



The Spirit of Their Fathers

The Closing Scenes of the Great War Between the States

IN THE bright noon of a brilliant spring day in Virginia General Grant, with his staff, rode into the little village of Farmville, a place that will be memorable as the one from which he opened correspondence with Lee regarding the surrender of the Confederate forces. There he met a Doctor Smith, formerly an army officer and relative of

General Ewell, then a prisoner of the Federals. Doctor Smith told Grant that the Confederate generals had decided the game was lost when they crossed the line of the James river. Soon after came word that Sheridan had captured the last remaining provision trains of Lee's troops. Lee made his dispositions for further fighting. Like a wounded lion brought to bay, the gray troops struck this way and that at the ring of torments about them. At five o'clock the afternoon of April 7 Grant sent his first note to Lee. It read:

"General R. E. Lee, Commanding C. S. A.: The results of the last week must convince you of the hopelessness of further resistance on the part of the Army of Northern Virginia in this struggle. I feel that it is so, and regard it as my duty to shift from myself the responsibility of any further effusion of blood by asking of you the surrender of that portion of the Confederate states army known as the Army of Northern Virginia."

"U. S. GRANT, Lieutenant General." General Lee replied saying he would discuss terms with General Grant. Meanwhile the fighting went on. Sheridan threw his troops across Lee's front. In a final surge of heroism the worn and hungry Confederates fixed bayonets and drove Sheridan's cavalry almost in a rout. Even the infantry was disorganized. For a few brief minutes hope surged back into Confederate breasts. Perhaps after all they would break the blue cordon, escape to the South, unite with the army of Gen. Joseph E. Johnston, and then in the hills of western Virginia reorganize a force that would be the buybear of the Union again. But it was only a dream.

Memorial Day This Year Has New and Great Significance

MEMORIAL DAY, the day of America's soldier dead, has grown with the sweeping growth of America's destiny in this great war. Twenty-five years ago May 30 was the day of remembrance of the Union soldier. The Grand Army met on the village street, and the Woman's Relief corps fell in behind it; a carriage bountifully laden with lilacs and mock orange blossoms, sometimes with roses, brought up the rear, and the cortege moved to the cemetery, where, with prayers and bared heads, the veterans and the people strewed the flowers upon graves which were marked with little flags.

Then came the day, 25 years ago, when the Spanish empire was wiped off the map. Not that we had anything against the Spanish empire; but on that day an irresistible and unforeseen destiny moved our nation, and the world with it, on a glorious path, involving far more than we knew. Then we had new graves to decorate—not so many, perhaps, but graves about which a glorious symbolism clustered.

But see what a new stride it has now taken. Memorial day comes again, and we see the marshal of France, and with him the representatives not only of the French republican government but of Britain and Italy, standing by many new-made graves of American soldiers in a far foreign land, and reverently laying wreaths and palms upon them, with tears for our dead—tears and emotions of joy as well, for the deed which these American soldiers performed in dying was one which has sealed the unity of the free peoples of the world.

Marshal Foch, Premier Clemenceau and the other French leaders who participate in the decoration of the graves of our soldiers in France know well that they are celebrating an event much vaster than the mere honoring of the heroic boys themselves who had gone to the aid of their cause. They know that they are celebrating the birth of the old world revived and liberated—the coming of the new world—the fair fields devastated by wa-

Ingersoll's Tribute To Those Who Died for Their Country

WE cover the graves of the heroic dead with flowers. The past rises before me, as it were, like a dream. Again we are in the great struggle for national life. We hear the sounds of preparation—the music of the bolsters, the music of the drums, the silver voices of heroic bugles. We see the pale cheeks of women and the flushed faces of men, and in those assemblages we see all the dead whose dust we have covered with flowers. We lose sight of them no more. We are with them when they enlist in the great army of freedom. We see them part with those they love. Some are walking for the last time in quiet woody places with the maidens they adore. Others are bending over cradles kissing babes that are asleep.

We see them all as they march proudly away, under the flaunting flags, keeping time to the grand, wild music of war—marching down the streets of the great cities, through the towns and across the prairies, down to the fields of glory, to do and die for the eternal right. We go with them one and all. We stand guard with them in the wild storm and under the quiet stars. We are with them in ravines running with blood, in the furrows of old fields. We are with them between contending hosts, unable to move, with their throats, the life ebbing slowly away among the withered leaves. We see them pierced by balls and torn with shells in the trenches, by forts and in the whirlwind of the charge, where men become iron with nerves of steel. We are at home when the news comes that they are dead. We see the maiden in the shadow of her first sorrow. We see the silvered head of the old man bowed with the last grief.

