



# MISS PAULINE OF NEW YORK

BY ST. GEORGE RATHBONE  
AUTHOR OF "SOLDIER JOHN" AND "THE GIRL WHO WAS LEFT BEHIND"

## CHAPTER XVI.—Continued.

In vain does the bull-fighter seek to close. The American is surrounded by what seems to be a living wall of fists, and every time Barcelona makes a fierce lunge forward, something strikes him squarely in the chest, or administers between the eyes a blow that makes him see stars.

He realizes that the field is lost, since these two men must be heavily armed, and will not scruple to use weapons if they are pressed.

The Mexicans engaged with Colonel Bob have had most of their enthusiasm knocked out of them, and one by one are shrinking away to nurse their swollen faces.

True, a bull-like voice roars oaths, and endeavors to encourage the assailants by the declaration that victory is sure and near at hand; but the owner is nowhere to be seen, since the wily senator thinks too much of his comfort to join in a melee like this.

Colonel Bob's enthusiasm seems to increase rather than diminish, and the last brace of enemies who endeavor to run amuck with him come to the conclusion that they have struck what seems to be a human threshing machine, so quickly are they doubled up and put to sleep.

Grasping the situation, the Mexican bravo gives up the battle—he shouts, in a furious voice, "We will meet again!" and then plunges into the obscurity of the thicket, to escape further punishment at the hands of the American.

So far as enemies are concerned, the two comrades have won the battle, but they are as yet far from safe. Of course Dick's first thought concerns those for whom they waged war.

"Pauline!" he gasps, short of breath.

"Here—safe!" comes the cheering response, and the girl from New York dawns upon his vision.

"And Doris?"

There is no need to ask that, since Colonel Bob already has that unique person in his arms, and loudly laments the fact that he could not have totally annihilated the little wretch who dared to lay his hand upon her.



He Presses Against the Sheriff.

which terrible threats cause the miserable professor to shiver in his thicket hiding place near by.

"How shall we get out?" demands Dick, awake to the exigency of the moment.

"In the same way I came in," Bob replies, promptly.

"How was that?"

"Wait until I dislodge that bellowing senior from yonder bushes—I can't talk while he keeps up that shouting, just as though his men were still at us, tooth and nail."

As he speaks—Colonel Bob throws his arm forward—there is a flash, a report, followed immediately by a second one.

The bellowing ceases instantly.

"Killed him?" says Dick, with a sigh of relief.

"No such good luck," returns Bob, carelessly. "Hark! you hear him making a bee line for the hacienda now. No more howling from the Senior Lopez at present. Come this way—here you will see where I came in."

"The door in the wall I was looking for."

"I heard only what must have been your last signal, though wondering what all the row could be about, and guessing you had a hand in it. Now we've left the garden of Morales behind. What you see here is the La Vega Canal."

"How shall we get home?"—we have no vehicle," remarks Dick, puzzled for once.

"There is a boat here—perhaps that will take us part of the way—the ladies at least. Ha! two boats—we are in luck, it seems."

Colonel Bob soon settles with the owners of the craft, who live upon the bank of the canal and take pleasure parties to the floating gardens. The boat can be left at a certain point—money is paid over, and with the moon wheeling into view, making the scene very romantic, our four friends start along the water way of the Mexican capital, bound for the Hotel Iturbe.

## CHAPTER XVII.

The Clique of the Alamedas.

The situation is one well calculated to arouse thoughts of love—the soft moonlight, the odoriferous night air, the splash of the paddles, from which drops of molten silver seem to fall as they are raised from the water, and, besides, the scene of danger which has just been shared in common—these things bring loving hearts together than ever.

**Rapid Eating a National Sin**

By DR. IRVING A. WATSON,  
of New Hampshire Board of Health.

When the canal no longer serves their purpose, they leave the canoes tied up where the owners have directed them, and strike across a street that will bring them to the grand plaza.

It is nearly midnight, but the good people of the City of Mexico have apparently not even thought of retiring. On all sides can be heard voices singing; or the sweet throbbing of mandolins that are touched by the delicate fingers of dark-haired maidens.

The moon dispels one of the bug-bears attending visitors to the Mexican capital, darkness, and makes it safer to move about. Our friends have no further adventures on this night, but arrive at the Hotel Iturbe at last, a street car taking them the concluding few blocks.

