

## Recognizing Our Debt To American Soldiers

Once every year the American people acknowledge a sacred indebtedness to the soldiers who gave their lives in order that their country might in later years enjoy the blessing of greater security, greater freedom and greater prosperity.

It is never expected that such an obligation can be met in full measure, but we make the nearest possible approach to that end when we follow with one mind and purpose the living comrades of the soldier dead.

The ceremonies of Memorial Day are never remote in their appeal. There always has been, and there is today, a very direct and personal contact between those who receive and those who give the nation's tribute. All the patriotic services of the day take their spirit from the thoughts of the living veterans who fought in the same battles and who knew better than anyone else can possibly know how a brave man can die for his country.

It is the prayer of the nation that the day may come when generations wholly inexperienced in war may at last observe Memorial day as the symbol of the soldier's enduring triumph. No American soldier has died for the sake of war. All have made their sacrifices for the sake of peace—not the peace of the moment for their own enjoyment, but the peace to be purchased for their countrymen at large.

If the American of the future is to see perpetual peace, there should be an even greater and more earnest disposition to honor the memory of American soldiers. An attitude of indifference toward Memorial day might well be regarded as one of the first signs of a declining civilization. Even the cruel wear of war is less a tragedy than the merciless rust of social decay. So long as the United States expects to be a great and prosperous nation, it must be a virile and heroic nation. There need be no fear for its future if Memorial day is everlastingly maintained as evidence that the American people remember and understand the price which their soldiers have paid for the blessings of peace.

### MEMORIAL DAY.

Sixty years and more have slipped away since the last shot was fired in the war between the states. With those passing days has come a holy peace to the nation, an understanding and an accommodation that helps America pursue her destiny with confident zeal. Only a few of the many millions of young men who marched in the ranks from '61 to '65 yet linger. Feeble and wasted with the lack of time, they await the call that will summon them to join the grand assembly on the other shore. Honor is theirs, and quiet rest in their closing hours. And it should be so.

Animosity and bitterness, born of the dispute that found its issue and answer in bloody strife, have vanished. We think now not of the cause but of the devoted valor of the men who fought. Recognizing that it was Americans, freemen, struggling for what they regarded as right. Paying, as Abraham Lincoln voiced, "the last full measure of devotion in support of their views. Time's never-failing anodyne has soothed the fever of the wounds. Other interests and enterprises occupy the time of the people, other issues claim the boards for discussion. And a united country presses forward along the road appointed for the nation, moving always to more magnificent heights of greatness.

It was out of that war the beautiful custom of Memorial Day was born. We pay our tribute to the soldier, the man who faced the danger and sustained the vicissitudes of war, from 1775 to 1919. All these are honored for their valor, their devotion, and their readiness to serve. For "a grateful nation remembers its dead," and no longer looks at the uniform the dead man wore.

"Under the sod and the dew,  
Waiting the Judgment Day—  
Under the roses the Blue,  
Under the lillies the Gray."

### A DAY DEDICATED TO MEMORIES

West of the Blue Ridge and north of the Ohio they call it Decoration Day. East of these blue hills it is Memorial Day. East of them or west of them it is a day, regardless of its pleasure-hunting holiday crowds, that has a shadow of solemnity over it.

Dedicated to memories, it offers to the soldier dead of the nation some enduring touch of immortality. He who rests under the green mound may be forgotten of men. His warfare is over. His battles may be no more than a dimming date or a far-off echo of unhappier days. Wind and rain may have worn his name from his gravestone even as Time has wiped his memory from the minds of the living.

Yet he is merged with all his soldier comrades in the memory of his country. He is a part of a great past coming down through Bunker Hill and Brandywine, Lundy's Lane and Chapultepec, Gettysburg and Shiloh, San Juan Hill and Manila Bay to the wheat fields of Scissons, to St. Mihiel and the Woods of the Argonne. For old battles, half forgotten, blend with those over which still hovers the fog of fighting.

Memorial Day began in the North in memory of those who perished on Southern battlefields. Now it belongs to the dead of all our wars. The graves it strews with flowers have written into our soil the record of the fears that were faced and the work that was done in molding a free people.

It is so easy to forget these dead when the guns are silent. New grass covers a shell-torn field no faster than the story of their sacrifices fades from the memory of the living. Life flows on over them, but the conscience of the Nation demands they shall not be forgotten. These camps of the dead are

### PHY WASTED ON DUSE,

Gordon Craig in the Dial. A legend was created around the late Eleonora Duse by persons not quite in their senses. I think I must have assisted at this in my youth. People around me were ever so ready to cry out, "Poor, poor woman!" on every occasion that her name was mentioned. Indeed they were rather too apt to do so about every woman. I dare say I too took up the pose of one who felt quite sorry.

