

OLD GLORY ON MEMORIAL DAY.

OF all the many questions that are constantly being asked the war department at Washington to answer, the one most frequently put before it is as to the correct position of flying Old Glory on Memorial day at army posts and stations. To those who have no relation to the military service it is almost the universal belief that the flag should be displayed at half staff all of May 30, but this is not so, for paragraph 444 of the army regulations prescribes as follows: "444. On Memorial day, May 30, at all army posts and stations the national flag will be displayed at half staff from sunrise till midday, and immediately before noon the band, or field music, will play some appropriate air, and the national salute of twenty-one guns will be fired at 12 m. at all posts and stations provided with artillery. At the conclusion of this memorial tribute at noon the flag will be hoisted to the top of the staff and will remain there until sunset. When hoisted to the top of the staff the flag will be saluted by playing one or more appropriate patriotic airs. In this way fitting testimonials of respect for the heroic dead and honor to their patriotic devotion will be appropriately rendered."

LOGAN'S GRAVE DECORATED.

Annual Services at Tomb of Founder of Memorial Day. One of the graves most elaborately decked with flowers each Memorial day is that of General John A. Logan, founder of the day. General Logan had the unparalleled honor of being twice elected commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and it was while serving in this capacity in 1868 that he designated May 30 as a day to be observed by all Grand Army posts throughout the nation, on which they were to scatter flowers over the graves of the soldiers. General Logan's tomb is found near the gates of the cemetery of the Soldiers' home, Washington. Many of the inmates of the home fought un-



der him and consider it one of their religious duties to remember the last resting place of their old commander. Every Memorial day the orator selected for the occasion speaks of General Logan's service to the old soldiers and to the nation in founding the ceremony. These meetings are held from a raised platform surrounded by pillars, after the style of a Greek temple. This platform is on a slope just above the tomb. A visit is then made to the tomb itself, which is in the form of a vault surrounded by a low box hedge and guarded by a cannon. Frequently these services are under the auspices of the Grand Army, but the soldiers from the home always have their part. The home itself is unique in that it was in existence before the civil war. It is designed for members of the regular army and is maintained by donations from them.

Lincoln's Pass Valueless.

At one time during the civil war when the Union army was making great efforts to break through the corridor of Confederate troops which defended Richmond, a gentleman called on President Lincoln in Washington and asked for a pass for Richmond. "Well," said Lincoln, "I would be very happy to oblige you if my passes were respected, but the fact is, sir, I have within the last two years given passes to 250,000 men to go to Richmond, and not one has got there yet."

AN OLD BATTLEFIELD.

The softest whisperings of the scented south. And rust and rones in the cannon's mouth. And where the thunders of the fight were born The wind's sweet tenor in the standing corn. With songs of larks, low lingering in the loam, And low skies bending over love and home. But still the thought: Somewhere, upon the hills, Or where the vales ring with the whippoorwills, Sad, wistful eyes and broken hearts that beat: For the loved sound of unreturning feet. And when the oaks their leafy banners wave, Dream of the battle and an unmarked grave. —Frank L. Stanton.



THE PAST AND THE PRESENT

HOW HOWARD SAVED A MAN.

Brief Temperance Talk While Wounded Was Effective. The late General O. O. Howard often related an incident in his own life to show, he said, what great results sometimes came from small efforts. At the battle of Fair Oaks, on June 1, 1862, General Howard's right arm was shot off. "As I was making my way to the hospital," he said, "weak from loss of blood and from pain, I saw a young man intoxicated. He was so under the influence of whiskey that he could hardly walk. As I came near him I stopped long enough to tell him it did not pay to drink. It would ruin him, and he had better stop before the habit had control of him. "I passed on to the hospital, had my arm amputated and was sent home to recover. I saw and heard nothing more of the drunken soldier until a short time ago, when an officer in Washington told me his subsequent history. "Impressed by the fact that in my wounded condition I had taken enough interest in him to stop and give him advice, he had then and there resolved to quit drinking. He kept his resolution and when the war was over settled down to a life of steady, honest hard work. He gradually rose, and his letter from Washington told me he had just died, a judge on the supreme bench in the state of New Hampshire, one of the foremost men in the state."

THE JOB REMAINED OPEN.