Of the physical sins committed by the American people, rapid eating is unquestionably one that should be recognized as inconsistent with the best hygienic methods of living. Mastication of food, to subdivide and mix it with the salivary fluids, is really the first act in the digestive process, and to be well done it must be slowly performed. Nevertheless, in my opinion, the digestive troubles more or less common are not due to an excessive degree to rapid eating, but more to a multitude of environments that overtax the nervous system and thus correspondingly impair or derange the digestive functions.

Rapid eating is bad, over-eating is worse, but the strain of our strenuous life, with its apprehensions, worry, care, struggle for existence or for wealth, social requirements, the edicts of fashion, intemperance and a score of other depressing factors, is a far more prolific cause of indigestion and malnutrition. This view is corroborated by the fact that a great many of our dyspeptics are persons who have never been rapid eaters. The unceasing tension, due to our impetuous, rushing, complex civilization is responsible for the increased death rate from diseases of the nervous system almost enough to counterbalance the decrease in the death rate from epidemic and other communicable diseases.

Rapid eating may almost be classed as a symptom, rather than the cause, of an abnormally nervous state into which the individual has drifted, through the increased demand made upon him by the activities of life. The quick lunch has sprung up everywhere.

If rapid eating is conceded to be a national evil, its menace to public health is, in my opinion, a subordinate one.

Irving A. Watson.

When the ladies have gone to their rooms, the best the house affords, as becomes the girl who manages the great El Dorado Mine, Dick and Bob smoke and talk, and elevate their feet on the railing of the piazza below as true-born Americans alone have the right to do.

Dick is not inclined to be confidential in matters that concern his own private life, but with Bob it is another matter; he feels that he has a deep interest in his chum's welfare, and that if there has been an understanding between Pauline and himself, he, Bob, ought to know it, in order that he may rejoice with his friend.

So Dick tells the fact in his terse way, and owns up that Pauline and himself have had an understanding, and are pledged to one another, upon hearing which the impulsive colonel springs to his feet, overturning his chair, and clutches the expectant outstretched hand of his comrade with the fury of a young avalanche.

"A thousand congratulations, my boy; I wish you joy upon the occasion, and may you see many of them; that is, I mean, confound the luck, what do I mean? At any rate, you've certainly got the handsome and best, of course, barring one, girl in Mexico, and may you be pulverized if ever you give her occasion to wish she'd never met Dick Denver."

"Ditto yourself, Bob, old boy. Now, sit down like a Christian, and let's talk horse sense. Heaven knows we've enough to talk about; that wretched old senior persists in keeping it warm for us, and I'm of the opinion he'll never let up until by accident or design he receives his quietus."

"Well, he's going to get it one of these days; Bob Harlan has a marked bullet in his revolver to-day that's checked through to reach Lopez, and as sure as you live, Dick, I'll fetch him. You look out for Barcelona—when you fire at him, cut the third silver button on his jacket to the left, and you reach his heart."

As the words are spoken, a dusky figure that has been crouching in the shadow of the piazza below their feet hugs the ground more closely than ever, as though the party takes this threat as a personal affair. He is evidently there for no good purpose, this skulker in the shadow.

When gentlemen talk about personal business they should be certain that no eavesdropper hangs in the shadow of the piazza.

They talk on in a disjointed way, until a clock in a church near by warns them that it is time they retire, if they mean to get any sleep. A couple of half-smoked cigars fall near the crouching figure, one actually striking him in the face, at which he gives a start, as though he has reason for feeling a hatred toward Yankee cigars.

After they had gone, he crawls away, and as he rises to his full height reveals the figure of the Mexican bull fighter, Tordas Barcelona, when the explanation of his hatred for cigars is made manifest.

The day dawns.

It promises a fair and pleasant spell of weather for this time of year, and the Americans quartered at the Iturbe profit by it. Pauline desires to see all that is possible of the Mexican capital during their limited stay. Dick and Colonel Bob take turns in escorting the girls around. They have other work to do, which the one not engaged in this pleasant task looks after.

In the City of Mexico there are at all times of the year, and particularly during the winter season, numbers of Americans to be found. It would be an easy task to make up a fair regiment, if all would enlist.

Among these men our friends work, picking out one here and one there, and using great care that the parties selected possess the proper requisites for such a business. A couple of Mexicans are hired with the rest, as they do not want to excite the anger of the natives by what might appear to be an invasion of a foreign band.

