

**DECORATION DAY.**

With acclamation and with trumpet tone  
With prayer and praise, and with triumphant state  
Of warlike columns, and the moving weight  
Of men, whose firmness never overthrown,  
Proved itself steadfast; which did add to fate  
Speed, vision, certainty, and ever grown  
More terrible as more enduring shone  
A fire of retribution and swift hate,  
All visibly advancing—with these we keep  
Unswayed in our breast and pure and white  
The spirit of gratitude that may not sleep—  
A Nation's safeguard against shame and blight—  
Since sacred memories and the tears men weep  
Alone can keep a Nation at its height.  
—Langdon Elwyn Mitchell

Now Peace begins her gentler reign,  
The Bow of Promise burns above;  
The winded flowers fill the battle plain;  
On silent tides the war-ships move.  
War folds her long unroosting tent;  
The echoing trills of bugles cease,  
And safe in cannon, thunder spent,  
The purple swallow broods in peace.  
The heroes rest.  
Their graves are ours,  
Beneath the iris march of flowers.  
Here, comrades, come with reverent tread,  
And lift the flag above the dead.  
The west winds in each blooming bough  
All whisper, "Hylas, where art thou?"

Unfurl the Red Flag to the sun!  
The Red stripes waves for conflicts gone  
That made peace possible to men,  
But Chickamauga's lurid morn  
The world will never see again.  
Unfurl the red flag to the sun!  
No more the still Potomac's waves  
Shall bear the blue brigades of old,  
But ever on their serried graves,  
Shall smokeless suns go down in gold!  
The rolling drums  
No more are heard.  
The hollow bugles' summoning word—  
For memories grand of heroes dead  
Forever float, O Stripe of Red!  
Unfurl the red flag to the sun!

Unfurl the White Flag to the air!  
The White Stripes waves forevermore  
The emblem of the future grand,  
For it the fields were stained with gore,  
And perched the lead the hero's hand,  
Unfurl the white flag to the sun!  
O Stripe of white, the trace of God  
Has stilled the earth, he thou our hope  
That nevermore the flower-lipped soul  
To drink the blood of men may open!  
For heroes dead  
That lifted these  
O'er stormless forts, o'er land and sea,  
And gave thy promise to the light,  
Forever float, O Stripe of White!  
Unfurl the white flag to the air!

Unfurl the Blue Flag to the breeze!  
O Blue Field of my country's flag,  
The blue that calls us true to be  
To every vale and battle-crag  
Where martyrs wrought their faith in thee!  
Unfurl the Blue Flag to the breeze!  
To victors crowned forever true,  
To all they left for us to bear,  
For dead hearts listening, float, O Blue,  
Forever in celestial air!  
Here with our tears  
Shall spring's first flowers  
Descend upon their graves like showers  
Fragrant, while battle numbers cease,  
They died upon the march to peace;  
As Egypt's two immortal sons  
Who drew their mother to the shrine,  
And resting in the propylon  
Were crowned by death and made divine.  
They enter on life's thousand fields,  
From highest councils of the gods—  
Unfurl the Blue Flag to the breeze!

They do not die who on the march  
For man and God are seen no more,  
The cause goes on, "neath heaven's arch,  
And they coronal go before.  
They live among the sons of light,  
The gleam of glory on their shields,  
And every contest for the right  
They enter on life's thousand fields,  
Unfurl the flag above the flowers,  
And with uncovered heads go by:  
The onward march of Peace is ours,  
But they have gained the victory,  
True as the stars that never cease  
Their courses in the march of peace,  
We strew the flowers  
Mid hymn and prayer,  
And set the flag among them there,  
And love's eternal pledge renew.  
The Red Stripes for the old, the White  
For Peace in Heaven's unfolding light;  
For future years, celestial Blue,  
Comrades, we go!—to those who fell  
No heart will ever say Farwell,  
They rise forever in revenge!  
March forward—to the Right!

—Hezekiah Butterworth, in Youth's Companion.

**SECRET OF THE ROSES.**

A Story of Decoration Day.

**F**AR away, in the olden days and golden, folk held the rose a flower of silence, wisely discreet as to all which came within its ken. Times change—manners with them—why not flowers as well? Possibly it is nature's kind provision. Otherwise—but a story should begin always at the proper beginning.

Somehow, in spite of the muffled drums, the arms reversed, the line of scarred and grizzled veterans, now grown pitifully short and thin, there was distinctly a holiday air about the crowd which streamed into the ragged cemetery. Indeed, there could not help but be—for the lilies, snowballs, bridal wreath and flowering almond were all riotously in blossom, the sylvan clumps green miracles of swelling white buds. Within the week a late spring had grown suddenly toward; the winds were warm and scented like the breath of June, and the birds sang in full high-summer chorus, warmed and melted by the golden heat of May.