These heroes are dead. They sleep under the solemn pines, the sad hemlocks, the tearful willows and the embracing vines. Earth may run red with other wars—they are at peace. In the midst of battle, in the roar of the conflict, they found the serenity of death. I have one sentiment for the soldier living and dead—cheers for the living, tears for the dead.

DADDY'S EVENING FAIRY TALE

By Mary Graham Bonner

THE ALLIGATORS.

"Hello, Alice Alligator," said Annie Alligator.

"Hello, Annie," said Alice. "The zoo is nice today, isn't it?" asked Annie.

"What makes you say that?" asked Alice.

"Well," said Annie. "I just think so."

"But you must have some reason for thinking so, haven't you?" asked Alice.

"I suppose I have," said Annie. "Then you had better tell it to me, hadn't you?" asked Alice.

"I suppose I had," said Annie. "Pray do," said Alice, "and don't waste so much time about it."

They were swimming around the tank in the zoo. Their claws were out wide as the claws of alligators are when they swim. Their tails were also helping them to move along.

"Well," said Annie Alligator, "in the first place we have had a lot of food today, and to an alligator food is the most important thing in life."

"In fact," continued Annie, "we're worse than pigs when it comes to food."

"When what comes to food?" asked Alice.

"Don't be stupid," said Annie rudely, "I mean when food is around alligators behave as badly as pigs. And in a way alligators are worse about it."

"Pigs are interested in other things, digging, mud, and such things. They like to squeal and grunt and they are far more interested in life and the countryside and the pigpen."

"How can we be interested in the countryside and the pigpen when we're in the zoo?" asked Alice.

"We can't be interested in the countryside and the pigpen," said Annie, "but we're not naturally given to being interested in anything but our food. You know perfectly well that when our children come we will leave them, and when we're hatching them out we will not pay any attention to them if it is mealtime."

"That's so," said Alice. "That is true enough."

They still swam around, their claws



They Were Swimming Around.

out wide and their tails helping them a great deal.

"When we pay any attention to the keeper," said Alice, "it is because he gives us food. Otherwise we sleep and lead our lazy lives around here."

"Now even the snakes are more interested in other things. I don't wonder that the people who come to this house in the zoo pay more attention as a rule to the snakes than to us."

"The snakes think of new skins, or of new clothes or new suits or whatever you call them. They're changing their skins quite often."

"They go blind, or almost blind when they're changing their skins, and that is interesting and different. It is always interesting to be a little different."

"Well," said Alice, "we're different. I don't see many creatures walking around like ourselves. In fact I don't see any creatures like alligators except of course the crocodiles."

"We've got our own ways, our own habits, our own fondness for sleep and food, our own banky homes and our own ways of swimming."

"Alligators don't copy snakes, and they don't copy people. They're like themselves and they're satisfied. I don't see why you talk so much anyway, Annie."

"You were talking quite a lot yourself," said Annie.

"That's so, but I stopped in time," said Alice.

"Well, I'll stop in time, too," said Annie. "I've said all I had to say. That is I think I have."

"Be quite sure," said Alice, "for I will listen for a moment more to you. After that I must go to bed—that is I must sleep on the bank."

"I've said everything I had to say," Annie answered, "except I'd like to say again what a nice day it has been with the good food the keeper has given to us."

Pleasure as a Business.

There are a great many young people who, if they were honest, would acknowledge that, in their estimation, having a good time is the main business of life. They may work, but that is because they must, and the hours of recreation are the only ones they consider really worth while. Such young folks never feel the joy of ambition, and their pulses never thrill with the pride of achievement. In making pleasure the main business of life they lose their power to find enjoyment in everyday work.—Girl's Companion.

MANY COMMUNITIES FIND NEW METHOD OF SELLING SURPLUS PRODUCTS OF BENEFIT



Where the Producer Is His Own Middleman.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Community markets have helped to solve the problem of better utilizing locally grown food products in many parts of the country, particularly in the New England states. In almost every community there are usually a number of farmers or small gardeners who produce above their own needs a small surplus of food products, an amount often too small in the individual case to command much, if any, consideration from the wholesale dealers or even retail grocers. These small surpluses represent in the aggregate a very considerable addition to the community's food supply and, says the bureau of markets, department of agriculture, if such supplies can be economically placed in the homes they are well worth utilizing, especially in this day of high living costs and need of conservation of both supplies and transportation.

To conserve this source of food and to benefit both producers and consumers a number of cities last year set aside portions of streets, public squares or vacant pieces of property on which the farmers and gardeners could offer their products for sale. At these community or public markets the consumer deals directly with the producer and gets fresh fruit and vegetables often at a lower price than could be possible at retail stores.

Community Market Successes.

