

# In Memoriam



## DECORATION DAY EPISODE.

Simple but Patriotic Exercises in Western Frontier Town.

"For genuine patriotism one must go to the country, or, better still, to the frontier or mountain towns. Awa, from the maddening rush for wealth the people live closer to nature and also get opportunities to form social acquaintances which develop into the closest friendships. Holidays to this class are something out of the ordinary." Having thus delivered himself the old-time newspaper man pondered a while and then resumed somewhat as follows: "Away back in 1883 I was stranded in a little mountain hamlet in Colorado called Georgetown. 't was Decoration day. My cash had run out, the two weeklies had a full complement of help and I was up against it.

"Going along the main street, I ran across a local correspondent for one of the weeklies, whom I had met in Denver. He gave me the glad hand and asked if I had struck any auriferous ore. Having told him of the depleted condition of the treasury, he stated that a committee appointed by the G. A. R. post had met with hard luck in lassoing a speaker for the program at the cemetery. Then an idea struck him.

"Say, pard, why can't you give us a lift? There's a five dollar gold piece in it!"

"Did I take it? Well, I delivered the best speech ever made in the Rockies. But you should have seen that procession. Miners wearing their red or blue shirts, with great leather belts to hold their trousers in place, sans coat and vest, but shod in high-top boots and on their heads were slouch hats or sombreros adorned with rattlers. Here and there was a real veteran, whose empty sleeve or limp demonstrated that he had helped defend the stars and stripes. Altogether there were fewer than 300 men in line. But patriotism, pure and unadulterated, beat in every breast. I was accorded a position of honor at the head of the line alongside my friend, who was past commander of the post and measured about 5 feet 4. The commander was 6 foot 2, and we made up a great bunch. The line of march took in the main street of the town and then over two miles of rocky road to the cemetery. Once there I delivered my little talk and then the veterans tenderly placed flags and flowers on the graves of their beloved dead. Many a teardrop fell upon the blossoms as the old boys passed them around and recalled their gallant comrades of years ago. There was no work in Georgetown that day, for it was a holiday devoted to the memory of the brave men who fought to preserve the nation's honor. Give me the frontier for the real article in patriotism."

