



Photo by American Press Association.

OUR SOLDIER DEAD IN 84 CEMETERIES.

More Than 350,000 Heroes of Our Wars Are Buried in Graveyards Owned by the Government.

IN the busy days of democratic Athens the bones of every citizen who perished in the service of his country were brought home to be buried in the Ceramicus. A day was appointed in the winter, when military operations were suspended, for the funeral. One of the noblest orations of antiquity—that attributed by Thucydides to Pericles—was delivered on such an occasion.

Modern nations build stately mausoleums for their great generals, but are usually content to allot only the hasty trench or ditch to the common soldier. The bones of British soldiers are scattered the world around.

To this rule of indifference as to the final resting place of obscure heroes the United States forms a shining and honorable exception. There are today eighty-four national cemeteries, which contained on June 30, 1909, the graves of 359,285 American soldiers and sailors.

The national cemeteries are mainly a result of the civil war. In September, 1861, the secretary of war by general order directed accurate and permanent records to be kept of deceased soldiers and their places of burial. The work was assigned to the quartermaster general's department. That department already had charge of the burial of officers and soldiers, but its care had ordinarily ended with the drifting smoke of the guns that were discharged over their graves.

By act of July 17, 1862, congress empowered the president to purchase cemetery grounds to be used for the burial of "soldiers who shall die in the service of their country." Such was the intensity of the great war that for some time no action was taken under the law.

Following the battle of Gettysburg Governor Curtin of Pennsylvania inaugurated a movement whereby several states purchased seventeen acres of ground embracing the center of the Union line and caused to be disinterred and reburied there the bodies of the soldiers who had been buried outside this area. The cemetery was dedicated by Lincoln, Nov. 19, 1863, in that perfect tribute to the "honored dead" who there "gave the last full measure of devotion." The cemetery was subsequently taken over by the nation.

In the summer of 1865 a force of men under Captain James Moore was sent to Andersonville to inclose the grounds and provide headboards for each grave. They were able to identify 12,461 of the graves, leaving only 451 "unknown."

The eighty-four national cemeteries are divided according to importance into twenty-six first class, twenty second class, sixteen third class and twenty-two fourth class cemeteries. Those in the first class include Arlington, Andersonville, Antietam, Chancellorsville, Chattanooga, Nashville, Corinth, Gettysburg, Fredericksburg, Jefferson Barracks, Shiloh and Vicksburg.

In the number of interments that at Arlington stands first, with 21,106. That at Vicksburg is a rather close second, with 16,892. The Nashville cemetery is third, with 16,691.

Arlington, as is generally known, formerly belonged to the wife of General Robert E. Lee. Mrs. Lee was a daughter of George Washington Parke Custis, who was a grandson of Martha Washington. The stately mansion, whose classic columns have been seen by every visitor to Washington city, was inherited by her, and at the outbreak of the civil war it was the Lee home. Lee, then a colonel in the United States army, wrote his resignation there April 20, 1861. Two days later

he quitted his beautiful home forever to accept command of the military forces of his state.

Overlooking as it does the Potomac and the capital, a more beautiful spot could scarcely be imagined. Magnificent old oaks shade its glades and knolls, and art has perfected what nature left undone. The cemetery contains the tombs of Logan, Sheridan, Lawton and other noted generals.

One of the most interesting national cemeteries is that on Custer's battle field in Montana. The story of how the dashing yellow haired young major general and every man of five companies of the Seventh cavalry lost their lives in battle with the Sioux, June 25, 1876, is known to every one. The smallest national cemetery is that at Ball's Bluff, Va. It is on the site of the battlefield of that name, fought in 1861. It is only fifty feet square and is situated on a large bluff overlooking the upper Potomac. It contains the graves of one known and twenty-four unknown soldiers.

STORY OF ORIGIN OF MEMORIAL DAY.

German Soldier Whose Name Is Forgotten First Suggested Decorating Graves of Comrades.

TO an unknown German, a one time resident of Cincinnati and a veteran of the civil war, belongs the primary credit of suggesting a national Memorial day; to General John A. Logan, soldier-statesman and third commander in chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, and to Norton P. Chipman, adjutant general of the national organization, belongs the honor of promulgating the first order.

In the original orders issued from the Grand Army headquarters by General Logan, May 30 was designated as what has since been termed Memorial day. The order was issued early in May, 1868, and since that time May 30 has become a holiday and is observed by every Grand Army post in the Union.

General Logan's order, setting May 30 as Memorial day, was eagerly carried out, and the first observance of the day was widespread.

General Logan was elected commander in chief at an encampment held in Philadelphia in January, 1868. He established headquarters in Washington.

