentleman, impress upon me most earnestly the propriety of enlisting the slaves in our army." (I told him his daily mail was thickly interspersed with such suggestions.

"For my own part" he said, "I consider the central idea pervading this struggle is the necessity that is upon us of proving that popular government is not an absurdity. We must settle this question now, whether in a free government the minority have the right to break up the government whenever they choose. If we fail, we will go far to prove the incapability of the people to govern themselves. There may be one consideration used in stay of such final judgment, but that is not for us to use in advance: That is that there exists in our case an instance of a vast and far-reaching disturbing element which the history of no other free nation will probably ever present That, however, is not for us to say at present. Taking the government as we found it, we will see if the majority can preserve it."

his secretary, reveals the foundation spired by patriotism and high sentiof Lincoln's judgment on the Civil ment than this annual testimonial to more precious than the preservation time of need. The service of the men put into one imperishable sentence otic services. For the half-century Harper's Magazine.

IN HONOR OF DEAD

Practically Every Country Has Day Set Apart for Solemn Observances.

HE custom of strewing flowers on the graves of the soldiers originated in the South Even before the Civil war was over the women in the South, where skies are warmer and temperaments more poetic than in the practical North, formed the habit of scattering flowers on the graves of the dead

Pays set apart for festivals in honor of the dead are found among all nations. The Chinese, Japanese, and even our druidical ancestors had or have such days

The Romans commemorated a similar occasion and called it "Parentalia." With them it lasted eight days. But the Romans loved holidays They finally accumulated so many in the course of the year that the law was forced to restrict the number.

Mass of Brilliant Colors.

There is a strong contrast in the way this day is observed in different countries. In France the "Jour des Morts," Day of the Dead, as it is called, is a pathetic and beautiful occasion. For two or three weeks before the day arrives the shop windows are laden with wreaths of immortelles, some in their natural color and some dyed blue, pink, or purple. When the day arrives the people stream to the cemeteries.

Thousands of people, thousands of wreaths! The cemeteries are one mass of brilliant color, of moving throngs, for not even the remotest part of the potter's field is neglected.

In Naples this day, celebrated there as All Saints' day, is regarded as a holiday, and the visit of the families to the churchyard becomes a pleasure party. Metal garlands are chiefly used, and though they are more durable, they do not possess the charm of real flowers.

In some of the villages in southern Italy the grotesqueness and realism of the observance is painful. Ravello, a mountain village overlooking the sea, and one of the most beautiful spots in the world, has a unique and revolting custom. A wax figure representing Death, dressed in the court cosred stockings and pointed shoes, is feeling toward their dead.

Forecast of Coming Deaths. In Austria it is the faith of the peasantry that on All Soul's eve at midnight anyone visiting the cemetery will see a procession of the dead drawing after them those who are to die during the coming year.

A gloomy drama founded on this is acted every year in the People's theater in Vienna. The miller has a beautiful daughter, the daughter a lover; the miller opposes the marriage. After some years of waiting the desperate youth goes to the churchyard and sees the spectral train and, following it, the miller.

The drama might have closed here with marriage bells, but it would not be right to let the Austrian youth count on the death of a parent, however cruel, so the lover looks again at the spectral company and behind the miller he sees himself. In the course of the year the unfortunate girl loses both her father and her lover.

When one observes these customs it is easy to understand that among many people the belief still survives that the dead have some power over the living, which is often exerted in

TELLING THE STORY



In their country's wondrous story Learned they of the greater glory Yet to be: And this faith, all else transcending, Bore them onward to the ending-

Victory. Shall this faith find all fruition? Had these souls a holy mission To unfold? Are the people bravely keeping All their heritage, or sleeping As of old?

Appreciated and Honored. Among the many acts which the Grand Army of the Republic has committed in its half century of organiza-This statement, spoken offhand to tion, none have been more purely inwar; there was at stake something those who served their country in its of the Union, something more urgent who saved the Union was a stern and after many years; then a weary search than the abolition of slavery-and that hard one. It cost many thousands of made almost hopeless on account of was democracy. Two years and a balf lives, another myriad of losses of your later marriage But it has ended later, in his address at Gettysburg, he limbs, and years of severe and patri- happily!" the thought of which this was the since the war closed the country has joy. He had a new grandfather, grandgerm .- From the Diary of John Hay, annually testified its appreciation and ma didn't have a headache andedited by William Roscoe Thayer for honor for the sacrifices of patriotic crown of delights—he wasn't going to men in that struggle.

