

# WHAT THE BOYS ARE DOING

## Sons and Grandsons of Civil War Heroes, Whose Graves Will Be Decorated Tomorrow



ROBERT E. LEE, THIRD

BY JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS.  
THE millions who tomorrow pay tribute to the great generals and admirals of the Civil War will be interested to learn how fate is dealing with the children and grandchildren of those heroes. Many of their offspring have chosen for their profession the science of war, and the most thorough realization of the now complete reunion of our country is enjoyed by those who, in the drawing rooms of the National Capitol, have seen a Grant, and a Lee, and a Sheridan and a Beauregard, a Porter and a Longstreet touching elbows in the same uniform.

Other descendants of these immortals of U-S are attaining success of one kind or another in purely peaceful pursuits. Some have noble titles and some vast wealth.

### Weirdly Like His Father.

Grant's eldest son, Major-General Frederick Dent Grant, whose likeness to his father is weirdly striking, was the other day put in command of the military department of the East, with headquarters at Governors Island, New York. Had not Dr. Leonard Wood been allowed to organize the Rough Riders and thereby make his splash in the war with Spain, General Grant would now be the ranking officer of the army and, very probably, chief of staff. As it is, he must retire on Memorial day four years hence, whereas General Wood will remain at the head of the army for 14 years, or until 1924.

May 30 was a date memorable in the Grant family before Memorial day originated and since before the war was opened. General U. S. Grant remembered it each year of that struggle, because it was the birthday of "Little Fred," who was 11 years old when the war opened. Tomorrow the present General Grant will be 90 years old. He was graduated from West Point in 1845, while his father was President, and resigned 20 years later at the close of eight years' service on the frontier. Then, after serving as Minister to Austria and as Police Commissioner of New York, he got back into the regular army by entering the war with Spain as a volunteer colonel. All of President Grant's other children are also living. Jesse R., the youngest son, is in New York, where he is interested in mining enterprises. He is 83 years old and has escorted the party of his father to become a Democrat. His brother, Ulysses S. Grant, Jr., is a Republican, having been a delegate to three recent conventions. He is a lawyer and lives in San Diego, Cal. His wife is the daughter of former



MAJ. D. D. PORTER

United States Senator Chaffee, of Colorado, and their son is an officer in the regular army.

### Grant's Grandsons.

This is Ulysses S. Grant, 3d, whom President McKinley appointed to the Military Academy 11 years ago, and who was graduated there in 1908, just 63 years after his grandfather got his diploma at the same institution. He was lately appointed superintendent of the State, War and Navy building, in Washington. He is 23 years old, having been born on Independence day, 1881. Patriotic dates seem to stick to the Grants. An army career was chosen by another grandson of President Grant—Algeron Sartoris, Jr., son of the general's only daughter, Nellie, who in 1878 married Algeron Sartoris, Sr., deputy lieutenant of Caermarthen-shire, whose mother was Adelaide, sister of the family doctor, Fanny Kimble, Sartoris, Sr., died soon after marrying the American President's daughter, and their son Algeron, after serving in the Spanish war as a first lieutenant of engineers and captain of infantry, received a commission as lieutenant of regulars, but resigned after serving one year. More recently he received an appointment as secretary of legation to one of the Latin-American republics, but resigned after serving but a few months. His mother was not the only descendant of General Grant to marry a foreigner. His cousin, Julia Dent Grant, a few years ago, married Prince Michael Cantacuzene of the Russian Imperial Guard.

### Robert E. Lee's Sons.

Two of General Robert E. Lee's sons are still living. George Washington Custis Lee, the eldest, who will be 71 next September, lives at Burke, Va., and since 1887 has been president emeritus of Washington and Lee University. His mother was the daughter of George Custis, the adopted son of President Washington and grandson of Martha Washington. He and his father resigned their commissions at the outbreak of the war. In that struggle he built the fortifications around Richmond, and was aide-de-camp to Jefferson Davis and finally major-general of the Confederate army. In 1871 he succeeded his father as president of Washington and Lee University.

Robert E. Lee, 2d, another son of the Confederate Commander-in-chief, is liv-



LIEUT. FITZ LEE

ing upon his plantation at West Point. He was born 56 years ago at Arlington House, that stately colonial mansion which now stands in the Arlington National Cemetery opposite Washington, and which was then the property of his mother, Mary Randolph Custis Lee. He left the University of Virginia in 1862 to enter the Confederate army, where he won a captain's spurs. Since the war he has devoted his life to agriculture and the writings of the "Recollections and Letters" of his father.

