



**MEMORIAL DAY**

Sleep, Soldier, sleep! The clear notes of the bugle  
Call thee no more to the heat of the fray.  
Bright on thy resting place—grave of the hero—  
Bloom the fair wreaths of Memorial Day.  
Under the sod which thy life-blood has hallowed—  
Under the flag you so long fought to save—  
Sleep, Soldier, sleep! God watches thy slumber—  
A nation pays homage today to the brave.

Soldier in Blue who gave life for the Union;  
Soldier of Southland who fought in the Gray—  
God has decided the right of your struggles—  
Under one flag you are sleeping today.  
Garlands of laurel and garlands of willow  
Strew we today on the graves of our dead—  
Sleep, Soldier, sleep! For thy warfare is over—  
Rest thee in peace in thy flower-strewn bed.

Sleep, Soldier, sleep! O'er thy grave in the jungle  
Love stands on guard through the lone hours of night;  
Honor stands guard through the heat of the noonday—  
You who have died for your God and the right,  
Millions will kneel in deep prayer for the hero  
Giving his life for humanity's sake.  
Sleep, Soldier, sleep! Thou hast died for thy brother—  
Sleep till God's reveille bids thee awake.

Sleep, Soldier, sleep! The bright flag of the Union  
Still proudly floats o'er the land and the sea,  
Beacon of hope to the world's toiling peoples,  
Banner of truth and the Flag of the Free.  
Sleep, Soldier, sleep! The flowers of springtime  
Lay we today on thy low, narrow bed.  
Sleep, Soldier, sleep! For the hands of the living  
Garland today all the nation's brave dead.

—Will M. Maupin.



## Whether Common or Not

By Will M. Maupin.

### AFTER MANY DAYS

Colonel Lucius Poindexter was not feeling well. Firstly, he was far away from his Virginia home and mingling with the, to him, cold and sordid northerners who seemed never to think of anything but the chase of dollars. Secondly, because it was Memorial day, and despite the lapse of years he had not forgotten how the tide of war had swept back and forth over his beloved state.

Business had called the colonel to this little northern village, and poor train service had compelled him to remain over the day, set apart for paying tribute to the men who had fought and marched under Grant and Sherman and Sheridan. He heard the shrill of the fife and the ruffle of the drum; he saw the children gather-

ing at the village hall with flowers in their arms; he saw the women gathering, and saw the old veterans marching with feeble steps to the rallying place. And across the little stream, over on the sloping hillside, he saw the village cemetery in which tiny flags floating in the May wind pointed out the mounds wherein lay sleeping men whom the colonel had met in mortal combat more than a generation before.

Despite the fact that Colonel Poindexter's only son fell before the walls of Santiago, fighting under the flag which floated from the staff on the village hall, the sight of the gathering scores made him recall the old days of hardship, of privation, of disease and of suffering when he rode and fought with Lee beneath a banner now seldom seen save in memory

and through tears. He had nothing personal against the blue-clad men slowly gathering to pay the yearly tribute of flowers to their departed comrades. Quite the contrary. He respected them as men, he loved them as fellow citizens, and he was proud that it took men of his own blood and country to bring him and his comrades up standing.

But just now Colonel Poindexter did not feel like fraternizing, so he donned his silk hat, reached for his cane and started on a walk to escape the scenes that brought back memories he wished most to escape.

Crossing the little bridge and turning down a seldom used lane, Colonel Poindexter walked slowly along, breathing in the clear May air and reveling in the warm sun that reminded him of other days on his own loved Virginia soil. As he walked along with bowed head his ears were greeted by subdued sobs that seemed to come from nowhere in particular. The colonel stopped, alert to find the cause, and he soon discovered a frail little woman dressed in rusty black, and plucking the modest wild flowers that grew in the fence corners.

"Pardon me, madam," said Colonel

Poindexter, lifting his hat, "but you seem to be in trouble. Is there anything I can do?"

"No, sir; thank you. I am just gathering some flowers."

"There are flowers and to spare over in the village," said the colonel. "I know, sir; but they will not do. I want flowers that are all my own. I can raise none, so I came out here to pluck these wild ones, for they will seem more like mine than any that others could give me."

"Allow me, madam," said Colonel Poindexter. And then the gallant colonel, memories of the long ago temporarily forgotten, began searching for and plucking the violets and sweet williams that grew so luxuriantly.

Little by little the woman's story was told. Two graves on the hillside—one of a husband who had fought under the old flag many years ago; another of a stalwart son who had fallen beneath the same flag on the flame-swept slopes of El Caney; of bitter privation and of a seemingly hopeless future.

"You say your husband was with Grant in Virginia?" asked the colonel. "Yes, sir; he was a captain in an Illinois regiment."

"His name?"

"Mason, sir—William G. Mason."

The colonel's hands were idle, and his half-closed eyes looked back through four decades and saw the ebb and flow of warfare on the soil of Virginia. He saw the fierce charge, the repulse, and the hopeless retreat. He saw the surgeons bending over him; the faces of the nurses, and then lived again the long and weary weeks of suffering. He saw again the last feeble rally, and lived again the heart-breaking wait at Appomattox while Grant and Lee were negotiating. The sad return to a devastated home, the long years of toil, and the final triumph over ill fortune.

"William Mason. Mason, Mason," muttered the colonel. "An Illinois captain and his name Mason?"

"Yes, sir," replied the woman.

"I am under obligations to a northern captain named Mason. I was wounded unto death at Petersburg, and lay for a day and a night without attention. A northerner, a captain in an Illinois regiment, found me, took me to the hospital and saw that I was given attention. When I was able to leave he secured my exchange. I owe my life to him. And I believe his name was Mason."

"I know you, sir; I know you. Your name is Poindexter. I—" "That is my name, madam," said the colonel. "And it was your husband who saved me."

"Yes, sir. You gave him your watch as a keepsake. He brought it home with him and carried it until the day of his death six years ago. It has your name engraved in it."

Little by little the colonel managed to secure the rest of the little woman's story. It had been hard enough since the loss of husband and son, and Colonel Poindexter peered through the trees and caught more than one glimpse of the old flag for which this little woman had sacrificed so much.

The heap of wild flowers grew until there were enough for both the colonel and the woman, and they walked in silence down the lane towards the village. Suddenly the familiar "tat, tat, tat-tat-tat" of the drum was heard and the little woman hastened her steps.

"We must hurry if we are in time to join the procession," she said.

Colonel Poindexter quickened his

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