



Alto—"John Brown's Body."

With phantom tread our martial dead are passing in review,
Their scarred battle flags commingled like their forms of gray and blue,
Sweeping by old doubts and hatreds as the sun dissolves the dew;
Their faith goes marching on.

They are leading, like the shepherds led their flocks of long ago,
To the pastures green with brotherhood, where blooms of kindness blow;
Let us follow them and lay us down where streams of mercy flow;
Let faith go marching on.

There are hoary heads and halting feet amidst the shapes of youth;
See, with shoulder set to shoulder, now they're marching for the truth;
With their eyes bent on their heavenly goal and banners flying loose,
In faith they're marching on.

In the dark hour of reaping and the triumphing of wrong,
Let us think upon these martyrs, be courageous and be strong,
And keep step with hope and duty, though the way be drear and long;
For faith goes marching on.

There are guards who never carried arms except our Saviour's word;
There are soldiers of humanity who never wore a sword—
Undecorated heroes of the battles of our Lord—
All faithful, marching on.

In the dim, unfathomed future now benighting you and me,
We shall wake to see the glory of man's perfect harmony,
With his heart and hand devoted all to love and charity,
And faith still marching on.

—JOHN IRVING PEARCE, JR.



DAY OF SENTIMENT.

Ceremonies in Cemeteries School of Patriotism for Both Old and Young.

On every national anniversary, except Memorial day, we deal with things of life, rather than of death.

On Independence day we celebrate the nation's birth; on Washington and Lincoln days the birth anniversaries of its immortal patriots; on Thanksgiving day the fullness and blessings of national prosperity.

On Memorial day alone we give pause for tears; on this hallowed anniversary we weave chaplets for the nation's glorious dead.

And how glorious they are—these myriad sleeping soldiers—and how the glory of their deeds magnifies with the years!

We, the living, add not at all to their immortality in history with our flowers, our prayers and our tears. But we do add something of priceless value to our own lives by the customs of Memorial day. We turn these sacred hours into a symphony of patriotism.

The benediction of to-day's flower-strewn mounds is for the living; it is an oasis in the storms of life; it is a leveling occasion when the finer sentiments creep into the souls of American men and women.

And the nation's cemeteries are today the greatest school of patriotism for old and young that we have. For true patriotism counts not death, if through death the nation shall find life and health.

No nation is in peril that has such a Memorial day as we have. The living will carry on the work that these heroes gave their lives for.

On Memorial day we come back from forgetfulness to the realities. We know why these soldiers died, and we vow that their sacrifice shall not be in vain.

This nation has been carried through all its real perils by a citizen soldiery, as distinguished from the mercenary militarism of other nations.

American patriotism is something apart. The simple flag that is more than ever a world emblem of liberty has no parallel as an inspirer of heroic deeds.

There are those who place sordid gain above sentiment, and care for our prosperity only for individual profit. But the heart of real America beats true in every crisis. No foe, open or secret, can successfully measure swords with the national conscience.

And this is the real reason of Memorial day. So long as we honor our soldier dead we will honor our country.

Memorial day gives perspective. The tottering Grand Army veteran, and the hisping boy with cap and drum and flag, are the visible extremes of a common unity of patriotism.

Passionless, the remnants of former contending armies unite in a common sorrow and a common hope. The blue and gray are not less hallowed because time is blending them.

The season of nature's renewal is fittingly the season when this and future generations will yearly decorate the graves of American soldiers.

And though none of these sleepers hears the bugle call, each is taken again to the national heart by the fresh flowers in his "windowless palace of rest."

ARE ONE IN BROTHERHOOD

Christian Work Rejoices That the Disappearance of Sectionalism Seems at Hand.

Yes, two Memorial days—and both are ours—those of the Blue and the Gray. Here we stand nearly half a century removed from the closing days of the great conflicts of our civil war—a war between Americans at the north and Americans at the south—

"Americans all;" can those now living ever forget them, or will future generations ever cease to read of those times from the pages of history? Two Memorial days—one for the north, one for the south, and again, "All Americans." No other nation has concern in these memorial times but our own. It was a war between brothers; the war has passed, the brotherhood remains. Or, if there still are those whose hearts are fermenting rooms for sectional hatred, we pity that man or woman; surely there is a time to put aside—if not forget—a time to regard the best of the present, not the worst of the past; a time to cultivate amenities and loves, not antagonisms and base passions. Yes, there are two Memorial days; may the sun shine clear in the heavens on the days that commemorate the valor and the losses of both the north and the south; nor let either section fall in thought, at least, to pay its due tribute by awarding equal sincerity and valor to the other. These days, as is eventually the case with all memorial days, have measurably lost their early characteristic—that which clusters around the affectional nature and recalls the father or the son who fell in that great struggle. It is not in man always to mourn; and now that which was born of the affections becomes monumental and historic, and it is well that it is so. In recent years graves of the northern dead have been decorated by the brethren of the south, and the blue have loved to lay their floral tributes upon the graves of the gray. So may it continue to be, as in future years our two Memorial days come around with each recurring spring. Pass a few tardy years and monuments to a Lee or a Johnston or a Gordon shall find a resting place at the north as well as at the south, and so the oneness of the people and the forgetfulness of old antagonisms shall find expression in bronze or in marble as it already dwells in the hearts of those who are both broadly patriotic and strong. Festina diem!—Christian Work.