Every man is required to arm himself thoroughly, and their weapons will be looked after before the expedition leaves in the morning. There may be heavy fighting ahead, and Dick Denver knows what it means to run across the desperate bandits of the Sierra Madre at home.

Then there are provisions, tents, horses and numerous other things to be secured. It is fortunate in the first place that Dick is thoroughly at home in all these things, and that he is supplied with any amount of money, through Miss Pauline, with which to carry out her plans.

(To Be Continued.)

# AFTER FORTY-TWO YEARS

A VISIT TO THE RUINS OF A FORT CAPTURED IN 1864



BY G. E. S. WEEDEN

What sublime quietness!

The bird's song, hushed above the nest where the mother broods her eggs of promise; the sheep, dozing in the shade so quietly that even the tiny bell is silent; the farm horse, softly browsing; his master, resting beside the plow which hour after hour has been turning the brown earth over into the sunlight—all these make up a picture whose background, as far as eye can reach, is a panorama of peace, plenty and contentment.

Can it be possible that here—these memories, boundless deep, which sweep across me like a surging flood, merely the torturing dreams of a fever-racked brain?

But no. All around me are abundant proofs. The outline of the old fort is still visible, and in fact I wonder that time has wrought so little change. I now recognize many familiar objects. The then solitary tree is still standing, but a wound made in its trunk by a vicious shell has never healed, and is now hastening its decay.

Old oak, I greet thee as a comrade in arms! when last we met thou didst stand sole monarch of the field; but now a multitude of giants tower above the fort, the parapets and the slopes where quivering mortars poured out their life-blood. Their heads, dwarfing thine, drink in the first rays of morning and reflect the last kiss of parting day. But thou—feeble and tottering old veteran—the next rude blast will lay thee low, and thou shalt in time take on new forms of life. Like thee, old comrade, I also await not death only, but a glorious transition.

Yonder, half way down the slope, nearly buried in earth, I also discern a huge, shapeless mass of iron. Dumb witness of a bloody past, it is all that remains of a monster gun whose voice made the trees tremble. In the last hour of horror, overworked, triple-charged, it exploded, hurling a score of men into eternity.

This memory, then, is no mere dream. This panorama of peace before me has a dark background of graves.

Through yonder field of waving corn, from the mile-distant wood, with pick and shovel, by ditch and trench, inch by inch, we worked our tedious, tortuous way. Day and night we were dogged by the messengers of death. Each step was gained at the price of some brave life. Yet the work was pushed steadily on. We were there to do, to dare, to endure, but not to flinch.

In a nation's redemption struggle men can afford to die, but cannot afford to be found wanting. When a comrade fell wounded, we cared for him with such kindness as the circumstances permitted; if he was killed, wrapped in his blanket we buried him, while with the rough sleeve of a soldier's coat we wiped the tears away—and pushed ever onward.

As I gaze spellbound, I wonder—I can never cease to wonder—that we did not fall. It required men with nerves of steel and hearts of oak, reinforced by the inspiration that back of us was our country, and above was God. It required these, and all these, to make victory possible.

For there, in the fort before us, were Americans, and none but Americans could have taken it. Our foes were never tired, their vigilance never relaxed, their courage was sublime. And while we believed them entirely and eternally wrong, they fought as it is only possible for men to fight who believe they are entirely and eternally right.

It was their fierce determination to hold the fort or die in it. With great guns and small, by night and by day, they hurried upon our heads a tempest of death. While this delayed, it could not prevent our advance. The progress was slow, but it was ceaseless. Each minute in the day, each minute in the night, we were digging nearer, ever nearer, to the foe.

At last the point was reached where the work must be completed by an act of extreme desperation—we must charge the fort.

Between the trench in which we were concealed and the coveted prize was a space of about 500 feet, filled with every sort of obstruction which cunning, desperate men could devise. In part this consisted of stout stakes driven firmly into the ground at an angle pointing towards us, and sharpened. These were so thick and close that we could not pass between them, and were too strong to be easily broken. If there was a spot anywhere affording the least protection from the leaden storm, it was planted thick with torpedoes. It was through and over such obstructions that we must force our way while the guns of the fort would be flashing on us floods of death.

