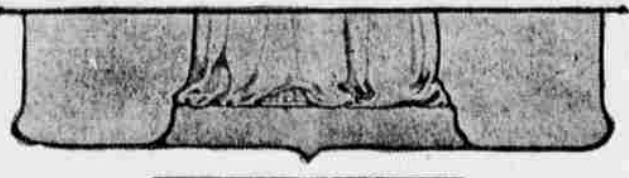


DECORATION DAY



IN A NATIONAL CEMETERY.

Sleeping, still sleeping, after all the years! My earliest memory recalls them so stretching away, white row upon white row. 'Tis meet the sward still velvet green appears, The wall its solemn weight of ivy wears, But they—so many men with blood aglow! To see them still so patiently laid low, It stirs a pain too passionate for tears.



A PATRIOTIC TRIO

by Marguerite E. Gookin

"Gee whiz!" sighed Punks, "th' cop said 'twus ten miles out here to th' cem'try. More like twenty, ain't it, Lonesum?" The yellow dog whom Punks addressed beat his tail affirmatively upon the sidewalk, as the boy dropped to the curb for a rest. "When it's dark," continued Punks, "we'll shin th' fence."

Punks had a vague idea that his undertaking must be carried out under a charitable mantle of darkness; he might not be permitted to enter the cemetery, he feared, because he had no "folks" there and had not come with a funeral. He was glad to rest, anyway, for he was very tired, and the dog was, too. When Punks had started out that afternoon there had been a small hole in his shoe. By the time he had reached the cemetery, the whole bottom was off, and his foot had been scraped raw in places. He had meant to flip cars all the way out, but shortly after leaving the downtown district, the yellow dog had claimed fellowship with him, and persisted in keeping up with him. Punks flipped twice after that, but it made him feel sorry when the dog ran so hard to keep even, so he decided to walk along with his new companion, whom he dubbed "Lonesum" when he noted the appealing look in the dog's eyes.

Suddenly Punks jumped up and peered over the fence. "Yep, that's it. It's right next that big monument with th' ball on top where Johnny and his old man is. Straight south o' this fence post. We'll find it all right in th' dark. Say! th' flower's look kinder tired." Punks looked ruefully at the big bunch of carnations which he held. He had spent forty cents of his day's income on them, and that, coupled with the fact that he had missed the evening's sale of papers on account of this trip, meant that he would have no supper.

When it was quite dark, Punks dropped Lonesum and his flowers over the fence and followed. Carrying the direction well in mind and followed by Lonesum, who kept a discreet silence, Punks came to his haven. It was a grass-grown and weed-decorated lot in an almost abandoned part of the cemetery. To find the wooden headboards that marked the resting places of Johnny and Johnny's grandfather, Punks had to strike several matches; in the flare of the third he was startled to see a man sitting on a wire bench but a yard or two away. Lonesum, too, saw the man, and for the first time in his acquaintance with Punks, showed fight. He bristled and growled so threateningly that the stranger, who had been asleep, awoke in bewilderment.

The match had burnt quite down to Punks' fingers before he realized that the man was old and quite harmless in appearance, and then the visions of arrest that had momentarily floated before Punks' eyes faded away.

"Cut it out, Lonesum," he commanded. "Th' old feller's all right." The man sat up. He wore a frayed and faded gray suit and big soft hat, which, though Punks did not know it, would have recognized as the Confederate uniform. Where his left foot should have been, the end of a wooden leg appeared.

"Why, what you doing here, boy?" the stranger inquired.

"Same to you," answered Punks, grinning. "Spose you tell me what you're doin'."

The old man laughed. "That's fair," he said. "I'm Isiah Riddon, of Tennessee, sir. I've an old comrade sleeping here and I came to put a few flowers there to show that the South remembers her boys. Being

ston, then; to decorate a comrade's grave," said Isiah.