A grandson and namesake of the Confederate commander-in-chief is Robert E. Lee, 3d, son of the late General William Henry Fitzhugh Lee, who was the second son of General Robert E. Lee. This young man, now 49 years old, is a graduate of Washington and Lee University, a lawyer and a politician. For several years he was a member of the Virginia house of delegates.

### Young Fitz Lee.

Captain Fitzhugh Lee, of the Seventh Cavalry, the dashing young officer who was President Roosevelt's favorite riding companion, also his military aide, and whose attentions to Miss Ethel Roosevelt were at one time the subject of comment, is the son of the Confederate General Fitzhugh Lee, who was a nephew of General Robert E. Lee, and who after the Civil War was Governor of Virginia, Consul-General to Havana, and major-general in the Spanish-American War, after which he had resigned in '61. Young Fitzhugh Lee, who was 24 next week, he entered the Spanish War from civil life as a lieutenant of volunteer engineers, and four months later was commissioned a second lieutenant of the regular infantry. But his father's blood within him yearned for the cavalry, to which arm he was soon transferred. He got his captain's commission five years ago.

"Little Phil's" name also lives in the regular service. It may be remembered

that he waited until 14 years after the war and until he had gone well along into middle age before marrying, in 1873, the daughter of General Rucker, who died last winter, in his ninety-eighth year. In the summer of '80 there came into being a "Little Phil," who was only 3 when his distinguished father died. Ten years later, when he was 13, President McKinley appointed him to West Point, and now he is a lieutenant in the Fifth Cavalry.

### "Little Phil's" Little Phil.

His uncle, Michael V. Sheridan, who was the general's youngest brother, just turned 70 a few weeks ago. He served as a volunteer aid to his brother early in the war, and afterward rose to the rank of volunteer captain. After the war he was given the straps of a lieutenant of cavalry and was in command of his regiment when, at the outbreak of the Spanish War, he was made a brigadier-general of volunteers, and later of regulars. He retired in 1902 after 20 years' continuous service. He was his brother's aid-de-camp from '70 to '78, and his military secretary from '78 to '88.

One of General Sherman's sons, Philemon Tecumseh, is a lawyer in New York, where he is elected an alderman on the Citizens' Union ticket in '08. In 1906 he was made commissioner of labor for the state of New York. He was not born until after the Civil War, and is now a bachelor of 42. The general's elder son, Thomas Edwin, is a Jesuit priest, and was chaplain of a volunteer regiment in the Spanish-American War. He has more lately been a missionary lecturer, with headquarters in Chicago. Both he and his brother are Yale graduates.

A grand nephew of General Sherman's is also in the service. This is Lieutenant Sherman Miles, of the Third Field Artillery, whose father, Lieutenant-General Nelson A. Miles, married a niece of the great Union general.

The full name of the illustrious Ad-

miral Porter is borne in the naval service by his grandson, Major David Dixon Porter, of the marines, who, after serving through the Spanish War, fought all through the Boxer troubles in China and participated in the relief of the guard at Pekin. He was recommended for bravery in this trying campaign, and again for his courage in several troublesome expeditions in the Philippines, including the march across the Mar with Wallace in search of the Filipino bandit leaders. He was then a young lieutenant, but for bravery in the battle of Novolota he was given a captain's rank. He has been recommended for bravery in his every engagement since entering the service. He is the fourth Porter in a direct line to serve his country in the naval service.

### Our D. D. Porter of Today.

Commodore David Porter (foster father of Admiral Farragut) was his great-grandfather, and his father, Colonel Carlisle P. Porter, is a retired officer of marines. And in addition to having the great Farragut for a foster great-grandfather, he had Commodore William D. Porter for a grand-uncle of the blood.

### Ben Butler's Millionaire Grandson.

General "Ben" Butler's grandson, Butler Ames, is a young millionaire Congressman on the sunny side of 40. As a youngster he decided to follow the profession of his distinguished grandfather, as well as of his father, General Adelbert Ames, who also was a Civil War hero as well as Senator from Mississippi, and who married Blanche Butler, the celebrated general's daughter. So it was with this military ambition that young Ames entered West Point, where he was graduated 33 classes behind his father. But he had been in the Army but a brief period when a yearning for mechanical pursuits got the better of



LIEUT. FITZHUGH LEE, JR.

him and, resigning from the service, he went through the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. Then came the Spanish War and, longing again for a soldier's career, he entered as a volunteer, earning a Colonel's commission in the skirmish at Guanica and Yauca road. Five years after the war he was elected to Congress from Lowell, Mass., and in the recent uprising in the House he voted with the insurgents for the overthrow of Speaker Cannon from the committee on rules. In spare moments he amuses himself by inventing things. He built the automobile in which he rides to and from the Capitol, and is now said to be at work upon an aeroplane. He is a bachelor with a prospective fortune which has been rated up to \$6,000,000, and which comes through the paternal and not the Butler side of the family.