TO HONOR HIS CUMRADES



Then o'er the green mounds where com rades rest,
We scatter love's emblems fair,
And dream of the day when Death's

blighting sway Is banished from earth fore'er.

Peace treads today all the sunlit aisles, Where the flag of Freedom waves, O'er each dreamless head of the martyr-In their flower-strewn peaceful graves.

Surely Runaway Youngster's Footsteps Were Guided by a Special Providence.

BILLY had been promised that he should be taken to the The blue-coated troops, the booming of the cannon and the grave dec tume of some previous century, with orations united in forming a most fascinating occasion for Billy as each brought into the church during the Memorial day returned with its sacred services. The beauty and peace of associations. Needless to say, he Ravello's wonderful surroundings do pouted and fretted, and was not at all not find outward expression in their an ideal Billy when grandma said her head ached too badly to take him. Why did she have to have a headache on Memorial day? Why couldn't Sarah get dressed and take him? Why couldn't he go alone? But grandma was obdurate, and three hours of nursery and toys were prescribed for Billy instead of bright green stretches of marvelous burial ground, thundering of cannon and crowds of wonderful brass-buttoned

For an hour Billy engaged in guiding his tin soldiers to a hastily made cemetery, where they shot imaginary guns off over impromptu graves decorated with paper flags. Suddenly a solemn roar penetrated the sunny room. Billy's heart bounded. Five minutes later a chubby figure in gray coat and cap, barehanded, his gloves being dropped in his haste, let himself quietly out of the front door and made his way to the spot from which the glorious sound had emanated.

He passed in the gates unnoticed. and was soon in the heart of action. How splendid it was. Hundreds of pretty flags and some that were not so pretty. Billy heard a man say that the holes in them had been made by powder and bullets. So many soldiers! So many flowers!

He stood on a grassy mound, a picture of profound attention, brown curls flying in the wind, eyes fastened on the enchanting scene. Suddenly an old gentleman in uniform stepped up and, pinching his cheek, said: "And your name little man?"

"Billy Martin." The old gentleman echoed the name slowly, shaking as though he had the palsy. "And do you know any of the soldiers?"

"No, but grandpa fell at Apple Maddocks, and grandma and I always come to celebrate, but she's sick, so I came alone."

Apple Maddocks was rapidly translated in the old man's mind to Appomattox.

"And your father?"

"Haven't any. Haven't any mother -only grandma,"

People passing wondered to see tears raining down the cheeks of the old soldier and wondered still more when, after a few words with one of his comrades, he grasped tightly the hands of the boy, and they passed out together. Billy was an adept at answering questions. A little later an excited child broke into the sanctity of grandma's room with a startling announcement.

"There's a soldier downstairs says he knows you, grandma; wants you to come right down." Grandma, all in a flutter, made a hasty tollet and descended

"Will!" "Yes, it is indeed I, Margaret. A year in a southern hospital, a shattered memory, which only returned

Billy danced around in a maze of be scolded for running away.

LOVE AND DEVOTION

Ceremonies of Memorial Day Remind Youth of Their Duty to Their Country.

Again the thirtieth of May, with its food of memories both sweet and sad Our national memorial day! Who can fully grasp all that the day eans to our population of 100,000,

Though ne may have scanned the future with a view to divine what would result from the plan he promulgated for Memorial day ceremonies through the order issued forty-seven years ago, there is reason to doubt that Gen. John A Logan, then the third to nold the office of commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, had an adequate appreciation of what the result would be-of the rich and abundant fruit the tree would yield. Certain it is that the many thou-

sands of young men in 1868 fresh from service to their country in the great war, who formed in a thousand cities and villages and marched to cemeteries to lay floral tributes upon the graves of their comrades, had no thought that May 30 would become the nation's most notable day for opening memory's book and recounting deeds of the past, for placing a higher and : higher value upon the results of the great war whose many battles had to be fought in order that the nation s life might be preserved. While we still pay distinctive trib-

ute to the soldier dead, a custom that should never be abandoned, Memorial day does more than that in these days, and it will, let us hope, continue to do more as time passes. Each recurring Memorial day adds to love for and de votion to country that is essential. There never can be an oversupply of such love and devotion. Efforts in that one direction have paid a million times over for all of the trouble and expense of Memorial day ceremonies the last 47 years; the cost of the parades, the millions upon millions of wreaths and potted plants, the addresses and songs, the planting of flags at graves, the patriotic services in thousands of churches the Sunday before the day of memories, the tens of thousands of patriotic demonstrations and addresses in public and other schools.

