

IN MEMORIAM



Fan Mail
By THAYER WALDO
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SYLVIA had heard of it before, but this was her first indulgence. She set about the thing quite blithely and quite without misgiving. For a young actress who wished to get ahead without paying the usual fee, writing fan letters to oneself was a good old Hollywood custom.

She dashed off a couple of short ones—changing ink, paper and handwriting for each, of course—and then let herself really go on the last. Fervor she gave it and imaginative scope.

The problem of a name, though, stumped her a brief while. Obviously, just any old moniker wouldn't do here. After a few moments' fruitless cogitation she reached for the telephone directory, flipped it open at random and found herself among the Ws. Sylvia began to scan the list.

Three from the bottom of the second page she found it; Werrenrath, Franz E. The syllables intrigued her; conjured a picture of blond, broad-shouldered six feet. She gave her pen its boldest stroke and signed Franz Werrenrath to the missive which told of impassioned admiration and imploring a meeting.

The maid stamped that letter and put it in the post box with others at twenty past eight next morning. Sylvia reached the studio a little after ten. At exactly one-thirty two men wearing black hats and grim faces came up to where she was waiting for camera call on the "Tantalizing Tillie" set.

"Miss Sylvia Lynne, ain't'cha?" growled the one with the hat over his left eye. She admitted it and he said: "We're from headquarters an' we got some things to atcha. Come on in Fiberg's office."

The producer, looking weighty, was pacing his inner sanctum.

"Hello, leetle lady," he greeted; "now don't worry. Dese boys is just needink your help. Tell her, boys."

"Well, you got a mash note today," said the one whose derby rode his neck, "from a guy we been wantin' to get the goods on for three years. But he's slippery, see?—silckest forger west of Chi, an' he never leaves a trail. We ain't even got his pitcher."

"What?" queried Sylvia, in a smaller voice than she's intended; "what is his name?"

"Franz Eric Werrenrath—an' he don't bother with no aliases. But listen: he says in this letter he's dyin' to meetcha. All right; so you invite him out an' talk like you know all about his game. We'll be listenin' but outa sight, an' prob'ly he'll spill someh'n hot. Get the idea?"

"He's a menace t' society," said Stetson-on-the-eye. "It's y' civic dooty t' help catch him."

Fiberg and the other officers seconded it. Arguments hummed about Sylvia like a swarm of hornets. Before she could collect herself, a telephone was thrust in her hand with the urge: "There's his number; go ahead."

Hesitatingly she put receiver to ear and spoke a weak hello. The man on the other end spoke with a servant's measured accent. Relieved, Sylvia gave the invitation: "... and ask Mr. Werrenrath if he will do me the honor of calling at eight o'clock this evening."

"Okay," said the derby-balancer; "we'll be at your place by ha' past seven. So long..."

They walked in at twenty-six after. With them was a dark and intense looking young man who gave the impression of never having smiled. He crossed to Sylvia where she stood by the fireside and presented a card. She read some words and saw some seals and signatures which told that he was one Roger Dale, private detective.

"He's been tallin' Werrenrath for a client," explained one of the headquarters men. "Had the phone wires tapped an' heard your call today. Thought he'd like to come along. Where can we all hide?"

She disposed of them in closets, then spent an hour and a half that was first expectant, next dull and finally acutely boring. At last the officers flung out into the room again disgustedly.

"Aw, he ain't gonna show up," said one. "Either he smelled a trap or else he didn't care as much about comin' here as—" he broke off glancing half-guiltily at Sylvia and added: "Anyhow, we might as well scram."

The girl turned her back on them and stood gazing into the flames. Disappointment over the outcome of this was deeper than she cared to admit. There came a mumbled series of good nights; she didn't bother to respond or look around. The door clicked shut. Silence.

Then a step behind her and Sylvia, startled, spun around. The dark young man was there looking at her fixedly and tearing some papers into scraps. She glanced down, saw what they were and exclaimed: "Your credentials! Why—why are you doing that?"

His smile was surprising and pleasantly bland.

"Because," he replied, "I probably shan't need them again, and if I do, it'll be better to make new ones. A man has to keep in practice, you know."