### McClellans, Beauregardis and Earlys.

The career of "Little Mac's" son, George B. McClellan, 2d, as member of Congress and Mayor of New York is familiar to all who keep abreast of the news. He was born while his parents were on a visit to Dresden, Saxony, in the winter just following the close of the war, and after going through Princeton he began life as a newspaper reporter in New York. He is now 44.

Another Civil War General whose son and namesake went to Congress was Benjamin Grubb Humphreys, the Confederate warrior. Young Humphreys, who is the same age as young McClellan, entered the House just as the latter was leaving, in 1903. He had previously served through the Spanish War as a lieutenant under Fitzhugh Lee. He is now practicing law in Greenville, Tenn.

The Confederate General Beauregard's grandson, Augustin Toutant Beauregard, is now an Ensign aboard the battleship Tennessee, while the Confederate General Early has two grandsons in the Army. Jubal A., his namesake, and Clifford C., both of whom are lieutenants in the Twenty-ninth Infantry, President McKinley appointed Clifford to the Military Academy, while Jubal came in from civil life during the Spanish War.

### "Stonewall" Jackson's Grandson at West Point.

Sons of the Confederate Generals Longstreet, Pickett and Wheeler are also in the Army. They are Captain James Longstreet, Eighth Cavalry; Major George E. Pickett, of the pay department, and Captain Joseph Wheeler, of the Coast Artillery. Young Longstreet's mother, who lives at Gaines-



ENSIGN A. T. BEAUREGARD

ville, Ga., fought a pistol battle in her house some months ago with a burglar whom she found prying into her silver chest in the middle of the night. While her assailant returned the fire, she emptied all of the chamber of her revolver and finally made him retreat.

"Stonewall" Jackson's only grandson, Thomas Jonathan Jackson Christian, is a cadet at West Point, where he plays fullback on the academy football team, and where he has also won the medal as champion wrestler. His grandmother, Mrs. "Stonewall" Jackson, lives at Charlotte, N. C.

### Shakers Kind to Animals.

Harper's Bazaar.  
Shakers are noted for their kindness to animals. They never abuse or speak a harsh word to their horses, which always look sleek; while even the very chickens are so cleanly housed, and so well fed, that their white feathers are always a degree more snowy than other fowls, and their yellow feet almost appear to have been polished.

The Shakers are largely vegetarians, subsisting chiefly upon cereals and fruit; in fact, they live very close to nature, and their whole life is well worthy of respectful attention and emulation. As regards their religion, they are spiritualists, but have no creed, and generally do not believe in the divinity of Christ. They reject the doctrine of future punishment, their real belief conforming somewhat, perhaps, to the Swedenborgian theory of life hereafter.

### Norway's Simple King.

Harper's Bazaar.  
The Scandinavian is distinguished by a certain simplicity of bearing far exceeding that of the more sophisticated English-speaking world, and certainly the people of Sweden display rather more of the great-world manner than the Norwegians. Indeed, the latter are of the peninsular, comparatively rural, and the young King, seated upon a little throne, is more like the common people. It is the plain, simple, and unassuming, most feels that he might at any moment tilt his crown a bit askew and wink his eye.

A pretty little anecdote met us in Christiania lately. It seems that a quiet tailor-made little lady went into one of the shops one day and bought a pair of shoes, and the policeman, who was asked her address she replied: "You need not deliver them; just have them wrapped, if you please. My husband will meet me here and he will carry them." And in a moment, his Majesty the King came in, took the Queen's parcel and they walked on together as if they had never heard of the crown of Norway.

# DETECTIVE CONNOR'S MEMORIAL DAY ADVENTURE

By WILLIAM M. CLEMENS, Author of "Detective Connor's Christmas Adventure," "Detective Connor's Heart Adventures," etc.