Between the trench in which we were concealed and the coveted prize was a space of about 500 feet, filled with every sort of obstruction which cunning, desperate men could devise. In part this consisted of stout stakes driven firmly into the ground at an angle pointing towards us, and sharpened. These were so thick and close that we could not pass between them, and were too strong to be easily broken. If there was a spot anywhere affording the least protection from the leaden storm, it was planted thick with torpedoes. It was through and over such obstructions that we must force our way while the guns of the fort would be flashing on us floods of death.

How the memory of that hour thrills me even now! If for a week past, to show a head or expose a limb anywhere was to insure a wound, if not instant death, what must be our fate in an open charge? Was it strange that the stoutest hearts must quail? We tried to persuade ourselves that some of our number would reach and capture the fort, but no one dared to ask himself the question: "Will I be there when all is over?"

The signal was to be three guns fired from a battery near the center of our line, at an interval of half a minute each. To deceive the enemy, precisely the same signal had been fired at noon for three preceding days.

A moment, when the word was received, to hastily scribble upon the scrap of pocket diary the last word to the absent; a moment to exchange with a comrade, so that the survivor might forward the message to those loved ones; an instant to breathe a whispered prayer through moving lips, just loud enough to be heard in Heaven—when boom—boom—boom—the solemn voice spoke out, and with a shout which made the earth tremble, we leaped from the obscuring ditch, and the harvest of death began.

Paralyzed for an instant, but only an instant, the enemy opened their guns with consummate fury. Our ar-

another shout out-yelling the missiles of war, we flung ourselves at the parapet. The attempted seemed impossible, but with such men nothing is impossible. Over the obstructions, up the steep and difficult ascent; regardless of bursting shell and hissing bullets; in utter defiance of the enemy who now thronged the slopes, until, hurrying our foes headlong with our bayonets, we leaped into the fort. We were so closely jammed in with the foe that it was difficult to fire our guns. Some were using them as clubs, some turning their bayonets into spears, others clinching a death grapple, while the shrieks and shouts were deafening and horrible as the infernal pit.

On that very parapet before me, within this deserted space, shaded now by vernal and silent growths, that scene of hell-born carnage was enacted.

But this was of short duration. Our reinforcements were pouring into the fort like a mighty flood—the enemy, hopelessly overpowered, at last surrendered.

The fury of rejoicing which followed rivaled that of the charge. The struggle had been so long and desperate, the victory was so complete (not a single one of the foe escaping) that men lost all self-control, and some in a frenzy of joy even hugged each other and cried like women.

But the vanquished—God pity them. The ground was strewn thick with their dead and dying, with pools of blood, with fragments of rent and scattered bodies. Some of their guns were literally covered with the shattered remains of the poor victims who had perished in handling them.

Amid the stifling stench of human gore, the survivors stood, some huddled in little groups, dumb with terror; some upright, facing us in cool

## DATE A MEMORABLE ONE.

Events of Importance in Country's History Happening on the Thirtieth of May.

The thirtieth day of May, which the 45 states of the now indivisible union have known as "Decoration day" ever since Gen. Logan's order in 1868 of officially set aside for the observance of remnant patriotism, figures variously in the chronologies of peace and war. To that passing generation which lived through the horrors and sufferings of a titanic civil strife the date is eloquent as (fortunately) it cannot be to any others, but to all good Americans it will ever stand as a peaceful monument to the just ending of "the great debate," while all that world which busies itself with the records of past history will fittingly place the Decoration day of "the states" first of the ten events of importance which have fallen on the penultimate of the fifth month.

Three of these nine happenings other than Memorial day, are closely connected with the war between the northern states and the southern. It was on May 30, 1850, that there was born a boy soon to be christened Frederick Dent Grant, and who was to grow up to the command of those same armies which his then unknown father was to lead to final victory in the greatest of all civil wars—to grow up, moreover, so like the world-famous father in every feature and movement as to cause many a veteran of the war to turn and look after him in the streets with a strange and sudden beating at the heart.

Twelve years later than this (1862), it was on May 30, that the confederate forces evacuated Corinth, down near the Tennessee line in Mississippi, while the same date in 1854 had seen the signature of Franklin Pierce attached to that famous Kansas-Nebraska bill which played no inconsiderable part in bringing on an armed arbitration of the slavery question. That stroke of the chief executive's pen organized as territories the states which are now known as Kansas and Nebraska, the latter to join the union in January of 1861 as a slave state, but Kansas not until 1867, when the portentous question which had drenched her fields with blood in the middle '50s had been settled beyond all further disputing. Far from least among the past events recalled by Memorial day is the signing of that bill—it marked the repeal of the Missouri compromise, it marked the triumph of that strong but scheming leader Stephen A. Douglas over such patriots as Sumner and Chase and Wade and Seward; it made of "squatter sovereignty" a bitter fact, encouraging those worse elements which brought war into the land.

