

AMERICA'S PATRIOT DEAD

ORIGIN OF THE OBSERVANCE OF DECORATION DAY.

Beautiful National Custom Born of the Mind of a Daughter of the Southland.

Let us, then, at the time appointed, garland the passionate souls with the choicest flowers of sympathy; let us raise above them the dead old flag they saved from dishonor; let us, in this solemn presence, renew our pledges to aid and assist those whom they have left among us; a sacred charge upon a nation's gratitude—the soldier's and sailor's widow and orphan.—General John A. Logan, in 1900.

But two days yet remain when May 30—another Memorial day—shall dawn, bringing with it a train of hallowed memories from the past. For many years the American people have set apart a certain day, when, laying aside their usual avocations, they gather to place their floral offerings upon the graves of the patriot dead.

Whence came this beautiful custom? It began as a local usage, gradually extending until the present time. The idea of laying the pure and fragrant blossoms upon "the graves of heroes, brave and true," was born in the mind of an Atlanta (Ga.) woman. With a nobleness of character transcending the framework of sectionalism, this daughter of the South suggested the tribute of flowers for the dead soldier, whether from the North or the South. At different appointed times these cherishing mothers of the Confederacy performed this tender rite. The Atlanta woman's idea that though the Union dead had battled against the Lost Cause, that rancor and hatred should not pursue them, met with a ready response.

In the Valley of the Shadow.

These first Memorial days were born in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. They were the bright spots that shone effulgent through the sable cloud of bitterness. They were the pathetic demonstrations of saddened hearts. Coming from their own bereaved bosoms, these flowers, at that time, their own wails of desolation, like angel ministrants these women came. They realized that in a myriad Northern homes were awaiting fond ones, too-waiting for the brave ones who would never return to them again.

In the South, there stood the smoke-blackened walls or ruined homes—sad reminders of the terrible battles of fire and blood. The bleated trunks of trees pointed in mute appeal to heaven's blue expanse—monuments to that awful struggle. Striven around were fragments of that storm of iron hail that had wrought the devastation. They told the story of the lurid helms where valiant souls went down to death. The long and silent rows of mounds on many a battlefield spoke eloquently of the heroic ones. More than three decades ago, a newspaper contained these words:

"The women of Columbus, Miss., animated by noble sentiments, have shown themselves impartial in their offerings made to the memory of the dead. They crowded flowers alike on the graves of Confederate and National soldiers."

From the silence of sorrowful hours, The devoted mourners go, Loving laden with flowers, All for the friend and the foe— Under the sod and the dew, Waiting for the judgment day; Under the roses that bloom, Under the lilies the gray.

Over the dreamless ones the Great Angel Israel had set the seal of silence eternal. This floral rite, embodying a beautiful sentiment, had a most pathetic side as well. The perfume of the flowers, wafted upward by the soft winds, was an incense; each blossom was a prayer!

Lincoln's Undying Words.

Standing upon the field of Gettysburg in 1863, President Lincoln voiced this undying sentiment:

"We are met on a great battle-field of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field, as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that the Nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate; we cannot consecrate; we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our power to add or detract."

In his memorable speech at Indianapolis, September 21, 1876, Colonel Ingalls said to the old Grand Army veterans:

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty; they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the window-pane place of rest that they may rest in wither with. They are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for soldiers living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead."

Logan's Order to Decorate.

The real origin of Memorial day has been shown. In 1868, when General John A. Logan was Commander-in-Chief of the Grand Army of the Republic—the first head of that organization, by the way—he issued orders that all poets, East and West, should decorate the graves of the comrades-in-arms, May 30, of that year. This established a precedent, which has since been generally followed. It was after that year that the day was declared a legal holiday by most of the states and territories.

In passing, it is well to state that there is no such thing as a National holiday—not even the Fourth of July—declared such by the statutes of the United States. It is interesting to note the dates upon which some of the states declared May 30 as Memorial or Decoration day, a legal holiday. The statutes of a number of states consulted, show the following dates:

Pennsylvania, May 25, 1874; New York, 1875; Connecticut, 1875; New Jersey, April 4, 1876; Vermont, 1876; New Hampshire, 1877; Colorado, February 10, 1877; Wisconsin, 1879; California, 1880; Maine, 1880; Ohio, 1880; Michigan, September 10, 1881; Massachusetts, 1881; Illinois, 1881; Utah, March 9, 1883; Nevada, 1883; Minnesota, April 2, 1884; Nebraska, 1885; Kansas, February 19, 1886; Washington, February 25, 1888. In Idaho the statute provides that any day designated by the Governor in his proclamation may be observed as Memorial day.

