

Memorial Day



WITH FLAG AND FLOWERS AND LAUREL WREATHS,
WITH SLOW AND REVERENT TREAD,
THIS IS THE DAY WE HONOR THEM—
THE KEEPERS OF ETERNAL PEACE,
THE ARMY OF THE DEAD.

Soldier-Sailor Heroes Given Meeds of Honor

Inspiration of California Woman That Won Instant Approval and
Inaugurated a Beautiful Custom.

For 40 years in this broad land, upon each 30th day of May, men and women have gone forth with their burdens of blossoms and the graves of the soldiers who died that they and their children might live have bourgeoned anew with every gorgeous flower that blows and every shy blossom that lifts its face to the sun.

Not so with the soldier-sailor dead, most forever upon the ocean's boundless waste.

They tarried long in unquiet graves ere a memorial was made for them; ere a single flower dimpled the glassy surface above to say: "Here lies a hero."

But they were not to wait forever. There came to a California woman the thought of strewing flowers upon the waters of the mighty deeps in honor of the men who will rest there until the day when the sea gives up its dead.

Thus was born a beautiful custom which in five years has spread north to Lake Erie, east to Philadelphia, south to Havana and New Orleans, and from the Golden Gate of San Francisco to the Delaware river the naval dead receive in flowers a need of remembrance upon each recurring Memorial day.

A National Custom.

The custom thus established is rapidly becoming a national one. It has been cordially indorsed by Dewey, Sampson, Schley and Long, by naval captains and officials by the score and has been incorporated into the national naval memorial ceremony by the Navy Veterans' association.

Its originator, Mrs. Armitage S. C. Forbes, of Los Angeles, was made an honorary member of the National Association, Ladies of Naval Veterans, and of various women's relief corps and organizations throughout the United States, besides receiving official commendation from the Grand Army of the Republic and the navy department at Washington.

With her patriotism is a passion and it is through her untiring efforts that the custom has received such widespread recognition, though the exquisite sentiment which it expresses has found a ready response in every bosom.

Mrs. Forbes' Inspiration.

Just five years ago this earnest little woman was seeking some new thought for the coming memorial; a snatch of song was running through her head:

"Cast your bread upon the waters."
"Why not cast flowers upon the waters for the men lost at sea?" she cried.

It was an inspiration and had come to a woman who had the energy to make it great.

Her plans were formulated that very day and with the hearty indorsement of the state superintendent of public instruction she sent out a circular letter to the heads of schools in all the coast towns of the country proposing that such a floral memorial be observed by the school children of California in honor of the heroes who fought the last battle for the flag upon the sea, and the result was the first glorious observance along the Pacific coast May 30, 1900.

Thousands of children marched to the water's edge and with reverent hands scattered the wealth of California flowers upon the lapping waves, lifting their young voices in songs of patriotism and remembrance. Naval veterans and naval reserves assisted, and from San Francisco to Santa Monica and to the blue crescent of Catalina, there were flowers, flowers, and everywhere flowers, wreathing the waves and floating out upon the tides in memory of the soldier-sailor dead that lie in quiet rest beneath the ocean—from the far cold waters of the north to the coral reefs of the sun-kissed south.

The story of this first celebration was heralded afar; Mrs. Forbes wrote to the naval officials telling them of the California observance. The replies which she received were most gratifying.

In Various Cities.

Detroit welcomed the poetic observance the same year and from Belle Isle bridge the flowers were dropped upon the emerald surface of the Detroit river

and the year following from the sides of the United States ship Yantic, which made a short cruise in honor of the celebration.

In Charleston navy yard in 1902 Mrs. Sampson, wife of the admiral, performed the beautiful ceremony from the deck of Old Ironsides.

In Philadelphia, the home of memorials, on May 30, 1903, there was inaugurated this new fashion of remembrance, and it stands unique among the myriad celebrations of its kind in that city of "brotherly love." Five thousand people on Race street pier watched four flower-ships set out on a wondrous voyage. There was a Cumberland for the heroes who sank in Hampton Roads, a Tecumseh in memory of those who perished in Mobile bay, a dauntless Monitor and a Maine for soldiers sleeping in the coral beds of Havana harbor.

It was said "that strong men of the sea choked with emotion while the floral tributes dropped from tender hands to the bosom of the Delaware." Three rear admirals were present and the Onondaga, in midstream, fired the salute of 21 guns. Rear Admiral Melville, in his speech on this occasion, said: "It is peculiarly fitting that this impressive naval memorial on the sea should be inaugurated on the historic Delaware, where John Paul Jones with his own hands hoisted on board the Alfred the flag of independent America for the first time, and where the first continental congress authorized the construction of 13 frigates, giving the world to understand that the colonies intended to assert their rights on sea as well as on land." It was especially appropriate that Philadelphia should be one to recognize this beautiful custom, for Mrs. Forbes is a Pennsylvanian by birth and is also a descendant of John Kaye, first male child born in Philadelphia.

In the Far Mediterranean.