Last Review of Northern Armies



THOUGH the designation of the thirtieth day of May as Memorial day is officially attributed to the general order issued in 1868 by Commander in Chief John A. Logan of the Grand Army of the Republic, there was a historical event that occurred in Washington three years previously which foreshadowed the custom, followed ever since Logan's proclamation, of setting aside a day "for the strewing with flowers or otherwise decorating the graves of comrades who died in defense of their country."

The South had already chosen May 30 for this purpose, observes a writer in the Kansas City Times, several of the Southern states having set aside this day for honoring their dead. But the grand spectacle of the last review of the Northern armies at Washington, which took place May 23 and 24, 1865, may be regarded as the first movement to pay honor to the living soldiers and to preserve the memories of their missing comrades who had died in defense of the Union. It was one of the most solemn and moving celebrations that Washington, or the nation, had ever witnessed. Thousands of eyes were dimmed with tears as the procession of veterans passed the reviewing stands, and hundreds of thousands throughout the land shed their tears by vacant firesides as they read the accounts of that last grand review.

In the pages of Harper's Weekly of that date, and in the reminiscences of Ben: Perley Poore, the veteran journalist, and other contemporary chroniclers, graphic accounts by eyewitnesses are given of the thrilling spectacle. The review was staged at one of the darkest moments of the nation's history. A month before Lincoln had been assassinated. At the very time the parade of the veterans was taking place, preparations were being made for the trial of Mrs. Surratt, Harold, Atzardt and Payne, charged in the Booth conspiracy, and at that time confined in the old penitentiary near the arsenal. Their trials be-

For Our Heroes

By Mrs. J. E. Leslie in Detroit News

SOUND the taps softly
For heroes asleep.
Strew flowers richly,
Our loyalty keep.

Sing their songs bravely—
"We're Tenting Tonight,"
"Marching Through Georgia,"
And "Justice and Right."

Songs for the Riders
Who took San Juan hill,
"A Hot Time" and "Dolly,"
We're singing them still.

Songs of the laddies
Who marched "Over There"
"Keep the Fires Burning,"
And "Pack Up Your Care."

Songs for our heroes,
Sweet flowers for them, too.
Soldiers in khaki
And brave boys in blue.

Banners wave o'er them,
And tears for them shed,
From Shiloh to Flanders,
Our loved, honored dead.

Two hundred thousand veteran troops, trained on a hundred battlefields, and commanded by the leading generals of the service, were there to be reviewed by Grant, the lieutenant general who commanded



Eating Their Breakfast Around the Bivouac Fires.

them all, by Johnson, the President of the United States, by his cabinet.

But the scene cannot be fitly depicted in the cold words of more than seventy years after. Let us recall the glowing words of eyewitnesses, Poore and others:

"The night before the grand review of the army of the Potomac was wet and dreary enough, but as day dawned the clouds disappeared and the scene in Maryland avenue, between the Long bridge and the Capitol, and the large plain east of that building, was warlike and interesting. Brigades marched at route steps; bivouac fires, around which groups were eating their breakfast; orderly sergeants insisting in very naughty but impressive language on the use of sandpaper on muskets already bright; musicians rehearsing some new march; little boys bracing up drums half as high as themselves; important adjutants riding to and fro to hurry up the formation of their respective regiments; elegantly attired aids de camp galloping like mad and endeavoring to avoid mud puddles; batteries thundering along. A few words from one man reduced confusion to order. When General Meade gave the order, 'Forward,' the apparent snarl of humanity and horses began to be unraveled in a single, unbroken line, and the column moved from the Capitol toward the reviewing stands along Pennsylvania avenue."

Few of those that marched in that great parade of veterans and first day of war memories are alive to-day. To most of us the names of those, captains and colonels and commanders, so glowingly mentioned by that old chronicler, mean but little. Other days, other wars and other heroes of wars. But it

was a national thrill—an epochal thrill that last review of the armies of the Union. For five years the nation had been divided, millions had been under arms, hundreds of thousands slain and as many more disabled for life. For the first time the armies marched in peaceful review, glorying in the end, mindful of their battles and of those who fell in them. A month afterward, the general order disbanding the armies was given by Lieutenant General Grant. On June 1, 1865, the movement of disbandment began and from then on until the autumn of that year 786,000 officers and men were mustered out of service and returned to peaceful pursuits.

