THREE DECORATION DAYS

By Mary Wingrove Battion.

IN the western sky the sun was dying away in a great blaze of radiant glory. Not a discordant sound marred the solemn stillness of the evening air. Not far off could be heard the murmur of the river as it flowed evenly along, its gentle cadence as soothing as the music of some distant cathedral chime.

The air, warm and balmy on this April evening, was laden with the perfume of blossoming fruit trees. Tiny shoots of green were beginning to take the place of falling buds, serving to render the scene even more beautiful. All, taken together, but a fitting setting to some sublime religious ceremony.

Yet, over this still entrancing prospect, there hung a pall of gloom. On every side, could be seen some evidence of the devastation which had passed over this once lovely plantation, the show place of the neighborhood.

Sorrowfully tender must have been the thoughts passing through the mind of a young man who stood leaning against the trunk of a gnarled old apple tree, for as he gazed from the surrounding landscape to a mound of newly dug earth which lay almost at his feet he said half aloud:

"Dear old Riverslee! Poor old Riverslee!" and sighed wearily.

But suddenly the young man started and stepped back out of sight. He was in the private burial lot of the Carews, and along the hush of the evening air there came to his ears the sound of a mourning chant.

Nearer and nearer grew the sound of the voices, and presently there came in sight a white haired, black-robed clergyman, followed by a long line of negroes. Six of these bore aloft upon their shoulders a black covered coffin, and as they lowered it the folds of a Confederate flag spread themselves to the breeze.

At the same time they revealed in the rear the forms of two ladies and a little girl, the latter of whom clung in convulsive sobs to the hand of one of the women.

Surrounding the ladies and coffin and straggling along behind were negroes of all ages. Slaves no longer, since but a few weeks since Richmond had been evacuated and at Appomattox Court House the great climax consummated. This they, these faithful friends, seemed neither to care about, now, or perhaps to understand, however. For was not their beloved young master lying here dead, and their idolizing mistress borne down with woe on account of it?

As they had marched to the strain of a doleful dirge, so now, these children of nature continued to improvise and chant, with all the weird solemnity of their race, led by an aged man, as leader in their religious observances.

And as they chanted and wept, the women waved in their hands branches of the blossoming fruit trees, torn from the parent stem as they had passed through the orchard on their way to the grave.

At the end of each verse they chanted, rather than sang, a sorrowful refrain:

"Cut down in de flowah ob his youf,
Befo' de bloss'm rip'n inteh fruit.
But de Lord's prom'ses is made in trufe,
And we'll bow teh his almighty will."

The clergyman raised his hand, and the refrain was taken up, softly, and sweetly, and then there was a solemn hush.

"I am the resurrection and the life," began the voice of the aged priest, and amid the low sobs of black and white voices mingled in common grief the service for the dead was completed.

As the body of their young master was consigned to the grave, once more the negroes took up their peculiar chant. But so singular is the power of musical expression in their race, the words seemed now to express a note of triumph, rather than the woe formerly conveyed to the ears of the listener.

As the men filled in the earth, the women marched around the grave, each one throwing in some token of affection in the shape of the blossoms which they had borne in their hands, while they still softly chanted.

"Cut down in de flowah ob his youf";

Then, at last, when the last spadeful of earth was placed upon the mound, the women and children, covered it with these same fragrant blossoms, until not a clod of the soil was visible, after which they slowly filed off to their cabins.

All this time Mrs. Carew had been silently, sadly leaning on the arm of her friend with her little daughter's hand still clasped in hers.

As the negroes filed away she turned to Mrs. Burke and said in a grieved tone:

"I had hoped to see Victor here."

"Victor," called his mother. And from behind a monument the young man first introduced to these pages came slowly forward.

Holding out both hands to Mrs. Carew he endeavored to speak, but his voice was inaudible. Mrs. Carew for a moment shrank back. Victor Burke was in the uniform of an officer of the federal army. Her own dear son had just been buried in the Confederate gray.

Understanding the look of pain on her face, Victor gently took her hands in his, and said entreatingly:

"I, too, loved him, dear Mrs. Carew. Try to forget this," looking down at his uniform as he spoke.

Too heart-broken to cherish resentment now, Mrs. Carew yielded to the appealing look and words and sobbed out some of her grief on the shoulder of this companion of her dear son's youth and early manhood.