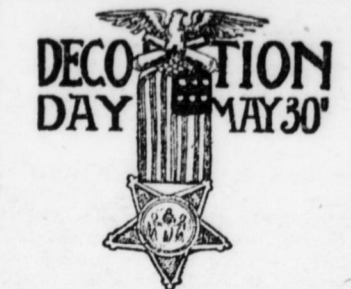
The sailor boys aboard of one of Uncle Sam's ships in the Mediterranean sea last year remembered the 30th of May. They had no flowers such as grow on land or in the depth of the sea, but sailors are clever with their fingers, and out of such poor things as shavings they made and colored the most delicate artificial flowers, and roses and lilies, tulips and chrysanthemums kissed the blue of that far-off ocean.

Under the personal direction of Mrs. Forbes, possibly the most remarkable observance of all was held last year off Brighton beach, just outside of San Pedro harbor, California.

Three United States war vessels took part, the Wyoming, the Preble and the Paul Jones, the small tugboat Warrior, on which the services were held, taking its position, with its precious freight of people and flowers, in the center of an imposing triangle, formed by the three iron-clad guardians of the nation's peace.

After appropriate exercises the solemn burial service was read aboard the Warrior, which was in command of Capt. Cottman, of the Wyoming, and lilies and roses, carnations and every flower in California's great garden were showered with lavish hands upon the mirroring blue of the water beneath. Emblems, anchors, stars and wreaths were dropped with murmured prayers. Every man, woman and child aboard the little tug had a part and from the three war vessels which had been supplied with flowers, officers, marines and honest tars dropped bright blossoms in memory of some comrade gone before. As the volleys for the dead were fired six stately flower boats, shaped like the graves of soldiers and bearing upon their canvas sides laurel wreaths of victory, anchors of hope and blessed immortelles were cut loose to drift whither they would upon the bosom of the broad Pacific.

A sudden hush. High up on the Wyoming a lone bugler appeared and there came the notes that sounded taps; lower and sadder the Warrior took it up and off in the distance came back the murmuring echoes as though the dead would fain burst their ghostly cements and come back to tell the living how sweet a thing it is to be remembered.



The Grand Army of the Republic. Day by day their ranks are thinning, one by one they disappear. And at each succeeding roll call, fewer voices answer: "Here!"

Still their regiments are marching—many march with noiseless tread, and no bugles sound "assembly" in the bivouac of the dead.

Hats are reverently lifted to the heroes lying here; lift them to the living heroes—hail them all with cheer on cheer.

Not for long will they be with us; soon each regiment will be tented here beneath the blossoms of the land it helped to free.

But to-day the drums are muffled and the flag at half-mast waves, keeping the green dead heroes' memories as the grass above their graves.

Still another weary winter shrouded in the snow they lay; now we bring them crowns and garlands of the loveliest blooms of May.

Let them rest in honored slumber, while their praise, from shore to shore, eighty millions throats are swelling—we are free forevermore!

—Elsie Florence Fay, in Success Magazine.

THE NEW MEMORIAL DAY.

With blossom-laden hands, to-day the nation stands, beside the graves of those who died for liberty. The story is long told, our hearts can no more hold the bitterness of strife, the tears, the agony.

Yet the memory of these men shall perish only when freedom, the love of freedom, dies. And lo! beside their sod new fold is turned; for God New martyrs called for freedom, 'mid women's tears and cries.

By these just newly dead—their blood for Cuba shed—And these who lie at peace, in the land they died to free;



Let all men know we keep their vigil while they sleep—On guard, for aye, of this great nation's destiny.

These heroes have not laid their brave lives down in vain, Her sons again have pledged our land to liberty. O hearts that grieve to-day for soldiers far away, Who bore our country's flag and died to set men free.

Look up and sigh no more. Like those who died before, The nation keeps their memories and the people's hearts are true. For Chickamauga still echoes on through San Juan Hill To one nation and one people 'neath the red, white and blue.

To the Nation's Dead.

Long have they lain 'neath the grass and sod,
Those noble sons that in battle trod,
No more the sound of the bugle call
Shall quicken their steps to duty's call.
They only wait for the trumpet sound,
When the great and good shall at last be crowned.

And the battle and strife of yesterday
Shall be lost alike to the Blue and Gray.

Ye who march on this day in May,
To scatter garlands of flow'rs gay
Over the mounds of soft green sward,
Where sleep in the graves in battle gored;
Know that to these ye owe your land,
So scatter the buds with willing hand,
With thoughts of love while lips do pray
For the peace and rest of the Blue and Gray.

And let the flag on each grave rest,
Of him whose struggle could it best.
Those Stars and Stripes let proudly wave
Above each soldier honored grave.
For these are they who held them high,
Caring not that they should die.
So let the Union flag to-day
Thoughts of love for the Blue and Gray.

Sleeping, Not Dead.

Ye silent men, who to your country gave
The last full measure of devotion—life—
Ye fell asleep while the tumultuous strife
Around you swelled in fury, like the wave
Which breaks upon the rocks which prove its grave.