SANDY BROWN lived and moved and had his being in Bond street. In fair weather or in foul you could find him somewhere in the short thoroughfare between Broadway and the Bowery. For 30 years and more this had been Sandy's little world. You never saw him anywhere else save in Bond street, and always walking up and down the pavement, slowly, solemnly, with his hands behind him. And Bond-street folk tolerated Sandy—poor, old, eccentric Sandy, who was a trifle queer in his head.

But really, to be very truthful, the old man was no longer sandy. His red beard had turned to iron-gray. So had his hair. He was lean and lank, long-armed and long-legged, and more or less ragged. There were lapses here and there in his front teeth, and his Adam's apple reached out into space like the breastbone of a Thanksgiving turkey.

Detective Bill Connor, of the Sixth Precinct, had known Sandy Brown a goodly number of years—more than he could remember, and many a many a time he had stood to chat with him. And, if you recall having ever met Sandy, you will remember how the old man could talk—about anything and everything, in the earth, over the earth, under the earth—it was the same to Sandy. But there was a weak spot in the old man's brain—one small wheel that went all wrong, and made him queer.

War was Sandy's weakness—the Civil War—that is what rattled him. He was a veteran—so he said—had fought in many a battle—and poor old Sandy could not seem to realize that the war was over. Mentally, he was 45 years behind the times. He complained because the newspapers gave him no news of the war. Early one afternoon in May, Detective Connor and Sandy Brown came face to face in turning the Bowery corner.

"Hello, old chap! How be ye?" was Bill's hearty greeting.

"Tolerbul, tolerbul, Cap," replied the other. "Any news from the front today? Where's Lee's army now?"

Connor shook his head. Some one had told him years ago that Sandy had been struck a blow on the head at the battle of Gettysburg—that was what made the crooked streak in his brain.

"Well, news or no news," said the old man, "it's about time the darn war was over. They been fightin' a long while now. Been expectin' a letter from my brother for more'n a year, Cap. Oh, hell! write an tell me soon as the war is over."

"Your brother, did you say, Sandy?" asked Connor, wonderingly.

"Why, yes; don't you know my brother,

Dannel?" went on the veteran. "Why, Denny is a twin, and only he ain't got an Adam's apple like mine, on his teeth ain't so bad. Dannel's jest about 60 minutes younger than I be, mebbe that's why he ain't lost any of his front chawers."

"He ain't paralyzed, old man," exclaimed Connor, "but bear you talk about having a brother. You never said a word about him before, and I've talked the war over with you a few times now, haven't I?"

"That you have, Cap," joyfully cried the old man. "Put it there," and he held out a long, bony hand, which Bill Connor clasped sympathetically.

"Ye know," continued Sandy, "my brother Dannel an I both fit in the war on one side—me on tother—jest happened so, ye know—one of us livin' in North, on one livin' South when the war broke out—each one goin' his own way—now when the war is over, he holdin' his gun in the direction it looked right to him—so one goes with the Yanks and 'other fights with the Johnny Rebs. And Dannel got the best of it in the fightin' I knew here I was in Bond street."

"Hurt at Gettysburg, I heard some one say once," remarked Connor quietly.

"That's it, Cap, you've got it right," exclaimed Sandy, with a show of excitement. "You see, it was on the second day of the fighting at Little Round Top, and I, like a durn fool, was held back on capturin' a big regimental flag I see comin' over the hill jest in front of me."

There was a blaze of fire in the old man's eyes. The blood came to his pale cheeks, and he clenched his bony hands in the great enthusiasm that now possessed him.

"It was a hot fight—a great fight!" cried the old man. "Fixin' to beat the Yanks yellin' to beat hell—stermin' the rocky slopes of Round Top—I can see 'em at it now—hand to hand—man to man—Lee's boys—bayonets shinin'—bullets whizzin'—bayonets shinin'—swords flashin'—on you could smell the blood in the air above ye. Oh, it was a fight—a fight—Cap!"

