

# Muffle the Drums

By E. A. Brininstool

Muffle the drums! Let the bugles blow  
Softly, their music this hallowed day!  
March with reverent step and slow,  
Homage to war's martyred heroes pay,  
Over the graves  
Of our fallen braves  
Low droops the flag, while a nation is weeping  
Blow, bugles, blow,  
Softly and low,  
Over the fields where our best dead are sleeping!



Muffle the drums! See, the flag is furled!  
Shouts of the battle have died away  
Over the fields where war's dust-cloud whirled  
Peace and tranquilly reign to-day  
Clashing of arms,  
Wild bugle alarms,  
N'er shall be heard where our heroes lie sleeping  
Rest, soldier, rest,  
While o'er thy breast  
God's sacred watch-fires their vigil are keeping!

# RHETORIC OF MEMORIAL DAY

BY JAMES R. CAMPBELL.

A FEW more years and the grave—perhaps a nameless one—shall hold the last soldier of the Civil War. Let us take a glimpse into the literature of Memorial Day. It fairly teems with beautiful thoughts and noble sentiments. It shows that the orator, statesman and bard have not forgotten the men who fought to preserve this Republic of ours.

land. Before he was narrowed, appropriated, shut up to you; now he is augmented, set free and given to all. Before he was yours; he is ours. He has died for the family that he might live to the nation. Not one name shall be forgotten or neglected; and it shall be and by be confessed of our modern heroes, as it is of an ancient hero, that he did more for his country by his death than by his whole life."

Robert G. Ingersoll's Masterpiece. It is said that the best of the feast is always reserved till the last. It seems so in this case, for the following is said to be one of the most eloquent extracts in the English language. This seems strange, too, since the speaker has never been given much credit for having beauty of soul or purpose by the world in general; but he was a born orator, and he gave utterance to many a beautiful thought and noble sentiment in the course of his career. Listen to Robert G. Ingersoll's vision: "The past, as it were, rises before me like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We

them in the ravines running with blood—in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between the contending hosts, unable to move, wild with thirst, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches of forts, and in the whirlwind of the charge, when men became iron with nerves of steel. We are with them in the prisons of hatred and famine, but human speech can never tell what they endured. They are home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her sorrow. We see the silver head of the old man bowed with the last grief. The past rises before us. We hear the roar and shriek of the broken shell. The broken fetters fall. Three heroes died. We look. Instead of slaves we see men and women and children. The wand of progress touches the auction block, the slave pen and the whipping post, and we see homes and firesides, and school houses and books, and where all was want and crime, and cruelty and fear, we see the faces of the free.

"These heroes are dead. They died for liberty—they died for us. They are at rest. They sleep in the land they made free, under the flag they rendered stainless, under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows, the embracing vines. They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds, careless alike of sunshine or storm, each in the windowless palace of rest. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of conflict, they found the serenity of death.

Bayard Taylor's Tribute. Yet the world did note, and it will long remember, what was said and done on that November day, forty years ago. Five years afterward Bayard Taylor wrote an ode founded on the words of that oration. It contains some beautiful thoughts on the dead heroes, and the following is an extract from it:

This they have done for us, who slumber here—  
Awake, alive, though now so dumbly sleeping;  
Spreading the board, but tasting not its cheer;  
Sowing, but never reaping;  
Building, but never sitting in the shade  
Of the strong mansion they have made;  
Speaking their word of life with mighty tongue,  
But hearing not the echo, million-voiced,  
Of brothers who rejoiced,  
From all our river vales and mountains flung.  
So take them, heroes of the songful past!  
Open your ranks, let every shining troop  
Its phantom banners droop,  
To hail earth's noblest martyrs, and her last.  
Take them, O Fatherland!  
Who, dying, conquered in thy name;  
And, with a grateful hand,  
Inscribe their deeds who took away thy blame.  
Give, for their grandest all, thine insuflcient fame!  
Take them, O God! our brave,  
The glad fulfillers of Thy dread decree;  
Who grasped the sword for peace, and smote to save,  
And, lying here for freedom, died for Thee!