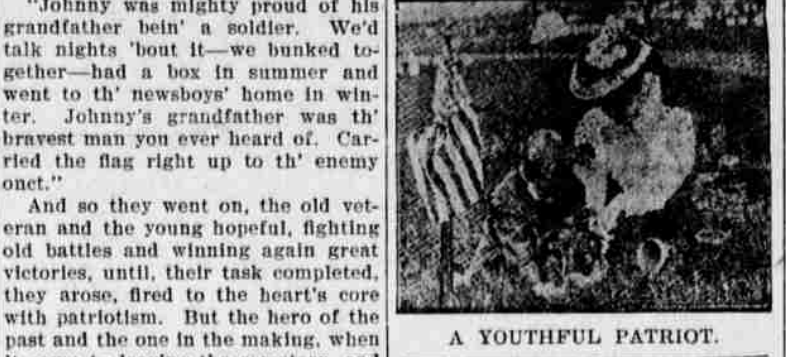
"Well, I'm not doin' this all. Johnny gave me some money before he died. He'd saved it up for this, and he told me not to forget his granddad Decoration Day. So I put some more with it and got enough for Johnny, too. Johnny did it three years after his grandfather died. Said he knew no one else would 'cause his grandfather was Confederate."

"Why, let me help you, sir! Another Confederate!" exclaimed Isiah. He knelt painfully down by Punks, and the two tried to bring the matted grass and riotous weeds into order.

"Johnny was mighty proud of his grandfather bein' a soldier. We'd talk nights 'bout it—we bunked together—had a box in summer and went to th' newsboys' home in winter. Johnny's grandfather was th' bravest man you ever heard of. Carried the flag right up to th' enemy onct."

And so they went on, the old veteran and the young hopeful, fighting old battles and winning again great victories, until, their task completed, they arose, fired to the heart's core with patriotism. But the hero of the past and the one in the making, when it came to leaving the cemetery, and passing the caretaker's house at such a forbidden time of night, felt rather dubious. Punks and the dog could overcome the fence, but Isiah had to give up after several attempts. "A wooden leg's good as any other to stand on, but in a case like this, it's useless," said Isiah. "I'll just have to go down the main road and out the gate. You go on over the fence."

"Yes, and let you get caught? Not much!" declared Punks. "I'm going to stay by you till you get home." The two were making their way toward the cemetery gate, followed by Lonesum, who came to heel like a high bred hunter. But Isiah's wooden leg would go thumpy-thump on the gravel and just as they passed the caretaker's office, that functionary darted out, calling, "Halt!" Lonesum again showed fight, but Punks bade him be quiet, and the three were driven before the caretaker toward the office, the captor threatening shrilly that he was going to have the culprits locked up. As they



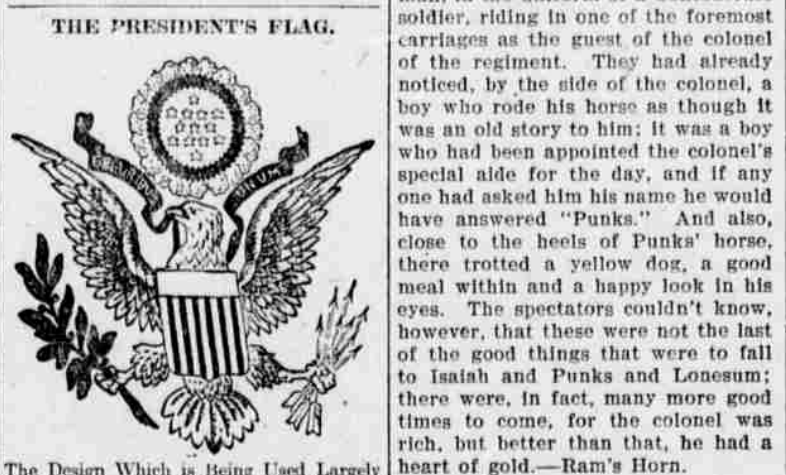
A YOUTHFUL PATRIOT.

wouldn't do anything to a little fellow like that. And I, sir," addressing himself to Colonel Horton, "am no thief. You'd call me a Rebel, sir; that I was once, but never a thief."

The colonel gazed at Isiah. His eye took in the meaning of the stripes on the sleeve of the old man's uniform; he noted the wooden leg; "I believe you, sir," he said, and then he did that which brought the color to Isiah's cheek. As a subordinate to his superior officer, Colonel Horton saluted Isiah Riddon.

The colonel soon had the story of the adventure. Punks insisted on telling how the old man had walked miles and miles to put flowers on an old comrade's grave; Isiah declared that Punks, in carrying out his promise to Johnny, had showed a soldier's spirit, and finally the colonel took the old man, the boy and the dog, in charge.