## CAVE HIM THE PASSWORD.

German Sentry Somewhat Confused—Good Story That Veterans Will Enjoy.

"In our army at the west," said a member of the Missouri contingent, "the word 'Potomac' was given as the password for the night. A German on guard understood it to be 'bot tomak,' and this, on being transferred to another was corrupted to 'buttermilk.' Soon afterward the officer who had given the word wished to return through the lines, and approaching a sentinel, was ordered to halt, and the word demanded. He gave 'Potomac' and 'Neh right. You don't pass mit me dis way.'"

"But this is the word and I will pass," replied the officer.

"No, you stan," at the same time placing a bayonet at his breast in a manner that told Mr. Officer that 'Potomac' didn't pass in Missouri.

"What is the word, then?" asked the officer.

"It ish 'buttermilk,' was the answer.

"Dot ish right. Now you pass mit yourself all about your pizness!"

The Thirtieth of May.

Throughout the 45 states of the now indivisible union May 30 is set aside for the observance of reverent rites in memory of the patriotic dead who fought in the civil war.

This memorial was inspired by a splendid impulse of patriotic devotion, and it serves to awaken the fervor of patriotic endeavor by recalling the tremendous sacrifices of the great conflict between the north and the south, now happily but a memory

# IN MEMORIAM

THE BROOKS A-BABBLING THROUGH THE LEAS,  
THE DICKS NODDING IN THE BREEZE,  
THE DROWN'D MUSIC OF THE BEES,  
THE MYSTIC WHISPER OF THE TREES,  
AND Doves A-COOING  
AND LOVERS WOOING  
AND PEACE ON LAND AND SEAS.

THE GLAD RETURN OF SPRINGTIME WHEN  
THE BUSHES LITTLE TWITTERING WREN  
WAS BUSY WITH HER NEST AGAIN,  
AMIDST THAT SCENE OF JOY, EEN THEN  
A SHADE OF SADNESS  
THOUGHT OF MADNESS  
AND STRONG MEN WATCHED AND WEPT.

THEY SAW A SHADOW IN THE SUN,  
THEY SAW THE SORROW THEY WOULD SHUN  
FOR ON THE BATTLEFIELD  
THEY SAW THE END THAT MUST BE WON  
AND MAN AND BROTHER  
KISSED WIFE AND MOTHER  
AND MET WITH SWORD AND GUN.

AMID THE CLOVER BLOOMS OF MAY  
WHERE HAPPY LAMBS HAD BEEN AT PLAY,  
MAD, MIGHTY ARMIES MET ONE DAY,  
WHILE GAYNOR BELL LUPWOLD THE CLAY,  
AND FRIENDS AND NEIGHBOUR  
WITH SHOT AND SABER  
CRASHED IN A DEADLY FRAY.

THE MARCH THE CHARGE AND THE RETREAT,  
THE BUGLES BLAST THE WAR-DRUMS BEAT,  
THE CONFUSION FEARFUL FIRE AND HEAT,  
THE SCENE OF CARNAGE ALL REplete,  
OF THE CRASH AND RATTLE,  
OF THE BATTLE  
OF VICTORY AND DEFEAT.

A SHADOW IN THE VALLEY SLEET  
THE OLD FARMY FIELDS WERE ALL UNKEPT,  
DEGAY ACROSS THE LANDSCAPE CREEPT,  
AS WAR ABOVE THE NATION SWEEP,  
AND BABES WERE CRYING  
AND WIVES WERE SIGHING  
AND STRONG MEN WATCHED AND WEPT.

THE HAPPY MEETINGS AT THE TRINITY  
BY LOVED AND LOVER ALL WERE MISSED,  
AND WAITING LIPS REMAINED UNKISSED,  
WHILE SWEETEST IDEAS WERE HALF DISMISSED,  
LOVE WILL BOROOW  
WHEN DOUBT HAS HOPE ABDESSED

SWEET SORRY TALE AGAIN RETOLD  
BY THESE WEATH-CROWNED HEADS OF MOULD  
THE FLAME THAT OER THE NATION ROILED,  
THAT BURNED THE DROSS AND LEFT THE GOLD,  
HAS BROUGHT THE STORY  
IN NEWEST GUARD  
MORE BRIGHT AN HUNDRED FOLD.

