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THE G. A. R. REUNION.

WASHINGTON WILL WARMLY WELCOME THE VETERANS.

A Great Encampment Around About the Washington Monument—40,000 Visitors Will Be Provided for, and All Will Fare Sumptuously and Sleep in Comfort.

[Special Correspondence.] WASHINGTON, Sept. 1.—The coming encampment of the Grand Army of the Republic will be the grandest affair of its kind this country has ever known. Just think of it! Sixty thousand battle-scarred veterans in line marching to the strains of well-remembered tunes of the bloody days from 1861 to 1865. There have been few spectacles since the grand review of 1865 to equal it, and none to surpass it. All of these 60,000,



ROYAL ARCH.

with the 40,000 others who will come with them, can count on being well cared for while they are the guests of the people of the national capital. The arrangements for their reception and their comfort while here could not well be better or more complete than they are today.

There is no longer any doubt as to the great army that will attend. From every state in the Union applications have been received largely in excess of the anticipations of the committee on arrangements. Even from the south, where the G. A. R. is not supposed to thrive, a big contingent will come. Texas alone will furnish a contingent of not less than 2,000 men, all wearing the button that every man, woman and child in the country knows as the insignia of the G. A. R.

It is no easy matter to care for a great army of a hundred thousand strangers. A very large proportion of the visitors will find temporary home in the hotels, and a much greater number will be accommodated in the boarding houses which are to be found in nearly every street in this town. Some one very wisely said that Washington was all one big boarding house, and he was not far wrong. The national capital probably has a larger floating population than any other city of its size in the world. But the hotels and boarding houses will not be equal to the requirements. The committee on arrangements have realized this in ample time.

In all the public squares of any size the visitors here today will see busy workmen putting up long, low but comfortable buildings of pine to be used as sleeping barracks, as eating houses and as washrooms. To build houses, ever temporary ones, for 40,000 men is no slight task. But in another way Chairman Edison, who has all the details of this immense work under his thumb, will have his embryonic towns completed and ready to receive the veterans. Out on the laws which surround the tall shaft of white marble to the memory of the immortal Washington there will be buildings to accommodate 15,000 men; on the greensward of Lincoln park there will be homes for 15,000 more, and 10,000 will be placed in buildings scattered about on the small public reservations with which the city abounds.

When the barracks in the monument grounds are completed there will be seen seven principal buildings along the curving driveway which is on the south side of the Washington monument. All of the buildings are long structures, with sloping roofs covered with tar paper and a line of openings for ventilation at the ridge. They will be built of wood, with canvas sides, the latter so arranged that they can be raised or lowered, as the weather makes necessary. The buildings have a uniform width of 64 feet and a varying depth of from 200 to 350 feet. A building of the latter size has a capacity of about 2,800 men. In the vicinity other buildings will be put up where the men can wash, and also buildings where they can get their meals. Space has been reserved in the monument grounds for the members of the posts who bring tents with the intention of camping out.

The buildings in which the veterans will sleep are interesting for several reasons. The great size is of course an



MONUMENT GROUNDS BARRACKS.

ment that will attract the curiosity of the public. No plans were drawn, but Chairman Edison worked out the scheme from the basis of a known number of men that must be provided with sleeping quarters. In a figurative way it will be said that 15,000 men were put in their little beds, and the size of the buildings necessary to give them shelter was calculated to a nicety. While ample room is allowed for each man, yet there is no waste space. Each building is divided in two or three divisions by cross passageways. The aisles are run

stantial strip of canvas. The canvas is brought over a strip of wood at the head of each bunk, then fastened down to strips in the side, thus supplying the place of a bolster. It is then securely fastened to each end of the bunk, and the same operation is repeated in the next bunk. In this way each bunk is supplied with a spring mattress which will receive the weary forms of the veteran and cause them to sink away into peaceful slumber, undisturbed, it is hoped, by the nightmares which were common in the soldier days, when they rolled over on a stubborn root in the ground or some sharp pointed stone. Each bunk is 6 feet 6 inches long by 2 feet 6 inches wide. Between the bunks is a space of 2 feet 8 inches.

