

HEROES BRAVE TO BE PRESENT

Interesting and Timely Suggestions Arising from the Pittsburg Encampment.

AMONG THE NATION'S DEFENDERS

The Point of Confluence of the Monongahela and the Allegheny a Peculiarly Fitting Place for This Year's Meeting of the Veterans of the Grand Army of the Republic—A Glance Into the Future—History, Past, Present and to Come Searched for Facts and Fancies Appropriate to the Big Reunion.

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The part of the Grand Army of the Republic a Pittsburg on Sept. 11 may possibly be less imposing in point of numbers than some which have taken place in the past, especially those at Boston, Washington and Indianapolis, although Pittsburg lies in the center of a stretch of territory which furnished



CAPTAIN J. B. ADAMS, COMMANDER IN CHIEF.

more than one-third of the soldiers of the war—the states of Pennsylvania, New York and Ohio. But whether the gathering be large or small the event is great in significance and in the suggestions for new ideas or the rearrangement of former ones which it brings with it. The anniversary is held upon soil peculiarly sacred to the cause represented at this gathering. Pennsylvania gave more men according to her quota as a sacrifice to the god of battles than any other state in the Union. She stood on the border in 1781. She sent the first volunteer defenders to the imperiled capital in the crisis following Sumter. Her genius ruled in the national camps and councils, and within her limits, fair set among the charming hills of the Cumberland, lies the battlefield of Gettysburg. Cold must be the heart that will not respond befitting the occasion and give the hour to gratitude and congratulation.

There remains little to be said of the sacrifices of the armies whose remnants still march along Fifth avenue on Sept. 12. Four hundred thousand dead and a long procession of the stricken and maimed is the story the nation knows, alas, too well. But there is another side to the patriotism of the Union soldier that might be recalled today, a less gloomy one to dwell upon and a more noble one because it furnished the inspiration for those deeds of courage whose glory brightens as the years roll on. It would be an easy task to prove that the Grand Army, itself a body unique in the world's experience, is not due to military clanship nor to the protective union principle which is so active in this era. The genius of the Grand Army lived in the breasts of the soldiers in the war days, and the mind is almost started to come upon such witnesses to the fact as this poem of Miles O'Reilly's, "The Song of the Soldiers," written in camp in 1862:

Comrades known in marches many,
Comrades tried in dangers many,
Comrades bound by memories many,
Comrades ever let us be,
Wounds or sickness may divide us,
Marching orders may divide us,
But whatever fate befalls us,
Brothers of the heart are we.

Comrades known by faith the clearest,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be,
And if spared and growing older,
Shoulder still in line with shoulder,
And with hearts no thrill the colder,
Brothers ever we shall be.

By communion of the banner,
By union, white and starry banner,
The baptism of the banner,
Children of one church are we,
Nor faction can divide us,
Nor language can divide us,
Whatever fate befalls us,
Children of the flag are we.

There is nothing of sordid selfishness nor of caste or guild exclusiveness breathing through these lines. No more were there to be found in the hearts of Stephenson and his colleagues, who in their bivouac in the southwest in 1864 dreamed out their magnificent scheme for perpetrating in peace the spirit of fraternity, charity and loyalty which characterized the soldiers in the field. The veterans' estimates of themselves are far too modest when they rest satisfied with eulogies upon their battlefield prowess and their heroic bearing under severest hardship, and if proximity to scenes so rich in war associations shall unloose the tongues of Commander in Chief Adams and his staff of orators at the encampment they may give to the careless yet responsive thoughts of outsiders new cause to doff their hats to the Grand Army. They will tell us how the soldier set the pace for Union saviors in 1861 and how, by the guiding and shaping amid the storm and stress of civil war of these same men, the yeomanry, who filled the ranks as volunteers 80 years ago, this vast nation sprang into existence from an aggregation of states whose watchword until then had been "each man for his own."

They might give voice to the claim that the hardiest hero, who, as far as time and Confederate bullets have spared them, will appear in the marching lines at Pittsburg, alone made the war possible, alone made possible those victories and results which the encampment, standing out as the exponent of the military spirit of the nation, celebrates with due civic and military eclat. The war—that is, the war now held in memory, that which announces itself by cannon peal and the "clash of resounding arms"—would not have been

commenced nor maintained but for their Spartan vim, their virile, aggressive, unworldly and unflinching attitude when statesmen hesitated and civic leaders trembled; that the war was right and everlastingly right and must go on and that they would stand surety for its success.