Sandy Brown was wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

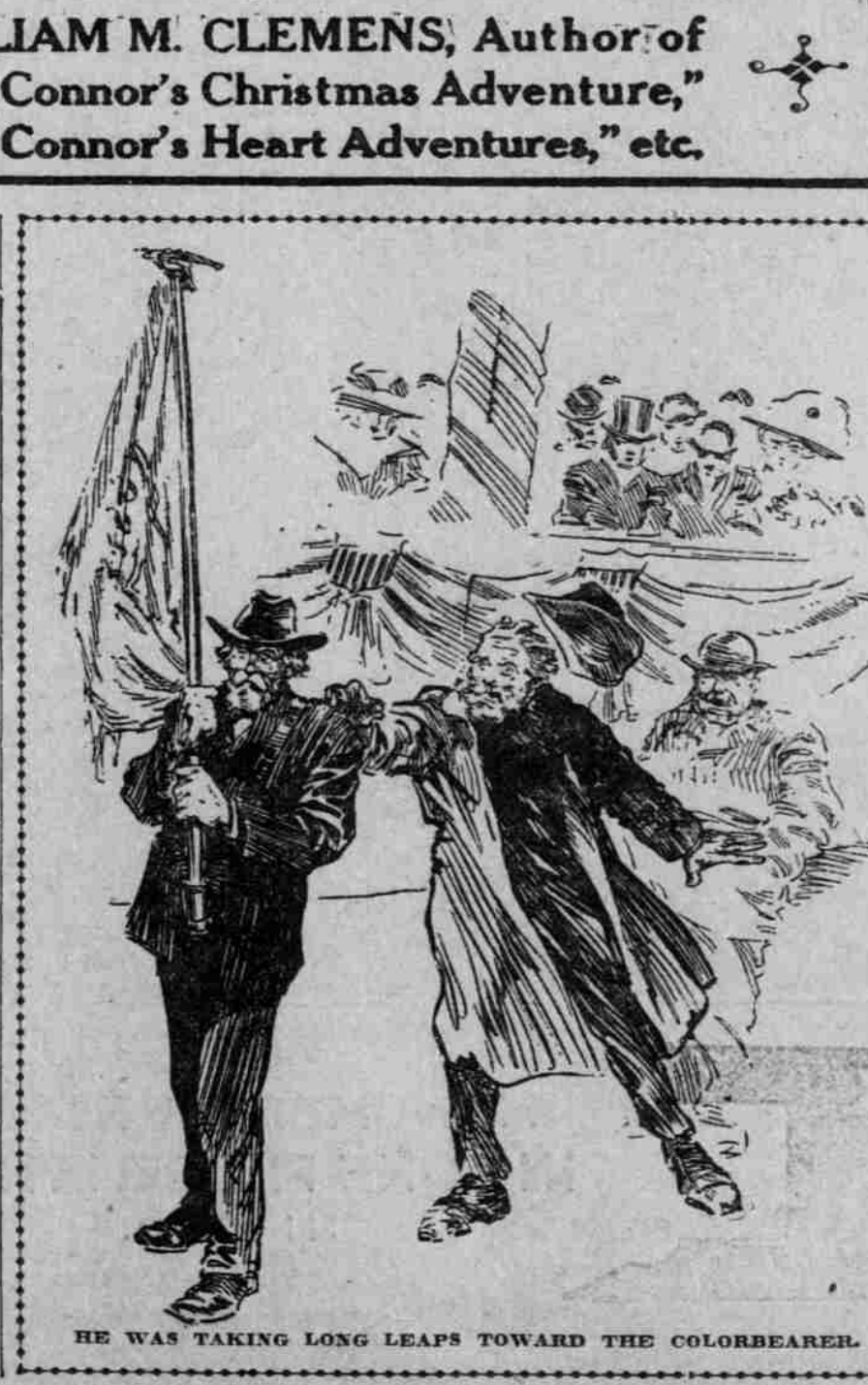
"What's it then, what's it?" questioned Connor, much interested.

"En I'd got the flag, too," continued Sandy, "but the feller hadn't knocked me on the head with a gun-barrel—cracked me a good one right on the top of the dome—en then I saw stars en waded the old man. 'Fixin' to beat the Yanks yellin' to beat hell—stermin' the rocky slopes of Round Top—I can see 'em at it now—hand to hand—man to man—Lee's boys—bayonets shinin'—bullets whizzin'—bayonets shinin'—swords flashin'—on you could smell the blood in the air above ye. Oh, it was a fight—a fight—Cap!"

Sandy Brown was wiping the perspiration from his forehead.

"What's it then, what's it?" questioned Connor, much interested.

"En I'd got the flag, too," continued Sandy, "but the feller hadn't knocked me on the head with a gun-barrel—cracked me a good one right on the top of the dome—en then I saw stars en waded the old man. 'Fixin' to beat the Yanks yellin' to beat hell—stermin' the rocky slopes of Round Top—I can see 'em at it now—hand to hand—man to man—Lee's boys—bayonets shinin'—bullets whizzin'—bayonets shinin'—swords flashin'—on you could smell the blood in the air above ye. Oh, it was a fight—a fight—Cap!"



