



MEMORIAL DAY ODE

SPRING WITH DEWY FINGERS COLD, RETURNS TO DECK THEIR HOLLOWED MOULD

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blest:
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By tones unseen their dirge is sung:
There Honour comes, a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell a weeping hermit there.

—W. Collins



THE STORY ABOUT MARK'S 'MEMORIAL DAY

If they only hadn't given me such a name I could do something in the world," cried Mark, savagely, as he looked across the alkali plain, stretching away from the outskirts of the big Arizona town.

"But it's Mark Twain and the Shining Mark and Marked Copy, and Make your Mark till I'm sick of the whole business. Why couldn't I have had a common name, like Thomas or John or Paul, I should like to know?"

An old man just then went across Mark's line of vision, stooping over badly and walking very feebly. He had something in his hand and Mark, looking closely at him, said, "There he goes, with his old tomato can full of water, to the graveyard to water that scrubby 'feebie plant' he set out on his son's grave, thinkin' 'twell bloom out 'Memorial Day.' Well, 'twon, I can tell him that much and it just makes me wild, thinkin' I can't get that tombston fur his son he's been hopin' to get fur so many years," and Mark threw his hands downward with a wild swing.

"Hello, Mark," and first one, and then another and still another boy rounded up from the thicket of bristly cacti.

"Say, we've caught some beauties for the school teacher to sent East; horns as big as a bull's; just see here."

Boy number one carefully lifted the cover of a basket the tiniest crack and Mark, looking in, saw three horned toads huddled together.

"Big as a bull's horns," cried Mark, contemptuously, "all in a horn, I guess. Why, if you're goin' to give those toads to Miss Brown to send to Massachusetts as specimens of what Arizona can do in the way of raisin' critters, why, you'd better try de coop. They'll just laugh at us out here."

Boy number two, this was Marshall Turpin, nodded his head in token that he agreed with Mark.

"Resides, if you'd go to work and ketch some of these fellers and try to sell 'em to train folks when the east bound comes in, 'stead of scoopin' 'em in fur schoolmarm's, an' the like, 'twould be time better spent."

The boys looked at Mark in astonishment, for he was generally the schoolmarm's devoted slave, and as for making money, as the boys around town generally did, selling bunches

of wild flowers to tourists, who passed through the town or engaging in any other such little scheme for becoming millionaires, Mark was simply "not in it."

"What do you want us to do with the money, eh, Mark? Ping-pong set, broncho, canoe? Out with it! What game are you up to?"

"Well," began Mark, rather reluctantly, and casting a side glance at his chums, "It's just that I want to get a tombstone."

"A what?" shouted the boys. "Feel bad, do you, Mark? Feel like's if you was goin' to die? Has Kittle gone back on you again this week?"

"Quit foolin'—will yer?" exclaimed Mark, angrily. "No, it's nothin' of the kind. You know 'Memorial Day.' 'Memorial Day is comin' along fast; and poor old Daddy Western won't see another; 'tain't likely, and every year he's been hopin' he could see a stone raised over his boy, who died a soldier, or soon after the war was over, from gettin' wounded in one of the battles; Bull Run, I think they called it. There he comes now, out from the graveyard with his old tomato can waterin' pot; been in, tryin' to fix up the grave a bit, out grass, and water that scrubby plant he had sent on from York State last week from the old place he used to live in—rosemary; I think he called it—the plant, I mean."

The boys watched the feeble old figure, tottering along with his cane, till it disappeared in the distance.

"What was his son?" asked the boy from the East, "a general?"

"No," said Mark.

"Colonel?"

"No."

"Captain, eh?"

"No, no," answered Mark, pettishly, "now you've got the whole lot in, most, haven't you? He, Daddy Western's son, was—a high private, that's what he was," and Mark winked to the Western chums.

"High private," muttered the boy from the East, not half satisfied, yet thinking there must be some great honor in that title, because Mark spoke it so impressively, and also that there were lots of things he didn't know yet; a state of mind he had seldom been in at the East, when he used to scorn the "wild and woolly West."

"How did Daddy happen to get out here?" said he, at last.

"Why, you see, after the war, his son was so sick from his belt in prison, that he and his father took a voyage to California, and there, 'Billy' died. Daddy stayed in 'Frisco a while, an' then fell in with a party goin' to Arizona, prospectin'. He came along; struck it rich in the mines, went back to 'Frisco, an' brought on Billy's body, 'cause he was goin' to stay in Arizona, and build a fine house, an' maunw—oh, what do you call it? a marble house for rich people who die an' don't get buried?"

"Mausoleum," hinted the boy from the East, delighted to show that he did know something.