To see what "gentlemen of the cloth" have thought about the dead soldier I append the following from the lips of one of the most honored of that noble vocation, Henry Ward Beecher: "Oh, tell me not that they are dead—that generous host, that airy army of invisible heroes! They hover as a



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cloud of witnesses above this nation. Are they dead that yet speak louder than we can speak, and a more universal language? Are they dead that yet act? Are they dead that yet move upon society and inspire the people with nobler motives and more heroic patriotism?

"Ye that mourn, let gladness mingle with your tears. It was your son, but now he is the nation's. He made your household bright; now his example inspires a thousand households. Dear to his brothers and sisters, he is now brother to every generous youth in the

hear the sound of preparation—the music of the boisterous drums, the silver voices of the heroic bugles. We see thousands of assemblages, and hear the appeals of orators; we see the pale faces of women and the flushed faces of men; and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet, woody places with the maidens they adore. We hear the whisperings and the sweet vows of eternal love as they lingeringly part forever. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep. Some are receiving the blessings of old men. Some are parting with mothers who hold them and press them to their hearts again and again, and say nothing; and some are talking with wives, and endeavoring, with brave words spoken in the old tones, to drive away the awful tear. We see them part. We see the wife standing in the door with the babe in her arms—standing in the sunlight sobbing. At the turn of the road a hand waves—she answers by holding high in her loving hands the child. He is gone, and forever.

"We see them all as they march proudly away under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the wild, grand music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities—through the towns and across the prairies—down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We are by their side on all the gory fields, in all the hospitals of pain, on all the weary marches. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with

"I have one sentiment for the soldier, living and dead—cheers for the living and tears for the dead."  
By way of conclusion nothing could be more fitting than one of the stanzas from that touching poem called "The Blue and the Gray." It was written from an incident that happened in the South in which the graves of the Northern and the Southern soldiers were partially covered with flowers by the noble women of the place. This spirit is gradually infusing itself into the hearts of all in these latter days; and, after all, it seems just, for they all were soldiers—they all fought for the cause they thought was right:  
No more shall the war cry sever,  
Or the winding rivers be red;  
They banish our anger forever  
When they laud the graves of our dead.  
Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Love and tears for the blue,  
Tears and love for the gray.



LIEUT.-COM. FREDERICK POOLE, OF THE CHINESE NAVAL RESERVES, PLACING A WREATH ON THE GRANT MONUMENT IN NEW YORK.

Garlands of Regret. Far in the gloom-wrapt wilderness,  
Where grooping pine of trees wave,  
The wild winds wail a requiem  
Above a soldier's grave;  
No gleaming shaft appears its head  
To mark the nameless tomb,  
No comrades come with martial tread  
To deck the spot with bloom.

Yet ever when the fields are clothed  
In richest hues of May,  
One woman holds within her heart  
A lone Memorial Day;  
And on that distant, unmarked grave  
In sombre shadows set,  
She lays a wreath of fadeless love  
And garlands of regret.  
—The Household.

Memorial Day is here again, and the flowers, fragrant offerings of love and gratitude, will soon make the graves as beautiful as the memory of the soldiers' deeds is precious. Each year diminishes the number of veterans who assemble at the cemetery to conduct the memorial exercises; each year increases the number of mounds to be decorated, but the living may be trusted to perpetuate the custom even when the survivors of our wars have entirely disappeared. Sorrow for the dead is the one sorrow, it has been said, from which the living do not care to be weaned, and this is the more true, when with that sorrow there is mingled the appreciation of patriotic service. The living can rejoice that the animosities aroused by the Civil War have been so completely buried that those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray can march together to the "silent city of the dead" and join in showing respect to the valor and sacrifice of those who, in the war between the States, proved the strength of their convictions by the offer of their lives. The living, also, should in the presence of the dead con-

# Household Matters

A New Pastry Board. The newest idea in pastry boards is thick glass. The old-time marble slab is now said to absorb, whereas the glass is quite impervious, hence much more sanitary. Under the glass is placed a thick sheet of felt. A great many kitchen conveniences are now made of glass. Rolling pins and washboards are familiar, but glass rollers for towels are not yet common.