The following morning, in the Memorial Day parade, the spectators marveled to see an old, white-haired man, in the uniform of a Confederate soldier, riding in one of the foremost carriages as the guest of the colonel of the regiment. They had already noticed, by the side of the colonel, a boy who rode his horse as though it was an old story to him; it was a boy who had been appointed the colonel's special aide for the day, and if any one had asked him his name he would have answered "Punks." And also, close to the heels of Punks' horse, there trotted a yellow dog, a good meal within and a happy look in his eyes. The spectators couldn't know, however, that these were not the last of the good things that were to fall to Isiah and Punks and Lonesum; there were, in fact, many more good times to come, for the colonel was rich, but better than that, he had a heart of gold.—Ram's Horn.



THE PRESIDENT'S FLAG. The Design Which is Being Used Largely in the Decoration for Memorial Day.

reached the porch a young man in the uniform of a colonel of cavalry stepped out and asked: "What's the trouble, Matthews?" "Caught them this time—two des-

EVERGLADES RECLAIMED

Florida Spends Nearly a Million to Increase Value of Land a Hundred-fold.

One of the greatest land improvements made in the United States in recent years is the reclamation of the vast Everglades of Florida, which many people yet believe to be but an enormous expanse of tangled overgrowth of tropical vegetation, almost impenetrable and with from two to ten feet of water over it. In fact they think it is one vast swamp.

The glades were originally a shallow lake some seventy by one hundred and fifty miles with a coral rock bottom. Being shallow, grass gradually grew over it, tall, rich tropical grass that waves perpetually in a balmy breeze. The water moving toward the coast slowly wrought for itself winding channels through this meadow which today are lined with the rich purple of the floating hyacinth and peopled with bass. Contrary as it is to existing knowledge, this water is quite clear and safe to drink.

An elevation of something over thirty feet above tide water gives a perceptible and sometimes strong current to the streams. Thus the Miami, draining the Everglades on the east, is a short but swift river, and the Caloosahatchee, the main western outlet, is not to be negotiated in the rainy season except with a power boat which can breast its deep strong flow.

With drainage, at not much expense, these lands can be made to grow the finest vegetables and fruit crops, as is being practically shown each season. It is now easy to perceive that in a few years, when the State of Florida completes its system of drainage, the land in the vicinity of Miami and, in fact, the entire section of Southern Florida, will become one of the finest, if not the finest, winter farming section in the whole country.

In a recent interview Ex-Governor Napoleon B. Broward, the man who is termed the "father of the Everglades," says:

"In the State of Florida, in the region commonly known as the Everglades, we have five million acres of land suitable for a most profitable form of agriculture, but valueless at the present time because it is covered by water. It may be needless for me to assert that its richness and fertility have been demonstrated by the investigations of soil and climatic experts.

"I can say that at least we have settled this point. For, since the year of 1906, when plans to reclaim the land were undertaken by the state through trustees of the Internal Improvement Fund, the project has progressed so far that all doubt of its ultimate success has been removed.

"I have given much study to this subject. When I was nominated for governor in 1905 I pledged myself to drain the Everglades. We had two dredges constructed from designs of my own. They began operation in July, 1906, at the head of what is called the New River, about 20 miles from the City of Miami. Each dredge is excavating a canal which averages 60 feet in width and has a depth ranging from 12 feet to 15 feet. As the channels are dug, the surface water in the vicinity finds its way into them and flows seaward, so that already we have over 2,000 acres of what has been submerged soil reclaimed and being sold to the settler for cultivation. Thus, as the drainage proceeds, the farmer will follow to occupy the land.

A tax of 5 cents an acre on lands sold to settlers gives us an income of about \$220,000 annually, and will enable us to increase our operations, as the excavation of the canals is being done with great economy—about one-seventh of the usual cost of such labor.

"What has been already done in the raising of fruit and vegetables on the area of soil which have been drained show that such work will be repaid many fold. Not only is this part of the state adequate for the production of every pound of the nation's sugar, but it can be covered with fruit orchards and vegetable gardens. The 5,000,000 acres to which I have referred, however, represent only a small portion of the swamp land, granted to Florida by the United States, on which millions of people will find homes and occupations when it is properly drained.

"It is worth while to make this region fit for human habitation? If anyone so questions, let him consider for a moment the benefit it will confer, not only on the south, but upon the whole country, from merely one standpoint. There is now imported into the United States more than 2,400,000 tons of foreign sugar, for which we pay, in duty and to the foreign producer, more than \$150,000,000 yearly. Our total exports per annum of the following articles, corn, wheat, flour, beef and naval stores combined, amounts to but \$144,000,000. In other words, we are paying for foreign sugar, in American money, more than the people of foreign countries pay the people of the United States for all of the corn, wheat, flour, beef and naval stores shipped them from the United States. There are in this submerged Florida, 5,000,000 acres of land suitable for the cultivation of sugar cane."