In the face of that youth could not be sorrowful, even though it came out to mark the land's old desolation. It was mainly those too young to remember that time, save as a vast vague cloud of storm and distress, who came in line beyond the veterans to deck their comrades' graves. Not a man in the fire-new Graysville cadets, marching as escort to the old soldiers, was over thirty. And though for long men and matrons of sober years had counted it their privilege to bring hither flowers and greens, upon this day the work had fallen wholly to the girls and younger women.

The light frocks and fluttering ribbons, massed or singly, seemed to repent and accentuate the tints of the flowers in bloom there in the cemetery, and the knots and wreaths and loose handfuls they bore in their baskets or heaped in the hollow of the arm. But nobody was quite so much the day's

embodiment as Peggy Farley—who had on a white gown, fine and clinging, a broad blue sash and a sheaf of red, red roses made fast to her belt. She was easily the prettiest girl in Graysville—the best liked, too, for all she had certain little willful, proud ways. Over against them were to be set the kindest heart, the readiest hand, lips wholly free from guile. Everybody had rejoiced over her engagement to young Grahame, the fine, tall captain of the cadets. He had women friends in legion, yet not one had hinted that he was a "sacrifice." Likewise Peggy's adorer, masculine, from seven to seventy, agreed that while he was not quite good enough for her, he came as near it as mortal man was likely to be found.

So when the engagement was broken with no word said in explanation on either side gossip ran riot, nor were there lacking shrewd folk to note that the break came just a week later than Miss Barbara Grahame's return to the old home. She had been five years away, seeking vainly to escape her arch enemy, rheumatism. Naturally her temper had not improved; besides, it had been known always that she had really loved but two things—her brother John's memory and her own way—though it had pleased her to imagine herself devoted to her nephew.

Captain John Grahame, the elder, had not died in battle, albeit he slept well to the head of the cemetery's soldiery. He had come from the long fighting with a bullet in his chest, but had grown within a year of peace so much his old self, handsome, hearty, sunny-tempered, that he had married rejoicingly the sweetheart he had left behind him. When young John was born it seemed there was nothing left to wish for—but almost in the first joy of fatherhood the end came. The bullet had touched a vital spot—with a smothered gasping cry, a red torrent gushing from his mouth, the gallant gentleman rendered up his soul.

His widow sobbed piteously, but in a year was consoled—a twelvemonth

later married again. Then Miss Barbara adopted little John, saying grimly as she took him upon her knee: "John, you are never to forget it is through the wickedness of war you are fatherless and worse than motherless."

She was not of the throng to-day; her old enemy had her hand and fast in his clutches. If she walked at all it was by the help of crutch and cane, and she was marvelously sensitive about appearing thus in public. Neither would she take the carriage nor be wheeled in her bath chair. But she had stripped garden and greenhouse for the flower-bearers. Three, whose baskets she had filled, were talking eagerly together as they stood listening to the minute guns that marked the close of the ceremonies.

"I asked if these were not especially for her brother, and oh, the look she gave me!" one pretty creature said.

"It was petrifying," said her mate, "and only fancy her saying: 'I wish you children of to-day would understand it is the cause, not individuals, that one honors. Give my brother his share, but no more.'"

"Do you know, I am as certain as can be she is at the bottom of that," the third said, nodding faintly toward the place where Peggy and Captain



Grahame, in unlooked-for encounter, were saluting each other with elaborate if tremulous indifference.

"Oh! that couldn't be! Why! Miss Barbara could not hang a rag of objection anywhere about Peggy. She has grown up here—we know all that is to be known of her—her mother is the loveliest sweet lady, and her grandfather almost the richest and quite the best man in the village."

"But her father—may be you have never heard that he fought through the war on the other side—and all the time engaged to her mother, whom he had met while at college—Harvard, I think—"

"Oh!" and "Oh!" cried the others in concert. "Wherever did you find that out? We knew Mrs. Farley was married in London, and that her husband died five years after in Italy. But this story—why, it's like a play! Do tell us every scrap you know!"

"Hush! There comes Peggy with her grandfather and three beaux. That must be interesting for Captain Grahame. Peggy, dearest, aren't you glad it is all over and that everything went so superbly, just as you had planned?"

Peggy nodded with her most dazzling smile. All day she had been very gay and high with those about her. The cadets had wheeled for the countermarch. Now they came trooping past the group in the shade at the wayside. Again fate set the captain of them where his sweetheart's eyeballs must stream straight into his heart. The poor lad was no stoic. He felt himself color, and for a minute saw all things blurred and dim, because, forsooth, a young creature who did not come up to his shoulder had waved her

hand at him and flung him a rose from the cluster on her breast.