The Grouping of Food. Many otherwise excellent "providers" do not seem to understand the grouping of food. This may seem an odd expression, but it means just this, the keeping of meals to an average as far as their nourishing qualities are concerned. For instance, the heavy, rich soups, such as pea, bean, mackerel and oxtail, should be reserved for the days when the meat course is lighter or even absent altogether. To serve a thick black bean soup with a roast beef dinner one day and a light cream soup with a fish dinner the next is not maintaining the average. This also applies to desserts. The rich, satisfying desserts should be saved to help out an otherwise limited meal. Most housewives seem to regard desserts merely from the standpoint of being good to taste. As a matter of fact a good pudding is a very nourishing article of diet. Rice pudding, tapioca cream, bread pudding and "brown Betty" are all dishes of high nutritive quality. In these days of high-priced meat it especially behooves the housekeeper to study her food values.—Harper's Bazar.

Concerning Polished Floors. Hard wood floors of either pine, maple, birch or oak should never be varnished. Therein lies the pitfall which the landlord, seeking for cheap and speedy results, prepares for our feet, since the black corners and white spots are sure to come in time even with the best of care. Waxing is the only proper method if we may start afresh, and with new floors the process is comparatively simple. We are advised by the best authorities to provide against future grease spots by applying first two coats of a mixture containing equal parts of linseed oil and turpentine, combined with a Japan drier. The drier must not be omitted or the oil will combine with the wax, and the results will be anything but satisfactory. After allowing this mixture to dry over night all the pores of the wood may be filled with one of the prepared fillers. The polish is more even if this is done, but to avoid making the floors excessively slippery it is sometimes omitted. Some woods do not need it. When the floor is thoroughly dry it is ready for the paste of wax and turpentine, which may be applied with a cloth in an even coat, not too thick, and allowed to dry over night. Another coat is put on next morning and allowed in its turn to dry, when the whole is thoroughly polished with a weighted brush and woolen cloth, rubbing always with the grain. If this is thoroughly done it will not be necessary to repeat the process for a year, and then only partially if the floors have not been roughly treated.—Harper's Bazar.

# HOUSEHOLD RECIPES

Salmon on Toast—Place the contents of a can of salmon in a saucepan, and when hot stir into it a large piece of butter, a tablespoonful of flour and a cupful of milk. Or, better, make it half cream and half milk, and allow the mixture to cook until smooth and about the consistency of a thick gravy. Have ready on a platter some slices of nicely toasted whole-wheat bread, season the sauce and turn over them.

Eggs a la Martin—Have ready a dish that can be put in the oven and baked. It should be like a deep, ordinary soup plate, without the wide rim. It is easy enough to find plenty such at any store. Have it heated, but not too hot. Put into a small saucepan a teaspoonful of butter. Let it melt, but be careful that it does not brown. Then add a teaspoonful of flour (or more, if it is preferred thicker), and then very slowly, after the flour is well mingled, a cup of milk or cream. Then add four tablespoonfuls of grated cheese. Stir well, and when thoroughly heated pour into the dish you have ready, and with great care (so as to keep the shape) drop into the mixture four eggs. The ordinary dish will hold about four eggs and look well, but it may be possible to find larger ones. Put at once into the oven, and when the eggs are set serve at once.

Princess Scallop—Mash and season boiled sweet potatoes. Sprinkle the bottom of a buttered pudding dish with grated cracker crumbs, well peppered and salted; cover this with a layer of the potato, dropping bits of butter over it and sprinkling lightly with sugar. Fill the dish this way with a layer of crumbs well seasoned, on top. Cover and bake for half an hour, then brown.

Golden Pudding—Take one-fourth pound bread crumbs, one-fourth pound suet, one-fourth pound marmalade, one-fourth pound of sugar and four eggs; put the bread crumbs into a basin, mix them with the suet (finely minced), the marmalade and the sugar. Stir the ingredients well together, beat the eggs to a froth, moisten the pudding with these, and when well mixed put into a mold or buttered basin. Tie down with a floured cloth and boil for two hours. When turned out, strew finely sifted sugar over the top and serve.