It was long before either could entirely control voice or looks. But the young man realised how much better for Mrs. Carew it would be if he could induce her to turn her thoughts in another direction, and he asked quietly after "Queenie."

"Queenie? Why she was here a moment ago," said Mrs. Carew.

But Queenie had left the side of her mother and when they turned to look for her found her with her face hidden in the frock of her nurse, who stood not far off, waiting the pleasure of the ladies.

The little girl lifted a flushed, tear-stained face when she was called, and in obedience to her mother's gesture came reluctantly forward.

"Queenie, dear, don't you know this gentleman?" said Mrs. Carew.

But Queenie leaned against her mother now in almost the same attitude in which she had been when called from the side of Mammy Phyllis. She made no reply to the question asked her, and Mrs. Carew repeated it. Still no reply, and Victor Burke stooped to the side of the little girl and attempted to put his arm about her.

With a bitter cry the child recoiled from his touch, exclaiming:

"How dare you touch me; how dare yu speak to me, when you killed my brother?"

The voice was full of passion and hatred, and the child's face disfigured with its angry emotions.

"Queenie," began Mrs. Carew, in a shocked tone, but Victor Burke gently interfered.

"Let me try, please?" he said. Then in a caressing tone he said to the little girl:

"Queenie, dear, don't you know your old Victor? Won't you come to your old playfellow?"

"No, I hate you. I hate all Yankees. Go away."

"Queenie," Mrs. Carew's voice was pained and stern, too, now. "Pardon her language for my sake, dear boy," she said to Victor. "You see I have been so much occupied these last weeks nursing our dear Herry and his father that I have had to leave her almost entirely to the servants. She has evidently heard some very injudicious sentiments somewhere."

Mrs. Carew looked the embarrassment that she felt. Not for worlds would she have had the feelings of the young man at her side so wounded, as must be the case under present circumstances. To her great relief, Victor smiled, without a trace of anger or annoyance, and said, earnestly, falling into the old affectionate way of addressing her as he did so:

"Do not let Queenie's actions distress you in the least, Auntie. I can be very patient, when I have a point to gain. The day will yet come when Queenie will learn to love this old 'Yankee' as her best friend. Let me see you and my mother to the house now, for I have duties calling me in the city tonight, and must soon be off."

Motioning Mammy Phyllis to lead the way with the little girl, Mrs. Carew turned in the direction of the house without further comment. Her judgment told her that this was no time for discussion of the question.

* * * * * * *

Seven years passed. With them had come many changes. Another spring had brought air as balmy, blossoms as fragrant, and a landscape more beautiful. For time had erased much of the blight brought upon the southland by the Civil war. The old plantation of Riversiee had, by great care, been restored to much of its former beauty. But this had been done by its new owner. Some time since, it had passed into the hands of a stranger.

The Carew burying ground had been changed to beautiful Hollywood, in Richmond, and the remains of the Carew dead removed to their new resting place in the great cemetery.

On this balmy spring day, Hollywood was fast filling with beautiful women of all ages, all intent upon one object, the decorating of the graves of their patriotic dead. They called it "Memorial Day."

"QUEENIE—MISS CAREW."

In all that sad-eyed throng there were not one more beautiful, nor one more sad-eyed, than she who leaned against the tall shaft marked "Carew." Tall and dignified, she seemed better suited to the Regina, to which she now answered, than to the "Queenie" of childhood days.

But there was no one to call her by the fond diminutive, even if she were inclined to answer to it. She was thinking something of this, as she sadly contemplated the mounds about her, with an unformed longing it were not so.

Suddenly, a quick footstep sounded on the sward. A voice called:

"Queenie—Miss Carew."

She flushed, seemed about to reply, then drew herself up coldly, proudly. The season of the year, the cemetery, the old childish name, evoked memories she would better have forgotten. But she turned, calmly enough.

"Good morning, Captain Burke. Pray, how did you know that I am here."

"An old servant at Riverslee told me that you had just completed the removal of your dear ones to this cemetery, and knowing that this is Memorial Day, I guessed that you would be here." After a slight pause, he said:

"May I stay and help you?"

"You! A Federal soldier, assist in decorating the graves of 'rebels!'" There were scorn and indignation in her voice.

"Oh, Regina, how can you be so unjust? Why not lay aside all that bitterness? Listen to me for but a moment," he pleaded. "Let me tell you how I love you, and"—

"Listen to words of love from you, a traitor to home, and friends? Never!"

