

KATHERINE

A PLEASANT LITTLE STORY OF MEMORIAL DAY.



DAD," said Jack, at the breakfast table, "I've got to have a new pair of shoes before Memorial day. All the fellows are getting patent leather oxfords, and I find my shoes getting rather disreputable—worn clear through on the soles."

"Dad"—elsewhere known and respected as the honorable Judge Adams—laid down his morning paper and looked at Jack over his glasses.

"See here, young man, go ahead and get your patent leathers if you need them, but get the ones you have on fixed up. I know where there's a little cobbling shop down on Spencer street—it's kept by two brothers—old soldiers both of 'em, crippled by the war, and they're trying to make an honest living. Tell the old fellows to put on some good strong half soles and straighten up the heels if they need straightening."

Katherine passed her father the toast. "Daddy," she said, coaxingly, "may I take the new auto on Memorial day? You know you and mamma are talking of going to Uncle Robert's to spend the day, and if you'd only let me take it I'd be so careful."

He folded his newspaper, consulted his watch anxiously, and rose. "Well," he said, "I've got to be going or I'll miss that car. Yes, Katherine, I guess you may take the auto, if you think you can be careful. Broken bones are expensive as well as mighty painful. And you, Jack, remember what I told you about those shoes."

Jack cornered Katherine as she was going upstairs to dress for school. "Say, sis," he said, digging his fists into his pockets, "would you mind taking my shoes down to those old duffers on your way to school? You generally go that way to call for Phyllis, don't you?"

Katherine took the bundle under her arm along with her high-school books and went down Spencer street.

She went into the little shop and sat down to wait. She had knocked loudly, but no one had responded, and she had made bold to enter.

As she sat there waiting, voices from the little kitchen beyond reached her. Evidently the two old men were having a late breakfast, and evidently also they were somewhat hard of hearing, for they kept on talking.

Katherine did not really mean to listen, but a sentence caught and held her attention.

"I don't care so much for myself, Jerry," an old voice was saying, "but laws! you ain't ever missed goin' to Decoration day. And I hate to have you miss this one—yes, sir, I do, Jerry. If work wasn't so slack now mebby we could afford to hire old man Dawson's horse an' buggy to go with, but there's the grocery bill yet to pay, an' the medicine for your rheumatiz, an' the repairs on my wooden leg, and our pensions not due yet for quite a spell, and—"



They hobbled into the Little Shop, mebby we can catch a glimpse of the flags a-wavin'.

An' we can put out our own flag same's ever, if Johnnie, next door, will nail it up on the porch. My rheumatiz, an' your wooden leg bein' away gettin' fixed, leaves us sorter helpless, don't it?"

Just here Katherine remembered herself and coughed loudly. The two old men set down their heavy tocapus in haste. Silas caught up his crutch and Jerry his cane, and they hobbled into the little shop.

Katherine opened the bundle. "Here are my brother's shoes," she said, "they need half-soles and straightening at the heels, and a tiny patch right here. And can you fix them today, please?"

"The two old brothers smiled at her. "Why yes, we'll fix 'em today," said Silas. "Jerry can take one an' me the other, an' the boy can come an' get 'em this noon."

Katherine could not quite tear herself away from the genial old men who apparently put up so brave and cheerful a struggle against adversity.

"My father says you are both old

soldiers," she began. "You must try to go to the exercises up in the cemetery on Memorial day. They say they're to be exceptionally fine this year. Gen. Thomas Wyatt is going to deliver the oration, and—"

Old Jerry almost bounded to his feet in his excitement. "I want to know! I want to know! Why, my land o' liberty, Silas an' me fit under him in the war! Old Tom Wyatt! An' here's Silas an' me old an' crippled, an' can't go to see him and hear him!"

Katherine, her young face aglow with sudden resolve, rose impulsively. "Well," she said, "you shall go, some way. I'll see that there's some way provided so you can both ride up to the cemetery and see and hear your old general!"

As she hurried to school she thought: "Isn't that just like me? All impulse and not a bit of reason. Just because those two poor old men touched my sympathies. Now, how



Gave Them the Ride of Their Lives.

are you going to get them up to that cemetery, I'd like to know? Hire a livery rig? Pocket money for May all gone. Borrow from Daddy? Never! Take them in the automobile instead of the girls? Well—I—never—"

Katherine stopped on the sidewalk and laughed aloud. What would the girls say? And the boys? And Jack? The girl's eyes sparkled. "I will!" she said, "and I know of another who will fill the empty seat. Old Mrs. Davis, who hasn't been to a Memorial day celebration for years, and she a soldier's widow still wearing an old rusty crape veil in his memory. Poor old dear! And I know not one of them has ever had an auto ride or ever expects to. And after the exercises perhaps I'll take them a spin down the river road. I will! I will! The poor old souls! I'll make 'em have one royal afternoon or die in the attempt."