Grant's address to the army was a memorable one, Napoleonic in its eloquence and fervor. He said:

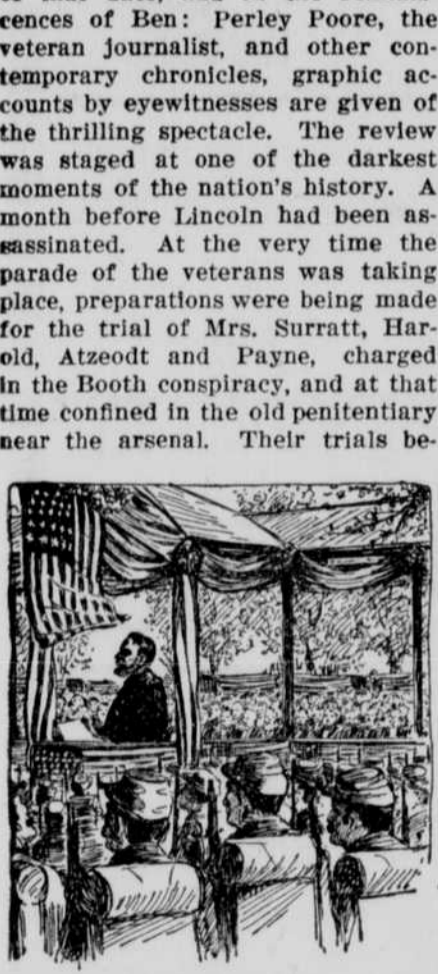
"Soldiers of the Army of the United States: By your patriotic devotion to your country in the hour of danger and alarm, your magnificent fighting, bravery and endurance, you have maintained the supremacy of the Union and the Constitution, overthrown all armed opposition to the enforcement of the laws and of the proclamation forever abolishing slavery—the cause and pretext of the rebellion—and opened the way for the rightful authorities to restore order and inaugurate peace on a permanent and enduring basis on every foot of American soil.

"Your marches, sieges and battles, in distance, duration, resolution and brilliancy of results, dim the luster of the world's past military achievements, and will be the patriot's precedent in defense of liberty and right in all time to come. In obedience to your country's call, you left your homes and families, and volunteered in her defense. Victory has crowned your valor and secured the purposes of your patriotic hearts; and with the gratitude of your countrymen and the highest honors a great and free nation can accord, you will soon be permitted to return to your homes and families, conscious of having discharged the highest duties of American citizens. To achieve these glorious triumphs, tens of thousands of your gallant comrades have fallen and sealed the priceless legacy with their blood. The graves of these a grateful nation bedews with tears, honors their memory, and will ever cherish and support their stricken families."

Monument to the Vanquished



The United States government erected this monument to the memory of 3,384 Confederate soldiers and sailors who died while prisoners of war at Point Lookout, Md. An undetermined number of the unidentified dead prisoners are buried here. The bodies of others were shipped to their home states following the Civil war. The monument is located about four miles from Point Lookout, where, backed by evergreen trees, one may see beyond to the Potomac river.



Grant's Address to the Army Was a Memorable One.

fore a military commission were concluded June 30—one month and a few days after the review of the army. Throughout the nation there was a tense feeling which was reflected in the silence of the vast crowds that watched the parade with a variety of emotions in their hearts—many of them mourners for lost sons on the battlefields, many proud of the heroes that had survived.

SUGGESTION FOR INDIAN DIALECTS IN STATE NAMES

A writer in the Boston Transcript, who finds the Indian names of some of the states "superbly euphonic," would rename those states which would have failed to take advantage of such excellent sources as the various Indian dialects. Thus Carter Glass would become the senior senator from Potomac; the states of Katakadin, Merrimac and Winooski, in the northern tier of New England, would vie for the summer tourist business; Governor Lehman would preside over the destinies of the state of Manhattan, and Governor Earle over those of Wyoming, the latter name to be expropriated from a western state which has no clear title to it.