The manly form straightened itself proudly:

"Miss Carew, a woman should be ashamed to wantonly insult a man, knowing that against her sex he is defenseless. Will you not, at least, listen to my defence of my honor?"

"I am listening," she said coldly.

"Of course you know that I was born on southern soil, and that my mother remained to the last, loyal to the south, but you also know that my father was an Irishman. His coming to this country was a result of the oppression his own race had suffered at the hands of England. Can you wonder, then, that his sympathy went with the appressed? I beg your pardon," as he saw her face flush, "with those whom he considered oppressed. I quite understand that neither your slaves, nor my mother's were really oppressed. But my father considered the principle of slavery altogether oppressive, and taught his only son to think and feel with him upon the subject. How could I join forces with the Confederacy, under the circumstances? Had I done so, then, indeed, should I have deserved your epithet of 'traitor.' Yet, I beg you to believe, that it cost me no slight struggle to take up arms against those who were almost of my own household. Nothing but a stern conviction that I was in the right could have sustained me as such conviction equally sustained those who fought against us, I am sure."

"Can you not realize this, and be more generous in your judgment?" he pleaded.

For a moment, she faltered and then grew hard again.

"Now, hear my side, and judge for yourself," she said. My father was an Englishman, so proud of his name and race, that even when he inherited beautiful Riverside, he decided that he would never become an American citizen, although he made that place his home. Here, he married a southern girl, and grew to love the south, its institutions, its chivalry, its hospitality. Still, he persisted in remaining a British subject. When that cruel war was forced on the south, he was too old to enlist, but his sympathies went with the cause. He gave his time and money to its interests. Many a poor wounded soldier have I seen brought in from the field of battle, to be cared for, and many a time have I, when almost too small to pour it out, held a glass of milk or water to some parched mouth. Shall I ever forget such scenes, do you think?"

"But, my crowning pride," she went on, "lies in the fact that in the last days of 'the southern confederacy' my dear father became a naturalized citizen of that confederacy. Think of that, will you, and say whether I have not real cause for pride? Pride in my father, and pride in my country, as well as our cause! And, remember, he was never a citizen of the United States." She held her head proudly, for a moment, then sighed, and resumed in a saddened tone:

"But he did not live long to rejoice in it. My brother received his death wound fighting for the cause my father loved; my father, too ill and broken in spirit to even follow his boy to the grave, soon died, and in less than one short year my mother, too, was taken from me.

"And you ask me to forget!" she went on. "I cannot! I stand alone, the last of the Carews, but I remain loyal to the cause, lost though it be."

"But, Queenie, I do not ask you to be disloyal to that cause. Only to be my wife, and let our union heal the difference between us."

"I cannot. In a short while I shall become the wife of George Wilson."

"Regina! That gambler!"

"Pray say no more," she pleaded.

"Oh! Queenie, have you no other word for me?"

"Only this—I wish I could have forgotten that cruel war," but before he could reach her side, she had joined a party of ladies.

Arlington, the silent, the beautiful! Once again the springtime, its gentle breezes, its fragrant flowers. It Decoration Day again. Many years have gone by since the decoration of the young soldiers' mounds at Riverslee. Many have passed since that quiet "Memorial Day" in Hollywood.

What a different scene was here! Beautiful women, brave men, eulogies of the loyal dead of both north and south! All combined to honor those who had died at the call of duty, their memory freshened in the perfume of fragrant flowers.

Upon the speaker's stand, sat a gray headed man, but well preserved, and handsome, still For some time past he had been quietly watching a little band of women, who had been going from one grave to another, leaving upon each some token of their presence. Eventually, the last flower had been deposited, and after a few moments spent in conversation, they were separating. As one slender figure, clad in mourning, passed down a quiet path, the gray haired man hastily arose, and followed, pausing as he came in sight of the object of his search. She stood leaning against a tree, which overhung a newly made grave, and as he came in sight, was wiping away a tear.

"Poor mother," she murmured.

"Queenie!" involuntarily exclaimed the gentleman. She turned, startled. A hand was held out to her.

"Victor—Captain Burke! How glad I am to meet you once more," she said. "Are you really? I am more than glad to hear you say so. But what are you doing here, in this cemetery?" with a quizzical emphasis on the "this."

"Helping to decorate the graves, of course. What does one come for, else?"

"What! You a staunch old 'rebel,' helping to decorate the graves of Union men?"

She colored painfully, at the remembrance of her last interview with him, and her words on that occasion.