It became a legend, her sorrow. And this legend about Duse being a "poor woman" gathered force until all England was groaning:

too full of meaning to America for them to be ignored.

For yonder may rest a soldier of the Revolution. Without him the Declaration of Independence might have been so many empty words.

There may rest a veteran who marched with Taylor or crossed the plains with Doniphan's men. Without him there might have been fewer stars in the flag.

Or here sleeps one who fought at Chancellorsville or Chickamauga. Because of him, the Union remains one, free and indivisible.

There are others who knew El Caney or who saw Cervera's ships hunted down at Santiago. Because of them, Cuba is no longer a reproach to the western world.

There are graves of those who, after the Vesie and the Marne, looked no more upon the sun forever. Because of them, a menace against the freedom and peace of the world has gone and the nations can gather at Geneva and talk of disarmament.

Until the day of universal disarming and from generation unto generation thereafter the memory of all these should be kept as green as the grass which covers them. They may be counted as martyrs to the best in humanity, and while others may have failed, they did not fail. They gave what was asked and they are home from the wars.

The time may come when warfare will be infrequent and almost unknown. That time is not yet. Until then mankind must keep and cherish the soldier's faith. When he passes he must not be forgotten or his sacrifices be ignored. This realization far down in the Nation's heart gives to Memorial Day its deeper significance.

It is more than a day of flowers and bands, of solemn words and holiday crowds. It is a time dedicated to memories of things that have been, of things accomplished and of things endured.

### THE LITTLE GREEN TENTS

Only yesterday, as time goes, file upon file of grizzled but sturdy men who had worn the blue in the critical Sixties marched miles through flag-flung, cheer-echoing streets in the annual Memorial day parades.

Today the relatively few survivors of that proud ble army, such of them as are able to get out at all, ride in carefully driven automobiles over the same pavements that only recently resounded to the timed thump of their marching feet. And each year that band of aged heroes dwindles.

That there will be surviving veterans of the Civil war for years to come, no one doubts. The pension bureau last year still had on its rolls 17 veterans of the Mexican war, a war now four score years in the past, to say nothing of 21 widows of men who fought against the British in the War of 1812.

That there are still alive something like 125,000 Union soldiers of the Civil war, though the man who was 20 the year of Gettysburg is now 83, and even the lad who was but 16 in the closing year of the war is now 77.

We would that these 125,000 could go on living, that the Grand Army of the Republic, which still numbers 56,000 men, could continue functioning forever. But we know that this cannot be, that the time must come—though it may be long in the coming—when there will be no Grand Army of the Republic.

Today the Grand Army of its kindred organization keeps green the graves of the Boys in Blue, scattered the length and breadth of the land they fought to save. The rest of us owe to tomorrow the solemn duty of keeping marked, in order and inviolate, these little green tents for all time to come, for years and years after the last Grand Army post has had its final roll call. In the time to come, let us not forget that duty.

"Oh, the poor woman—oh, the poor dear creature!" whenever she was mentioned; adding "that brute d'Annunzio!"

What d'Annunzio had to do with it was not clear to me at the time, nor has it since become any clearer. To judge from the wailing chorus, Signora Duse had met but one man in her life and he was called d'Annunzio; whereas we know that Signora Duse had met hundreds.

Q. Who invented painting in oils?  
A. Jan Van Eyck of the Flemish school. It has been generally credited with the invention, or at least with the first practice, of painting in oil.

### Ex-Film Actress Weds



Katherine McDonald, former screen star, who has become the wife of Christian R. Holmes, Montecito, California, millionaire. Holmes is a nephew of Max Fleischmann, yeast manufacturer, and is the owner of the Featherhill Ranch, one of the show places of the Pacific Coast. The new Mrs. Holmes was known as "The American Beauty" during the days of her screen prominence.

(International Illustrated News)

### Bremen's Daddy



Prof. Hugo Junkers, designer and builder of the now famous transatlantic flight plane, is now in New York with the trio of gallant fliers who made the epoch making flight in the Bremen.