Had there been no volunteer army with its blood up, no martyred Ellsworths and Bakers and Lyons and Winthrops appealing from their crimson shrouds with "lifeblood warm and wet," no Cushings and Ellets and Wordens and Morrises and Farraguts to tread the decks, and no Hancock, no Warrens, no Uptons, no Custers and no Sheridans, with their firm battalions standing sword in hand, the war would have fizzled out in six months for lack of enthusiasm. This is history, and because the veteran when all was accomplished glided quietly back to his commonplace groove as a man and a neighbor, showing many of the weaknesses and follies of the common mold, is no reason for losing sight of the grander part of him. A slice of Napoleon's high minded philosophy would suit the occasion.

"I remember nothing but Ansterlitz," he said when people complained to him truthfully that his old marshal, Soult, who had made Napoleon and France by his wonderful genius and valor on that field, was becoming ambitious and self important. "As he fought then think of him," and there will be no room for too familiar trifles to break the spell of distance.

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THE G. A. R. IN THE FUTURE.

The veterans passed the half century point some years ago. How long they remain upon the stage in sufficient numbers to give spirit to ceremonies commemorating the civil war? Twenty years from now we shall be celebrating the centennial of the victories at Landy's Lane, Lake Champlain and Ball's Bluff; also that of Jackson over Pakenham at New Orleans, and about that time the semicentennial of the closing battles of the civil war. Is it a daring assumption to presume that there will then be living twice as many Union veterans as there were boys in blue on any of the battlefields of 1861-5? There are good grounds for believing that such will be the case.

There were about 2,000,000 individuals recruited for the Union armies, of which number 800,000 (official figures) died in service, and at least 40,000 died after discharge during the war who are not included in the government statistics. At the close of the war, then, in 1865, there were living about 1,600,000 veterans averaging about 26 years of age. At the average rate for men in health the number would decrease in 20 years about 480,000, leaving 1,120,000 survivors in 1884. About four years ago the pension and Grand Army roles and the rosters of veteran associations showed 1,350,000 survivors, but part of the figures were not trustworthy, and a revision of them, together with the deaths of the past five years, has brought the number down to 1,000,000. In other words, there have been 600,000 deaths in 20 years, an increase of the usual mortality rate. But if there are only a million left, those being of advanced age, and the mortality rate being as excessive thus far, does that argue against marshaling an army of them 20 years hence? Their average age now are about 60. The death report of the departments of Michigan and New York for 1893 and of the national encampment for the whole United States for 1892 shows that the mortality rate is less than the average recognized by insurance actuaries.

The Michigan report for 20,000 veterans, averaging 55 years, showed a mortality of 15 to 1,000, that of New York a rate of 30 in 1,000 among 41,000, and the national report for 400,000 men, including inmates of soldiers' homes, precluding the least healthy of the survivors, a rate of 17 to 1,000. The average age of the veterans in 1894 is usually fixed at 55 by experts, and the rate of mortality for average men at that age is about 22 in 1,000. That the loss since the war has been excessive no one will dispute, but that naturally would occur in the decade following the soldiers' discharge. Men were discharged for wounds and diseases by the hundreds of thousands, and no doubt death claimed them within a few years at a rate three or four times greater than the average

of civilians. Over 200,000 men died from diseases in the army, and it must be supposed that the seeds of death were brought out of the army by tens of thousands of those discharged out of hospitals or prison parole camps.

As has been stated, the death rate is now much under the average for civilians, and the veteran at 55 or 60, or even at 67—which is probably the proper age to consider—all things being equal, has one chance in three of reaching 76 and one chance in four of reaching 84, and one chance in five of reaching the age of 88 as one of the 40,000 or 60,000 survivors. At the present time there is about one veteran in every 40 inhabitants, old and young, or in every 12 adult men, and at that date, if the population increases normally, there will be one to every 1,700 people or every 850 adult men—that is to say that in the average gathering of 350 men at a patriotic meeting or on election there will be one tatterered veteran of 86 years. Not much chance for G. A. R. gatherings then, surely, except in the great cities. The record of longevity among the veterans of the war of 1812 and of the Mexican war sustains these calculations, and this thought has been carried still further by a writer in the Washington Post, who sees the dramatic and interesting climax a generation beyond that I have hinted at, or at the middle of the next century, with the centennial days of the Mexican war, the discovery of gold and the conquest of California. He says:

"Bound are we by ties,
Tried when death was near and nearest,
Bound we are by ties the dearest,
Brothers evermore to be,
And if spared and growing older,
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Herein we are admonished by unseen lips and innumerable voices that the day will come when all of the Grand Army of the Republic, now year by year closing in thinner ranks around the hearth of their comrades, there shall be but one survivor to stand lone watch at the portals of the "eternal camping ground."