"Come, Captain Burke, be more generous to me, than I was to you, and prove that you really mean that the old differences should be allowed to heal. Ah! me," sadly, "what idiots young people are! It took many sad lessons to eradicate my prejudices, I can assure you.

"But," more cheerfully, "I have had two boys in the Spanish war; so, why should I not decorate the graves of some other mother's poor boys?"

"Two of your sons in the war? Then that is not"—and he glanced at the mound near to which they were still standing.

"Oh, no, I am thankful to say. Both of my boys are in the Philippine Islands, and I hope to soon see them."

"And your father was never a citizen of the United States," he smilingly reminded her.

"True. But do not forget that he was a loyal patriot, and faithful to the cause of his adoption," she returned.

"Quite right, Queenie. But if you only could have seen things, then, as you see them now, how different our lives might have been!"

"Perhaps so. But this is but one instance of the many, in which was has proved a curse." Then, after some hesitation.

"You knew of my marriage?"

"Yes, but, how is it now?" gently touching her mourning veil.

"I have been a widow for two years."

"When I last saw you standing near this grave, I feared that your garb betokened the loss of a son. But tell me, Queenie, were you happy?"

"Happy? Does a woman ever find happiness when she has been false to—my life was one long torture," she abruptly finished.

"Tell me of yourself?" she asked, a moment later.

"There is nothing to tell. I am just a lonely old man, never having married. For I, too, was loyal to my cause, lost though it was. Have you seen Riverslee lately?" he presently asked.

"Yes, and it made my heart ache, with loneliness and longing. Fancy the owner of such a place not living in it! The caretaker could not tell me who he is. Btu everything is in beautiful order, and all its old prosperous look has returned."

There was a short pause, broken suddenly.

"Queenie, will you be my wife now?"

"Oh! Victor. How absurd, at our ages."

"Come, Queenie, I will make a bargain with you. If you will marry me, I will take you to Riverslee to live."

"It was you, then, who bought the dear old place? Now I know why everything has been restored to its former exact condition!"

"Do you? Then answer my question. See, dear, how calmly the sun is setting. Why may not the sun of our lives set as calmly?" holding out his hand.

She quietly placed her own in it, and said:

"Victor, there is something I think you deserve to know."

"Well, my dear, tell me."

"It is only this—I have always loved you."

"Yes, I have always felt that you did. Why, my dear, I told your mother when you were but a baby, that you would yet love the old 'Yankee.' Still, it took a long time to make you admit it. And throught it all, I have been 'loyal to my cause,' lost, now no longer."

HE, SHE AND HE--By Louise, Princess of Toscana, Former Countess Montignoso, Now Signora Tosselli

I HAVE never written anything except countless letters, some little poems and a few musical attempts and now, because you have asked me so much I am going to write down the story which I told one evening when we were seated around the table in your house, an amiable and sociable crowd, and you asked me to tell it quite simply as I felt it at that moment and not to worry because I might not be as able a writer as I would like. It is your wish and therefore I will try to put down on the cold paper what I told in the evening on your birthday. I tell you beforehand, it will disappoint you. Nevertheless, I will try to do my best and I know that you will listen to me patiently as you did on that evening, and forgive me that I have not the power to infuse into the being of whom I tell life and feeling.

It is three months since you asked me to write down that story, for three months I have thought of doing so, and very often I have tried, but every time I have been seized with a feeling of fear which comes upon us when we feel that a similar fate might come to us as came to the poor unhappy creatures in this story that in vain struggled against a merciless fate. Never before I was a witness to the drama, an incident in the lives of the three storks which I will try to write down, had I ever felt the close connection between the souls of human beings and animals.

You know that the story is true. My cousin, in whose castle the drama was played, saw it, too. From my windows I could plainly see the roof of the old barn. There is still at one end of it near a chimney a deserted nest. For more than 30 years my cousin told me his parents and grandparents had seen the storks arrive in the beginning of April.

First, one saw only a white spot far, far away, but soon it was possible to distinguish the whole bird. It flew in wide circles around the castle and the old walls as if it were looking for its nest until at last it settled down on a corner of it. For many years it was always the same stork that came. When it had examined the nest very carefully, and found it in satisfactory condition, it used to fly away again to return in a little while with its wife, and then it began the building up of the nest, watched with loving attention by all the people in the castle.

About four miles from the castle there is a large green swampy meadow where every year during the spring hundreds of storks gather.

