

Georgie's Pa Demonstrates Sacredness of Memorial Day

By S.E. Kiser



"HIS," pa said when we were at breakfast, "is a day that ought to bring grand thots to us all. It ought to be one of the sacredest days of the year, and it makes me proud of my country when I see my fellow situzans closing up the shops and stores and getting redly to not do anything but have patrie otic thots and make speeches and strow flowers over them that were the nation's bull works in times of need. Today we gather to consecrate the hallowed dead. Today we put away all sectional feelin's, no north, no south, no east, no west, but all Americans with one great purpose and mournin' at a common shrine."

Ma looked at pa as the she felt awful proud of him, and there was nearly tears in her eyes when she said:

"Pa, you don't know how grand it is to hear you when you talk that way. If you could only speak such grand things when you get up in front of a crowd it would make folks think you were a great orator. Your sentamunts are perfectly splendid, and it would be a great thing for the coming generation if everybody could hear you."

"Thanks," pa said. "It makes me glad to think that once in a while I can say something you are willin' to listen to."

"It's a shame," ma answered, "that you can't have a holiday like the rest of the people, so you could go out where they strow the flowers and show that you are not a barbarian."

"I am goin' to have a holiday," pa told her. "I thot I wouldn't let you know about it before, becuz I wanted it to be a surprise for you."

"Oh, I'm so glad," says ma. "Now we can take the boys and go some-



"I'm Going to Have a Holiday."

where and see the parade and cheer for the veterans when they pass by and have the whole day together."

"It's a beautiful thing," pa went on, "not noticin' what ma had said, 'for men to let their better natures have a chance. After they get filled with sublime sentamunts they can go back to work feelin' so much better that it pays in the long run."

Ma laid one of her hands on pa's arm, and her voice was all trembly when she said:

"I know it. I'll get dressed early and wash the boys and then you can take us all out where the celebration is and explain it all to us, so the children will get an idea of the sacredness of the occasion."

"I wish I could," pa answered, "only I got to take part in some patrie otic exercises with the other men from the office. But you and the boys can go and see the parade anyhow, and you can explain what it means to them."

Anybody could see that ma was disappointed, but she told pa she supposed he couldn't help it, only it was a shame we couldn't have the day to ourselves. After pa lit his cigar and started away ma told me and little Albert to always remember the words our father had spoken and try to grow up to be good and patrie otic like him.

In the afternoon she took us out to see the parade, but before it came along a horse ran away, and ma got scared and said a crowd was no place for women and children that didn't have a father there to protect them, so she brought us home again before the procession arrived, and it was a sad day for us. Little Albert made a sail boat that he tried to sail in the bath tub, but he fell in with his best suit on, and ma said she wished there never was such a thing as Memorial day.

By the time pa got home the house was all upset and ma said her nerves were all frazzled out, but pa looked so sad when he came in that we felt sorry for him, and after he hung up his hat and sat down and wiped his fevered brow a few times ma went over and put her cheek against his and said:

"Try to be cheerful. I suppose you can't help thinkin' of your Uncle William at a time like this; but remember how glorious it was for him to give his life for his country. It's a sad occasion, but always remember that some must lose while others win in the battle of life. What happened must have been for the best or God wouldn't of let it happen that way, you know."

"Yes," pa answered, almost groanin', "I know what you say is true."

Then he sat there and seemed to be thinkin' of something that couldn't be helped.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" ma asked.

"No, there's no help for it now," pa answered.

"Don't look that way," ma said.

"How can I help it?" pa asked, but it was easy to see that he didn't know what ma was talkin' about. "It makes me mad to think of a crowd of farmers like those fellows from the retail department goin' in and winnin' by the score of 28 to 7, and then have our men blame it on me becuz my pitchin' arm went back on me in the fourth inning. If they wouldn't of taken me out of the box just when I was gettin' my nerve back—"

Then he happened to look up at ma, and stopped as though he had thot of something he hadn't remembered before, and the rest of the evening was so dismal that it didn't seem as tho pa ever had a patrie otic thot in his life.

GRATEFUL NATION EVER WILL HONOR ITS DEFENDERS

VERY Memorial day seems to the survivors of the Union armies and fleets to carry the country farther from its old deference to the heroes of the great war, farther into the indifference and neglect of a new generation. The veterans feel the change keenly, unless they happen to be philosophers who take an impersonal view of the nation's attitude, apparent and real.

If they are able, however, to put aside the sense of personal injury which many feel, the men who saved the country from dismemberment find that they are not being pushed aside as much as they are exalted. The nation does not cater to them as it once did in public affairs. They are not so sought and feared in politics. But they are lifted up out of the realm of controversy. The old, angry discussion of the pension system has largely died out. There is almost no tearing open of the old wounds caused by charges and counter charges against officers, men and organizations.

Every year the position of the veterans of the great war is more fully accepted as beyond dispute and out of the field of contention. Every Memorial day finds them nearer the exalted place where the heroes of the revolution have long been enshrined.