One such market in a Massachusetts town last year reports that 30 farmers and 1,800 customers were in attendance in a single day, and the business done during the four months through which the market was conducted totaled about \$45,000. Another open market in the same state reports that within two and one-half hours farmers sold ten tons of produce for \$1,500, and this lot of foodstuffs was carried away by the purchasers.

The community market idea does not appeal to all producers. The commercial truck gardener or the farmer who grows and markets a considerable amount of produce usually prefers to sell in wholesale quantities. He considers that the difference between wholesale and retail prices is not sufficient to offset the value of an equal amount of time devoted to his regular farm work. The small producer, however, whose time is not so fully occupied with his farming operations,

often finds it possible to devote a part of certain days in disposing of his products at a community market, taking the difference between wholesale and retail prices for his service as salesman.

Making Markets Pay.

Community markets have not been successful in all instances, but where there are a reasonable number of producers who can be interested in attending a market which is conveniently located for the purchasing public, success in many cases has been marked. To be most successful the market should be supported by some public-spirited organization, such as the chamber of commerce or a woman's club, and the city government should be interested in the movement. Experience shows that there always develops a need for a market master who will have direct supervision over the conduct of the market and see that all rules are enforced. Every market should have regulations as to allotment of selling space, uniform opening and closing hours, no price-fixing or profiteering, fair weights and measures, no loud solicitation of trade, and the proper disposal of refuse.

Local conditions of supply and demand will determine whether the market should be held daily or less frequently. In most places two or three days a week will be all that is required. It is better to have a flourishing market for short hours on two days a week than an unthrifty one on three or more days. Simple knock-down counters or tables for the display of vegetables and other products may be provided, or sales may be made direct from the wagons. Each producer should be required to pay a nominal price for his stand or privilege of selling, this money to go for the upkeep of the market.

Prices at the community market to attract farmers must be higher than wholesale quotations, while if they are not lower than at retail stores the consumers gain nothing in patronizing them. Some markets have found it desirable to have a bulletin board in a conspicuous place upon which are given current wholesale and retail store prices to be used as a guide in establishing prices of products on the market. Growers are then either encouraged or compelled to sell about midway between the two.

RESULTS IN STRAINING MILK

Operation Improves Quality of Product, but Does Not Appreciably Improve Wholesomeness.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Experiments conducted by the United States department of agriculture furnish the following facts regarding the value and proper use of milk strainers:

Sediment in milk indicates carelessness in its production or handling. Keep dirt out.

Straining takes out only the coarse particles of dirt and removes neither the bacteria and fine dirt nor disagreeable flavors.

Proper straining improves the commercial quality of milk, but does not appreciably improve its wholesomeness.

Filter cloth and absorbent cotton between layers of cheesecloth are efficient materials for strainers.

Cheesecloth alone, even when folded several times, is relatively ineffective. Wire gauze fails to remove any but the very coarse impurities.

Change straining cloths whenever they become soiled. Wash and sterilize them after each using. Use a fresh absorbent-cotton filter at every milking.

For detailed information on milk strainers write to the dairy division, United States department of agriculture, Washington, D. C.

REDUCE MILK-BOTTLE LOSSES

Much Help Can Be Given by Consumers by Careful Handling and Prompt Returning.

(Prepared by the United States Department of Agriculture.)

Consumers can help by careful handling and prompt return of milk bottles to dealers or their authorized agents.

Drivers can collect all bottles promptly and handle them with more care. Milk dealers can develop more effective plans for marking bottles, collect-

ing those which are lost, and returning them to the owner.

Legislators and public officials may assist by providing laws, ordinances, and regulations to curb wasteful and dishonest practices, including the suppression of the milk-bottle traffic by junk dealers.

Inspectors and the courts may give valuable service by strictly enforcing laws and regulations.

The press has an important service to perform in pointing out that milk bottles are private property, in the aggregate of great value, and a material factor in the cost of milk service.

LIVE STOCK NOTES

Cholera kills more hogs than all other diseases combined.

Worms cause the death of a great many hogs every year.

Cholera can be controlled by disinfection, quarantine and vaccination.

In raising orphan pigs, they can be fed with a bottle and nipple the same as an orphan lamb.

The late lambs should be given the best possible start, and growth should be pushed from the first.

There is no reason why a good fleece cannot be grown on the back of a good piece of live mutton.

Cholera is easily spread by streams, dogs, stray hogs, visitors and utensils moved from one hog lot to another.

There are sheep that will grow enough wool to pretty well make up the cost of feeding, leaving the mutton as a profit.

It would be much better for the colt and in the end for the bank account of his master if there was an open lot of two or maybe three acres close to the barn.