The soldiers were out of sight, the town folk for the most part well homeward when Peggy, who had lingered unaccountably and was just outside the cemetery gate, said hurriedly: "Oh, I have forgotten something; don't wait for me," and ran back before anybody could say a word. She ran so deviously that though they looked after her her companions could not keep track of her. "She is the dearest odd creature!" they said. "No doubt she will go home by the other gate. It is ever so much nearer. It is not worth while to wait."

When young Captain Grahame got home to his delayed dinner he found his aunt in wait for him with a most unusual look in her eyes. She trembled all over, too, and there was an odd break in her voice as she bade him sit beside her so she might take his hand. Wondering, he obeyed, and the wonder grew to amaze as he heard her say:

"John, I am a wicked woman; I have brought sorrow to one who is—but listen: I did go to the cemetery to-day; after all the crowd had gone I wanted to touch your father's shaft and read his name on it and the names of all the battles he fought in. I was just coming to it—stiff, hobbling, a bent and withered old woman—when I saw a vision, something white, with the motion of the wind. It ran and knelt by my dear grave, softly kissed some royal roses, touched the blossoms to your father's name, and hid them in the greenery about the shaft. Then it said: 'Oh, Fathers up in heaven! surely you two understand and forgive and are happy. Please help John to be happy—I can bear everything but that.'"

"It was not wholly you," John said wretchedly. "I had too little patience. I raved when I should have soothed her; told her she did not care for me, if she would let scraps of her father's memory or anything come between us—"

"You have no time to waste recalling folly," Miss Barbara said severely. "I shall never forgive you if you do not go to her at once and fetch her here, that I may ask her pardon!"

Peggy came stately under her mother's wing and peace was made upon the instant. But the why and wherefore is still a secret in Graysville. Everybody knows though that there will be a brilliant wedding very early in the fall.

**DECORATION DAY.**  
Importance of the Proper Observance of This Solemn Festival.

Decoration Day is a solemn festival for the Nation. All over the land the patriotic and true-hearted citizen and his family make ready and go out with appropriate ceremonies and a wealth of blossoms to mark another milestone on the Nation's highway of peace and prosperity. Truly, it is a fitting and beautiful way to emphasize the story of the great and good work wrought by the patriot souls and the faithful hands of the fathers, sons and brothers of this grand and glorious Republic.

And with every passing year the proper observance of this National day becomes more important. To the children born since the war it lacks the heart-touching and tender sentiment and the tearful memories that cluster around the days when our loved ones were brought home to us from the field of war and were laid with reverent and trembling hands in hallowed graves and bedewed with the bitterest drops of anguish that can fall from human eyes.

"Slain in Battle." "He fell with his face to the foe." These were the messages that were flashed over the wires and sent to the waiting ones at home by brave and thoughtful comrades. Those who lived through those trying times need not be reminded how sacred is the trust committed to our charge. They know what the day means in all its comprehensive and broad significance, and it needs no burst of martial music, no flourish of trumpets or beating of drums to tell the story. They know the history of those trying days, and the most eloquent efforts of oratory cannot make it more clear or more dear to them.

But to those who are to come after us—those who know the war only as a sad and awful tradition—the day and its meaning must be made plain. They cannot know the sorrow, the pain, the tireless anxiety and the ever-present watchfulness that filled those weary years of struggle, and that had, by the greatness of Divine power, strength and courage to wait for the fullness of time, that bright and shining and glorious time when the youngest Nation of the earth would shake off the burdens and unloose the shackles of discord, and rise in her night, a daughter of the gods, divinely fair, divinely strong, and royally gracious in her supreme and conscious strength, and stand once more, clothed and in her right mind, in her own proud position as the grandest and most to be envied of all the Nations of the earth.  
—New York Ledger.

**THE FASHION MALADY.**  
COSMETIC PARALYSIS IS EPIDEMIC AMONG FAIR METROPOLITANS.

(Special New York Fashion Letter.)

I promised to write of a malady of fashion—Bostonian. It is called cosmetic paralysis, and is quite an epidemic among women—for women alone, as a rule, resort to the brush which beautifies nature's complexion. Powders, face bleaches and dyes are its tempters, and artificial beauty becomes a worshiper, which bows down in time to disease; a disease which paralyzes the small veins upon the face surface—the beginning of the end.

At a recent performance of "Lost, Strayed or Stolen," Della Fox sat a row in front of me. She was so changed that I was obliged to look twice to be sure it was she.

Alas—but that reminds me. While waiting near the stage entrance of the Casino last Friday, Lillian Russell

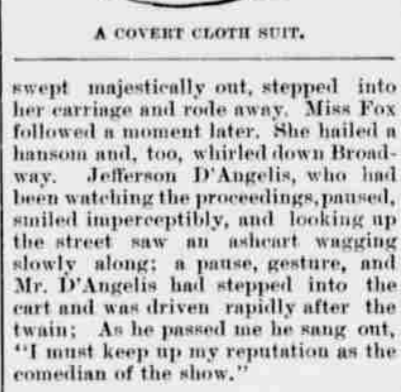
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two men who "just happen in," and, well, it is fascinating if the girl is pretty, winsome and "braffy."