### Let No Soldier Be Forgotten.

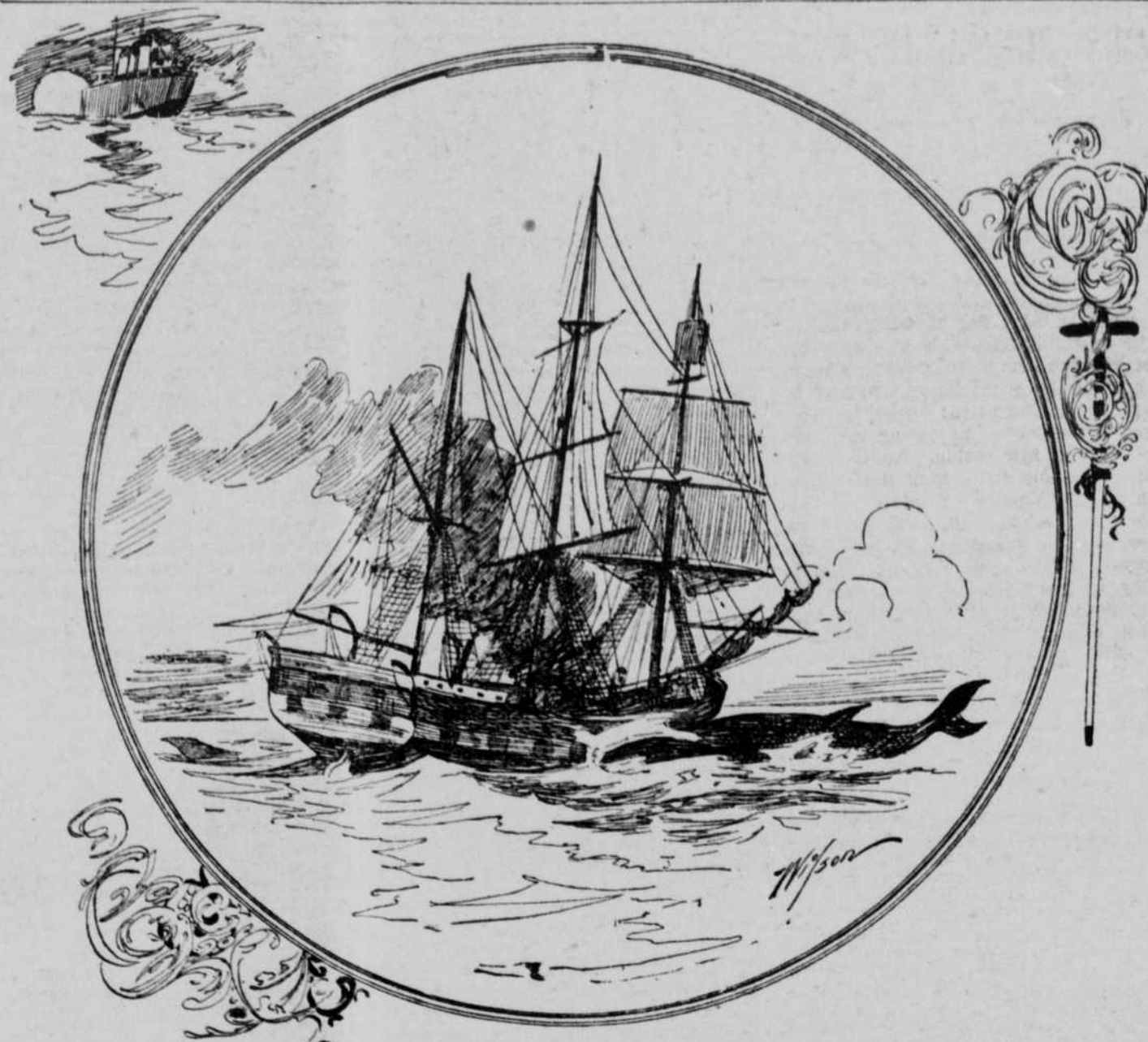
The significance of the day should inspire every veteran soldier and sailor to pay homage to the valorous deeds of their comrades of 1898. The annals of our country have been made glorious by the noble and heroic sacrifices of her sons.

It is our duty to keep ever present in our memories the historic deeds of the patriotic dead—our country's dead.

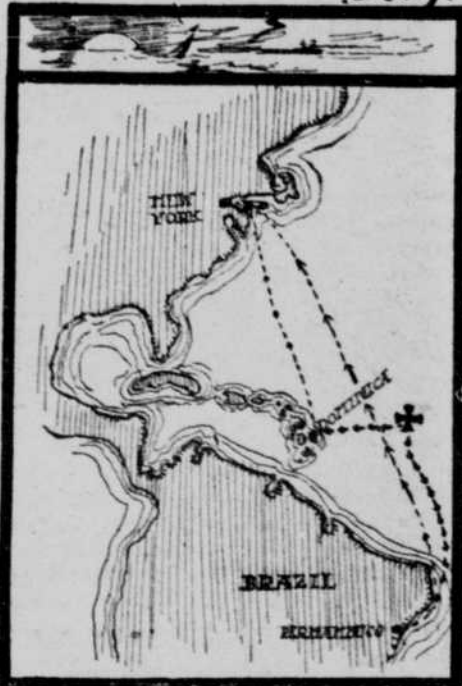
"On every soldier's grave with love to lay a lily there."

—James Whitcomb Riley.

# Whale Wrecks a Vessel by Stoving in Its Side



Crew of the Whaler Kathleen Tells Graphic Story of Remarkable Adventures When Ship Is Sunk by an Angry Monster.



A story of eleven days in an open boat, with the fierce sun of the tropics beating upon them, and only two swallows of water and half a ship's biscuit a day each, was the tale of adventure and suffering told by Mate Manuel de Viaria and his eight companions, who arrived at New York on the steamship Madiana, which brought them from Dominica, in the West Indies.