It is a depressing if not bewildering thought. It carries us to a period when the millions of today shall be doubled, and when among the teeming hosts loaded with their own ambitions and their own responsibilities, radiant in the light of new revelations, strangers, except through history, to the mighty events out of which no glorious a destiny was wrought, a solitary soldier shall be the sole remainder and incarnation, as it were, of the heroic age of the Union.

The war of the American Revolution closed in 1783, at that time a soldier belonging to the regiment of New York militia commanded by Colonel Marinus Willett, who had been four years in the army, was a young man of 28. Eighty-six years later, April 8, 1869, having reached the great age of 109, he was called to his heroic father at the town of Freedom (now inaptly named, Cattaraugus county, N. Y.). His name was Daniel F. Bakeman, and he was the last of the Revolutionary pensioners under special act of congress.

The last of the Revolutionary pensioners on the regular roll was Samuel Downing of Saratoga county, N. Y., who died in 1876, at the age of 107, when only 14, and died in 1867 at 101. Only 21 years ago there walked among us one who bore a moustache at the surrender of Cornwallis, yet lived to hear the tidings of the surrender at Appomattox!

These incidents furnish no data, of course, on which to base exact foreknowledge of the time when they shall remain in the land of the living only a single soldier of the great armies that were disbanded in 1865, but it is not unreasonable to suppose that, even if none of the veterans of the war survive, the extraordinary age of Daniel Bakeman, it will be reserved to some of them to turn the century point. If there is a soldier who, like Samuel Downing, was but a boy when he was discharged from the service, and lives to Downing's age, he will die in 1910. If 23 at the time of his discharge, and he lives to the five score and nine of Daniel Bakeman, he will die in 1911. The chances are that the man who is destined to bear the proud but melancholy distinction of being the last survivor will not be living later than 1904.

And what a retrospect will be his as, standing upon this remote and isolated activity, he peoples the haze distances of the past with



THE LAST SURVIVOR.

armies and banners; with the great captains whose names are called to their remembrance in charge and countercharge of legions melting in the smoke of the conflict; with the sheeted dead that hang vast battlefields; with the blood and the smoke of the battlefields; with the clouds of gray, the aftermath of glory, the grand review, the grateful increase of peace and the line of march toward immortality, of which the soldier's own name is the only trace, save his worn and weary self, waiting for the signal of welcome from the shining ramparts just above him.

Sixty years from today it may be, in some great center of the nation's dead, or haply within some quiet churchyard, will be reared a mound of flowers over the grave of the last survivor, for though he is a stranger among strangers, a waif upon the shore left by the receding tide, will not a comrade to bear him company, he will not be unburied. There will be sons of veterans, grandsons of veterans, daughters and granddaughters of veterans to guard his declining footsteps, to smooth his dying moments, sublimer far than those of Napoleon at St. Helena, to write his wondrous epitaph, and over his ashes build a fitting monument.

Many and momentous may be the changes that our country in the evolution of its progress shall see today it may be, in some great center of the nation's dead, or haply within some quiet churchyard, will be reared a mound of flowers over the grave of the last survivor, for though he is a stranger among strangers, a waif upon the shore left by the receding tide, will not a comrade to bear him company, he will not be unburied. There will be sons of veterans, grandsons of veterans, daughters and granddaughters of veterans to guard his declining footsteps, to smooth his dying moments, sublimer far than those of Napoleon at St. Helena, to write his wondrous epitaph, and over his ashes build a fitting monument.

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Fashion's Fancies...

GOOD MANNERS.