"In proof of the assertion that South Florida affords the site for another great industry, I will briefly refer to the opinions of Dr. H. W. Wiley, the head of the United States Bureau of Chemistry, who has analyzed samples of sugar cane raised on land reclaimed from this section. Dr. Wiley says: 'All of these samples are of over 88 per cent purity and are the most remarkable samples we have ever examined. They contain no glucose (a sign of inferiority) whatever when tested.'

DR. KENNEDY'S FAVORITE REMEDY

For KIDNEYS, BLOOD and LIVER



Backed by over 30 years of remarkable success in the cure of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles; Constipation and the diseases peculiar to women. Not a patent medicine. The formula is in keeping with strict scientific principles. Many physicians of the highest standing have pronounced Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy. This statement can be proved absolutely. It has cured many cases heretofore abandoned. Have you dangerous symptoms of Kidney, Liver and Blood troubles? If so, don't delay, but use Dr. David Kennedy's Favorite Remedy at once. Large bottles, \$1.00; all druggists. Write Dr. David Kennedy Co., Rondout, N. Y., for free sample.

METALLIC HEELS & COUNTERS

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For Miners, Quarrymen, Farmers and all men who do rough work.

Save you shoe money. They are easy to attach. Your shoe dealer has shoes fitted with them, or any cobbler can put them on. They will outlast the shoe. A pair will make old shoes as good as new. Send for booklet that tells all about them.

UNITED SHOE MACHINERY CO. BOSTON, MASS.

ALLIGATORS AN ATTRACTION

Ocklawha River People Object to Their Being Killed.

The value of alligators as an attraction for tourists in Florida is before the house of representatives for consideration in a bill allowing the killing of the "gators" in the Ocklawha river.

Strong opposition to this bill has developed. The friends of the Ocklawha reptiles claim that thousands of tourists annually visit the river and that the many alligators are the principal sights to be seen.

Kangaroo a Delicacy.

The chef of one of the leading hotels in Berlin states that kangaroo flesh is a delicacy now most in demand by pampered palates. As the carcasses have to be brought from Africa, and never can be procured in large quantities, exorbitant prices are charged for a portion.

A CURE FOR FITS.

The Treatment Is to Accomplish What Science Has Been Struggling to Attain for Centuries.

The intense interest that has been manifested throughout the country by the wonderful cures that are being accomplished daily by epilepticide still continues. It is really surprising the vast number of people who have already been cured of fits and nervousness. In order that everybody may have a chance to test the medicine, large trial bottles, valuable literature, history of Epilepsy and testimonials, will be sent by mail absolutely free to all who write to the Dr. May Laboratory, 548 Pearl Street, New York City.

The epilepticide cure is creating great public interest, as well as among Doctors, Students, Hospitals and visiting Physicians.

Safe and Sure.

Among medicines recommended and endorsed by physicians and nurses is Kemp's Balsam, the best cough cure. For many years regarded by doctors as the medicine most likely to cure coughs, it has a strong hold on the esteem of the well-informed. When Kemp's Balsam cannot cure a cough we shall be at a loss to know what will. At druggists' and dealers, 25c.

New Zealand's population at the close of last year was estimated at 1,020,000, the death rate being only 9.57 a thousand.

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle.

Why the Preacher Was Puzzled.

A southern Kansas woman remembered after she got to church that she had left a roast in the oven and forgot to turn out the gas. She borrowed a pencil and wrote on a slip of paper, "Please go home and turn off the gas." Her husband was usher and she had another woman hand it to him as he went up the aisle. But that stupid individual didn't look at it, and in spite of all her agonizing attempts to get his attention he marched up and gave it to the preacher, who had a very bewildered look on his face when he proceeded to read the announcement.—Kansas City Journal.

Floating Island in Androsocoggin.

One of the peculiar relics of the high water on the Androsocoggin came ashore on the Lewiston bank of the river above the falls Friday.

It was a regular floating island which came drifting down and into shallow water. It was of quite respectable size and on it were trees, several of them being described as being six or eight feet in diameter. They were probably part of an overhanging bank which the water undermined, and when they broke loose were held together by the intertwined roots.—Kennebec Journal.