Early in May of that year Adjutant General Chipman received a letter from a member of a Cincinnati post in which the first suggestion for Memorial day was made. General Chipman, who is living in California, does not remember the name of the writer who described himself as a German who had served as a private in the Union army. This soldier wrote that in his native country it was a custom of the people to assemble in the spring and scatter flowers on the graves of the dead.

"Would it not be a good idea to have the Grand Army of the Republic inaugurate such an idea and set aside a day in spring in memory of the Union dead?" he wrote.

General Chipman regarded the suggestion most favorably, and accordingly he drew up a rough draft of a general order carrying the suggestion into effect. This he laid before General Logan, who heartily approved of the idea.

General Logan suggested that May 30 be made the date for the observance of Memorial day, his idea being that at that date spring flowers could be procured in profusion, even in the most northern states and in New England. There were several conferences on the subject between General Logan and General Chipman.

It is related that General Logan was so enthused with the idea of a general Memorial day that he added several

paragraphs to the draft of the order drawn by General Chipman, which in the history of the Grand Army of the Republic is known as general order No. 11.

At first the wisdom of General Logan's order was doubted by many persons, who urged as an argument that the setting aside of a Memorial day would unnecessarily keep alive memories of the war and foster enmities. However, the objections were not strong enough, and the first Memorial day was generally observed, even by posts that had been instituted in the south.

In Washington the first Memorial day was observed by appropriate services in Arlington cemetery. Feeling still ran high at the capital then, but a great crowd went to Arlington. General James A. Garfield, who later became president, was the orator of the day. President Johnson was present, and others who attended the ceremonies included General Grant, General W. S. Hancock, General O. O. Howard and General Elkin.

THE LITTLE UNION BUSHWHACKER'S NERVE.

By CAPTAIN F. A. MITCHEL.

MRS. STARKWEATHER, living in middle Tennessee during the civil war, was a Union woman to the core. Her husband was killed by secession-

ists before hostilities began, leaving her very bitter against them. Her son, Tom Starkweather, was fourteen years old when his father was killed, and he made a boyish vow that he would never miss a chance to kill a secessionist. He found no opportunity to do so until after the war opened. Then at fifteen he began the work of revenge.

He would waylay his enemies and shoot them from behind trees, the regular bushwhacking method during wartime. One by one he picked off all of those who had been instrumental in his father's death.

In those days there were bands of partisan rangers in Kentucky and Tennessee, unenlisted, uninformed men who fought for the Confederacy on their own hook, which meant that some of them were murderers and pillagers. These men were a special object of Tom's antipathy. A band led by one Bennett, made up in the region where he lived, lost so many men, whose deaths were traced to Tom, that they were anxious to get their hands on the boy.

Tom and another Union boy, Sam Parks, were a good deal together. Tom would do the shooting, and Sam would do the watching. But Sam was unknown by their enemies as having anything to do with the matter, Tom always taking the blame.

One day Bennett's band came into the district where the boys lived, and they went out hunting the rangers for their scalps. By this time Tom was known as the little Union bushwhacker, and Bennett had determined that

if he ever caught him he would put an end to his shooting his men fr

behind trees. While the men were riding along a road one of them dropped behind. Tom, who was concealed in the woods, shot him. Then the two boys ran for Tom's home as fast as their legs could carry them.

Bennett, hearing the shot, galloped back and found his man badly wounded. He told his chief that he had probably been shot by the little Union bushwhacker. Bennett, surmising that Tom would go home, after calling to his men to take care of the one disabled, rode straight for Mrs. Starkweather's cabin. Fearing that the boys would be followed, she hid them.



TOM, WHO WAS CONCEALED IN THE WOODS, SHOT HIM.

When Bennett rode up and asked for Tom she told him that her son was not at home. But this did not satisfy the partisan leader, and he made a thorough search of the premises, with the result that both boys were dragged from behind a wood pile in a shed.

"Which of you boys is the little Union bushwhacker?" asked the captain.

Neither boy replied. Bennett asked the woman, threatening to shoot her if she did not reply.

"You don't suppose I'd tell you us

on my own son, would you, to get him killed as his father was?"

The captain thought a moment, then said to her:

"You stand up thar with your face agin the woodshed."

The woman did as directed, which brought her back to the boys. Bennett handed each of them a revolver and said to them:

"When I give the order you two fire. The one that doesn't or misses I'm goin' to shoot right down."

This was rather a crude method of detecting which was the woman's son, but it was the best the captain could call up at the moment. He expected to judge by the flinching of the one who was required to fire at his own mother.

Now, Bennett had left his band to attend to this matter himself. He was so incensed at this new shooting by the little Union bushwhacker that he had dashed away after the culprit, waiting only to call for some one to take care of the man who had been wounded. It never occurred to him that he would need support in hunting a boy. So wrought upon was he by anger that he did not think of the danger of putting arms in the hands of the boy. The two youngsters stood facing Mrs. Starkweather. When the captain gave the order to fire Sam put a bullet as near as possible without hitting her. Tom, quick as a flash, brought his weapon to bear on Bennett and shot him through the forehead.