Judic Chollet on the Occult Law of Trifles in Etiquette. One of the worst breaches of etiquette of which you can be guilty is to attempt to teach your acquaintances etiquette. If you invite a friend to luncheon at a restaurant, for instance, or accept her invitation, you thereby confer that degree of social equality exists between you and her, and if she eats her oysters with an ordinary fork instead of with the trident that has been specially provided for that pur-



SILK TOLLET.

pose it is not within your province to correct her, unless she has previously recognized you as a guardian of her manners. If she chooses to convey her cream to her mouth by means of a spoon instead of a fork, let her do it unmolested, the matter is not of the slightest consequence, and to be in constant fear of transgressing some occult law of etiquette one's sense of or associating with persons who do so is to prove one's self not to the manner born, but by nature a snob. Even if your country guest eats with her knife in public you will prove yourself a provincial by paying any attention to it. It happens to be her custom, to which she has been reared, and if you have a cosmopolitan air, do not be too inquisitive a thing to worry you. However technically perfect your own manners may be, they will exhibit a glaring deficiency if you correct those of other grown persons. Besides you are not sure of infallibility, and it is not impossible that you may occasionally rebuke a person who knows even more on the subject than you do and is behaving quite properly in the eyes of the cultivated world. When she eats her cheese with her knife, she is merely following the English habit, and it is quite permissible to take olives, corn, undressed lettuce and lump sugar in the fingers. Again, many of the actions that you consider faulty may be due to the absence of mind engendered by lively conversation, while others are accidents to which anybody is liable.

Most persons whom one meets socially have a sufficient knowledge of etiquette to be at ease among the people with whom they associate, and that is all that is necessary. A really well bred person never rests her faith on such minute trifles as the angle at which the knife is left or the form of crumbs to be permitted to fall from the piece of bread. Consideration for others is the foundation of all good manners, and the man or woman who lacks that has more affection in the place of tact and true politeness.

The sketch shows a gown of rose and gold changeable silk. The skirt drapery is of white mousseline de soie, the bodice of white guipure, the sleeves and girle of old yellow satin and the two bows of cherry velvet ribbon.

NEATNESS IN DRESS.

Haste is the Mother of Many Sins of Omission and Commission. These are the days when neatness in dress goes under the name of smartness, says a common sense fashion writer, and the smartly gowned woman owes her success to the fact that she makes everything seem so tidy before she leaves her room, invariably making a final careful scrutiny of her attire as she stands, fully dressed, before her mirror. She who boasts that it



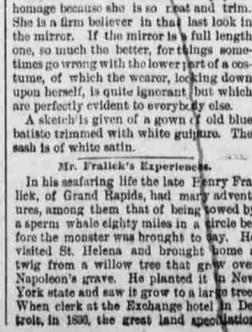
BATHING TOLLET.

never takes her a minute to dress may be fully assured that there will be abundant shortcomings in her toilette to bear witness to the truth of her statement. The bonnet and dress covered with dust collected during yesterday's walk; the veil badly adjusted; hooks that seem to have a mortal antipathy for their corresponding eyes; lank hair hanging like the sword of Damocles, by a single hair. These are some of the things that she devotes insufficient time to her toilet. Believe me, you may possess the most expensive of gowns, bonnets, coats and gloves, yet if they are improperly cared for and carelessly worn your next life neighbor, with her "made over" dress and her hat year's bonnet will put you to shame in the matter of personal appearance. There is a gentility about her which brings her the most pleasing attentions, and men and women alike pay her homage because she is so neat and trim. She is a firm believer in that last look in the mirror. If the mirror is a full length one, so much the better, for things sometimes go wrong with the lower part of a costume, of which the wearer, looking down upon herself, is quite ignorant, but which are perfectly evident to everybody else.

A sketch is given of a gown of old blue batiste trimmed with white guipure. The sash is of white satin.

Mr. Fralick's Experience.

In his seafaring life the late Henry Fralick, of Grand Rapids, had many adventures, among them that of being yowed by a sperm whale eighty miles in a circle before the monster was brought to bay. He visited St. Helena and brought home a twig from a willow tree that grew over Napoleon's grave. He planted it in New York state and saw it grow to a large tree. When clerk at the Exchange hotel in Detroit, in 1833, the great land speculation



RED AND PINK COSTUME.

FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Even Blazers and Eton Jackets Are Ornamented With Them This Season. Not only is millinery more profusely decorated than it was last year, but everything else is correspondingly more ornate. Frills and furbebows of all kinds adorn gowns and wraps, and even blazers and Eton jackets have been ornamented out of their pristine character. This is a very becoming freak of fashion to the slender American type of woman, and she had better make the most of it.

Every indication of height in the matter of sleeves has disappeared, but they are permitted to extend horizontally as far as

Designing silks is something that employs and pays well for much of the best artistic talent in France. A pattern that takes months to make to the mill that makes it. Each house has its own pattern makers and guards jealously the fruit of their labors.