About the fondest hope that the survivors of the war have upon the downhill journey of life is that all of these patriotic customs will continue,

Another beautiful and impressive custom has become notable, and is moving in harmony with the Grand Army custom of strewing flowers upon the graves of its patriot dead. Multitudes, now, who did not use to do so, go to cemeteries to visit the graves of their dead, and leave blossoms to of hundreds of thousands of dead. show that they, too, have been remembered.



The Spirit of Memorial Day

Down the perspective of the years The purple mists transform the past: The path along war's blood-red meres, Blooms bright with fragrant flowers at last.

The echoes of the battle's roar Are heard no more-Are heard no more But in their stead, the birds o'erhead Requiems and praises for our deadi

The flight or years Has quenched our tears, And given us love and hope for fears!

No more our land is rent with strife; No more does passion blind our eyes; No more we seek our brother's life, We hold him at his real worth-Flower of the earth-

Flower of the earth! And hand clasps hand through our land; Brothers united now we stand-Brothers forever more we stand.

The flight of years Has quenched our tears, And given us love and hope, for fears!

Marching together, let us bring Fair wreaths of victory for our dead, Placing them gently as we sing Their virtues, o'er each sleeper's head. What matter whether Blue or Gray? We're one today-

We're one today! Old Glory streams in beauteous gleams Above the nation of our dreams— One flag, one country—fondest dreams!

The flight of years Has quenched our tears, And given us love and hope, for fears! -William Anwyl Jones.

Day Should Always Be Cherished. The Constitution for which those brave men fought was dearer to them than their lives It has done more for the amelioration of the conditions of young and old—as a day dedicated to on the one day in remembrance of the the memory of patriots and the revival brave dead starts at the grave the of patriotism.



THE OLD FLAG

Though the armed world assail you, what coward would lag To rise in defense of our beautiful flag? For our fathers have taught

That our lives are as naught When compared with your safety, O gle rious flag! Walter G. Doty, in National Magazine,

Plea is Made That Memorial Observance Be Made General Throughout Country.

CORTY-SEVEN years ago tender and patriotic hearts first consecrated one day to the tear and to the laurel. The grass on the graves of the blue and the gray had shown green but two seasons after the close of the great Civil war when the mournful duty of decking the last resting place of the departed brave formally began.

Since that time the beautiful me morial plan has expanded until now, on the day of the annual remembrance hundreds of thousands of the living place flowers on the hallowed mound

But it is a melancholy fact that while the reverent custom has constantly spread in observance, sectionalism has attended the yearly remembrance, is the comment of Richard G. Conover. Not in the way of narrowness of observance, for both in the North and the South the graves of former enemies have not been forgotten in the local decoration. Blue and gray alike have received their equal quota of respect. It is in the deliberate setting apart of different memorial days that the traces of sectionalism remain. A country united for half a century has not yet fixed a day of common tribute to brave men who died for a principle.

Time Ripe to Unite on Day. With the coming of the northern from veterans and patriotic men and the credit that is his due. women a desire to unite in one great national holiday every year the task of honoring the Federal and Confederate fighting men who have joined the great majority.

That the time is ripe for the accomplishment of such a fitting project was evidenced at the half century reunion of the blue and gray on the battlefield of Gettysburg. There where they had frantically sought to shed each other's blood fifty years before the grizzled veterans, many on both sides clad in the same uniforms, embraced, drank from the same canteen and reposed at night, shoulder to shoulder, under the

Any differences there might have been remaining between the living where they sowed and rejoice in the Federals and Confederates were then and there forever banished. On the a mightier host than ever. And in same day North and South met to pay tribute to valor. In the same way it adjustment of changing conditions. is proposed now to have the blue and gray, all over the country, mourned annually on the same day.