# Railroads and Progress

In his testimony before the Senate Committee on Interstate Commerce at Washington on May 4, Professor Hugo R. Meyer, of Chicago University, an expert on railroad management, made this statement:

"Let us look at what might have happened if we had heeded the protests of the farmers of New York and Ohio and Pennsylvania (in the seventies when grain from the West began pouring to the Atlantic seaboard) and acted upon the doctrine which the Interstate Commerce Commission has enunciated time and again, that no man may be deprived of the advantages accruing to him by virtue of his geographical position. We could not have west of the Mississippi a population of millions of people who are prosperous and are great consumers. We never should have seen the years when we built 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway, for there would have been no farmers west of the Mississippi River who could have used the land that would have been opened up by the building of those railways. And, if we had not seen the years when we could build 10,000 and 12,000 miles of railway a year, we should not have to-day, east of the Mississippi, a steel and iron producing centre which is at once the marvel and the despair of Europe, because we could not have built up a steel and iron industry if there had been no market for its product.

"We could not have in New England a great boot and shoe industry; we could not have in New England a great cotton milling industry; we could not have spread throughout New York and Pennsylvania and Ohio manufacturing industries of the most diversified kinds, because those industries would have no market among the farmers west of the Mississippi River.

"And, while the progress of this country, while the development of the agricultural West of this country, did mean the impairment of the agricultural value east of the Mississippi River that ran up into hundreds of millions of dollars, it meant, incidentally, the building up of great manufacturing industries that added to the value of this land by thousands of millions of dollars. And, gentlemen, these things were not foreseen in the seventies. The statesmen and the public men of this country did not see what part the agricultural development of the West was going to play in the industrial development of the East. And, you may read the decisions of the Interstate Commerce Commission, from the first to the last, and what is one of the greatest characteristics of those decisions? The continued inability to see the question in this large way.

"The Interstate Commerce Commission never can see anything more than that the farm land of some farmer is decreasing in value, or that some man who has a flour mill with a production of fifty barrels a day, is being crowded out. It never can see that the destruction or impairment of farm values in this place means the building up of farm values in that place, and that that shifting of values is a necessary incident to the industrial and manufacturing development of this country. And, if we shall give to the Interstate Commerce Commission power to regulate rates, we shall no longer have our rates regulated on the statesmanlike basis on which they have been regulated in the past by the railway men, who really have been great statesmen; who really have been great builders of empires; who have had an imagination that rivals the imagination of the greatest poet and of the greatest inventor, and who have operated with a courage and daring that rivals the courage and daring of the greatest military general. But we shall have our rates regulated by a body of civil servants, bureaucrats, whose besetting sin the world over, is that they can never grasp a situation in a large way and with the grasp of the statesman; that they never can see the fact that they are confronted with a small evil; that that evil is relatively small, and that it cannot be corrected except by the creation of evils and abuses which are infinitely greater than the one that is to be corrected."

The Century a Campaign Document. An instance has just occurred of the use of The Century Magazine as a campaign document with marked success. Mr. Frank M. Chapman's article on photographing flamingoes, which appeared in the December number of The Century, has helped to secure legal protection for these birds in their haunts in the Bahamas. The Colonial Secretary has just notified Mr. Chapman of the passage of an act which provides a close season for flamingoes and prohibits the shooting and killing of all song and insectivorous birds at all seasons. In the interest of the passage of the act copies of the December Century were sent to all members of the Bahaman Assembly and the Colonial Secretary writes to Mr. Chapman: "The passing of this much needed measure is due largely to your efforts, and especially to the interest aroused by your splendid work on the flamingo breeding grounds at Andros."

Old Composer's Stick. John Dunning, the janitor of Maine hall at Bowdoin college, has in his possession the composer's stick which was used in setting up Longfellow's first published poem, "Outre Mer," published in 1842. This composer's stick has been owned since 1825 by T. S. McClellan, who is today 96 years old, and the oldest printer in Brunswick and the oldest printer in the state, as well as the oldest Mason in the state.—Washington Star.

To Make a Flower Bed. To make a flower bed dig the soil a foot deep at least. Use plenty of well rotted manure. If the soil is very wet, dig out two feet deep and put in a layer of stones, clinkers or broken crockery. Annual plants want all the sun they can get.