To-day, around you all the air is rife
With wailing cries from bugle and from fife—
The voice of that dear land you died to save,
Nay, ye have never died—ye live to-day
In every soul which joys that it is free;
In that fair flag with which the breezes play.

With every flashing star undimmed, unlost;
In all our hearts, which clay like yours shall be
Before our land forgets what freedom cost.
—Ninette M. Lowater, in N. Y. Sun.

The Fallen.

Hark! a bugle wails shrill
O'er the brow of the hill,
At whose base stygian waters outpour;
'Tis our comrades, beyond sight,
Signal back through the night
To the few who are left on this shore.

Old Charon oars free
Our brave hosts through the sea,
As they, prompt to the bugle, respond—
How his boat rocks and rolls!
With the weight of their souls,
Who are linked with affection's strong bond.

To the blue and the gray
Gives his each right of way,
And a chaplet of glory as well;
Since nobly they fought
Each as honor had taught,
And nobly, as heroes, they fell.

MEMORIES OF THE PAST.

The Day Intended for Appropriate Commemoration of the Deeds of Heroes.

Memorial day was founded that there might be a few hours in each year set aside for the appropriate commemoration of the deeds of men who had been killed while serving the country in the army or navy or who had died since having so served. For a number of years it was generally and suitably observed. Then in some places it ceased to be observed at all. In many it was given up to bicycle and horse racing and other sports and festivities.

Diversions of this kind have been widely and properly protested against as desecrations of the day. The protests seem to have had some effect, for observance of the occasion promises to be not only more general this year than usual but also more appropriate. Graves will be decorated, and in many cities, towns and rural neighborhoods there will be solemn processions to cemeteries, and sermons will be preached and addresses delivered recalling the brave deeds of the nation's heroes and the great principles for which they fought and for which many died.

Holidays devoted to recreation and sport are a good thing, but it does not necessarily follow that all holidays should be given up to them. Memorial day ought to be devoted largely to recalling what past generations did.

Contemplation of the courageous and self-sacrificing patriotism exhibited by past generations is to little purpose if it do not imbue their successors with a purpose to emulate them. The men of to-day have confronting them questions almost as difficult as any which have yet been dealt with, and the best way the sons can show their appreciation of what the fathers accomplished is by resolving to go about their work as citizens with the same courage and in the same spirit as their fathers went about theirs.—Chicago Tribune.

TRIBUTES TO THE PRIVATE.

"Let Us Care for Him."
"With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in, to bind up the nation's wounds, to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations."
—Lincoln's Second Inaugural.

"Heroic Years of America."

"We begin to realize that the years we have so recently passed through, though we did not appreciate at the time, were the heroic years of American history."
—Charles Francis Adams, on "The Double Anniversary," July 4, 1869.

"First Rank of Militant Nations."

"The record of both sides places the people of the United States in the first rank of militant nations."
—Col. Thomas L. Livermore.

"Love of Country Alone."

"Love of country alone could have inspired 300,000 men to die for the union. Nothing less sacred than this love of country could have sustained 175,000 brave men who suffered and starved and died in rebel prisons. Nor could anything else have given comfort to the 500,000 maimed and diseased who escaped immediate death in siege and battle to end in torment the remainder of their patriot lives."
—William McKinley, July 4, 1894.

"Union Dearer for Their Blood."

"God bless the union! It is dearer to us for the blood of the brave men which has been shed in its defense."
—Edward Everett at Gettysburg, 1863.

Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty.

The greatest service the Grand Army of the Republic has rendered is the beautiful way in which it gives life to the principles of the organization—fraternity, charity and loyalty.

That millions of men of every degree of life and station should for 40 years be bound together by this common bond of brotherhood is not only worthy of admiration, but also of imitation by the members of this republic.

Charity, or love, is the greatest thing in the world, and love is the key to every department of life, the foundation of patriotic teaching, the safety of the country, the home and the individual.

Loyalty to their comrades, their organization, their country and their God has been fittingly illustrated in the lives of these boys in blue.

This trinity of principles, if copied by our 89,000,000 citizens, would make us the greatest nation on earth.

Keep Alive Love for Flag.

As each year rolls around some patriotic city is asked to welcome the G. A. R. in a grand reunion, striving to outdo some other city which with outstretched arms has welcomed the G. A. R. in a grand reunion, striving to outdo to life a dormant spirit of devotion to the old flag and a resolve that this union of states will never be dissolved.

Without the G. A. R. to refresh the memory of the people of this country, they would be apt to forget the great sacrifice this nation suffered that this union should not be dissolved.

Again there is another wing to the G. A. R., the Sons of Veterans, organized to go hand in hand with the G. A. R. to perpetuate their memory for generations to come, to keep alive the love for the old flag, as the strength of the nation depends on the love of its people to defend it in time of danger.

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\$25 Bed room Suits, solid oak at.....	\$20	\$22 Sideboard, quartered oak.....	\$16
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