Their Example Will Live.

It was faith in the great things of life that inspired the soldiers of the nation in the Mexican and Civil wars, and the story of their heroism will be told when their last encampment is a thing of the long ago. And so, while the veterans disband and their associations cease to exist, the inspiration of their example will live and be among the most precious possessions of the nation. And a people which lives up to such examples need not fear for the perpetuity or solidity of American institutions.

Would Make for Perfect Accord. At no place or spot is the human heart more touched than when bendliving than any other political system ing over a grave. If a spirit of good that ever was established on earth. It will and forgiveness is generated at a Where comrades sleep.

Soon they must all be tenting on one is right that Memorial day should be hallowed spot its influence is farcherished not only by the dwindling reaching. If animosities are recalled membership of the Grand Army of the at the grave, the bitterness is apt to Republic, but by citizens in general- increase. A uniting all over the land

holy work of perfect accord.

GEN. MEADE'S RANK

Writer Thinks He Has Not Been Accorded His Proper Place by Historians.

By J. A. WATROUS.

Lieutenant Colonel U. S. Army (Retired). H is great achievements, towering military genius, steadfastness of purpose and his natural and acquired ability successfully to handle vast armies and win great battles, never losing a great battle, placed General Grant at the head of the long list of military heroes developed in the Civil war. He will hold that rank in history for all time.

But what of his lieutenants? It has come to be common in speaking of a few to give rank as follows: Sherman, Sheridan, Thomas and Meade. Other distinguished characters follow, but in this paper their names need not be recalled. Were one to say that Maj. Gen. George Gordon Meade should follow the name of Grant in enumerating important characters in the army one would endanger himself to a mob. But would that be so far out of the way?

The greatest single victory won during the war was achieved under the leadership of Meade. Grant won no single battle that would compare with Gettysburg in importance and its influence in settling the mighty contest. Vicksburg, in its influence, ranked next to Gettysburg. Even Grant conceded that the battle of Gettysburg was of vaster importance and had greater influence in the work of crushing the Confederates than that of Vicksburg. Sherman won no single victory equal to Gettysburg, yet he will always be recognized as one of the greatest generals of his age, and justly stands next to Grant. Sheridan's victories, even the greatest of them, bear no comparison to Gettys-Thomas' splendid conduct at



Maj. Gen. George G. Meade.

Chickamaugua and his great victory at Nashville will always be regarded as proof of generalship of an exceedingly high type. Yet they were not such victories as Meade won at Gettysburg, under the most trying circum stances-circumstances as depressing almost as those under which Thomas won his greatest battle, that of Nashville

No one would suggest that the roll be called in this way: Grant, Meade, Sherman, Sheridan and Thomas, or, as I think it should have been called from the start: Grant, Sherman, Meade, Thomas and Sheridan. I am only saying that which I hope will have some bearing in the future toward giving to Meade the high rank Memorial day of 1915 there also comes his superb services entitled him to-

Venerated and Exalted.

Never before was there a Memorial day when so few veterans of the great war needed the proofs given of the underlying loyalty, gratitude and devotion of their countrymen. But never was there a Memorial day when so many Americans who never were soldiers had need of paying this tribute to the men who risked everything and often lost all that the nation might live in safety, power and glory and go on to wider service to the world, leading the march of mankind.

So the balance holds true. The ranks of the heroes are thinned by time, but the millions who reap fruits of their devotion and valor are another sense there is an unfailing There are fewer survivors of the heroic and terrible four years' struggle for the Union, but they are venerated and exalted as they never were when their ranks were full and their numbers made them a great power in the affairs of the nation,

THE GRAND ARMY.

Hark to the stirring sound Of fife and drum,

As slowly up the flag-draped streets they Once more the day rolls round When, halting, weary, gray and glorycrowned,

These heroes of an epic grand, These men whose beards were singed by cannon flame, Who fought the bravest foemen known

to fame Until the glad truce came, Pass in review before the land, Memories bitter-sweet and deep Thrill through the veteran's breast As, wind-caressed,

The nation's banner waves Above the peaceful, flower-strewn graves

Before they go "Across the river in the shade to rest," 'Tis well that we, their sons, should let our sires know

How honored in our hearts they are and blessed. John E. Dolsen, in National Magazine.