Fifty years after the war for the Union began and forty-seven years after it ended, the nation cannot be expected to turn aside from the many concerns of its complex life to celebrate Decoration day in quite the old manner, with the old singleness of purpose and interest. It is partly a question of time, partly of proportions. The ratio between the total population and the veterans of the war changes constantly and rapidly. Many millions of Americans have come to this country long after the war, and their children born here number many millions, also.

But these comparative new comers, like the older stock and the survivors of the period just after the war, are all loyal in thought and feeling to the heroes of the tremendous struggle which made the American republic of today possible. They simply accept the fruits of the sacrifices of civil war veterans as they do the light of the sun, the fertile fields older generations cleared, the cities built before their time, and other good gifts of a beneficent Providence. The men who kept the nation from splitting apart stand with these later millions side by side with the heroes of earlier wars.

So the growing space between the great mass of the American people and the veterans of the Civil war is distance upward rather than in any other direction. The soldiers and sailors of the Union are being lifted farther and farther above the rush of the life of times. If there is a seeming forgetfulness in the nation's attitude there is a more perfect harmony in its veneration.

Not So Very Much. "You've got nothing on me," said the cook.

The mistress looked her over carefully.

"Only one hat, one skirt and two bunches of puffs," she retorted, "and you'll take 'em all off before you leave too."—Pittsburgh Post.

A Tale of Two Cities. "I thought your minister was to have a call to Minneapolis."

"He did expect it, but he went up there to preach a trial sermon and took his text from St. Paul, so it's all off."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Take care of your thoughts and your words and deeds will take care of themselves.

Thomas Crossley's War Story

(Continued from Page Three.)

murder when that crime became necessary to further their plans of robbery and thievery. The prisoners organized a police force for self-protection, and finally laid their grievances before Captain Wirz, the Confederate officer in charge. That official suggested a means for breaking up the gang of Raiders. He said that if prisoners who were known to rob or kill were pointed out they would be arrested, tried and a report of the findings of trial sent to the nearest Union post. If the findings of the trial jury were approved he would see that sentence was properly executed.

From 60 to 75 of the Raiders were pointed out, arrested and tried. The jury was composed of the very latest prisoners brought into the camp, thus insuring fairness. The result of the trials was that six Raiders were convicted of murder and were sentenced to be hanged, which sentence was confirmed by the nearest Union post and the convicted Raiders were hanged. The hanging was done inside the stockade as a warning to all who might be inclined to robbery and murder.

A large number of Raiders convicted of a crime less than murder were turned into the camp one at a time and were made to run the gauntlet. This punishment was very severe, so much so that one was actually killed while in this way paying the penalty for cruelty and selfishness. The punishment of these wretches put an effectual end to the business of raiding.

Mr. Crossley Makes Some Observations Regarding the Prison.

Speaking of Captain Wirz, Mr. Crossley expressed himself as having some compassion for that individual, satanic as evidently was his official conduct, because he was a subordinate officer executing commands given by superiors.

Speaking of the subject of exchange of prisoners he said he has always been of the opinion that the Confederates might have taken better care of the Union prisoners; but he thinks they were working on the theory that they might force an exchange by such treatment as would lead the Union commander to consent to almost any sort of exchange in the interest of humanity. The result would have been that our prisoners would have been out of the struggle on account of sickness and general disability, while the Rebel prisoners, having been well fed and generously taken care of would have swelled the Rebel ranks by nearly 100,000 men, which would have greatly prolonged the war. Such is his belief 50 years this side of that period of the great struggle.

Mr. Crossley is also of the opinion that certain features of the suffering might easily have been mitigated or entirely eliminated. For instance, Andersonville was surrounded with considerable timber which might have been cut and either sawn into boards for house construction, or log houses might have been built. He also believes that more and better food might have been provided.

The Rebels at Andersonville were not a happy lot, by any means. Sherman's march to the sea caused them much worryment. They also knew of Kilpatrick's raid, and when such news reached them they were worried. The prisoners were correspondingly joyous and hopeful over every crumb of news that promised relief and pointed to freedom. Truly those prisoners were enforced martyrs for the cause of American liberty.

Brief Sketch of the Release of Sergeant Crossley.

Before passing on to another most interesting part of the war prison record the writer will briefly chronicle the subsequent career of Mr. Crossley. In October, 1864, Sergeant Crossley was removed from Andersonville, Georgia, to Florence, S. C. There he had a severe attack of swamp fever. For a long time he was delirious, and he has no recollection of leaving Florence. He became conscious as he was entering Wilmington, N. C.; but he again lost consciousness, and remained in that condition until he reached Goldsborough, N. C. From Goldsborough he was taken back to Wilmington, N. C., where he was paroled and was soon homeward bound, eventually reaching the North, a happy man back in old Connecticut. Three years later he married Mary A. McRoy, of his native town of Simsbury. Two years later he left Connecticut and took up his residence at Glen Eyre, Pa. Four years later he came to Honesdale where he has continued to reside. He has been honored by positions of honor and trust in the borough, also in the Methodist Episcopal church, of which he is a consistent member.