Maryland, West Virginia, North Carolina, South Carolina and Georgia, instead of paying homage to the memory of English royalty, would be known, respectively, as Chesapeake, Shenandoah, Catawba, Santee and Altamaha. Florida's winter visitors might ballot on the choice between Okeechobee and Suwannee.

The Transcript writer offers other names in exchange for those borne by New Jersey, Indiana, Colorado, Arizona, Washington, Montana, Nevada and New Mexico, but it is pointless to dwell on the music of these Indian syllables. Euphonic as the names of Alabama and Mississippi and Tennessee may seem, the

non-Indian names that are now established are not likely to be disturbed; not even the haunting loveliness of Shenandoah is enough to overturn history.—New York Sun.

Homes Without Comfort
The much-talked-of American standards of living in cities have had a lot of the props kicked from under them by recent surveys. In 64 cities it has been found that only half of the houses have central heating plants, 25 per cent of them lack bathrooms, and one-fifth are without inside toilets.—Pathfinder Magazine.

Too Much for Them
Young people sit around and yawn when pa and ma are listening to the old-fashioned music they like; but when the y. p. turn on their program, pa and ma go out and slam the door.

Quick, Safe Relief For Eyes Irritated By Exposure To Sun, Wind and Dust—

MURINE
FOR YOUR EYES

To quickly allay skin irritations or hurts, depend on soothing

Resinol

FLORIDA FARMS 5 acres \$60 total. 25 cash. Pay balance with service advertising Florida. Box 81-H, Jacksonville, Fla.

Be Sure You Get SIMONIZ!

MOTORISTS WISE SIMONIZ

You can't Simoniz a car with anything but Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener. And, unless you Simoniz the finish, it will soon lose its lustre and beauty. So, if you want your car to sparkle like new for years... always insist on Simoniz and Simoniz Kleener.

"HEARD THE NEWS?"

THE REGULAR PRICE OF CALUMET BAKING POWDER IS NOW ONLY

25¢ A POUND!

AND THE NEW CAN IS SO EASY TO OPEN!

DIZZY DEAN dusts one off

GEE, DIZZY, YOU SURE HAD SWELL CONTROL TODAY — BEATING THE TIGERS 11 TO 0

NOT SO GOOD AS I HAD IN THE ARMY—DOWN IN TEXAS ONE NIGHT THE HORSES STARTED MILLIN' ROUND IN THE CORRAL AND —

WHOA, BOBBY! EASY THERE, PRINCE!

SO YOU'RE THE VARMINT THAT'S CAUSIN' ALL THE FUSS! I'LL TAKE THE STING OUT OF YOU!

HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT BEAN BALL? YOU WON'T CAUSE ANY MORE TROUBLE 'ROUND THIS MAN'S CAMP!

GOSH, DIZZY, THAT WAS SOME CONTROL! AND AT NIGHT TOO!

BUT HOW CAN WE GET LOTS OF ENERGY?

WELL, YOU GOT TO HAVE CONTROL TO WIN WORLD SERIES GAMES. AND WHAT'S MORE IMPORTANT, LOTS OF ENERGY TOO

I CAN TIP YOU OFF TO ONE WAY THAT CAN'T BE BEAT EAT GRAPE-NUTS FOR BREAKFAST LIKE I DO. IT'S GOT WHAT IT TAKES TO MAKE ENERGY—PLENTY OF IT

Boys! Girls! Get Valuable Prizes Free!

Join the Dizzy Dean Winners... wear the Membership Pin... get Dizzy's Autographed Portrait!

Dizzy Dean Winners Membership Pin. Solid bronze, with red enameled lettering. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In ordering, be sure to ask for Prize No. 301.

Dizzy Dean Autographed Portrait. By Bachrach, size: 8 by 10—with Dizzy's facsimile signature. Free for 1 Grape-Nuts package-top. In ordering, be sure to ask for Prize No. 304.

Send top from one full-sized Grape-Nuts package, with your name and address, to Grape-Nuts, Battle Creek, Mich., for membership pin and copy of club manual containing list of 37 nifty free prizes. And to have lots of energy, start eating Grape-Nuts right away. It has a winning flavor all its own. Economical, too, for two tablespoons, with milk or cream, provide more varied nourishment than many a hearty meal.

Product of General Foods. (Offer expires Dec. 31, 1935.)