A pattern cannot be protected by letters patent. A large buyer may, though, secure from the maker exclusive control of the sorts he buys. It behooves him to buy carefully, preferably. The verdict of a petty jury is not more uncertain than that of the silk wearing public. Shrewd advertising, good display, may do something toward influencing it, but the pattern that is in stock is at once heaved down in price and cast upon the bargain counter.

Each year there are new surfaces in variety, but all of them resolve themselves into the original elementary combinations possible to the handloom. More has its season when it is unreasonable, stripes come and go, but silk goes on forever. The use of it increases yearly, and it is safe to say that the consumption will double in the next 20 years.

Yet the market for raw silk is merely "steady." China, Japan and India are such inexhaustible storehouses of it that they can send us twice our needs without materially affecting the price.

There have been sporadic efforts to raise silk in the United States, so far as it was. It contains too much cloth for warm weather wear and is not in general use, although it is occasionally made up in thin goods. Eton jackets are of course short, the new blazers are also short, and few coats have been more than 30 inches long. If a fashion, such as the long coat, or instance, happens to be especially becoming to some particular woman, if she is sensible she will continue to wear it until it becomes obsolete or so nearly so as to appear absurd. The fashion was made for woman, not woman for the fashion; therefore let her exercise her privileges and cleave unto the styles that are her own by right of fitness.

White trunks largely into costumes of the present season. A sketch is given of a gown of grenadier blouses, with a rather full skirt and an exceptionally long cord girdled at the waist by a white silk sash that falls at the left side of the front. The coat has flaring collar of white silk, and revers and flaring cuffs lined with the same material. The revers part to display a white silk vest, having a variegated collar and a full jabot of lace. A hat of black straw accompanies the gown. It is lined with blue velvet and trimmed with black ostrich plumes.

CHANGEBLE TAFFETA GOWN. A gown of thin black silk is an extremely useful item of the summer wardrobe. Its wear in city streets is to be deprecated if the material be of a lax texture, but for house, carriage or out of town use it is eminently satisfactory. A beautiful quality of large meshed silk net is shown for summer dresses. It is rather expensive, as it is only a yard wide instead of the usual 45 inches, but it will wear practically forever, being of a firm texture. It is to be found both plain and sprinkled with small dots. For outdoor

THE FLORID GIRL'S BETE NOIR.

She Should Shun Black if She Desires to Tone Down Her Complexion. A gown of thin black silk is an extremely useful item of the summer wardrobe. Its wear in city streets is to be deprecated if the material be of a lax texture, but for house, carriage or out of town use it is eminently satisfactory. A beautiful quality of large meshed silk net is shown for summer dresses. It is rather expensive, as it is only a yard wide instead of the usual 45 inches, but it will wear practically forever, being of a firm texture. It is to be found both plain and sprinkled with small dots. For outdoor

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FRILLS AND FURBELOWS.

Even Blazers and Eton Jackets Are Ornamented With Them This Season. Not only is millinery more profusely decorated than it was last year, but everything else is correspondingly more ornate. Frills and furbebows of all kinds adorn gowns and wraps, and even blazers and Eton jackets have been ornamented out of their pristine character. This is a very becoming freak of fashion to the slender American type of woman, and she had better make the most of it.

Every indication of height in the matter of sleeves has disappeared, but they are permitted to extend horizontally as far as

Designing silks is something that employs and pays well for much of the best artistic talent in France. A pattern that takes months to make to the mill that makes it. Each house has its own pattern makers and guards jealously the fruit of their labors.

A pattern cannot be protected by letters patent. A large buyer may, though, secure from the maker exclusive control of the sorts he buys. It behooves him to buy carefully, preferably. The verdict of a petty jury is not more uncertain than that of the silk wearing public. Shrewd advertising, good display, may do something toward influencing it, but the pattern that is in stock is at once heaved down in price and cast upon the bargain counter.

Each year there are new surfaces in variety, but all of them resolve themselves into the original elementary combinations possible to the handloom. More has its season when it is unreasonable, stripes come and go, but silk goes on forever. The use of it increases yearly, and it is safe to say that the consumption will double in the next 20 years.

Yet the market for raw silk is merely "steady." China, Japan and India are such inexhaustible storehouses of it that they can send us twice our needs without materially affecting the price