"Yes, that's it," said Mark, briefly. "Well, poor old Daddy's mine petered out, went to nothin', and he never got his house, nor the 'mausoleum' neither. He's potted around and done odd carpenterin' jobs ever since, so my father says."

"Say," said the boy from the East, "if you couldn't get the tombstone in time, I mean, couldn't raise the money to buy the thing in time, why, I saw something to-day that, I bet, could be bought cheap, and do for a kind of mark for the grave."

"But I don't want anything that can be bought cheap for Daddy's son's grave," cried Mark angrily. "He's no pauper, is Daddy, if he is old and hasn't any money."

Roland hung his head and looked so mortified that Mark generously said, "I didn't mean to hurt your feelin's,

Roland. Come along and show us what this is."

Roland went ahead to a shop, where a pile of old iron was standing around, and pointed to a square of open work iron, which, evidently, had been used as a gate for a fence around a grave. There was wrought into this rusty old thing a figure of a lob-sided angel, stooping over something at one side. Mark surveyed this with fine scorn.

"What's the woman doin', pumpin'?"

"Woman? Pumpin'? Why, it's an angel, puttin' a garland of laurel around an urn."

"Looks mighty like a pump, the urn, and the garland for the handle," answered Mark, contemptuously.

"Well, you see," said Roland, "I thought we might paint the thing up with white enamel paint, and make it look kind o' clean and new, and glid the urn, and make some letters for his name across it; it would do to stand up over the grave, Decoration Day."

"Daddy'd better go to heaven and leave that trained magpie of his to shout out Billy's name whenever strangers went through the graveyard, so as folks will know whose grave it is, 'stead of leavin' such a thing as that," pointing contemptuously to the iron gate, "to mark the spot."

There was a dead silence for a moment; then Mark said, "Come along, all of you, and let's go see old Daddy."

The boys strolled along till they came to a small cabin; then went in upon the old man, with Jack, the magpie, sitting on his wrist.

"Howdy, boys?" said Daddy. "Come in, Jack an' me's been havin' a talk."

The boys sat down, Mark on the half barrel chair old Daddy had made a long time ago, and Roland and Tim on a wooden bench.

"I've been out to the graveyard to water that little plant I sent back to the old place fur to set out on Billy's grave. I must get him a stun for it, I must," almost shouted the old man.

"To think of my dyin' and leavin' no stun over his grave, as good a boy as ever lived, and died for his country!"

"Great Scott! But we must get that tombstone for Daddy somehow," said Mark, as the boys walked homeward.

"His heart 'll be just broken if he can't have it. Say, let's just stop at the granite yard an' see what we can do."

The boys turned into the yard, and, picking their way among the marble crosses, lambs and angels, they found the boss stone cutter standing before a granite shaft with a polished slab.

The stone cutter looked up and said: "Poor old Daddy Western! He's been here again to look at stones for Billy's grave. 'This is the one he wants,

Mark hanging around there lately. He said to the cutter, 'That boy I've seen here in the yard so much is in some sort of a fix, isn't he? He's out on the plain raising high jinks.'

"Well, he's so disappointed about that stone, I expect," said the stone cutter, apologetically, and thereupon told the man how Mark was trying to raise money to buy a monument for Billy.

Night came and the big town was full of light, and everything was gay and bright, so it seemed to poor Mark, as he went forlornly through the street. Oh! If he could only even at this late hour raise the money for Daddy's tombstone. Hark! what was that? He was passing a new clubhouse, and some one was singing in there. Oh! What a beautiful voice!

Mark listened till the last, rich note died away. "Jimminy!" he said, "I guess up there," and he looked up to the stars in the Arizona sky, "they don't have any better voice than that." He didn't know that one of the most famous singers in the world was being entertained up in the clubhouse that



"THERE HE COMES NOW."

night. A crowd of gentlemen was pressing around the singer, when the president came forward and said: "I've just heard a real Arizona story, and I'm going to tell it to you all," and he began to talk about Daddy and Mark and the boys, and the tombstone, just as the stone cutter had told him of them when he passed the marble yard that afternoon, for it was he that had run across Mark out on the Alkali plain that day.