De Viaria and his men were part of the crew of the New Bedford whaling bark Kathleen, which was stove by an angry sperm whale 950 miles from land in West Indian waters on March 17.

Driven to the boats with only a scant moment in which to snatch up water and biscuits and then separated upon the wide sea, it is a curious fact that every person aboard was saved. Even the parrot of the captain's wife arrived safely at home. The survivors in the two boats reached home within twenty-four hours of each other.

De Viaria and his men sat together in the smoking room of the Sailors' Home in Cherry street. De Viaria was the spokesman.

"We sighted a school of whales, with maybe ninety or 100 in it," he said, "and all four boats went after them."

"I struck a whale of maybe fifty or sixty barrels. He sounded two or three times, but we killed him, and then we set a flag to call the ship down to us."

"I looked for the ship. There she was, about half a mile away. She had all sails set, with her foreyard aback, waiting for signals."

"Then I saw flags go up to all three peaks. That means 'all boats come in.' While I watched I saw her heel over. It was dusk. The last I saw of her was her yard ends in the air."

"Then the mate's boat, with the captain aboard, came down to me. They were wearing hats and handkerchiefs, meaning 'cut loose.'"

"The captain got all four boats together and divided up the men. I had nine all told in my boat, and each of the others had ten, counting the captain's wife in the mate's boat."

"The captain gave each of us a pail of water and maybe ten or twelve pounds of biscuit. He said: 'Steer west, by north, one-half north.'"

"It was a clear night, but no moon. We watched for the captain to flash a light to keep together. We saw the light at 8 o'clock, and then at 9. That was the last we saw."

"When morning came there was no boat in sight."

"Then I made up my mind to take my own course and steer due west for Dominica."

The weather was fine until the last two days, when it took two men to bail out the seas that combed over the quarter.

Suddenly, on March 23, about 11 a. m., the lookout shouted "Land!"

De Viaria held his course until he saw a long point to the north, sailed beyond it and recognized the harbor of Port Smith. At 6:30 that night they landed, exactly eleven days and nights after the boats started away from the ship in company.

"We were so weak when we got ashore," said De Viaria, "that we could not stand up, but we got over that pretty soon."

Third Mate Hobart R. Reynolds told the story of the sinking of the ship and the adventures of the boats.

Three of the four boats had got fast to whales at once, he said, and the first mate had brought a big cow whale alongside and made it fast in the tackles on the port side of the bark. A bull whale had broken from the school, and suddenly appeared about two ship's lengths away from the bark.

"There's a big bull close alongside," cried Capt. Jenkins. "Better go after him, Mate."

The mate's boat was within striking distance within a few moments. They drove a harpoon deep into the whale.

The big breast struck out with a speed which set fire to the whaleboat where the line ran out, and made straight for the ship. He struck her fairly on the starboard side amidships as she lay hove to.

The whale sank at once.

The bark was sixty years old. The whale crushed in her side and she began to careen at once. Capt. Jenkins, his wife, the steward and cabin boy were all that were left aboard.

The mate, seeing that the ship was in distress, cut loose from the whale and went to the captain's aid.

The steward tried to get at the provisions below, but could get nothing but a box of ship's bread. The captain secured four pails of fresh water, and with the bread and parrot abandoned the ship.

After dividing up the bread and water to his men. They discovered that spray had spoiled the water. It was all salt.

"Well, boys," he said, "it's all up with us, but I'll see what we can do to reach Barbadoes." A little later he sighted the captain's boat. The captain divided what fresh water was left between the two boats.

Fortunately their voyage was not long. At 9 o'clock they sighted smoke, and the Borderer, bound with coal from Baltimore to Chile, sighted them. After picking up the captain and third mate's boats, the Borderer cruised about and found the second mate's boat.