All these are female storks who are waiting for their mates who allow them to wait for quite some time, that they may be received with greater joy. From among all these impatient females each male stork selects a wife, our stork like the rest of them. On a cold rainy April day he had come from far away hot Africa, and flew straight to the meadow to find a companion for the summer. It was not necessary to search very long. After he had walked around proudly among all the females, his sharp experienced eye discovered a little slender girl stork which seemed to attract him. Motionless both of them looked each other straight into the eyes for a while, and then without a sound they left together and flew through the evening fog toward the west where was their new home.

Many times the couple flew around the nest before they settled down. The stork seemed to have chosen a bashful companion who was timid, and whom he tried in every way to encourage. He stroked her gently with his bill and walked proudly around the nest. Looking exceedingly important, he then began to throw the old dry straw out of the nest down into the yards. Having done this he sat down next to his young wife and tried in every sensible way to make it clear to her that in all the world there was no more beautiful nest, no more comfortable home than this on the top of the roof of the old barn. Neither wind nor rain seemed to trouble our stork, while his poor little wife lost her courage more and more.

Standing on one leg closely together, chilled by the wind and soaked through by the rain, the couple spent their first night together. When the sun the next morning came out bright and clear and looked down upon them, it saw the couple busily engaged building up their nest. Our stork brought all necessary materials for he knew the surroundings very well and knew just where to look for it.

In the meantime the little wife tried to become used to things. She helped him as well as she could, and very often went along with him when he had to fly far away. It was only very seldom that she sat alone on the nest that was now almost finished, but when she was alone she looked entirely changed. Sadly she let her wings hang down and stared into the bright sunlight and trembled as if she were cold and uncomfortable.

At last the nest was finished and the stork was beside himself with happiness. He talked incessantly, walked proudly around the nest and sat down in it as if he was even now looking forward to the joy of becoming a father. The future mother looked at him in silence. She seemed to have grown accustomed to her fate and she seemed to know that the time was at hand when she must sit for three long weeks on the nest without being able to leave it, and the male stork looked lovingly at his young wife, who sat quiet and patient in the nest.

Then after three long weeks a day came when three long-necked ugly little baby storks peeped out beneath the wings of their mother. Their arrival made the father stork exceedingly happy. He was restless with happiness. All the time he was busy carrying frogs and other delicacies to the little ones and their mother.

One morning the father stork had left as usual. The sun was shining upon the white feathers of the mother stork under whose wings the young ones were sleeping peacefully. She looked up into the blue cloudless sky and suddenly her eye discovered a white spot which grew bigger and seemed to come towards her.

A big white bird came racing through the air, she saw that it was a stork that settled down on the roof of the castle opposite her nest. The two birds looked into each other's eyes. It was evident that they were not strangers to each other for the mother stork became very uneasy and the new arrival could not bear looking at the nest at a distance. He opened his wings wide, flew across the yard and sat down on the edge of the nest. For a long, long time the strange guest sat there motionless.

The young mother had not moved at all and suddenly they heard the sound of wings in the air. The father stork was returning. For a long time he flew around the couple which still did not move. Then, as if he suddenly had made a resolution, he flew towards the south.

A short time afterwards the air was full of the sound of wings and a large number of storks surrounded the nest. Then, as if somebody had given a word of command, they all together made a rush for the new arrival, pierced him with their bills until he fell down from the roof. The other followed him and a hot struggle began. The feathers flew in all directions and in front of the poor terrified wife, that was sitting motionless in the nest, her friend was almost picked to pieces and fatally wounded by the husband and his friends. When the husband stork thought he had had revenge enough he told his friends to leave his enemy alone, and they all left.

The poor exhausted bird struggled with all his might to reach the roof from where he had first seen the nest, and at last he succeeded, and now he sat there trembling and bleeding in rain and storm. For a long, long time he looked at her who sat motionless and silent in the nest, and it was easy to see that both of them were suffering terribly.

In the meantime the triumphant husband had settled on the edge of the nest and was busy smoothing down his ruffled feathers, and from time to time he glanced at his poor trembling wife. She seemed to have lost all interest in life, even in the three little ones, who were crying with hunger and who stretched their long thin necks towards her.

The sun went down and the cries of the little storks grew louder and louder. Their father was still sitting on the edge of the nest and seemed to have lost all desire to provide for his household. His whole attention was concentrated upon the faithless wife, and anyone could see that he was insanely jealous.