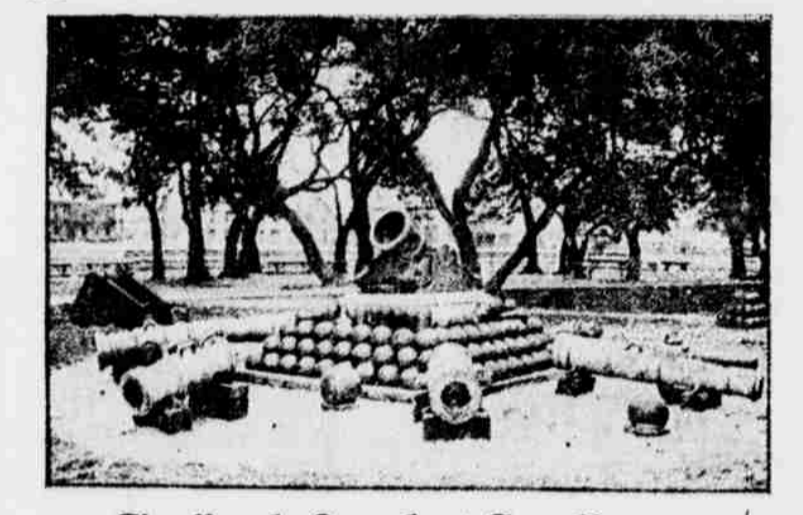
The singer listened with wide open eyes. He tapped the ground restlessly with one foot. Then, when the story was finished, he snatched up his hat, and ran out of the clubhouse. The club men followed him, bewildered. The singer stationed himself on the street corner and began to sing. Not any "high-down thing," as Mark said afterward, but something that took you "right straight up." And as the crowd gathered and the singer went on singing "The Land of the Leal," there was such stillness in the street you might a-heard a pin drop," said

MAY THIRTIETH.

A flag and a fading wreath,
Are out in the falling rain;
The stars and the withered buds,
May never be fresh again.

But the memory wreath of the brave,
We twine of immortal lay
Is green in the Nation's heart
And never shall fade away.

—N. A. Roe.



The Parade Ground at Fort Munroe. The Guns and Howitzers in the Foreground Were Captured From the British at Yorktown.

He's only got six dollars toward it."

"And how much is it worth?"

"A hundred dollars, but I haven't told daddy so."

"Oh, my!" exclaimed Mark, quickly. He scanned his chums' faces. "Boys, do you think—dare we do it? Do you think we could raise all that money? We won't let Daddy know how much we pay for it; let him think it's worth ten dollars, and we pay the rest. We must raise the money for the stone and let Daddy see it set up over his boy's grave before he dies!"

Right royally did the boys go to work. The horned toads fairly dreaded to see any of the trio come near them. The trains were full of toads and wild flowers every time they went out from the town, for the boys hawked them about the station at all spare hours.

"The tombstone fund grew, but it still lacked a big slice to be complete, and Decoration Day was but two days off. Daddy had been told by the stone cutter that he could have the stone for ten dollars. He was straining every nerve to earn it. His old face grew thinner and thinner.

Mark was half crazy about him, and still the fund lacked thirty-five dollars of the one hundred.

"It's no use, no use!" cried Mark at last, on the afternoon the day before Memorial Day. "We can't make up that one hundred dollars! Oh Daddy, Daddy, what shall I do for him? It will kill him sure to be disappointed across this time!" And Mark struck off across the dusty plain and ran till, out of breath, he dropped to the ground. "Oh, if I were only a man! Maybe they'd trust me then at the marble yard. But I'm nothing but a boy." "Oh! Great Scott!" and Mark choked and cried, and stopped crying, and then went at it again harder than ever, for he was "only a boy," as he had said. He had worked so heroically it was bitter, bitter, beaten at last!

There was a man coming up behind Mark, and a good sort of one, too. He knew Mark by sight, and when he saw him huddled up on the ground and got a short answer to his kind question, "What's up?" he wisely let Mark alone. When the man went back to town he passed the stone cutter at work in his yard, and, having noticed



Decoration Day.

For Decoration Day. Why should she lay upon his grave a rose A simple rose made sweeter by her tears— A fragile bloom to fade ere morning smile Unlike that flower of more exquisite grace Her love, that blossoms there through all the years? —R. K. Munkittrick.

Soldier's Rest! Thy Warfare O'er.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battlefields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking,
In ourisle's enchanted hall
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dawning.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more;
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

No rule sound shall reach thine ear,
Armor's clang, or war-steed clamping,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lurk's shrill rattle may come
At the daybreak from the follow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Rider sounds shall none be near,
Guard or warlike challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and clamping,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.
—Sir Walter Scott.

The Phantom Army.
And I saw a phantom army come,
With never a sound of fire or drum
But keeping step to a muffled drum
Of wailing lamentation;
The martyred heroes of Malvern Hill,
Of Gettysburg and Chancellorsville—
The men whose wasted bodies fill
The patriot graves of the Nation.

