

A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

Here, by a costly monument, There, by a humble stone, Thy bearing, eulogistic phrase, That simply marked the Unknown, O'er each grave, hidden mound of earth, Today, a flag is set, A token that our soldier dead We never forget.

It matters not the station, rank, Of him who lies below, "He fought for freedom and the flag," All we care to know, And high or low, o'er all alike, Our fragrant wreaths we lay, And bring our offerings to our dead On Memory's day.



NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON



VERY Memorial Day is celebrated with impressive ceremonies in Arlington National Cemetery at Washington. Standing upon the steps of beautiful Arlington House reflections crowd thick and fast upon one. The grass-grown mounds, with their gleaming marble slabs, stretch away interminably, and the wind plays an eternal dirge among the boughs of the sentineling oaks. How vividly it all comes back—the horrible carnage, the desolated homes, the broken hearts and bodies. Happily the most of those who wrought and suffered are beyond the blighting memory of it now, and from that baptism of blood and fire the Nation has risen stronger and better, one and indivisible forever.

der greensward, but it is the beauty of death, and the sighing of the winds and songs of birds that make the silence more profound. On the terrace where the first interments were made, commissioned officers now lie, the others having been removed to the lower part of the grounds, where sleep the rank and file.



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

to the house under the shadow of the flag lies that idol of his command, General Sheridan, and by his side, Admiral Porter. Over the former has been raised the finest monument in the cemetery. It is of beautifully polished granite bearing on its face a bronze flag and a medallion head of the hero who rests below. Only in the officers' section is any deviation allowed from the prescribed plain marble or granite slab, but here friends and States are allowed to contribute and set, and many fine monuments attest both love and pride.

THE STORY OF THE TRAIN ROBBER

A Red-Headed, Five-Foot Scrap of Humanity, But He Had a Kindly Impulse Once.

WHAT CAME OF IT.

THIS is a bit of the unwritten history of the Southwest, unworthy of preservation save for the thread of human interest intricately interwoven with and lighting up its sombre passages. It is given as near as may be in the language of one of the chief actors in the drama, my friend, the train robber, the only man on record who served a life sentence at Columbus, Ohio, for one offense and a five-year term at Fort Leavenworth for another simultaneously and was purged of both in about three years.

But the details of his crimes, conviction, punishment and successful legal battle for liberty are another story and it has already been written. That the present story is not concerned in the verment of the alkali and sagebrush melodrama is due to the fact that the man who told it is a graduate of the University of West Virginia and as a condition precedent to becoming a knight of the Oklahoma county in the early days, when picking was better than it is now.

He was not an imposing nor a particularly heroic figure as he sat in the dingy old city room and told his story to the accompaniment of a dozen clicking typewriters grinding out late copy. He was a red-headed, five-foot scrap of humanity with the prison pallor on his countenance and the prison taint enveloping him as a garment, but he had a cold, steel-blue eye, a fighting jaw and a mouth that closed in as strong and expressionless a line as the two halves of a steel trap.

Along the terrace, a little to the south, in the midst of a flower garden, where the names of many brave men appear in parti-colored letters, rises the Temple of Fame, a handsome structure in whose stone cornice upholding the dome is cut the country's greatest names—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut. And on the pillars, too, are deathless names that thrill us as we read them. Is it the names or something else for which they stand that moves us so? Close beside this temple as if to emphasize this question, is an extremely simple oblong pile of granite—a sarcophagus in which lie the bones of over 2800 soldiers, which were collected during the last years of the war from all the battlefields within a radius of thirty-five miles of Washington.



New York City.—Coats made with stitched straps are much in vogue and are exceedingly smart. This very attractive May Manton one is adapted over a taffeta foundation, and this alone sells enough taffeta to make it appear the silk of silks.



STRIPPED COAT.

to suitings of all sorts as well as to materials used for general wraps, but is shown in tan colored covert cloth stitched with corticelli silk.

The coat is made with fronts, back and under-arm gores and includes seams in both fronts and back which extend to the shoulders. The neck is finished with the regulation collar and lapels and in each front is inserted a convenient pocket. The sleeves are in the smart tailor coat shape, but with novel roll-over cuffs.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is two and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide, two and a half yards fifty-two inches wide.