Some Statistics of a Very Suggestive Nature.

Thomas Crossley has gathered from various sources certain statistics of the Civil War covering losses on the field and through the effects of military prisoners, and they are well worth pondering over and preserving. Between the lines the stories of sorrow and suffering are plainly to be seen.

REBEL LOSSES.

Rebels captured and imprisoned 227,500
Total (includes Lee and Johnson) 500,000
Rebels died in prison, 30,152

UNION LOSSES.

Union soldiers captured and imprisoned 94,072
Total soldiers, paroled or exchanged, 180,000
Union prisoners died in prison 46,401
Union prisoners died before returning home 11,595
Union prisoners died after returning home 12,000
Union prisoners survived 24,000
Union prisoners died, 69,996

In 2,061 engagements in the Civil War from 1862 to 1865 there were killed 61,262, or 8,724 less than died in all the Southern prisons, on

AN ANDERSONVILLE NINE MONTHS' RECORD.

No. of Prisoners	Deaths	Daily Average
March, '64, 4,763	283	9
April	5,577	593
May	18,454	711
June	28,367	1,202
July	31,678	1,742
August	31,693	3,076
Sept.	8,218	2,790
October	4,208	1,596
Nov.	1,359	485

MONTHLY RATIO OF DEATHS.

In April deaths amounted to 1 in every 16.
In May deaths amounted to 1 in every 26.
In June deaths amounted to 1 in every 22.
In July deaths amounted to 1 in every 18.
In August deaths amounted to 1 in every 11.
In September deaths amounted to 1 in every 3.
In October deaths amounted to 1 in every 2.
In November deaths amounted to 1 in every 3.

The largest number of deaths in any one day was August 23, 1864, when the number of prisoners who crossed over into the Land of Silence was 127.

The total number of prisoners who died and were buried in Andersonville is 13,705.

The Awful Story Told by Comparing the Monthly Record.

It will be noted that beginning with the month of March, 1864, when the prison camp had only been open one month and the Union prisoners had only been in Camp Andersonville a short time, the daily average of deaths was not excessively large. The next month it will be noted that the daily average more than doubled. In May the mortality was not so great, but in June the daily average nearly doubled again. It will be noted that as the number of prisoners increased the daily average number of deaths increased away beyond the ratio of the early months. This was because the prisoners were growing weaker and weaker from starvation, exposure and neglect.

The Ending of the War Story in Mr. Crossley's Own Words.

"An old saying is," said Mr. Crossley, "that every man has his price." I have seen men so cheap that they were waiting to sell themselves, and others whose price was no less than their eternal salvation. "By their deeds ye shall know them." The latter were always hopeful, encouraging the sorrowful and oppressed, ministering to the sick, closing the eyes of the dying and interceding at the Throne of Mercy for the safety and rest of their departing comrades. In their conception of duty and patriotism they were as fixed as the everlasting hills. I thank God for such men in the days of Andersonville. My judgment is that the world is no worse today. Let the emergency arise, and this latter type of men will be found among us. It was Andersonville that developed these men, and had there been no Andersonville the world would never have known of them. More than 50 years have passed since the close of the Civil War. We know its cost. I ask the question, Did it pay?"

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Wayne Common Pleas: Trial List

- June Term, 1913.
- McDonnell vs. McDonnell.
- Clark vs. Thompson.
- Van Osdale vs. Blaine et al.
- Kordman vs. Denio et al.
- Town vs. Cortright & Son.
- Wilcox vs. Mumford.
- Carey vs. Township of Buckingham.
- Honesdale Milling Company vs. Kuhlback.
- Gerety vs. Columbian Protective Association.
- Congdon vs. Columbian Protective Association.
- Cromwell vs. Weed.
- Bregstein Bros vs. Ridgeway.
- De Groat vs. Brutsche.
- North Tonawanda Musical Instrument Works vs. Herbeck-Demer Company.
- Derrick vs. Cortright & Son.
- Hunkle vs. Brown.
- Miner vs. Miner.
- Shannon vs. Havens et al.

W. J. BARNES, Clerk.

APPRAISEMENTS—Notice is given that appraisement of \$300 to the widows of the following named decedents have been filed in the Orphans' Court of Wayne county, and will be presented for approval on Monday, June 16, 1913—viz: Chris. Lowe, Honesdale; Personal. F. W. Bunnell, Texas; Personal. John Griswold, Clinton; Personal. Loren Enslin, Lake; Personal. Geo. Billard, Cherry Ridge; Personal. Charles McVey, Preston; Real and Personal. David McLaughlin; Real and Personal. Appraisement of real estate of Mary Farrell, widow of Matthew Farrell, Honesdale, under Act of Assembly of April 1, 1909. W. J. BARNES, Clerk.

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