DEBT OWED GRAND ARMY.

Highest Principles of Patriotism and Citizenship Inculcated by the Order.

The old soldier, veteran of the civil war, is a "living epistle, known and read of all men." His presence among us is a reminder of the war, an inspiration to duty, a living exponent and illustration of patriotism.

The Grand Army of the Republic is made up of the honorably discharged union soldiers. None others are eligible to membership in it. It is a nonsectarian and nonpartisan, political, organization, and yet its fundamental principle is loyalty to the government. It is a bulwark against treason, and everything else that menaces the welfare, prosperity and safety of the nation.

To the children and young people the old soldier is ever an object of interest, and his relation of his experience in the struggle for the preservation of the union and the government is more interesting and impressive than the printed page.

The creation of an intelligent citizenship and the establishment of institutions necessary to the preservation and perpetuation of our republican form of government lie in the development and extension of our public schools.

Social order, exalted views of life and appreciation of our privileges, and the promise of our future as a nation, are secured by an intelligent and careful use of our opportunities.

These things the Grand Army of the Republic seeks to secure and foster. No greater service can be rendered to our country than to promote and establish her interests in the welfare, intelligence and high moral quality of her people. The veterans of the civil war see all this, and for them they stand.—Rev. J. J. Woolley.

WASHINGTON NOTABLES.

—George Cabot Lodge, Egyptologist, poet and student, is his father's private secretary in the United States senate.

—Senator Clark of Montana, the richest man in the country, is the most solitary man in public life in Washington. He has no close friends.

—Congressman P. P. Campbell of Kansas is regarded as one of the best dressed men in Washington. His correct sartorial taste led one of his friends to describe him as "the only member of the Kansas delegation who does not look like a Kansan."

—More than ordinary interest attaches to the personality of Rt. Rev. Shaku Soyen, who is now a guest at the Japanese legation, Washington. Next to the mikado, who is the head of the Japanese church, Bishop Shaku is the highest dignitary of the Buddhist religion in Japan.

—At a Japanese entertainment in Washington for the benefit of the famine sufferers in Japan Masuji Mijakawa, a graduate of the George Washington university law school and the first Japanese lawyer ever admitted to the American bar, introduced the speaker, Senator Tillman, as "one of the greatest, if not the greatest, man in congress."

—President Roosevelt frequently takes out Senator Lodge of Massachusetts as riding companion. Lodge is an indifferent horseman at best, and when the president gets out on the road and urges his horse to the utmost Lodge has hard work keeping up and keeping aboard his horse. The orderlies who follow, it is said, are constantly praying that Lodge will fall off some day. They do not like him.

—Ex-Senator William E. Chandler of New Hampshire, who is now at the head of the Spanish treaty claims commission, misses the opportunity he had in the senate of discussing public questions, and writes frequently to the newspapers on important topics. "What are you doing now, Chandler?" an old friend asked him the other day. "Oh," Chandler replied, "I am a publicist." "A publicist? What is a publicist?" Chandler grinned. "A publicist," he said, "is a man who attends to everybody's business but his own."

—Congressman Sloop of Virginia is absent-minded. On a roll call recently he complained to the speaker that his name had not been called, although he was in his seat listening for it. "The gentleman was listening?" asked the speaker. "I was," answered Mr. Sloop. "The clerk will call the gentleman's name," ordered the speaker. Mr. Sloop walked away and three times the clerk shouted his name, but Mr. Sloop gave no attention until a colleague stopped him. "Present!" shouted back Mr. Sloop, although he had intended to vote "yea."

SENATOR WAS "KIDDED."

Reporter's Abbreviation Carried Into Print Resulted in Ludicrous Passages.

The telegraph operators were spending their day off in a brisk walk through the faded autumnal country.

"You know our habit of abbreviating or substituting short words for long ones?" said the Washington operator. "Well, this habit once did me harm."

Senator Grande had made a speech about education, and in wiring the speech out I substituted the short word 'kids' for the long word 'children,' thinking that of course the operator or editors at the other end would have sense enough, in taking down the message, to substitute the long word for the short one. But they didn't, and Senator Grande's really eloquent and stately speech appeared in the next day's newspaper in this fashion:

"My friends, you will remember Wordsworth's profound saying, 'the kid is father to the man.' I need not dwell on the vital importance to the community of imparting a sound moral and secular education to the kids in their impressionable years. The kids of this generation will be the fathers and mothers of the next. One said, 'Suffer little kids to come unto me,' and we should never forget that saying in behalf of all kids the world over."

Stenographer's Stunt.