Even the states named, before their Legislatures had declared May 30 a legal holiday, while selecting a Decoration day, did not all observe the same day. Following, however, common usage, May 30 has gradually become the general day of observance, although just why this day should have been selected is not definitely known. Some of the authorities are of the opinion that it was chosen because May 30 was the date of discharge of the last soldier of the Civil War. This is particularly interesting, if true.

Oregon's First Enactment.

Oregonians should be interested in knowing something of the dates when their Legislature determined this question. So far as known, the record shows that the

first reference made in legislative enactment to Memorial day was October 25, 1889. On that date, an act was passed which declared that "no court can be opened, nor can any judicial business be transacted on a Sunday, on the first day of January, on Christmas day, on the 30th day of May," etc.

It was not, however, legally declared that Memorial day is a holiday until February 20, 1895, when the Legislature passed an act definitely fixing what days "shall be, and are hereby declared, legal holidays in this state, viz.: Every Sunday, the 1st day of January, the 22d day of February, the 30th day of May, the 4th day of July, the 25th day of December, and every day on which an election is held throughout the state, and every day appointed by the President of the United States, or by the Governor of this State, for a public fast, thanksgiving or holiday."

May 30, wherever declared a legal holiday, partakes of the same character as any other holiday, and is not a day on which the law books say, dies non juridicus—not a juridical day.

May 30, then, is the Memorial day established by statute in all the states and territories and in the District of Columbia, excepting Alabama, Arkansas, Florida, Georgia, Idaho, Louisiana, Mississippi, New Mexico, North Carolina, South Carolina, Texas and Virginia.

Confederate Memorial Days.

In the various Southern States, the Confederate Memorial days are not of uniform date. In Louisiana, April 6 is observed; Alabama, Florida and Georgia have adopted April 24, and North Carolina and South Carolina have selected May 10.

That there should be a unanimity of sentiment between the North and the South in observing the rite of placing flowers over the heroic dead, is not strange. Perhaps the terse sentiment to which Abraham Lincoln gave utterance in 1865 covers the case. He said: "Both read the same Bible and pray to the same God."

It is interesting to note that the first Confederate soldier who united with Northern soldiers in placing flowers over the soldier-dead was Colonel A. W. Slayback. This occurred in 1872. During the war he was in command of a battalion under Joe Shelby, at Jefferson Barracks, St. Louis. Every year the ranks of the survivors of the Civil War are being decimated more and more. Thus it is that each succeeding year, fewer and fewer of the old veterans pay their annual visit to the resting-places of their comrades.

Another war—the conflict with Spain—has garnered a harvest of heroes. In Cuba, in the Philippines, many a gallant lad sleeps the sleep eternal. Upon the graves of these, whether lying in other lands or enfolded in their own native soil, garlands will every year be placed. Within a few brief months, the people of Oregon have seen the reinforcement of some of their own brave sons, who met the Grim Destroyer in far-off Luzon. This year, for the first time, will their gray mounds receive the tender tribute. They were worthy sons of worthy sires. To gether they are sleeping with the ones who better in their older—than their younger—struggle. To earthly roll-call or revivify they will nevermore respond.

Brothers Now.

The chivalrous son of the South and the brave men of the North no longer are foes. Shoulder to shoulder have they stood in the later conflict. Together have they poured out their blood in defense of a common country and a common flag. The potent force of battles against a common foe has led to entirely obliterate the last sectional lines. This is now a truly united people.

In view of this drawing together of the great sections of the United States, it should warm every patriotic heart to know that, not alone in the North are voices raised to more firmly cement the hand of Union. Like a voice from out the dead past ring clear the many utterances of Jefferson Davis. In 1888, at Mississippi City, the ex-President of the Confederacy thus appealed to the Southern people:

"Men in whose hands the destinies of our Southland lie, for love of her, I break my silence to speak to you a few words of admonition. The past is dead. Let it bury its dead. He hopes and its aspirations. Before you lies the future—a future full of golden promises, a future expanding with National glory, before which all the world will stand amazed. Let me beseech you to lay aside all rancor, all bitter sectional feeling, and to take your places in the ranks of those who bring about a consummation devoutly to be desired—a reunited country."

CHARLES E. SAWYER.

TOO MUCH RAIN.