Negro Was Well Treated, but Still He Ran Away. Before the civil war there came into the public room of a hotel in Canada near the frontier one day a bright looking negro. "I suppose you're a runaway slave," said one of the men in the room, looking sharply at the newcomer. Feeling that he was pretty well away from bondage the darky responded in the affirmative. "Well, we're glad enough that you've got away, but you don't look very poor. Have good clothes down south?" "Suttin' sah, some cothes as my massa." "But you got a good many thrash logs, eh?" "Nether had a whitson in my life, sah." "Never thrashed? Well, but I suppose you didn't always get enough to eat, did you?" "Always had enough gummum." "What?" said the persistent interrogator. "Good clothes, no punishment, plenty to eat. Now just think of it," he said, addressing a group of loungers. "This fellow has left a position where he enjoys all these privileges for an uncertainty." "Gummum," replied the darky, "all I's got to say respectin dem priviledges is dat if any one of you wants to avall himself ob em, de situation am still open." —Boston Home Journal.

The Past Has Been Forgotten, There's Just One Flag Today.



Photo by American Press Association.

THE DRUM OF '61.

DOWN amid the silent multitude the marching thousands come To the marching modulations of an ancient army drum, To the beat, beat, beat of a thousand loyal feet. And the rumble and the grumble of a caisson and a gun. At the head a tattered banner flutters proudly in the air, borne aloft by one old veteran with silver grizzled hair. Keeping time with martial feet down the bustling laden street To the hum and the thrum of the drum of sixty-one. Comes a picture as I listen to the rhythmic refrain Of a soldier starting forward down a shady country lane From afar the echoes come of the old recruiting drum. And they speak a message to him of the triumphs to be won. Louder yet the calling thunder, and his feet exultant bound in a patriotic frenzy at the glory of the sound. 'Tis the call of ancient Thor, and he marches on to war. To the hum and the thrum of the drum of sixty-one. Quick another picture hurries and I see the battle reek Where the battery is crashing and the shrapnel is a shriek. Till the earth and heavens rock to the fury of the shock. And the rumble and the grumble of the caisson and the gun Oh, the terror of the battle! But above the song of hell In heroic notes that louder'er the devestation swell, Calling martyrs to the death in the cannon's bitter breath. Comes the hum and the thrum of the drum of sixty-one.



Ah, the horror of the battlefield when every gun is still. When the moon in silent pity looks across the eastern hill! With a tramp, tramp, tramp through the half deserted camp to the weary stretcher bearers for the bloody work is done. All about are shattered beings which but yesterday were men. Now their martial song is ended. They will never march again. With a tramp of eager feet down the faroff village street To the hum and the thrum of the drum of sixty-one. Now the peaceful pageant passes and the picture of the fray Like the dead's strife of yesterday forever fades away. Peace with gentle hand smooths down that's unforgetting brow. For the quarrel has long ended, and for the Blue and Gray are one On the grave of friend and enemy we leave the blossoms spread. Loyal friend and gallant enemy, now comrades with the dead. Hark! The tramp of solemn feet dies away down the street To the hum and the thrum of the drum of sixty-one. —Lowell Otis Reese in Leslie's Weekly.

HEAR THE DRUMS MARCH BY.

Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by. This is Decoration day. Hurry and be spry! Wheel me to the window girl! Fling it open high. Crippled off the body now and blinded of the eye. Sarah let me listen while the drums march by. Hear 'em. How they roll. I can feel 'em in my soul! Hear the beat, beat on the boots on the street. Hear the sweet sife cut the air like a knife. Hear the tones grand of the words of command. Hear the walls nigh shout back their reply. Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums dance by. Blind as a bat I can see 'em, for all that— Old Colonel J. stately and gray. Riding slow and solemn at the head of the column. There's Major L., sober now and well. Old lengthy Bragg still a-bearing of the flag. There's old Strong that I tented with so long. There's the whole crowd, hearty and proud. Hey, boys, say, can't you glance up this way? Here's an old comrade, crippled now and gray. This is too much! Girl throw me my crutch! I can see I can walk—I can march—I could fly. No. I can't sit still and see the boys march by. Oh, I fall and I flinch. I can't go an inch! No use in flinching, no use in trying. Where's my strength? Hunt down at the front. There's where I left it. No need to sigh. All the milk's split. There's no use to cry. Plague is those tears and the means in my ears. Part of a war is to suffer and to die. I must sit still and let the drums march by. Part of a war is to suffer and to die— Suffer and to die—suffer and to— Why. Of the crowd I just yelled at so loud. There's hardly a one but is killed, dead and gone! AM the old regiment, excepting only I. Marched out of sight in the country of the night. That was a spector band marched past so grand. All the old boys are a-tenting in the sky. Sarah, Sarah, Sarah, hear the drums march by! —Will Christen in Harper's.



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