The use of canvas for covering the sides is another admirable feature, as the canvas is not only cheaper, but can be rolled up during a hot night, and if the weather is cool it will be ample protection. All that the occupants of these quarters will need to bring with them is a blanket, and perhaps a comb to smooth out their tumbled hair in the morning and enough money to buy their meals. They won't even have the bother of thinking whether burglars are likely to break in, as the committee will have the buildings in charge of a competent corps of watchmen.

In addition to the buildings the committee propose to lease the new hall over the K street market, if it is completed in time, where some 2,000 people can sleep. Nearly all of the school buildings have been assigned to the Grand Army posts free of charge, the committee further supplying the necessary cots. Altogether the committee will provide sleeping quarters for an army of about 40,000 men.

This will give you an idea of the magnitude of the undertaking. Everything in Washington will be taxed to its utmost. The railroads are anticipating a larger business than ever done before in such a short time, the hotels have already rented every available foot of space at their disposal, and the street car lines will be prepared to carry the great rush that is sure to come. Arrangements have already been made with the cabinet officers to have all the public buildings handsomely draped, and there will be no lack of bunting on the private dwellings. The grand stands to be erected for the president and his cabinet and for the commander in chief of the G. A. R. and his staff will be very elaborate, notwithstanding the fact that they will be built of wood. The observer will not know this, however, as they will be literally covered with bunting.

A royal arch will be erected across Pennsylvania avenue at Fifteenth street. The structure will be pure white and will rise some ninety-five feet. It will span the avenue from curb to curb, a width at that point of some eighty-five feet. The span of the arch will be fifty feet and the height about the same. The de-



INSIDE VIEW.

sign is simple but effective. The style is of classic order, the pilasters on each side being finished with Corinthian capitals. Upon the square top and at each end will be placed figures twelve feet high, one representing a soldier of 1865 and the other a G. A. R. veteran of 1892. These dates are below. On the other side will be a figure representing a sailor and his civilian counterpart of today.

In the middle portion will be a coat of arms of the United States surrounded by flags. The figures as well as the coat of arms will be in white, in harmony with the rest of the structure, which will be built of wood and galvanized iron and painted to represent white marble. In the pediment of the arch will be the words, "Grand Army of the Republic," and below the motto, "Fraternity, Charity and Loyalty." The structure will be built substantially and will be quite different from the gaudy affairs which are sometimes seen on such occasions. There will be no colored bunting or streamers used in connection with this arch. It will be plain and simple and at the same time dignified.

Although the encampment is several weeks off, one veteran is already here. The first arrival is Henry T. Walsh, who walked every step of the way from his home in Michigan to Washington, pushing in front of him a wheelbarrow in which he had his luggage. Mr. Walsh was determined to get here and to be in ample time. On the first of last month he left his home, Mount Pleasant, Mich., and reached Washington on Aug. 12, having been forty-three days in making the trip. When he left home the entire town turned out and bade him goodspeed, the county band accompanying him for the first few miles, followed by an immense throng.

There will be many features of interest at this great encampment, but none will attract more attention from the general public than the reproduction of the old man-of-war Kearsarge.

Reunions will be held upon the two decks of the ship, and the ex-sailors can see and touch the very sternpost of the original Kearsarge, where an unexploded shell lies buried in the wood. They can muse on what would have been their probable fate if this ugly looking mass of iron had exploded under the stern of the old craft on that day of battle. There will be many other mementoes of that great fight on exhibition, and the old tars can chew tobacco, spin yarn and imagine themselves once more

Still Worth Living.

When the surgeon gently told the girl that her foot must be amputated it seemed as if her heart would burst with grief. After the first tumultuous outburst she grew calmer, but there was visible in her eyes a look of settled despair that told of greater sorrow than could a flood of tears. The surgeon lingered by her side, trying with deft touch here and there to assuage the physical pain and with words of cheer to mitigate the mental anguish.

"Doctor." The man of medicine bent over her pillow attentively. "Then I must wear a cork foot?" the girl faltered.

The surgeon bowed in silent assent. "And walk with a cane?" "I'm afraid so."

She shuddered, and burying her face in the pillows wept afresh. In sympathy the surgeon could not forbear to rest his hand soothingly upon the hot head of his tearful patient.

"Never mind," he whispered encouragingly. "A cork foot is not so bad." Presently her sobs ceased and she turned her face to the light with a suggestion of hope.

