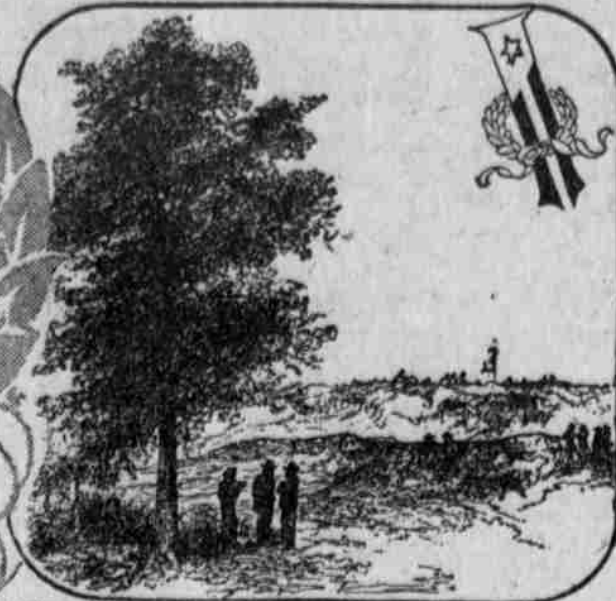


MAY 30 FIFTY YEARS AGO



CONFERENCE BETWEEN GRANT AND PEMBERTON

Grant immediately recalled Sherman from Jackson and directed him to send one division with an ammunition train to join his own force. Within an hour after sending this dispatch, Steele's division was under way. The Union forces moved cautiously, with pickets thrown in advance, by several roads. Smith's division on the southernmost road was the first to encounter the enemy's pickets. They were driven in, as were the pickets confronting Osterhaus on the middle road and Hovey on the northernmost road. By the time Grant arrived Hovey's skirmish had assumed almost the proportions of a battle.

Pemberton selected a position on Champion's Hill to meet the Union forces. General Grant at once realized that the position was a strong one. The hill commanded a view of the surrounding country and was protected by a ravine and heavy shrubbery. The battle of Champion's Hill lasted about four hours, during which time every man of Hovey's division and McPherson's two divisions was engaged. General Grant drove Pemberton from his position and the city of Vicksburg was nearer to its doom. Had it not been for neglect on the part of subordinates to promptly obey, General Grant felt that he could have almost completely disorganized Pemberton's force.

Tempering this bit of hopeful news was the sad dening report of those killed in the engagement. Full lists were being published about the Memorial day season. The Union loss at Champion's Hill was, according to General Grant's memoirs, 410 killed, 1,844 wounded and 187 missing. Hovey alone lost 1,200 killed, wounded and missing—one-third of his command. It was estimated that the Confederates lost about 3,000 killed and wounded and 2,600 captured in pursuit and battles. Loring's division, which was the right of Pemberton's line, never got back into Vicksburg, and Pemberton fell back to Big Black river.

The most cheerful part of this Memorial day news was the fact that it meant Grant had a firm position between Johnston and Pemberton.

Close on the news from Champion's Hill came dispatches describing a fight at Big Black river, where the Confederates were again driven from their position, and fed across the stream, burning the bridges. Pontoons were constructed and the Union army continued in pursuit of Pemberton.

After the engagements at Champion's Hill and Big Black river the investment of Vicksburg was as complete as Grant's limited number of troops could make it. For days the newspapers were filled with the progress of the work of constructing roads through the bayous and swamps back of the city.

Dispatches printed on May 30 gave rise to considerable anxiety over Grant's safety. Johnston was not more than fifty miles in his rear with an army about the size of his own, and Pemberton had the advantage of the fortifications and outworks about Vicksburg. A day or two after May 30, 1863, reports were received in the North of desperate hand to hand fighting outside of Vicksburg, and general assaults on the works. Several fortifications fell, but were retaken by the Confederates.

In the end of May the marine divisions under Porter did some excellent work at Hayne's Bluffs under Grant's direction. News of this was printed shortly after the date which is now set apart for Memorial day.

There had been much criticism of the administration in the North and the Union arms had come in for their share of popular opprobrium and the news of Grant's successes in the West was sorely needed.

It heartened the troops serving in other campaigns and it heartened those at home.

It was not long before what is now Memorial day that New York, in 1863, received news of the gallant charge of the Eighth Pennsylvania cavalry at Hazel Grove, where "Stonewall" Jackson turned the Union right. Infantry, artillery and cavalry lost heavily in this engagement in Hooker's Chancellorsville campaign.

Gift of Thoughts.
If, instead of a gem, or even a flower, we could cast the gift of a lovely thought into the heart of a friend, that would be giving as the angels must give.—George MacDonald.