Preacher Prayed Too Earnestly to Sult the Lumberman.

Some years ago a good story was told in the Western States. It was a lumberman who owned vast tracts of pine lands in the northern part of his state. An open winter, with little or no snow, followed, which seriously embarrassed his operations. He had succeeded in getting his season's cut of logs to the banks of a river, which, in ordinary years afforded a sufficient volume of water upon which to float down the logs to his sawmill. The open winter, however, caused the river to shrink to such proportions that it was impossible to raft logs upon it.

It so happened that a devout Methodist preacher, whose property was situated only by his plety, desired to erect a church. He called upon the lumberman at this time, and asked for a subscription. A colloquy, something like this, occurred:

Lumberman—Do you believe in the efficacy of prayer?

Preacher—Certainly do.

Lumberman—Do you think that if you prayed for rain, it would come?

Preacher—I do, sir.

Lumberman—Well, you go home and pray for rain. Pray with all your might. If your prayer is answered and I can get my logs down, I'll give you a check for \$500 for your meeting-house.

A couple of weeks went by and a tremendous rain storm set in. The logs came down all right—that is, part of them. The storm kept up long that the river overflowed its banks and distributed the remainder all over the country. The lumberman, when his first raft arrived at the sawmill, was overjoyed. He immediately sent the preacher the promised \$500 check. As the flood continued, he sent a message to the preacher, reading thus:

"Let up on your praying for rain! You're overdoing it. Call the freshest off, and I'll send you \$200 more."

Here, according to the New York Journal, is the very latest thing in armored trains. It is a French idea, and the government of that country thinks so well of it that it has officially adopted it and will make it part of its regular army equipment. Most armored trains are makeshift affairs, but this one has been constructed for war and for nothing else. Usually, there is need for an armored train, an ordinary locomotive is detailed. This engine, on the other hand, is a sort of box made of steel plates, or else the locomotive is drawn with old ropes, sails, and burlap, and in fact, anything which is calculated to turn a shell. Baden-Powell, who defended Mafeking, lately turned loose an engine on the besieging Boers that looked more like a giant ship's tender than a locomotive.

That particular armored train was a success, but it was about the only one of its kind

used in South Africa of which that could be said. Most of the armored trains have cost the lives of the men who manned them, and it is to avoid that sort of catastrophe that the French Government has caused to be constructed the extraordinary train pictured here.

The French armored train is so constructed that there is hardly an upright line in it. It is almost impossible for a bullet to strike it at a right angle. The train looks very much like a huge metal cigar. It is armed at either end with what looks like a machine gun, which is really a device for clearing the track of even the heaviest obstruction. The cars, like the engine, are all cylindrical, and they are made to fit so closely together that the train is practically continuous.

Adopted By French Army

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PERISHING BY MILLIONS

FAMINE'S FEARFUL RAVAGES AMONG INDIA'S POPULATION.

Men, Women and Children Dropping Dead, by Scores, at the Wayside, From Starvation.

The latest information from India indicates an alarming spread of the famine, which is decimating the population of that portion of the British Empire. Five and a half million people are now engaged in the relief work. Throughout the interior the roadsides are strewn with the bodies of the dead, who have perished on their way to the relief stations.

A letter recently received at the office of the Christian Herald, in New York, the foremost American agency for the

amelioration of the condition of the stricken people of India, from Missionary J. A. J. in Ajmer, in the Rajputana district, tells an appalling tale of human misery. The conditions in the Rajputana district are probably worse than in most other parts of India, since the population has always heretofore had abundant harvests, and the famine caught them unawares. Not knowing the fearful nature of the impending calamity, many people remained at home until they were so greatly weakened by hunger that they were unable to reach the relief stations and bring back food for their families.

Mr. Inglis, who, by the way, is a missionary of the Presbyterian faith, had just made a tour of 100 miles about Ajmer when his letter was written. Arriving early one morning, he had not proceeded far before he had discovered 40 dead bodies, lying by the wayside. They were men and women, driven from home at last by hunger, had started out for relief, and had died of weakness on the way.

The next morning he passed 35 bodies, and the next 25 more. One young man, who had been carrying a bundle of his father's

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ROME'S KINDLY PRELATE

MONSIGNORE MARTINELLI CHATS OF VARIOUS MATTERS.

Interesting Personality of the Famous Papal Delegate Disclosed in Interview.