BRING ROSES RED AND LILIES WHITE  
AND VOICES ABLE IN FREEDOM'S LIGHT  
WE LOOK UPON A GRACIOUS SIGHT  
AS ALL OUR HEARTS IN LOVE UNITE  
THE SAME GRAVES WREATHING  
THE SAME PRAYERS BREATHING  
TO GOD AND TRUTH AND RIGHT.

THE BROOKS A-BABBLING THROUGH THE LEAS,  
THE DICKS NODDING IN THE BREEZE,  
THE DROWN'D MUSIC OF THE BEES,  
THE MYSTIC WHISPER OF THE TREES,  
AND Doves A-COOING  
AND LOVERS WOOING  
AND PEACE ON LAND AND SEAS.

—NIXON WATERMAN.

tilery, too, recently placed in position under the mantle of darkness and concealed by brush, replied with even fiercer violence. Thus, with the air about us full of screeching missiles and sulphurous smoke, blinded and sometimes even covered by the debris thrown over us from the furrows plowed by shells, we fared forward. Some began to chop down the stakes, while others aimed at the runners. The range was close—we were veterans—nearly every shot brought down a victim and silenced a gun. Their riflemen, too, were soon so weakened by loss that they could not check our advance until we reached the great ditch which surrounded the fort. Here, besides every other conceivable obstruction, it was planted thick with torpedoes; but although it were the veritable jaws of death, there could be no faltering now—into it we leaped with a shout.

Although beyond the range of the guns, we now became the victims of the fuses of shell hurled upon us from above. But still, over the dead bodies of the slain, we pushed forward to the opposite bank. Here, halting but a moment under the slight protection to recover our spent vigor, with

defiance; others, blackened by smoke, bareheaded, half naked, were on their knees in prayer.

And this is war!

It was 42 years ago. Yet I instinctively listen, imagining I must still hear the roar of that conflict, or at least its echo—but no, the midday bears no cadence save the silklike murmur of the zephyr whispering—Peace.

## Memorial Day

"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"  
A song that forty years ago went up from shore to shore;  
And it would make a weak heart strong, or strong heart weak to see  
The host that seemed to spring to life to follow Liberty.  
Husbands and fathers, brothers, sons rushed through the household doors  
"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more!"  
America's grand hills and vales re-echoed with the song;  
"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand strong!"

The hills and vales to-day are free, the land and skies are fair,  
But when we hear that old time song, no echoes stir the air;  
The gray haired, halting, feeble band have lost that ringing tone,  
Now they are marching, one by one, forward to die alone.

Sometimes, in Heaven, we may believe, white tents of peace are spread,  
And comrades gathering there, repeat their old familiar tread  
Rehearse the mysteries of the times, when, better than they knew,  
Freedom emerged from Sin and Death; and, in a grand review,  
As their old comrades come in sight, the old time ardor rings  
Saluting waiting Lincoln, the army once never sings,  
In tones of triumph that their souls had never known before,  
"We are coming, Father Abraham, three hundred thousand more."

—Elizabeth H. Foss in New York Correspondent

Soldier dear, we weep for thee,  
For those long years of bitter woes,  
And bear away in this white rose  
Something of God's great charity

—AGNES E. MITCHELL

THE THIN BLUE LINE.

Proudest of all who may be called Americans are the surviving members of the Grand Army. Their heads may be bent, their bodies twisted and weakened by age, but their hearts are erect. Their ears may not hear clearly the plaudits of the throng that lines the way, but the distant call of the bugle is as thrilling to them as in that long ago yesterday. Their eyes may not see beyond their own dwindling line, but they recall distinctly the inspiring folds of Old Glory above the smoke of battle.

And we enter into their enthusiasm. In our young strength we aid their faltering steps. In the bright sunlight of a profound peace, of a firmly knit nation, of a spirit of unity that time can do nothing but strengthen, we give our cheers for the thin blue line and our tears for the comrades who drop by the wayside, their floral tribute intended for others serving as a last tribute to themselves.