And there came the unknown dead, the men
Who died in fever swamp and fen,
The slowly starved of prison pen;
And, marching beside the others,
Cause the dusky martyrs of Pillow's fight,
With limbs enfranchised and bearing
bright
I thought—'twas the pale moonlight—
They looked as white as their brothers.

And so all night marched the Nation's
dead,
With never a banner above them spread,
No sign save the bare, uncovered head
Of their silent, grim Reviewer;
With never an arch but the vaulted sky,
With not a flower save those which lie
On distant graves, for love could buy
No gilt that was purer or truer.

So all night long moved the strange array;
So all night long, till the break of day,
I watched for one who had passed away
With a reverent awe and wonder,
Till a line caps waved in the lengthening
line,
And I knew that one who was kin of mine
Had come, and I spoke—ah, let that sign
Wakened me from my slumber.
—Bret Harte.

Gen. Fitzhugh's Charge.

Reunited.
We'll scatter sweet flowers of May,
To brighten each patriot's grave;
Alike over the blue and the gray,
The flag of our Union shall wave.

The living have fought side by side,
Together have vanquished the foe;
And truer and stronger grow.

We'll garland the graves of our dead,
And to our loved country be true;
For the flag that to every victory led
Was borne by the gray and the blue.

Now, as reunited we stand,
Our warm tears bedewing the sod;
We'll commit the dear, silent band,
To the love and the peace of our God.
—M. E. Leonard.



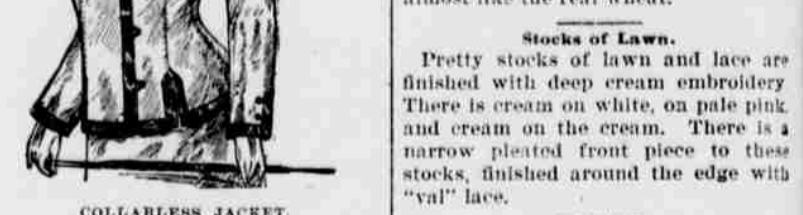
Gen. Fitzhugh's Charge.

THE CALL TO ARMS.
The Soldiers' Monument at Troy.



Timely Fashion Hints

New York City.—Collarless jackets make a conspicuous feature of the latest styles and bid fair to outnumber every other sort. This one is made on



COLLARLESS JACKET.

simple tailor lines and is eminently smart as well as practical and serviceable. The model is made of tan colored cloth with bands of braid and includes plain sleeves, but those of mandolin shape can be substituted if preferred, and all materials in vogue for coats are appropriate, while the trimming can be either braid or stitched bands.

The coat is made with fronts, side-fronts, backs, side-backs and under arm gores and is finished with seams stitched flat with corticelli silk. The right front laps slightly over the left and the closing can be made with buttons and loops or invisibly by means of a fly, and both side-front and side-back seams are left open for a short distance above the lower edge to provide flare. The plain sleeves are cut in two pieces each in coat style, but the mandolin sleeves are made in one piece each and are shaped by means of an outer

A LATE DESIGN BY MAY MANTON.



seam that extends for part of their length only.

The quantity of material required for the medium size is four yards twenty-seven inches wide, two and one-fourth yards forty-four inches wide, or two and seven-eighths yards fifty-four inches wide.

The Kimono Craze.

Everything Japanese is now popular because of the interest Americans take in the little nation's war with Russia. Consequently, the kimono, which were displaced by more artistic styles of negligees, are again in demand. Lawn, crepon, silk and albatross kimonos are reasonable. The gorgeously flowered robes are no longer countenanced by women of taste, who have learned that the Japanese lady of good birth leaves such glaring garments to the geisha girl and her sort, choosing for herself the most delicate tints, harmoniously combined and utterly lacking ostentatious decorations and barbaric ornaments.

Separate Undersleeves.

Of the separate undersleeves that are sold many have ruffles falling over the lower part, which fits the arm. There will be a long, close-fitting cuff, and this may or may not be finished with ruffles around the wrist. From the top, falling to the top of the cuff, are deep ruffles, made of different materials to agree with the character of the sleeve. One of these sleeves has a deep lace frill, with another of chiffon under it at the top. Many are elbow sleeves, and the top ruffles fall from the elbow or just above it when they are on. There are always deep ruffles, double and triple, for the sleeves of gowns, and there are soft puffed sleeves of chiffon, mousseline, or lace, with no ruffles.

Belts For Hat Trimming.

One's old belts can be used for hat trimmings. Belts have been seen on hats for some time now. One of the last seen was a large white straw hat,

or one and seven-eighths yards of all-wool lace, one-half yard of silk for belt and twelve yards of tulle or ribbon to make as illustrated.