Box Eton With Stole Collar. Loose or box Eton jackets make a feature of advance styles, and will be greatly worn during the season to come. The very pretty one shown in the large drawing is made of black taffeta, with trimming of applique cloth, held by fancy stitches, which is exceedingly smart, but elastic, cloth, peau de soie are all appropriate and the design is suited alike to the odd wrap and the costume. The trimming might be heavy lace of any sort, applique or the material braided, braiding being one of the latest whims of fashion.

The jacket is made with back and fronts only and is fitted by means of shoulder and under-arm seams. At the

neck is a collar which is broad at the back and shoulders, but forms stole ends at the front. The sleeves are in bell style and short enough to allow the full ones worn beneath to be seen.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is three and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide, two yards forty-four inches wide.

Styles For Children. Gathered skirts are always fashionable for very small children, and in all materials look well. Tucks that can be let out and hems that have the same advantage are a great saving, for even if there is a mark where the tucks and hem were let down, it can be hidden under bands of either plain linen or embroidery.

Full gathered waists to wear with gimpes are the best for small children, for the yoke and sleeves are always soiled long before the rest of the frock, and constant laundering, even the most careful, is not good for colored muslins. Rather smarter muslin and lawn frocks are made with yokes and sleeves instead of gimpes, thus marking the difference between an everyday and a "party" frock.—Pittsburgh Dispatch.

Underleeve Effects. Many of the handsome new dresses show elaborate underleeve effects. If well held in these are pleasing. Too saggy and droopy schemes, however, look positively untidy, especially for the street. Old sleeves may be made thus modish very easily. A handsome black broadcloth was thus treated. The sleeve was ripped up the back seam to the elbow. A ruffle of black chiffon was set in, puff fashion. Each side of it was one of black silk point de Venise lace. The edges of the cloth were hidden by an applique of Oriental embroidery like that on the cuffs and at the fronts.

A Word About Silk. Though the Continental looks continue to turn out any amount of taffeta it is said that the coarser wovens will be the thing next autumn. Armures are looked upon as being one of the coming favorites. The great demand for taffeta is quite as much due to its desirability for lining as its vogue in garments. All the sheer satines are

Woman's Three Piece Skirt. Skirts made with deep graduated flounces that are arranged in shirring at the upper edge are notable among advance models and will be greatly worn in all the thin and pliable materials which are so fashionable, silk, wool, linen and cotton.

The very graceful May Manton model illustrated includes wide tucks at the lower edge of the flounce and is shirred over heavy cords. The material of which the original is made is voile, in the lovely shade known as oasis or coral color, and the finish machine stitching with corticelli silk.

The skirt is made in three pieces and is laid in tucks at the sides and back which give a hip yoke effect. The flounce at the back is laid in inverted pleats and the flounce is seamed to the lower edge.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is twelve and three-quarter yards twenty-one inches wide.

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ten and three-quarter yards twenty-seven inches wide, nine yards thirty-two inches wide or six and three-quarter yards forty-four inches wide.

Make the most of your opportunities or someone else will.—Philadelphia Record.

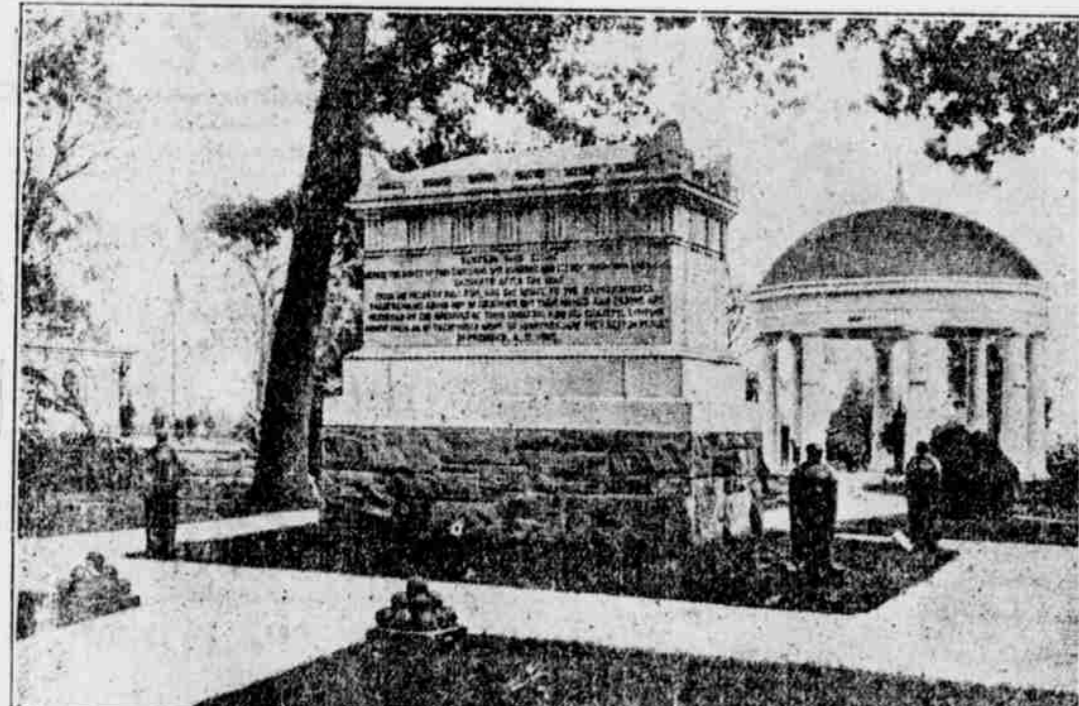
A Wise Hint.