The official stenographers of the house have reported so far this session about 2,775,000 words, with the session perhaps a little more than half over. There is a busy, talking time to come, however, and the full bill will probably be about 6,000,000 words for the session. That is outside of the committee hearings, which will be more than half as much additional, so that the house will have sent to the printing office as the talk that has been made or to its members while at work on the floor or in the committee rooms approximately 10,000,000 words. The senate will easily double that, if it does not exceed it, although the senate often sits only four days a week, while the house is always busy at least five days, and sometimes sits on Saturday. That will be a round total of 20,000,000 words thus uttered at this session.

Insectivorous.

There have been many designations of Senator Beveridge, of Indiana, ranging from Tillman's "wasp of the Wabash" down, but in the opinion of many Marcus Alonzo Smith is the best. Marcus Alonzo, who is the delegate in congress from Arizona and who has been fighting Senator Beveridge's plan for the admission of Arizona and New Mexico as a state, said: "I think, after looking him over, that Beveridge is the stud cricket of the senate."

DURATION OF LIFE.

STATISTICS SHOW THAT LONGEVITY IS INCREASING.

Interesting Facts Concerning Births and Mortality Are Brought Out by Compilers of Figures.

Vital statistics show that owing to modern sanitary reforms and the advancement of medical science, there is a prolongation of human life now in all civilized parts of the world. It has been noticed for a long time that there has been a marked increase of longevity in the United States, and now the latest statistics prove that in foreign countries a similar condition prevails.

Sweden leads the world in low death rate. The Swedes have kept vital statistics for more than 150 years. No other country has such ancient records. It is said that all countries can estimate the improvement in the death rate for 10, 15 or 20 years, but in Sweden the average mortality of children under 10 years of age for the 10 years previous to 1760 was 53.5 per 1,000, and this percentage has been decreased gradually ever since, until it is now only 26.9 per 1,000, or the lowest in the world.

There has been also a decrease in the death rate of all ages in Sweden. The statistics show the rate for persons between 10 and 20 years of age has fallen from 6.4 per 1,000 in 1760 to 4.3; for persons between 30 and 40 years of age it has dropped from 11.5 to 7.1 per 1,000, and for persons between 40 and 50 years of age from 16.5 to 9.5. The death rate as well as the rate of illiteracy of the two countries on the Scandinavian peninsula is the lowest to be found anywhere in the world.

The actuaries of insurance companies find a decided prolongation of human life in Holland. There the average life of man has increased from 35 to 57 years, and women from 39 to 61 years, while the lowest death rate among women is from 20 to 35 years of age. In Great Britain and Ireland, says the report, there has been an improvement of about 5 per cent., according to tables kept for 30 years.

Notwithstanding the great immigration from Germany, which disturbs the calculations of the statisticians, it is found that the average duration of life in the empire is considerably greater than it was 30 years ago. In Hungary, municipal statistics for Buda-Pesth and several other cities show a decrease of 20 per cent. in the average death rate, particularly among children.

A Washington correspondent of the Chicago Record-Herald, who has been investigating these vital statistics, finds that there is no way of ascertaining with accuracy the birth rate among the people of the United States, although such a record is scrupulously kept in the cities of Europe. In most American cities it is true that much attention has not been paid to this subject. Nevertheless, health authorities are taking hold of it at the request of statistical associations, and the defect in regard to birth rates will probably soon be remedied.

In New York and Washington there is a birth rate given, as in Boston. In Washington the birth rate per 1,000 is 19.8, death rate, 19.2; in New York, birth rate 28.9; death rate 22.6; in Boston, birth rate, 26.5, death rate 18.4.

The highest birth rate in the world is in Cairo, Buenos Ayres being second; then come the great manufacturing cities of England. The lowest birth rates are reported from Calcutta, Brussels and Paris.

WAY TO MANAGE WILLIE.

"Don't," Said His Mother, and at Once He Posed for His Picture.

With a joyous smile the photographer bowed his customers out, relates the New York Sun.

"Come again," he urged.

"Thank you!" humbly murmured the father of little Willie, who had just been taken.

Father's presence had been dispensed with during that operation on the ground that he was too upsetting. Still he had been there the first five minutes of the attempt, and he was decidedly skeptical of the photographer's really pining to repeat the experiment.

But he was grateful for the blandness of the farewell and turned a relieved countenance toward his wife. She seemed singularly calm after what she must have been through.

"Do you think he got him?" he whispered, indicating Willie.

"Oh, yes," nonchalantly. "Awfully cunning pose, too. He was holding a tin steamboat."

"How in the world did you do it?"

"Oh," with an easy smile, "Willie happened to pick up the steamboat himself, and the photographer said to me: 'You couldn't make him hold that, could you?' and I said: 'Certainly! Do you want him to hold it?' and he said he did. So I turned to Willie and I said: 'Why, Willie, don't you know you mustn't have that steamboat!'"

"Well?" inquired Willie's father.

"Why," remarked his wife, "of course Willie hung on to the steamboat like grim death."

Poor Father! Bobble—Mamma. Mamma—Well? "Were men awful scarce when you married papa, or did you just feel sorry for him?"—Judge.

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