It was with mingled feelings of wonder and awe that I awaited, in the library of Archbishop Christie's residence, the coming of Monsignore Martinelli. A quick step in the hall, the opening of a door, and the representative of the Sovereign Pontiff, with extended hand, was advancing to meet me. I was dimly conscious that some one was speaking my name; that I made some remark; that I became seated, in some mysterious manner. Presently the noise in my head was gone, and I was gazing, calmly and collectedly, into a pair of dark eyes. My gaze wandered. There, too, was the familiar face of the beloved Archbishop of Oregon, and there the smiling countenance of the man who had given the introduction—Dr. Rooker, the prelate's able secretary.

"I regret that I speak English quite brokenly, and with a strong foreign accent," said Monsignore Martinelli, by way of setting me more thoroughly at my ease. "Very often I am misunderstood, and for that reason I do not grant an audience as often as I otherwise would. You see, I think in Italian, and the English word has to be formed in the mouth; consequently I speak quite slowly. Of course, for an ordinary conversation, my English does very well, but when matters of importance are discussed, I find myself at a disadvantage, when of talking with a person of bright, clear mind, and Monsignore was nodding merrily at me.

Under cover of the mirth which this provoked, I had ample opportunity to study the man. I at once decided that he is a delightful personality. His smallness of stature does not detract one whit from his dignity. In any assemblage, he would attract attention, something in his bearing pointing him out as a man of distinction. From his dark coloring, one would readily judge him to be a native of Southern Europe, as he is, his birthplace being in Tuscany, Italy. Yet his manners are not purely Italian, for travel has wrought its changes here, subduing the natural impetuosity and intensifying the politeness and suavity of manner characteristic of Italian.

But I think what most strikes the observer is the individuality of voice and the benign beam of the eye. Voice and eyes are peculiarly adapted to each other. What the one lacks, the other supplies. Does the eye of the Monsignore suddenly come to a pause, the eye expression completes the thought. With some eyes there is scarcely any need for spoken language. The eyes of the Monsignore are of this type; the clear, acute penetrating mind of the man shines through them. This is what attracts one to him.

Of Simple Tastes.

A glint of red and purple, but no ostentation. Indeed, Dr. Martinelli is a man who cares little for the east of pomp and position. He is very simple in his tastes and habits, and cares little to come before the eye of the world, other than as a pastor, with untiring energy and unrelenting labor for the good of his people. Retiring in disposition and shrinking from

corn instead of cash, write for instructions. All contributions and every remittance of money will be promptly acknowledged.

On this page of The Oregonian are presented two reproductions of photographs of groups of the India famine sufferers. It would be hard to conceive of worse cases of emaciation than those shown in the pictures, and yet they are but isolated examples of the ravages of famine in the afflicted districts, where downward starvation is carrying off millions on millions of people.

BEES HAVE A LANGUAGE.

So, at Least, Declares a Bee Sharp to the Denver Post.

"Bees have a language of their own," said a Western bee expert the other day to a reporter of the Denver Post. "They carry different meanings by their buzzings, and they understand each other like a language. I found out one thing about them that I don't think anybody else did—bees

have a written language, and they send communications to each other. I found this out after years of close observation. When the bees get too awfully numerous in a tree—all up the hollow so that it's too crowded for comfort—certain bees are sent out to prospect.

"When a plunger of this kind finds a big, likely-looking tree with a hospitable-looking wind-creek in it, he takes plenty of time and goes all over it carefully. 'Sometimes he finds that while the place looks nice and commodious on the outside, the knothole leads into a shallow receptacle, or the crack is not deep enough to accommodate even a bachelor bee, must lead a whole swarm. In such a case he goes out and writes a message to all and sundry bees that may come along that way: 'This tree is no good. That knothole is a fake and the wind-creek is a front—pass it up!'

"He writes this with his tail stringing honey along as we string ink. If the tree is all right he puts up a sign to that effect. The next bee scents the honey, lights and reads the first words of the message, and if the report is unfavorable, flies off, saying 'Hm-m-m-m' and doesn't worry himself any further about it."

"Oh, yea, bees are cute, and if you've got the idea that they're slow, it's because you are slow yourself."

ununnecessary self-assertion, he has the courage of his convictions. When occasion demands, he can readily bring the stronger elements of a forceful mentality into play, and he understands the value of gentleness and persuasion, for he is a theological, rather than a diplomatic, ecclesiastic. He is reckoned one of the leading theologians of the church, and his forte lies in the application of the knowledge of theology.