Then the mother stork began to move. She stood up carefully, stepped out upon the roof, opened her wings and flew slowly towards the roof where her wounded friend was lying. She passed it and a few minutes later she came back the same way, and as if by accident she dropped a frog near the dying bird. Her husband acted as if he had seen nothing. He even turned his back towards the other roof, and the mother stork began to feed her own little ones as usual.

Thus the night passed, and the next morning came. The sick bird was still lying on the roof looking towards the east. And again the mother stork flew out and dropped another frog near her friend.

But the wounded bird was not strong enough to eat. With wings hanging down he lay there all day long looking with an expression of silent despair upon his beloved.

Another night passed and a third morning came. The first rays of the sun caught the last glance of the dying bird, and the mother stork had to look at it, had to see that her friend died, that his dead body slowly slid down the roof and disappeared behind the old wall surrounding the garden. Everything seemed dead in her, and she paid no attention to her little ones that were crying with hunger.

Slowly the mother stork bent down over the nest, picked up one of her little ones with her bill and threw it down into the yard. The little one struck the ground heavily, stretched itself out, opened its bill and died. A second and third time the mother stork seized another young one and threw it down into the yard to die near the first.

Then the mother stork went down into the nest and waited for her husband. He came very soon, and tried in every possible way to make her eat, but she would eat nothing. Thus two long nights passed. The mother stork was still sitting motionless in her nest, and the despairing father was still trying to make her eat, and she would take nothing. Suddenly towards the evening of the third day the wife stood up and tried to fly. But she was too weak, and fell with open wings back into the nest, as if even while she was dying her longing called her towards her friend. With her last breath she called for him, and then died.

During that very night the father stork flew away, and for three years the nest was empty. During the fourth year in the beginning of April, an old stork flew many times around the castle, and looked sadly at the deserted nest. It was as if all the memories, all the joys, and the sufferings connected with that place had made him visit it once more before he died. Then he arose slowly into the air, higher and higher, and disappeared towards the north.

A farm of 900 acres at Polk, Polk county, is being divided into 20-acre tracts.

MEMORIAL DAY AND THE GRAND ARMY
Origin of Society of Veterans That has Become Nation-Wide

By Mrs. John A. Logan.
(Copyright, 1908, by W. R. Hearst.)

FOR the benefit of the young people who may not know the origin of the society of the "Grand Army of the Republic," whose commander-in-chief issued the first order for the observance of the beautiful ceremony of Memorial day, allow me to tell you the brief story.

Major Benjamin F. Stephenson of Springfield, Illinois, a surgeon of an Illinois regiment in the civil war, had for his tentmate Chaplain Rutledge. Both being men of generous impulses and unusual culture, they often talked over their experiences in the service, each expressing a desire that in the disbanding of the armies when peace should spread her white wings over the country there might be some way of preserving the comradeship that existed between the men who had followed the flag, suffered the privations and shared the victories of four long years.

They also wished to evolve some scheme that would insure the care of the unfortunate and protection to the widows and orphans of their comrades. Many plans were talked over. After the close of the war Major Stephenson persisted in his efforts to consummate his plans, corresponding quietly with many officers and men who had served with him. April 6, 1866, at Decatur, Illinois, in the spirit of "fraternity, charity and loyalty," the cardinal wishes of the organization, Major Stephenson and a few comrades who had been pledged to secrecy inaugurated the Grand Army of the Republic, the grandest and most popular order ever instituted by man.

During the 42 years since that night, the names of hundreds of thousands of ex-Union soldiers have been born on the rolls of the Grand Army of the Republic. They have administered relief to thousands of comrades and their families, the founder himself having in his last days been the recipient of the bounty of his post. They ministered to his wants during a long illness and performed the last sad rites over his grave when he passed away.

The Grand Army of the Republic has unremittingly agitated the question of fitly commemorating the masterful service to his country and his countrymen. In August or September, 1909, the Grand Army of the Republic will hold a national encampment in Washington, D. C., at which time the monument designed and executed by J. Massey Rhind and which is to perpetuate the memory of Major Benjamin F. Stephenson will be unveiled, congress having supplemented the fund raised by the Grand Army of the Republic by an appropriation of $10,000. It has been decided to place the monument at the junction of Louisiana avenue, Seventh and C streets, N. W., a very eligible site for what is claimed will be a noble structure.