That afternoon was a dream of delight to the three old people and the years fell from them like a garment, so wonderful a thing is joy to those whom joy seldom visits. The color came in Widow Davis' wrinkled cheeks, and her old eyes beamed with pride as she looked across the rows of graves to Henry's, where the little flag fluttered and the great bouquet of white syringas and plummy lilacs lay like a benediction. The band played its sweetest and softest, and the two old brothers never knew that quiet tears were running down their faces as they listened.

The general's speech was strong and true, and brave and tender, and when it was over, Silas and Jerry could not refrain from hobbling up to greet their old commander.

When at last it was all over and the people began to descend the long hill, Katherine turned her automobile in the direction of the river road. She drove slowly, so that her guests might enjoy the exquisite view, and on and on they went, miles out into the beautiful, free, open country. But on the way home Katherine gave them the ride of their lives, and laughed to see the widow's old face flushed like a girl's and her gray hair floating on the wind, while the old crepe veil blew out straight behind into the delighted faces of the two old men, who were thoroughly enjoying the swift pace. It was all very wonderful and beautiful, and surely there was a good deal in life after all, they thought.

That night the general was the guest of honor at Judge Adams' at dinner. The judge and his wife had at the eleventh hour given up their proposed visit, and were glad and proud to entertain so famous a guest.

The general looked across at Katherine. "My dear young lady," he began in his stately, old-fashioned way. "It does me good—more than I can express in mere words—to discover that youth is not all frivolity and flippancy in this generation. When I saw you today giving pleasure and satisfaction to those whose lives are poor and lowly—when I heard afterward of the delightful outing you gave them on the beautiful river road—why—I—"

The general stopped and tried to think of the proper word, then smiles at Katherine, which was a great deal better than frowning it.

"They told me all about it—Silas and Jerry," he said, "when I called to see them on my way here, and it was a happier or prouder pair of brother exiles I have never met them."

When Daddy Donned the Blue

THE birds are singing there today, just as they did of old. And phantom feet go down the street—the same old warriors bold; At Lincoln's call they swell the ranks, all eager for the fight.

I see the shades march thro' the glades—for country, God and right. From eaves and sill, o'er vale and hill—the Stars and Stripes a-wave. To life and drum the legions come, the loyal and the brave. I see her there upon the stair—oh, mother heart so true— With tear-dimmed eye, and sweet good-bye, when Daddy donned the blue!

YES, Daddy donned the blue, my lads, but hearts were sad that day. For little Jim—it was his whim—had gone to don the gray. Dad called him "Baby brother"—his were but 18 years. "Alas, alack, go bring him back," they said, with twist sighs and tears. My heart it hears, down thro' the years, the echoes sighing there. When mother-heart poured out its grief, and hands wrung in despair. But still we sang, till hill tops rang with echoes thro' and thro'. "Hurrah, boys, for the Union," for Daddy's donned the blue!

TRAMP, tramp, the boys are marching, we sing it with a vim. The train is pulling out, my lads—sing it for the love of him! "Way down the road, the song came back, and echoes faintly play. 'The Girl I Left Behind Me,' till at last they die away. The regiments, the fields of tents, down by Potomac's shore; The silent camp, the sentry's tramp, and home, dear home's no more. They're gone, they're gone, the battle's on, but young hearts never knew The mother's part, the aching heart, when Daddy donned the blue!

I SEE today, thro' mists of gray, my old grandmother there. The lamp is dim, she thinks of him, and then the poignant prayer. "O, God of Battles, keep them both. Thou knowest which is right; Thine arm their screen—oh, let them lean upon thy love and might. My boy in blue, oh, keep him true; my boy in gray protect. And if they meet, in battle's heat, O Lord, each aim deflect." The days have rolled into the year, and years have come but a day. Since Daddy donned the blue, my lads, and Baby Jim the gray!