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Sarcophagus Containing Unknown Dead in Arlington Cemetery.

thought which the superb view extending before him and on every side but served to embitter. It was by no means the first time he had seen it, for he had been a long-time friend of General Lee, and Arlington belonged to Lee by right of his wife, Mary Custis, wife of her father, George Washington Parke Custis, adopted son of



A WAR-TIME PHOTOGRAPH OF GENERAL GRANT IN THE VICKSBURG DAYS.

George and grandson of Martha Washington. But the old friendship in Meigs' heart for his quondam comrade in arms, the brilliant and lovable Lee, was turned to vindictive bitterness.

Straight across the glistening Potomac, beyond the long bridge over which the two had driven, glittered the dome and the spires of the Nation's Capitol.

reached the department from the people of the North for the improper burial of her son who had fallen in such appalling numbers from the ranks of all the armies. Nor could these protestations be ignored. Policy, if not humanity, required that some sort of action be taken at once, for from these very people must be drawn further recruits.

Grant had just declared his intention of "fighting it out on this line," and as an earnest of his sincerity the roar and thunder of the awful Battle of the Wilderness could even now be heard. Sixty-four thousand new men would be required to fill the place of those who helped the great General to win the famous victories of the next few weeks. And the man who so brilliantly contested every one of them and every inch of that line was Robert E. Lee.

"He shall never, never return to Arlington, no matter what the issue of the war may be!" exclaimed Meigs, as the President rejoined him.

Uniquely among nations stands America in this honoring her citizen soldiers. Unique also is the beautiful but sad holiday that is upon us, for every one of those eighty-three national cemeteries and all others where slumber any who took part in that awful war will be invaded by a flower-laden army to strew there sweet emblems of peace and immortality, and not the least beautiful part is that now and hereafter they who bear flowers will be quite as indifferent as the sleepers themselves whether they wore blue or gray uniforms in life.—Martin Curtis, in the San Francisco Chronicle.

"Set them down," commanded the quartermaster. "Captain, see that all the dead at Arlington are buried in the place. Begin there," and he pointed to a terrace a dozen yards away.

In such wise the greatest of our national cemeteries was begun. Oddly enough, with a meaning these forty years have revealed to us, the first body over which the brief but touching service was read was that of a Confederate prisoner who had died of his wounds in this loved home of his idolized Southern General.

There are more than 16,000 graves here now. Beautiful the place is still with its mighty oaks and elms and ten-

the number of parts that go to make up a well regulated skeleton, and, of course, identification wasn't thought of, yet they were faithfully gathered together, separately boxed and placed in that massive tomb in the shadow of fame.

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DECORATION DAY

Flags and wreaths and speeches Children eager, gay, In the long procession Lines of Veterans gray, Wonder what it's all about, This Decoration Day!

Listen, little stranger— Listen and you'll hear, Of our glorious country, To its children dear, It was saved, our country, And our slaves made free, Saved to highest honor, Purest liberty.

Honor to our soldiers That we come to pay, With our flags and flowers On Decoration Day.



Arlington House--The Old Lee Mansion.