Mrs. Starkweather turned and, see-



SHOT HIM THROUGH THE FOREHEAD.

ing the captain gasping his last breath, said quickly:

"Come, my boy; we must get out of this in a hurry. Sam, you go home. Nobody knows of your being mixed up in this fracas."

Without stopping even to return to the house she and Tom dashed off in one direction, while Sam went in another. The mother and son disappeared in a wood. At the same moment half a dozen horsemen belonging to the band, who, having heard the shooting, galloped after their captain, appeared up the road. When they reached the Starkweather cabin they found it deserted and Bennett lying dead.

They at once scattered to hunt for his slayer, but Tom knew of a hole in the ground overhung with bushes into which he and his mother descended, and the searchers missed them. When the hunt was given up they left their hiding place and made their way into the Union lines.

Oldest Veteran Dead.

William Macabee, believed to have been the oldest veteran of the civil war and one of the oldest persons in this country, has died since last Memorial day. He passed away at the United States Naval home in Philadelphia, where he had been an inmate for thirty years. He celebrated his one hundred and seventh birthday on Sept. 22, when he was able to sit up and receive the congratulations of his friends and tell of many of his experiences in the navy.

Macabee entered the service of the United States when a lad, serving on the frigate Constitution until it was retired from service. He remained in the naval service until he went to the home where he died.

Gutters to Run With Whisky.

The gutters in the city of Asheville, N. C., are to run red with whisky when a mandate of the police court pronounced in the trial of four "blind tiger" cases is carried out. Fifty-three barrels of the contraband commodity seized by the authorities will be poured upon the curb. It is said the local prohibitionists will make the occasion one of celebration.

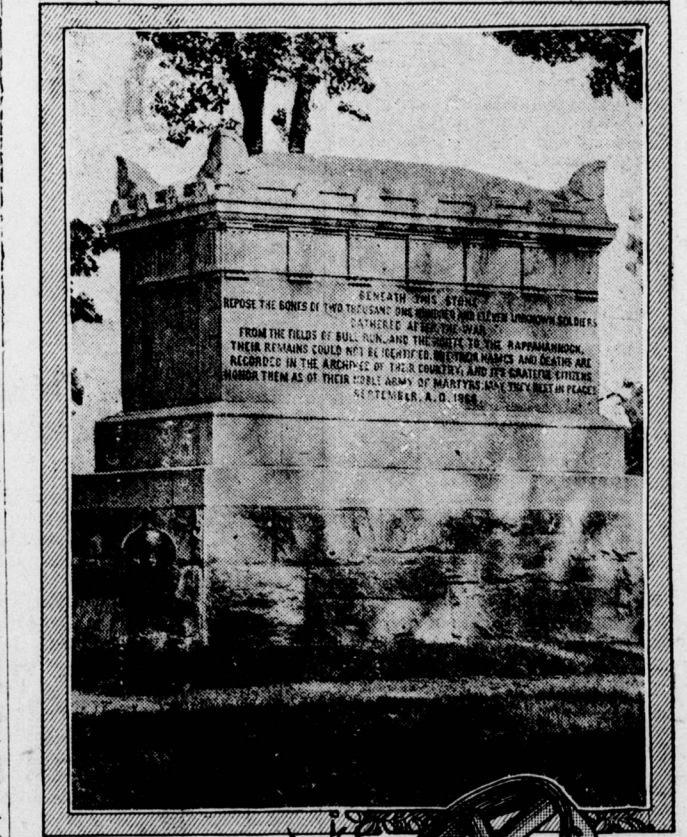
Carnegie Fund For Belgium.

M. Davignon, the Belgian foreign minister, made the announcement in the chamber of deputies in Brussels that Andrew Carnegie had established a hero fund for Belgium, the annual income of which is \$11,500.

Lightning Kills Man.

During the heavy storm that passed over Somerset county, Pa., Samuel Jones, fifty-two years old, who resided near Hollisople, was struck by lightning and instantly killed.

MONUMENT TO THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER DEAD.



IN the beautiful National cemetery at Arlington, Va., across the Potomac from Washington, the monument to the unknown dead is one of the most striking reminders of the pathos of war. This memorial, erected by the government in 1866, bears the following inscription, which tells its own pathetic story:

"Beneath this stone repose the remains of 2,111 unknown soldiers gathered after the war from the fields of Bull Run and the route to the Rappahannock. Their remains could not be identified, but their names and deaths are recorded in the archives of their country, and its grateful citizens honor them as of their noble army of martyrs. May they rest in peace! September, A. D. 1866."