Making a Virtue of Necessity.
Most of the advocates of walking as a splendid exercise are people too poor to afford motor cars.—Charleston News and Courier.

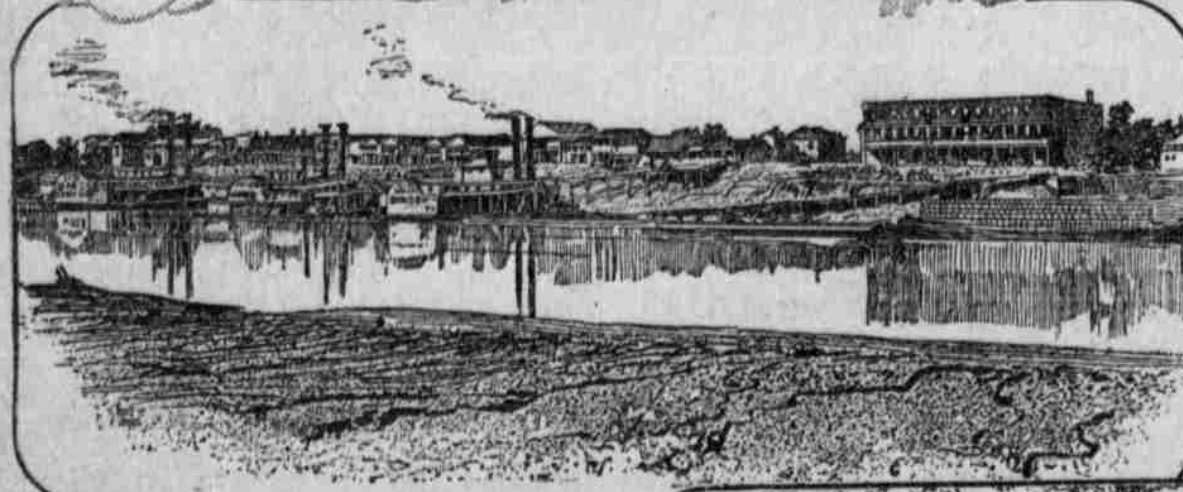
WHEN THE WAR WAS OVER

Child Learns That Joy Sometimes Finds Deeper Expression in Tears.

It was a morning in early spring—the spring of '65. The orchard was in full bloom and on the wind was the odor of the blossoming crabapple trees in the woods pasture. I was sitting on the back doorstep eating a bowl of bread and milk and pausing between spoonfuls to note the glory of woods, pasture and blue sky. I was but four years old and the beauty of the world was just dawning on me, when to my ears came sudden, far-off, dull booms like sudden echoes of thunder. The sky was without a cloud. Again I heard the dull boom. Ah! I had it!

"Mother," I called, "someone's pounding on the side of Uncle Dave's barn!"
She came to the door and listened. Again came the dull, thunderous sound. For a moment she listened and then burst out sobbing.
"What's the matter, mother? Does it scare you? I'm not afraid!"
She stooped over and gathered me to her breast. "The war is over. The war is over," was all she could say, but she said it over and over. "The war is over and your father is coming home."
"Why, I'd think you'd laugh instead of cry!—I'd think you'd be glad instead of sorry." Child that I was, I knew not that joy sometimes finds deepest expression in tears.

Stoneworkers in Germany have a union membership of 75,783.



ALEXANDRIA, LA.

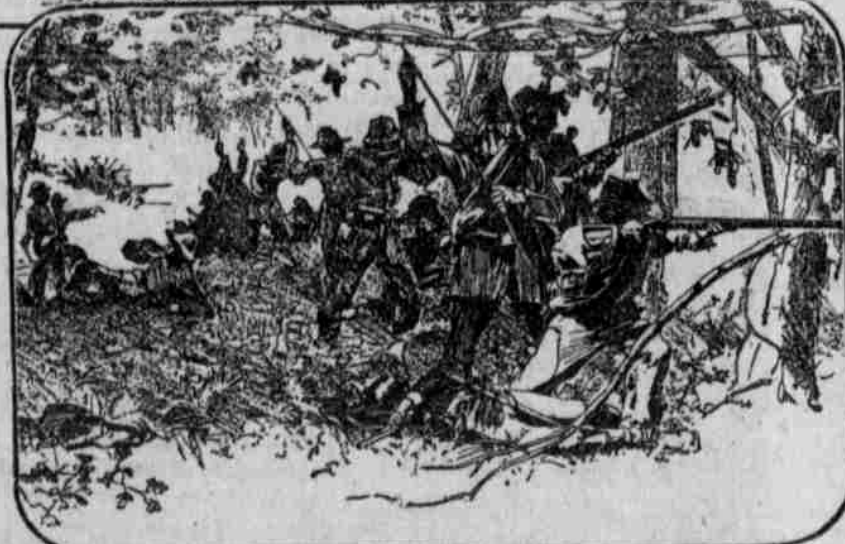
THE ranks—piteously thinner ranks this year than they were last—of veterans file through the crowded streets of hundreds of American cities on Memorial day, the minds of those who fought beneath the blue or for the gray will turn to a May 30 of 51 years ago, when ashore and afloat men were doing those deeds which will be commemorated by Memorial day.