HE WAS TAKING LONG LEAPS TOWARD THE COLORBEARER.

man than he gave a gasp of astonishment.

The Bond street veteran wore an old, gray overcoat, buttonless and moth-eaten, and on his head was an old gray felt hat. He was a resurrected Johnny Reb in his soldier's uniform.

"My soldier clothes!" grinned Sandy. "Thought as long as I was goin' to see them soldiers I'd wear my old duds jest to keep in fashion."

"And did you fight in that coat?" asked Connor, still surprised.

"Sure," said Sandy, "with the Sixth Virginia."

"But I thought you fought on the other side," exclaimed Connor, a new light dawning upon him.

"No, durn it, Cap; it was Dannel who went to fight with the Yanks. He's color bearer in one of them New York regiments—en he ought to be comin' back pretty soon."

The old man was again dreaming of a war that was still in progress.

At 10 o'clock the big detective and the old man left the Broadway car at Seventy-ninth street. Close by the monument on Riverside Drive, overlooking the Hudson, Connor found a place for Sandy Brown, on the edge of the curb, with his back against a friendly lamp-post, to shield him from the crush of the crowd. And here, bewildered by the throngs around him, the old man waited to see the soldiers.

In the reviewing stand were men of great renown—the Governor, the Mayor, officers of the Army—but Sandy Brown took no note of these—his ear had caught the distant roll of a drum, and his eyes were strained down the thoroughfare. And up the wide drive came the marching men, bands playing, flags flying, amid the cheers from a hundred thousand spectators.

As the advance guard of mounted policemen reached the monument Sandy Brown was yelling with the old cry of the soldier, "The boys are comin'! The boys are comin'!"

For a few minutes he stood thus. Then a tall, long-legged man, carrying a tattered regimental flag, swerved out of his path to escape the heels of an orderly's horse. He was well in advance of his comrades—the last of his regiment—arriving for an instant stopped directly in front of Sandy's lamp-post. And then, suddenly, an unmistakable rebel yell of battle rent the May day air and rose above the cheers and the beating of the drums. And then a cry

—a wild, fierce cry of joy—that startled even the great ones in the reviewing stand.

"Dannel! You, Dannel! Dannel Brown—en your totin' my flag," came from the very soul of old Sandy.

In another moment the color bearer was taking long leaps forward toward the color-bearer. He threw his arms around his brother's neck. And then he seized the flagstaff and held it high.

"It's my flag," he shrieked, "the same durn flag I tried to get at Round Top—and now I've got it—we've got it. Dannel—you've got it!"

There were now two lank, long-legged men holding the flag instead of one—two old men who wobbled out of line and who no longer marched, but staggered about in a circle.

Men came running—horses came galloping—the police broke through the crowds. The parade had halted. All was chaos and confusion.

Bill Connor guided his way into the center of the broken ranks. He caught Sandy Brown by the arm.

"What you doing, Sandy?" he cried in a voice of authority.

The old man let a long breath escape as he recognized his friend, the big detective.

"I couldn't help it, Cap," he gasped, as he held up to Connor a rejuvenated face, out of which all the stamp of twisted mentality seemed suddenly to have vanished, as it sometimes does in moments of great shock. "There I was standin' watchin' the boys marchin' up the street—me gappin' en gawkin' jest like an old fool. I wanted to give 'em a cheer, but I couldn't—big lump of acorn in jest stuck up my throat. En my eyes struck this here long-legged feller carryin' the flag—well, durn me, if I didn't see the same ol' totin' the same old flag I see on the hill at Gettysburg. That settled it—en I made a break for the flag—en when I got close up to it, Dannel an me went to huggin' each other jest like two kids. He knew me all right—my brother Dannel did. And so, he ended nat'ly, 'the war must be over, Cap, for Dannel—has come back.'"

The police soon drove the crowd to the curb. The lines reformed. A band struck up the old familiar air. "When Johnny Comes Marching Home." The procession moved again.

But Sandy Brown never left the side of his brother. He kept one hand tightly clutched to the staff of the regimental flag, his flag of Gettysburg, while the two lank, long-legged men marched on. The crowd—the throng with the flag—Daniel in his uniform of faded blue—Sandy in his overcoat of gray—arrived in arm, with the glorious old flag floating over them—Yank and Johnny Reb—brothers—knowing neither North nor South.

(Copyright, 1910, by William M. Clemens.)