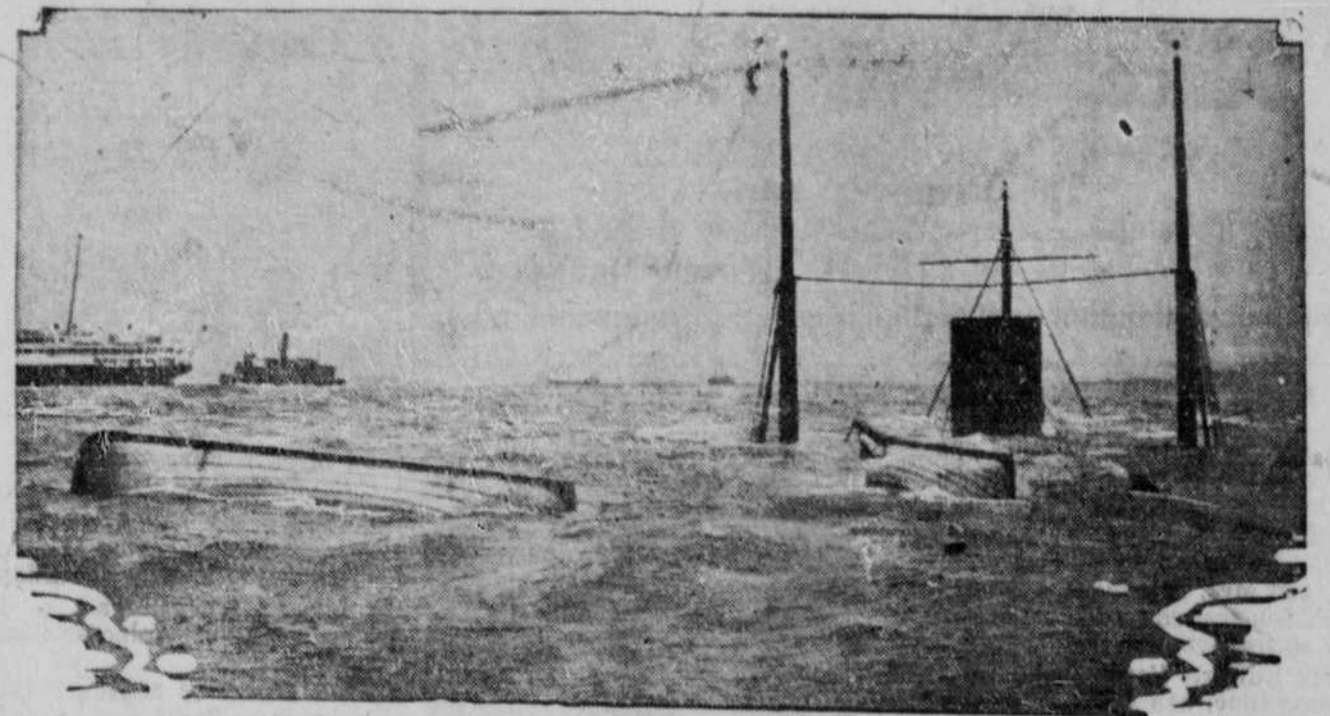
(International Newsreel)

### Stoneham Held Liable



Charles A. Stoneham, owner of the New York Giants, is held liable in two test cases, according to a decision handed down by the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court of New York. The court characterized the brokerage business formerly conducted by Stoneham "a bold and deliberate conspiracy, fraudulently to convert on a large scale." Suits amounting to over \$1,000,000 are pending.

### FOUR LOST; TWO SCORE SAVED IN BOAT CRASH



This photo shows the upper structure of the ill-fated U. S. dredge "Navesink" after it was sunk in a collision in New York harbor. Many vessels rushed to aid the crew, who were forced to take to the water and by quick action were able to save more than forty of the dredge's crew of forty-seven. It is feared that four lives were lost.

(International Newsreel)

### ARLEN MARRIED TO COUNTESS



MICHAEL ARLEN

Countess Meroati became Mrs. Kouyoumjian, Michael Arlen's real name, in a civil ceremony at Cannes, France. The couple, who announced their engagement several months ago, plan to take a trip around the world and live on a South Sea Island for some time before coming back to civilization.

(International Illustrated News)

### Lindbergh's Teacher



Lieut. Commander P. V. H. Weems of Washington, D. C., has been assigned by the Navy Department to tutor Col. Charles A. Lindbergh in certain phases of navigation in preparation for his Greenland-Iceland-Ireland flight.

(International Newsreel)

### After Globe Record



John Henry Mears, of New York, former record holder for circling the globe, is preparing for another attempt to regain the title and hopes to make the trip in less than 23 days.

### Begins Atlanta Term



MRS. MICHAEL ARLEN



Colonel Thomas W. Miller, former alien property custodian, as he appeared at New York, enroute to Federal penitentiary at Atlanta, Ga. He was tried twice on conspiracy charges and now starts an eighteen-month sentence.

(International Newsreel)

### GAY PRINCE STARTLES EXPERTS



My word! What are we coming to? Imagine wearing shorts at the races. That's just what the Prince of Wales has done when he rode in a race recently. Shorts with golf stockings set the world of fashion all agog, but then the Prince is noted for setting the pace in styles.