ANTHETAM sings her harvest song, her harvest song of death. The iron hall rings on the mall—"a bullet for a breath." Poor Baby Jim, the feet of him stand shoeless on the line. With courage there, born of despair—like something half divine; Face powder-stained, while bullets rained defiant he stood. To lead and fire the combat command and win or die for Hood. Ah, Baby Jim, a mother's prayer must needs go up for you. If wrong or right—it is her plight—"God bless the gray and blue!"

THE boy in blue—while carnage grew—with Hooker stood all day. Until the stars looked down upon ten thousand swept away. The night was still, o'er vale and hill, An' silent passed her dead. No sound was heard, save coo of bird, and silent sentry's tread. The boy in blue—ah, well he knew, that Jim was ever there; But what of him? Night's sable rim closed 'round him in despair; With heart of steel, for awe or weal—he sees the bayonets shine— With quick advance, leap like a lance, he slinks the picket line!

WHAT strange intent! Presentment? He seeks among the dead; He feels the touch, a clammy clutch, then fits his brother's head. "This message bear, to mother there," said Jim, "I am to blame. But she'll forgive, if she shall live—my last breath is her name." "O, Jim, that I had died instead," cried out the boy in blue, "Her heart beat when you ran away, and now 'twould break for you." The general passed, but held him fast; said he—"A spy, I guess. When I am the covered life of you, there'll be one Yankee less."

NAY, general, this is little Jim, my mother's baby Jim. I promised her, I swore it, sir, that I'd be true to him; Then when I've covered him with earth, and said my last good-bye. Just tell her this—"twon't be amiss—for Baby Jim I die." The general spoke, with husky throat, and eyes a little blurred; "You'd better take the news yourself—my boy, you've kept your word. Here, take this pass, and clip the grass, here's compliments of mine; Tell Fighting Joe he'll have a need o' you when he strikes my fighting line."

CARVED on a board, they read, who pass: "To Baby Jim the brave." While birds a-wing, their requiem sing, about his honored grave. They're living still, the hearts that thrill to hear the story old; Where phantom feet go down the street and phantom warriors bold; No sound of flute, their lips are mute, but shades of heroes come. As once the camp, with hearts aflame, to bugle, fife and drum; The years go by, with laugh and sigh, but that day seems to stay. When Daddy donned the blue, my lads, and Baby Jim the gray!

What Soldiers Liked. No matter how serious the situation nor how near to death the soldiers were, they were always able to exchange a few jokes and to see the comic side of life. As evidence it is related that while in camp at Memphis, Tenn., a great flood came on and the camp of the Union soldiers was put very largely under water. It was the custom of the soldiers to dig large holes in the ground, for disposal of the waste from the camp, and these were covered over, but at the time of the flood the water prevented the passerby from seeing the covering. It was just at this time that Dr. David Evans, whose home was at Boston, below Richmond, and who was a surgeon, made his appearance in a hand some new suit of clothes and went out to visit a certain portion of the camp. In doing so he unfortunately landed on top of one of the waste pits, with the result that he fell through, his new clothes were ruined and he had to stand for a great deal of joking.

"Put One Over" on General Grant

THAT General Grant was a man of big heart, possessed of warm sympathy for the boys in the ranks, was impressed upon a well-known veteran when he met Grant near Vicksburg under rather embarrassing conditions. He was in General Hovey's old regiment, the Twenty-fourth Indiana, from June, 1861, until August, 1864.

"The stage of the great war drama had been shifted to Vicksburg and vicinity," said the veteran in relating his story. "On April 28, at Hard Times Landing, thirty-five miles below Vicksburg, I saw General Grant, Governor Dick Yates and Fred Grant (then a boy, apparently only thirteen or fourteen years of age, but wearing a captain's shoulder straps) board a tug and cross the river. The cannonading between our fleet and the forts was terrific, and I could see the cannon balls come skimming along on the water, some of them very near to General Grant's tug, but he stood calmly on deck, not in the least disturbed. The next day I crossed the river on the flagship Benton and stood within six feet of Grant for three hours. He chewed an unlighted cigar stub all the time. I saw him no more until about May 8.

"Several comrades induced me to go foraging with them. We knew we were in the enemy's country, surrounded by an army 25,000 stronger



Asked What We Were Doing There.

than ours, but we decided to take the risk for a square meal. The day was cloudy and dark and finally we lost our bearings. But we had a few chickens, some sweet potatoes, peas and a duck or two, and so really did not worry over the situation. When we were at last picked up by a patrol guard of our own army we were so relieved at not falling into the hands of the enemy that we did not take our predicament seriously. It was when the guard took us to General Grant's own headquarters a short distance away that we saw we had but stepped out of the frying pan into the fire. We knew Grant was a good disciplinarian and we had broken the rules.