The Gustav Dore exhibition of pictures here in the city, is one of the

**A GOWN OF BLUE AND BROWN MIXED WHIPCORD.**

finest which has ever been held in New York. In fact, what an art season this has been. The Dore collection is crowded continually, and I noticed Mrs. Arthur Paget, who is in this country again for a little while, in a gown of blue and brown whipcord. The jacket was tailor made, full on the hips, and opened at the front to display a crepe de chienne blouse of violet. Her hat was a large violet straw trimmed with rows of ribbon, which were fastened in place by a rhinestone crescent. The back of the hat was finished with a mass of green leaves.

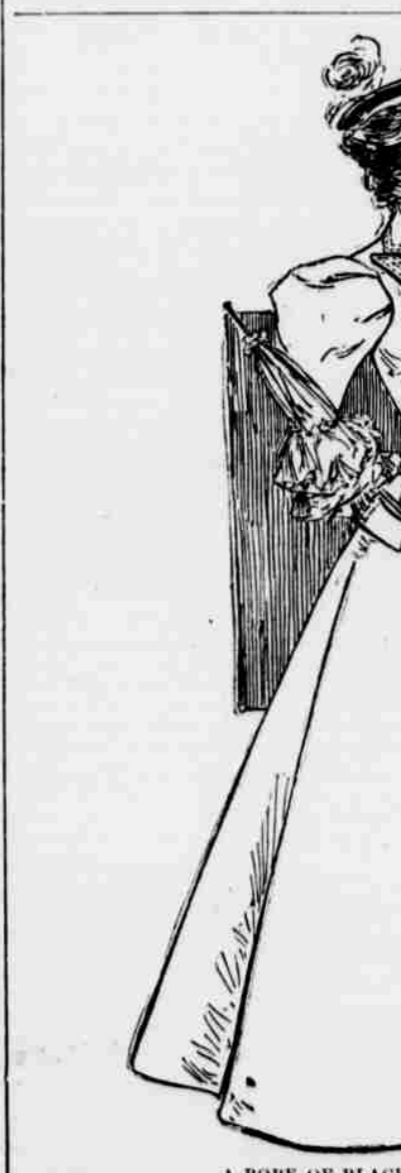
From Paris comes word that a pretty novelty for a coiffure is black ostrich feathers.

Bracelets are again in vogue. Prussian belts in gold and silver are a novelty in dress ornaments.

An exclusive design in a smart frock is a single breasted tailor made of tan covert cloth. Julia Marlowe Taber was the wearer. It was a covert, as I before said, with strapped seams on the skirt, and a funny little jacket which buttoned across with an extra strap. Her waist was of crimson satin, and her hat a dull brown straw, trimmed with crimson geraniums, white orchids and stiff rows of ribbon. One of the new veils which have fine dots, or are of fancy mesh, was caught coquettishly up in the back with a diamond snake pin.

The costumes illustrated herewith were designed by the National Cloak company of New York.

swept majestically out, stepped into her carriage and rode away. Miss Fox followed a moment later. She hailed a hansom and, too, whirled down Broadway. Jefferson D'Angelis, who had been watching the proceedings, paused, smiled imperceptibly, and looking up the street saw an ashen waggling slowly along; a pause, gesture, and Mr. D'Angelis had stepped into the cart and was driven rapidly after the twain; as he passed he sang out, "I must keep up my reputation as the comedian of the show."



**A ROBE OF BLACK CANVAS CHEVIOT.**

Miss Helen Carroll, the society belle whose engagement to Herbert Delano Robbins has brought forth no end of congratulations, is a devout German music student. Miss Carroll, regale in a robe of black canvas cheviot, made with the narrow front gored skirt, and a blazer jacket of the same material, from which peeped a dainty blue, mazy waist, was my vis-a-vis across the aisle at a recent matinee of "The Flying Dutchman." She had evidently started out for a "Five O'Clock Tea"—an essentially English institution, by the way—for we do not chase the fox in America, but sip our tea, flirting with the one or

**Gunpowder as a Motive Power.**

A number of inventors are at work just now in designing a gunpowder engine in which the motive power will be developed from a high explosive. Colonel Barker, the superintendent of the British Royal Small Arms factory, has found by special experiments that one pound of gunpowder will develop over 170,000 foot pounds of energy. The most improved smokeless powder is even more powerful. It is thought by some that if gunpowder may be used as a motive power it will work a revolution in mechanics and bicycles.