"Can I dance with a cork foot?" she asked eagerly. "Only say I can dance with it. Oh, I so love to dance. Don't break my heart by saying that I cannot dance."

She looked anxiously into his kindly face. She saw there the crushing denial that sympathetic lips would not utter. Heart sick she moaned miserably. "Poor girl!"

The surgeon sighed and blew his nose ostentatiously. "Doctor." The girl was sitting upright in bed and staring wildly at him. "Can I?"

She grasped his hand convulsively. "—sit on a cork foot?" And when the surgeon after a time replied in the affirmative a sweet contentment invested her countenance.

"Thank heaven!" she devoutly murmured. "Life is still worth living."—Detroit Tribune.

His Match. In the class of Mr. Webb, the famous Cambridge "coach," there happened to be a man of the name of Coyle, and it used to be the delight of Mr. Webb to make puns on his name. One morning he came in to lecture with a special twinkle in his eye, and walking straight over to the blackboard drew a circle upon it. In that circle he drew a smaller one, and again a smaller circle in that, and so on, finally finishing up with a dot in the center of the smallest circle. It at once became apparent to all that this was intended for a coil of rope, and amused eyes were turned upon Mr. Coyle when the question was put:

"Can you tell me what I have drawn, Mr. Coyle?" But the amusement was immediately turned upon the lecturer when the unexpected reply was given:

"I think, sir, it is a spider's web." Mr. Webb heartily joined in the laugh which followed.—Tit-Bits.

Time to Be Serious. A physician was called at night to see a sick man. He found the patient in a room with several other men. Hearing one of the men address another as "doc," the visitor said, "If I had known there was another physician in attendance I should not have intruded on the case." "That's all right, doc," replied the patient. "We're all street corner doctors—fakers, you know. But when we get sick ourselves we call in our regular purfesh."—Buffalo Express.

Repartee. Miss Hawkins—I think there's a great deal in that notion that people become what they eat. Barlow—Well, if they do, you must have eaten venison, you are such a deer little thing. Miss Hawkins (softly)—You are not making game of me, are you, George?—Harper's Bazar.

What He Might Do. Cadmann—I see no reason why I should join the Washington club. Searleigh—Not do I, except that if you try a member it would be in your power to make all the other 400 members feel as happy.

Cadmann—How would it? Searleigh—You could resign.—Club.

Rather Too Personal. Presiding Judge (to witness)—Tell us how the quarrel originated. Witness—The prisoner at the bar began to call us all sorts of ugly names: You lot of donkeys; you set of p— Presiding Judge (gently interposing)—Please address the gentlemen of the jury.—Sol.

Fair Dueling. Second—Gentlemen, before this duel begins I wish to call attention to one thing. Duelist—What is it you wish us to observe? Second—You must be careful that each one of you two principals stand at an equal distance from the other.—Texas Siftings.

They Were. Magistrate—I seem to know your face. Prisoner—Yus, we was boys together. Magistrate—Nonsense! Prisoner—Yus, we was. We're both about the same age, so we must have bin boys together.—Tit-Bits.

A Rapid Growth. She—Do you notice how rapidly the city is growing? He—Yes, indeed. I owe twice as many people as I did a year ago.—Brooklyn Life.

It Might Be So. She—And how did you feel toward him when he married the girl you were engaged to? He—I felt as the man did toward his substitute who was killed in the war.—Life.

Come to Be Proud. The small boy puts on many airs. It is no idle whim.

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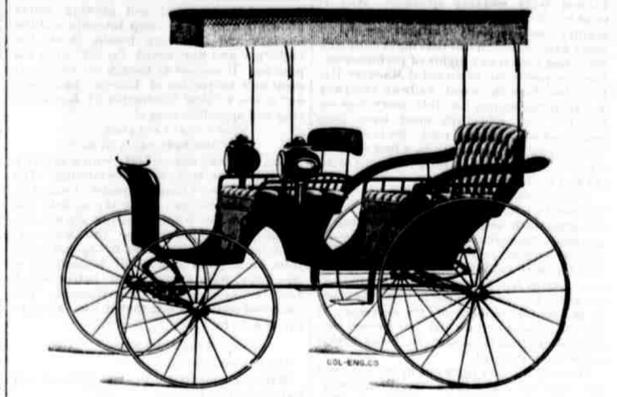
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