"General Grant was not in his tent at first, but soon came. He threw his bridle reins to an orderly and strode into his tent, giving us rather a curious glance as he went by. In a few minutes he came out again and asked us what we were doing there. Our spokesman glibly manufactured a tale about a sick brother being weak and badly in need of better food than hardtack on which to regain his strength. It was at once evident that General Grant's sympathy had been aroused.

"Then he proceeded to tell us that he would forego punishment, in view of the cause that had led us to go foraging, but he asked us to promise that we would never again be guilty of such an act. He said that we were in the enemy's country and did not know at what hour he would have to order the army to move. He said he knew we were short of rations, but that he had sixteen boats loaded down with provisions waiting for us just above Vicksburg. He said he would get to them soon if all his plans to dislodge and rout the enemy succeeded.

"You can bet we went away with some new ideas about Grant. His talk was our salvation, for General Hovey was fully determined to make an example of us until he heard General Grant had ordered us back to our company. That 'sick brother' story would not have done to tell General Hovey."

Debt Owed to Boys in Blue. It is, perhaps, difficult for many of the present generation to appreciate the nation's obligations to the boys in blue. But for them we should have no union, and slavery would stain our civilization. The nation can never repay the debt it owes to these brave men, but it must never let the story of their heroic deeds perish from the annals of mankind or the memory of the generations yet to come.

The Dwindling Line. The Grand Army of the Republic has passed the point where it can gain in numbers and every year cuts down its total. No American who watches the parade at an annual encampment can fail to draw inspiration from the patriotism for which these men stand, nor can he fail to be saddened by the thought that fewer remain each time to carry on the work.

TELEPOST SYSTEM OF TELEGRAPHY HAS RIVALS ON JUMP

LOW RATES AND RAPID SERVICE COMPELS THEM TO MAKE NIGHT LETTER CONCESSION TO PUBLIC.

The activity of the Telepost automatic telegraph system, which is engaged in interlacing the country with rapid service wires, is causing the officials of the Western Union and Postal no end of anxiety. In the eighteen months the Telepost has been in commercial operation it has cut seriously into the business of these companies in the states in which it is operating. One of the first fruits of Telepost competition—halled everywhere as a signal victory for the automatic system—was the recent concession by the older companies of a "night letter" in part imitation of the Telepost's telegraphed letter feature, introduced to this country by the Telepost when it first began business eighteen months ago.

The Telepost, however, maintains a uniform rate throughout the 24 hours and applies it to all distances from the longest to the shortest on the same principle as the U. S. mails. The Telepost makes a specialty of two forms of letter telegrams, unique in American telegraphy, known as the "telepost" and the "telegard." The first is a 50 word letter sent over the wire for 25 cents with the same expedition as an ordinary telegram and delivered by mail, instead of by messenger. The second is a ten word message, exclusive of the name and address, sent over the wire in the regular way for ten cents, transcribed on a postal card and delivered by mail.

The Telepost as a system represents the most brilliant achievement to date in the evolution of telegraphy, and transmits from 1,000 to 5,000 words a minute over either a telephone or telegraph wire. It has met with unequalled success in every part of the country to which it has been introduced, its speed, accuracy and low rates establishing a new standard of telegraph efficiency that has commanded recognition everywhere.

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New Work for Women. Mrs. Frederick H. Snyder is the only woman impresario on earth, she says. She decided that grand opera would be a good thing for St. Paul and made her first venture so successful that she has continued in the business after the fashion of men engaged in the same work.

"Beautiful Hands." One of the most popular of James Whitcomb Riley's poems is "Beautiful Hands." You may be sure the hands he referred to were not reddened and swollen and cracked by the caustic in cheap yellow laundry soap. Easy Task soap—costs a nickel a cake—lasts twice as long and does twice as much work as the yellow, common sort. Your grocer has it, or will get it for you. It's an honest soap that does the hard work for you and gives you a chance to enjoy life.

Not a Case of Treat. "How long has the doctor been treating your wife?" "Treatin' her? Gosh, if you seen his bills you wouldn't think there was much treatin' about it."—Chicago Record-Herald.

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Odd Fellows' Paper? Wright—He's going to call his new paper the Sausage Links. Penman—Be in three sections, I suppose.—Yonkers Statesman.

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