All were hoisted aboard, boats and all. The Borderer cruised about in circles, looking for the fourth boat, until dark, and then went off. She landed Capt. Jenkins and his men at Pernambuco.

The picture on top shows how the Kathleen was sunk by a collision with a whale. The dark arrowed lines in the map show how the survivors put out in boats, one for Pernambuco, Brazil, and the other for the Isle of Dominica. The light lines indicate the route of the survivors to New York.

### When Whiskers Were Unpopular.

"I suppose I will surprise my young readers," writes T. P. O'Connor, "when I tell them that I remember the time when a man who wore a beard was regarded as something of a phenomenon, and, indeed, as scarcely gentlemanly, but so it was. At the bar a young barrister who wore a beard or a moustache would so out-

rage the etiquette of the profession that he would be refused a hearing by some judges and by others so sneered at as to make solicitors unwilling to employ him. A judge who has only just left the bench professed one day while he was listening to a junior, not to understand what he was saying and when, at last, the unfortunate junior began to shout the judge sweetly remarked that it was very difficult to understand any gentleman who insisted on putting a hair screen on his upper lip."

### Where Religion Is Fatality.

Writing of the Moors of Tangier, a traveler reports: "Almost every spring there is an epidemic, more or less pronounced, of small-pox, and the number of pitted faces is very large. Mothers are anxious that their children should pass through the ordeal early and with this end in view place them in the way of contagion. I knew one poor woman who had a pet son of perhaps eight or nine. One day she came like Rachel, sorrowing and not to be comforted for his loss. 'Oh, God!' she cried, 'what can I do? God knows it was not my fault that my boy did not take the disease in time; for three successive years I borrowed the blankets in which others had died of the smallpox, directly they were buried, and it was only this year he took it. Now he is gone, and I am left alone!'"

### M'smated Names.

The union of the given name with the surname often makes an amusing combination. Sometimes it is accidental, but more often designed. The story that went the rounds of the newspapers some time ago that Governor Hogg of Texas had named his two daughters Ura Hogg and Ims Hogg, it is gratifying to know, has been denied. A case in the east of Columbus has come to the notice of the observer. A gentleman who bears the common name of Case has named his little daughter "Ura" Case.

### Maine's Old-Time Fast Day.

Maine is one of the few old states that still observe more or less seriously an annual fast day. Gov. John F. Hill, in his proclamation, which is very brief, says: "This day, revered by the Fathers, comes to us consecrated by the observance by many generations. It is appropriate that we should continue to respect a custom so deeply enshrined in the hearts of the people, and I earnestly recommend that the day be observed in a manner consistent with the purposes for which it has been set apart."—New York Times.

### The Schemakha Earthquake.

Schemakha is a city to the westward of Baku, the seaport of the Russian oil region, and lies in an area often devastated by earthquakes. On Jan. 31, last (Russian date), a shock destroyed the town and a fire that broke out laid it in ashes. Thousands of persons perished by the shock, which overthrew the public buildings and churches into which they were crowded. All but a dozen houses of the 5,770 constituting the town were destroyed. The ancient mosque that had survived for centuries was leveled to the ground and it is probable that the city will be abandoned.

### Hobson's Black Eye.

Lieutenant Richmond Pearson Hobson, U. S. N., the unsathed hero of Santiago harbor, gazed gloomily upon the world the other day from an artistically tinted eye, which he vainly sought to hide behind a green patch. To commiserating inquirers the gallant sea hero explained that it was a cork that did the damage—a coarse, rude, popping cork that flew into his eye while he was dining at the Waldorf-Astoria. With much detail, Lieutenant Hobson further explained that it was in the neck of a ginger ale bottle, that the cork passed the previous period of its existence. The cork, by the way, was secured by one of the Daughters of the War of 1812 as a souvenir.

### The Bankers Heard Jasper.

While the American Bankers' association was in Richmond they had the doubtful pleasure of listening while Rev. Mr. John D. Jasper delivered his famous sermon on "The Sun Do Move." The venerable colored preacher who is now nearly 90 years of age, consented to deliver the sermon and was rewarded by having such a congregation as he had never before seen, consisting of the bankers, with their fashionably dressed wives and daughters. He was listened to with close attention, though his hearers at times had some difficulty in restraining a tendency to smile at his quaint sayings.