The first commander was General Stephen H. Hurlburt, but General Hurlburt accomplished but little in the perfection and increasing the membership of the organization. General John A. Logan was elected as his successor and was reelected three times. Under his administration, thousands were enrolled, and the whole country became interested and were alive to the importance of the work the Grand Army had undertaken.

Soon after General Logan's election he issued order No. 11, establishing Memorial day. No more eloquent appeal was ever made to the patriotism of the American people for the perpetuation of the memory of the country's defenders than was made by General Logan in this order, which is as follows:

General Orders.

Headquarters Grand Army of the Republic, Adjutant-General's Office, 448 Fourteenth street, Washington, D. C., May 5, 1868.
General Orders No. 11.

1. The 30th day of May, 1868, is designated 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 and hamlet churchyard in the land. In this observance no form of ceremony is prescribed, but posts and comrades will in their own way arrange such fitting services and testimonials of respect as circumstances may permit.

We are organized, comrades, as our regulations tell us, for the purpose, among other things, "of preserving and strengthening those kind and fraternal feelings which have bound together the soldiers, sailors and marines who united to suppress the late rebellion." What can aid more to assure this result than cherishing tenderly the memory of our heroic dead, who made their breasts a barricade between our country and its foes? Their soldier lives were the reveille of freedom to a race in chains, and their deaths the tattoo of rebellious tyranny in arms. We should guard their graves with sacred vigilance. All that the consecrated wealth and taste of the nation can add to the adornment and security is but a fitting tribute to the memory of her slain defenders. Let no wanton foot tread rudely on such hallowed grounds. Let pleasant paths invite the coming and going of reverent visitors and fond mourners. Let no vandalism of avarice or neglect, no ravages of time testify to the present or to the coming generations that we have forgotten as a people the cost of a free and undivided republic.

If other eyes grow dull, other hands slack, and other hearts cold in the solemn trust, ours shall keep it well as long as the light and warmth of life remain to us.

Let us, then, at the time appointed gather around their sacred remains and garland the passionless mounds above them with the choicest flowers of springtime; 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.

2. It is the purpose of the commander-in-chief to inaugurate this observance with the hope that it will be kept up from year to year, while a survivor of the war remains to honor the memory of his departed comrades. He earnestly desires the public press to lend its friendly aid in bringing to the notice of comrades in all parts of the country in time for simultaneous compliance therewith.

3. Department commanders will use efforts to make this order effective.

By order of JOHN A. LOGAN,
Commander-in-chief.
N. P. CHIPMAN,
Adjutant-general.
Official: W. L. COLLINS, A. A. G.

For 40 years the surviving veterans, their auxiliary, the woman's relief corps, the sons of veterans and the loyal people of the nation have annually observed the 30th day of May with appropriate ceremonies for the commemoration of the memory of the soldier and sailor dead. Every year the old veterans have donned their beloved blue uniforms, put on their old belts and swords, taken out their tattered flags, and to the music that once called them to battle, they have marched up and down the aisles of cemeteries where their comrades have been buried, scattering the fairest flowers of springtime over the low green mounds.

At first, these ranks were full but now scarcely a corporal's guard can be assembled in any one locality. Bent and broken as they are, they still insist upon performing this sacred service "as long as the light and warmth of life remains." No more pathetic sight can be seen than that which one witnesses annually when the lines are formed and the aged veterans try to keep step to martial music while strewing the flowers over the graves of departed comrades. During the exercises that characterize the proceedings, they listen reverently to the eulogies that are pronounced and the patriotic airs that are sung, the tears meanwhile trickling down their wrinkled cheeks.

In a few brief years the last of the real veterans will have answered the final roll call. The sons of veterans will doubtless assume the "solemn trust" and continue to decorate the graves of the loyal dead until they too must bequeath to those who come after them the sacred charge of perpetuating the memory of the loyal dead.

In 1883, at the national encampment at Denver, Colorado, the woman's relief corps was made auxiliary to the Grand Army of the Republic, and autnority was given to allow the corps to be organized as auxiliaries to posts of the Grand Army. The loyal women of the nation have, therefore, borne a conspicuous part in the benevolent work and labors for the welfare of the widows and orphans of sailors. The organization numbered at one time over 100,000 noble women. They have a junior organization known as the Daughters of Veterans, who are taking up the work as the older women pass to their reward.

Beware!

From the Los Angeles Express.