Memorial day was not dreamed of then. North and South were busy with the grim business of war. The land shook with the tramp of armed forces and the rumble of artillery, and America was the scene of some of the mightiest battles which history records.

The news which came to the North in those stirring days was not all rose-tinted by any means. Lee was threatening the second invasion of the North and the Shenandoah and Cumberland valleys were threatened with becoming seats of war and being ravaged by hostile armies. The little town of Gettysburg had not yet awakened to the fact that it was to be the center of the most colossal struggle of the war, and in Arkansas and Virginia the Union successes had not been all that they might have been.

From the Mississippi campaign came the brightest reports of progress. The eyes of North and South alike were upon Grant and Pemberton at Vicksburg, the almost impregnable stronghold of the Confederacy in the Mississippi valley. Farragut had run past the batteries of New Orleans and Porter was assisting Grant in the reduction of the works around Vicksburg. Newspapers daily printed glowing accounts of the progress of the siege, but the city did not fall. Still it was from Grant that the encouraging, heartening news of the day came. On May 29, the day before the date now set for Memorial day, certain New York newspapers printed dispatches stating that Vicksburg had fallen; that Pemberton had escaped from the city with the loss of his artillery. This report, however, was promptly denied.

On the same day authentic accounts and pictures of an engagement at Champion's Hill, near Vicksburg, were received. About five o'clock in the morning of May 15 General Grant had received information from two men who had been



SKIRMISHING IN THE WOODS



BATTLE OF CHAMPION HILLS



VICKSBURG FROM THE NORTH—AFTER THE SURRENDER

employed on the Jackson and Vicksburg railroad and who had passed through Pemberton's army in the night, that the Confederate general was marching east with 80 regiments of infantry and ten batteries, in all about twenty-five thousand men.

DAY OF UNION AND LIBERTY

This is the Time the Nation Should Remember the Debt it Owes to the Veterans.

On May 30, 1862, there was no such smiling land as we see this day. Then the booming of the guns alternated with a dead march four years long; today we see an exultant republic, running eagerly forward to meet its fuller and more glorious destiny.

And whom shall we thank for this? The venerable men who walk or ride on Memorial day beneath their sacred battle flags, and the men who sleep today beneath the blue of the sky and the stars of the night. How great their sacrifice! Some gave literally all they had—even their names. They lie in unmarked trenches, their very place of sepulture forgotten. Their names are lost, and they have gained a name the which neither man nor time can wrest from them—the name of Patriot.

Their prowess gave us peace; Undying be their fame.

It is for us of the younger generation, whose eyes opened on a country wrapped in peace, to fill up our hearts as urns with the precious wine of gratitude and offer them, brimming over, to that Grand Army of the Republic which marches in flesh and spirit on Memorial day. Are there shadowy and invisible reunions at Bull Run, and Spottsylvania, and the Wilderness, and Manassas, and Malvern Hill, and Cold Harbor, and Gettysburg, and Atlanta? Well, might there be when the nation at this time rises on memory's wings to the heights of

a vicarious heroism. For Memorial day is the day of the living and the dead, the day of comrades whom no sting of death nor lapse of time can separate. It is the day when the Grand Army militant salutes the Grand Army triumphant. It is the sacramental day of nationality. It is the day we acknowledge each and all our debt to the boys of '62, who are now the patriarchs of '14. It is the day of neither North nor South, nor East nor West, but of Union and Liberty, now and forever, one and inseparable.

Left Capital Vulnerable.
One hundred years ago the residents of Washington were seriously disturbed by rumors that the British were planning an expedition for the capture of their city. Grave as was the danger, the authorities were slow to move. After considerable delay a fleet of gunboats and barges were assembled and placed under the command of the veteran Commodore Barney, who had served with distinction in the Revolution. But the land defenses were almost totally neglected. Though the government called for 15,000 troops, the actual defense force about the national capital consisted of but a few hundred militia. In consequence, when the British finally marched on the city in midsummer they encountered little opposition.