### Held on to a Chair.

Palmer, Mo., May 19th.—Mrs. Lucy Compton has for the past eight or ten years suffered a great deal of pain and sickness. She had Kidney Trouble with an awful pain in her back, which was so bad at many times that she could scarcely get about at all.

"I have been down with my back for the past eight or ten years," she says, "and sometimes so bad that I could not get around only by holding on to a chair or some other object."

"Dodd's Kidney Pills have given me more relief than anything I have ever used."

"After I had used the first box I was almost entirely cured of this dreadful trouble."

"I can truthfully recommend Dodd's Kidney Pills to any woman suffering as I had suffered for so long."

Mrs. Compton's cure was certainly a remarkable one.

If a small boy is chasing a bumblebee and you hear him yell it is a sign that he has caught it.

Omaha's Best Hotel, The Millard, offers Board and Room as Low as \$2 Per Day. Better Rooms with Bath Higher Price. High Grade Service and First-Class Cuisine Same For All. Newly Furnished Throughout. Most Central Location. European Plan \$1 and up Per Day. The Lincoln, opp. Depots, Lincoln, \$2 Per Day.

Paradoxical though it may seem, it is hard to touch a close man.

**ALL UP-TO-DATE HOUSEKEEPERS** Use Red Cross Ball Blue. It makes clothes clean and sweet as when new. All grocers.

Men who are continually blowing about themselves spoil a lot of wind.

**Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup.** For children teething, soothes the gums, reduces inflammation, allays pain, cures wind colic. 25c a bottle.

A hundred years hence we shall all be bald.

**Don't Be Racked To Pieces** with rheumatism. One bottle of **MATT J. JOHNSON'S 6688** will work wonders.

The wrong doer is never without a pretext.

**Sensible Housekeepers** will have Defiance Starch, not alone because they get one-third more for the same money, but also because of superior quality.

A wise man is his own best friend; a fool is his own worst enemy.

**\$20 A WEEK AND EXPENSES** to men with rig to introduce our Poultry goods. Send to Javelle Mfg. Co., Dept. D, Parsons, Kan.

A sealskin sack does not always warm the heart.

**To Cure a Cold in One Day.** Take Laxative Bromo Quinine Tablets. All druggists refund money if it fails to cure. 25c.

Lip courtesy avails much and costs little.

**Hall's Catarrh Cure** Is taken internally. Price, 75c.

Under a good cloak may be a bad man.

**I do not believe Piso's Cure for Consumption** has an equal for coughs and colds.—**JOHN F. BOYER**, Trinity Springs, Ind., Feb. 15, 1904.

Some men have no fixed price, but proceed to sell out to the highest bidder.

Storekeepers report that the extra quantity, together with the superior quality, of Defiance Starch makes it next to impossible to sell any other brand.

Steer clear of the man whom dogs and children dislike.

**WHEN YOU BUY STARCH** buy Defiance, and get the best, 16 oz. for 10 cents. Once used, always used.

The liar is sooner caught than the cripple.

**Mother Gray's Sweet Powders for Children** Successfully used by Mother Gray, nurse in the Children's Home in New York. Cures Feverishness, Bad Stomach, Teething Disorders, move and regulate the Bowels and Destroy Worms. Over 30,000 FREE. Address Allen S. Olmsted, LeRoy, N. Y.

It is the services of the uncommon man that command the highest wages.

For frost-bite, chilblains, sore and lame joints, stiffness of muscles—try Hamlin's Wizard Oil. It won't disappoint you!

A man never begins to rise in the world until he settles down.

**ALL UP TO DATE HOUSEKEEPERS** use Defiance Cold Water Starch, because it is better and 4 oz. more of it for same money.

The secret of dress is the location of the pocket.