Lives of fishermen remind us
That we, too, if we will try,
Can leave trouting streams behind us,
And come home prepared to lie!

ARE WE MAKING SERFS OF OUR WOMEN?
Continued From the First Page of This Section

no lunch rooms, no accommodations whatever. And the result—must not the women become "defeminized," must they not lose the sweetness that clings to untainted womanhood?- And if they marry and become mothers, must not their children be weak, incompetent, weaklings, to grow up as burdens upon society? Or else, may not the women of the future be on a par with the field driven peasants of Russia?

Fifty per cent of working women are under the age of 25. The women over 18 fare much better, according to Dr. Jacobi, when they do not marry. He says:

"Europeans have statistics, and the terrific results of factory work on women before and after the birth of their children are appreciated. That is why the Austrian government, which owns the tobacco monopoly, pays them full wages a number of weeks before and after their period of motherhood. Holland, Germany and Spain exclude women from their factories for three weeks after such periods; Belgium, for four. That this is not sufficient is readily appreciated by whoever knows that at least two months are required for the restitution of a fair amount of health.

"Factory working women who should be at home to nurse their babies suffer from the same ill results that women of the so called upper classes are exposed to by refusing to nurse, only exaggerated on account of their poverty. The inability to nurse should be considered a calamity for both mother and child rich or poor.

"What becomes of the babies of women who work in factories?

"The excessive mortality of babies in large cities belongs to the quarters of the poor. Deprived of their natural food, they live, or rather ail and wail, on improper artificial food. The example of a manufacturing firm in Muhlhouses, Alsace, is frequently quoted. Among their factory women the mortality of babies under a year was 32 per cent. When the firm paid wages without demanding work six weeks before and six weeks after the birth of a child the mortality sank to 25 per cent. Imagine the good results if women were protected until the baby could show its merry little first teeth!

"Meanwhile, improper food, malnutrition, neglect by poor, ignorant neighbors or by older children, or well-meaning but always insufficient day nurseries, ill health and ill temper, preparation for scrofula and tuberculosis. It is useless to look farther ahead. If we did, we should learn the low degree of even our financial management. What human society does not spend on babies and healthy dwellings, and on watching of women and child labor, on factories and schools, it pays in tenfold amounts on hospitals, almshouses, police clubs, penitentiaries and electric chairs."

In 1883 Robert Howard testified before a senate committee: "I have noticed that hard, slavish overwork is driving girls into the saloons after they leave the mills in the evenings. They are good, respectable girls, but they come out of their laboring places so tired, thirsty and exhausted from working along steadily, hour after hour, and breathing the noxious effluvia of the grease and other ingredients used in the mill. Wherever you go, near the abodes of people who are overworked, you will find the rum shop. Drinking is most prevalent among working people when their hours of labor are long."

According to opinions of physicians, women are extremely susceptible to all the ills of hard overwork and insanitary conditions; being weaker than men, they soon succumb to the terrific strain. "Men have undoubtedly a greater degree of physical capacity than women," says Sir W. MacComac, president of the Royal College of Surgeons of London. "Men are capable of greater effort in many ways than women. If a like amount of physical toil and effort be imposed upon women, they suffer to a larger degree."

The physical condition of women, according to Dr. Ely Van der Warker, will permit no one of them to stand on her feet ten hours a day.

In many instances, Dr. George M. Price of the health department of New York City, finds that working women invariably suffer. This is because their muscular organism is less developed than that of man; because of the weakness of their organism, their predisposition to the inhibition of poisons and the effect on their offspring. He says:

"Those industrial occupations which require intense, constant and prolonged muscular efforts must become highly detrimental to their health. This is shown in the general debility, anemia, chlorosis and lack of tone in most women who are compelled to work in factories and in shops for long periods.

"Increased susceptibility of women to industrial poisons and to diseases has been demonstrated by a great number of observers. The female organism, especially when young, offers very little resistance to the inroads of disease and to the various dangerous elements of certain trades.

"Even where there are no special noxious elements work may produce, as already mentioned, harmful effects on the health of women; but when to the general effects of industrial occupation are added the dangers of dust, fumes and gases, we find that the female organism succumbs very readily."

And what is the remedy for these social ills? Shorter hours, declare economists, is one thing to achieve. Quite a number of states have passed laws restricting the labor hours of women, but much reform is yet to be done.

Right!

Men and fish alike would not get into any trouble if they'd keep their mouths shut.