



# Whether Common or Not

By Will N. Maupin.

### At Eventide

Two little shoes, run-down and worn,  
Tossed in the corner over there;  
Two little stockings, soiled and torn,  
Lying beneath the rocking chair.  
One little sweater, one little cap,  
Little knee pants, a shirt once  
white—  
All in a heap, and in my lap  
One little lad, his eyes shut tight.

Two little arms that 'round me  
twine;  
Two sturdy legs worn out with  
play;  
One little heart that beats 'gainst  
mine,  
Full of joy at the close of day.  
One little nightie donned at last,  
Ready the lad for slumber deep;  
One more day with its joytime past—  
One little moment—then asleep.

Sleep, little boy, till the morning  
breaks;  
Dreamless sleep till the stars shall  
fade,  
And the rising sun ev'ry songbird  
wakes  
And music rings in the leafy glade.  
Sleep, little boy, and watch and  
ward  
O'er thy cot may the angels keep.  
Safe in the arms of the children's  
Lord—  
Sleep, little laddie—sleep, sleep,  
sleep!

### Recalled by Memorial Day

Last Monday was Memorial Day—the day set apart for paying renewed tribute to the soldiers of the Republic. And from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the lakes to the gulf, in the islands of the sea and under foreign skies, Americans gathered to place above the graves of the soldier dead the sweetest blossoms of spring. Time was when Memorial Day was a sectional holiday, but that time is happily past. Blue clad soldiers sleeping in southern graves were paid the tribute of flowers scattered by the hands of men who wore the gray, and gray clad soldiers sleeping in southern graves received the same flowery tributes from the hands of men who wore the blue.

Brave men are always ready to pay a tribute of respect to brave foes, and men who have fought face to face and up-standing are pretty apt to be good friends after the trouble is settled. If you don't believe it just watch what a good time the man with a G. A. R. button has when he drops in on a reunion of Confederate Veterans, or the man with the C. V. badge has when he happens to drop in on a Grand Army of the Republic reunion. Perhaps a little story told of General Scott will illustrate the point. It has been told before in this department, but will bear repeating.

During the first months of the civil war "On to Richmond" was the cry of the north. One day Pres-

dent Lincoln called General Scott to the White House and asked:

"General Scott, why is it that you can not march into Richmond, a distance of a very few miles, with a hundred thousand men at your back, when you were able to march thousands of miles with a few thousand men at your back and right into the city of Mexico?"

"Mr. President," replied General Scott, "the men who carried me into the City of Mexico are the men who are keeping me out of Richmond."

For years Captain Crouch was a well-known citizen of Omaha. He was a captain in the Confederate service, serving in an Arkansas regiment. Shortly after the war he came to Nebraska and took an active part in the development of the young state. He was never really "reconstructed" until the breaking out of the Spanish-American war. The day the Omaha Guards and Thurston Rifles started for camp to begin active service Captain Crouch was on hand. The G. A. R. post of Omaha was given the position of honor in the big parade, and Captain Crouch marched proudly by the side of the men he had fought thirty-five years before. After the soldiers had boarded the train Captain Crouch stood on the viaduct overlooking the train sheds and remarked to the reporter who stood by his side:

"If those young gentlemen put up the same kind of a fight their fathers did, all I have to say, sir, is that the Spaniards have got something coming that they'll get mighty quick."

Then Captain Crouch stepped back into the ranks of his former foes and marched back up town.

During that little Yanko-Spanko fracas the Second Nebraska and a Georgia regiment were in the same brigade at Chickamagua. In the Second Nebraska, a member of the Fairbury company, was a young fellow who was Georgia born and the son of a Georgian who was captain in a Georgia company during the civil war. One day the father visited camp, only to find his son absent on leave for the day. Major Hartigan took the Georgian in tow and entertained him until the son returned.

"How do you think it will strike you to see your son in a blue uniform?" asked Major Hartigan.

"How my boy will look in blue, sah, is a mattah that does not worry me, sah," replied the Georgian. "If as a 'blue-coat he acts his part as well as my gray-clad comrades acted theirs, sah, I shall be puffec'ly satisfied, sah."

And Major Hartigan says the young Georgian reflected great credit upon his soldier father.

Early in Chickamagua camp life a little incident occurred that made an impression. The Second Nebraska band and the Georgia regimental band gave concerts on the same evening, alternating in playing. The regiments were camped side by side. First the Nebraskans would play and the Georgia regiment would cheer like mad. Then the Georgia band would play and the Nebraskans would cheer likewise. Presently the Nebraska band played a tune that brought no cheers, and the band leader was nonplussed. But Major Hartigan understood. He rushed over to the leader and exclaimed:

"Strike up 'Star Spangled Banner'

as quick as you can, and don't you play 'Marching Through Georgia' again until we get back to Nebraska!"

The Nebraska band leader gave the signal, and before the first bar had been played the Georgia band had joined in. The two band leaders met later in the evening and there is a faint suspicion in the minds of some of the boys that what the governor of North Carolina said to the governor of South Carolina played a part in the conversation of the two musicians. But "Marching

Through Georgia" was tabooed in Camp Chickamagua after that day.

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