Very Old Copper Mine.
If not absolutely the oldest, the Stora Kopparberget in Sweden is the oldest copper mine of which any official figures can be found. It has been worked continuously for nearly eight hundred years.

ANTHROPOMETRIC LIGHT

BRAND WHITLOCK IN HIS NEW ROLE



C. HARRIS & SONS

Brand Whitlock, the new American minister, is now settled in the new legation at the end of Rue Belvédère, one of the best residential streets in Brussels, and very suitable for a permanent home for representatives of the United States.

Before Mr. Whitlock became a full-fledged diplomat he was mayor of Toledo four terms, succeeding "Golden Rule" Jones as the friend of the people; before that he was a successful lawyer, and is an author of note.

Hugh S. Gibson has begun his work as secretary of legation at Brussels, to which position he was promoted from secretary of legation in Cuba, previous to which he had been second secretary to the American embassy in London and secretary of legation in Honduras.

Col. John S. Parke has gone to Washington, having finished his term as military attaché. Belgians deeply regret having to lose him, as he and his wife have been very popular on account of their charming hospitality.

COMES OF NAVAL STOCK

Charles Johnstone Badger, in command of the fleet at Vera Cruz, was born in Rockville, Md., on August 6, 1853. He was the son of Commodore Oscar Charles Badger and Margaret M. Badger. An appointment at large to Annapolis was given the present rear admiral by President Grant in 1869, and four years later the young sailor graduated with the title of midshipman.

In July, 1874, he was commissioned an ensign, was given the title of master in November, 1879, and was raised to the rank of lieutenant (junior grade) in 1883. In 1886 he became a lieutenant. From September, 1873, until July, 1875, he was aboard the Narragansett, engaged in making a survey of the Gulf of California, and from October, 1875, until December, 1875, he was on duty at the navy yard in Washington.

He then was transferred to the torpedo boat Alarm for six months, then to the Asiatic station, with the Ashuelot, Alert, Monocacy, and Monongahela, and in December, 1879, was assigned to special duty with the bureau of navigation.

He then spent some time with the coast survey steamers Endeavor and A. D. Bache, and was switched to the Yantic on the north Atlantic station. In October, 1882, he was on duty at the Boston navy yard, and then was ordered to the fish commission steamer Fish Hawk.

Perhaps the most dramatic part of his career was that of taking part in Schley's relief expedition to find Greely, who was lost somewhere near the North pole. Badger was the executive and navigating officer of the Alert, being second in command.

He was in command of the naval forces on the water front in San Francisco during the earthquake, and helped the stricken city greatly by aiding in the transfer of naval supplies.



ONE BY SENATOR WALSH



C. HARRIS & SONS

Senator Thomas J. Walsh of Montana hails from a big country, and one of the few in which the Indian is still remaining on reservations. In his state are what are thought to be the fiercest of the redskin tribes, the Cheyennes, while another famous agency is that of the Rosebud Indians. From a grazing state, over which once roamed immense herds of cattle, this country is rapidly becoming agricultural.

In such a prosperous community there is always plenty of work to be found, but the senator tells a story of a man out his way who did his work vicariously. Jim Jones was a ne'er-do-well; loafing his principal occupation and sponging on others his only industry. He never displayed any energy except at meals.

His brother did most of the supporting of the entire family, but at one time even that down-trodden member happened not to have any position.

Jim lounged about, gouching at his hard luck. Then one day he met the senator and a smile as bright as a new engagement ring illuminated his rusty countenance.

"Why, Jim, you seem happy!" exclaimed the senator. "What's the glad news? Must have had some good luck come your way."
"I have!" cried Jim, throwing out his chest with pride. "My brother has just gotten a new job!"

MRS. JOHN LIND, WOMAN OF THE WEST

Among women of today a personality of particular interest is that of Mrs. John Lind, wife of President Wilson's recent envoy to Mexico. Mrs. Lind accompanied her husband on his diplomatic mission into that country, and with him spent several months in the city, which is now a center of interest in the world.

Before her marriage Mrs. Lind was Miss Alice Shepherd. She comes of old Pilgrim stock, her ancestors having come over to America in the days of the Mayflower. The Rev. Thomas Poletiah Sheperd, one of her forefathers, was many generations ago one of the pastors in the early American colony. Another built the first boat that ever plowed the waves of Lake Erie.



Mrs. Lind herself was born in Wisconsin. The spirit of the West permeates her tastes in large degree. She loves the freedom of outdoor life, delights in fine horses, and is a good rider and expert swimmer. In talking with Mrs. Lind one realizes that it is probably to her athletic tendencies that she owes her clear complexion and her splendid health. She is the mother of two boys and two girls.