

The Year in G. A. R. Circles

Address of Commander Cleaver at the Installation of Officers of G. A. R. and W. R. C., at G. A. R. Hall, Thursday Evening, 1910

Installation of officers was the program at the G. A. R. hall Thursday night, an event of considerable importance among the members of that order, and the W. R. C.

At six o'clock "the boys" and the members of the W. R. C., and the invited guests, gathered around the banquet table and enjoyed a feast,—a feast that in a measure helped to atone for "short rations" of the long ago war time.

The meeting proper was called to order by Dr. J. C. Yutzy, he using a gavel made of wood that grew upon the heights of Lookout Mountain, and which was presented to the W. R. C. by Mrs. Adeline Korner.

It will be seen by Commander Cleaver's address that the order is in a prosperous condition, and that the Post of Falls City is no "awkward squad" when it comes to executive ability and ardor in the upholding of that order.

The address of Commander Cleaver is interesting, not alone to the members, but to the public in general, for as time flits by, and the ranks grow thinner, we are prone to speak of the organization as our Grand Army Post. Following is Commander Cleaver's address:

Just one year ago when asked to accept the commandship of the Post, and assume its duties and responsibilities, it seemed to me like a call to duty, as I must confess I had been more than negligent of my responsibilities to the Post and its members. This presented an opportunity to redeem myself.

The Grand Army of the Republic is one of the most honored, if not the most honored and respected organization of men in this country, and to serve as commander of a Post, especially in a city of this size should by any one be considered not only a privilege but an honor, and it is still a greater honor to be re-elected to such a position, as the second election is an expression of satisfaction and approval by the members of the manner in which the office has been filled during the first term, and an assurance that a continuance of the same management is considered for the best interests of the Post. I thank my comrades for this unsought honor and also thank them for the hearty and earnest support with which they have aided in building up our membership and placing our Post in such a prosperous condition; for I fully believe we are now in as good working order as any other Post in this state.

In 1889 there were twenty members paying their dues, while there was a large suspended list.

In 1900 there were 22 members paying their dues; in 1901 there were 26; in 1902, there were 23; in 1903, there were 27; in 1904, there were 25; in 1905 there were 35; in 1906, there were 18; in 1907 there were 22.

The year 1909 began with 31 members and ended with 59 members in good standing all paying their dues, and feeling proud of the order and the progress we have made during the year. The beginning of 1909 showed 21 on the suspended list, while tonight there are but 9 on this list. To recapitulate, we started the year just passed with 31 members; during the year we have mustered in 2, and have received by transfer 7, and taken from the suspended list 12, a total of 52 members. During the year we lost by death 2, so that tonight we have a total membership of 50. There are still 9 members on the suspended list and 8 old soldiers of the Civil war who have not joined our order, who are not doing their duty to us.

They should bear in mind that this organization is an exclusive one, only soldiers of the Civil war being eligible to membership. It is impossible for us to recruit our ranks except from their numbers, and the life of our organization depends on every old soldier doing his duty by assisting in maintaining the Post in good working order as long as possible. It is sincerely to be hoped they will realize that they owe this much to our Post and its members, for our order has stood boldly forth as the champion of all the laws that Congress has passed for the benefit and honor of the soldiers of the Civil war. Perhaps they do not realize it, but nevertheless they have been the recipients of these benefits and honor without in any way aiding in securing them. We have continually assisted them in this respect and we ask that from now on they assist us by joining the Post.

One year ago the Quartermaster had on hands \$10, while there were unpaid bills against the Post to the amount of \$19.45. Tonight the Quartermaster has in

his hands \$5.70. All the unpaid bills from last year have been paid, and we are out of debt.

This is a contrast of which we can all be proud.

Hon. L. D. Richards Commander of our state department, in referring to this in his letter of December 29, 1909, states, "I wish to congratulate you on the splendid work that has been done in your Post. An increase of 19 members, will I feel assured, not be exceeded by any other Post in the Department. Please convey to the comrades and members of the Relief Corps my kindest greetings."

Assistant Adjutant General, A. M. Trimble of the Department, writes to us as follows: "Your report for the term ending December 31, 1909 received. Also your quartermaster's check for \$8.00 to cover your per capita tax for the term on fifty members in good standing. We thank you for these reports and extend to you our hearty congratulations on your increase in membership. You have demonstrated to this department what harmonious G. A. R. work will do, backed by a strong Relief Corps to help."

In order to keep up our organization in good standing in the state department, and preserve our charter, it is necessary for us to send to the Department Quartermaster each year 32 cents per member. When the annual dues were \$2.00 per year, this was not a hardship, but now when the dues are only \$1.00 per year, this per capita tax as it is called, requires 32 cents out of each dollar that we received for dues, and it reduces our revenue so that we do not have sufficient to run the Post without passing around the hat several times during the year. We do not want to raise the dues to more than \$1.00, as we think many of our comrades would find it more than they could spare for this purpose, but we do need a little more revenue, and in order to secure this, the Post at its last meeting passed a resolution requesting those members who were able to add 22 cents to their annual dues. I wish the comrades to remember this is to be entirely voluntary, but sufficient members ought to pay this additional 22 cents to realize \$12.00 or \$15.00 more for the quartermaster.

Herefore the Relief Corps has paid the lion's share of the expenses of the two orders, because so few G. A. R.'s paid their dues, but tonight we can hold up our heads and feel some pride that during the past year we have done better, and that from now on we will be able and willing to pay our share of all the expenses.

During the past year we observed Memorial Sunday, Decoration Day and Soldiers Day at the Chautauqua in a creditable manner.

On Memorial Sunday, the Christian Church was tastefully decorated with flags and the national colors; special music was rendered by the choir, and the oration by Rev. Day, was a soul stirring, patriotic address that recalled to us memories of those old days when we were on southern battle fields, and we felt proud to be thus specially honored for the part we took in that memorable war.

The march up Stone street laden with baskets of flowers on Decoration Day was an impressive sight, and many were the compliments paid us for our numbers and good appearances, it being frequently remarked that we were a fine looking body of elderly men." When we entered the cemetery we found large concourse of our citizens there assembled to assist us in honoring our dead.

The musical program furnished by the Methodist choir, assisted by the members of the High School Band was a genuine musical treat, seldom equalled on such occasions, and the oration delivered by Judge Davidson of Tecumseh, was pronounced by some of our best educated citizens as a masterpiece of historical research and oratory. An enthusiastic citizen in expressing his gratification to me, remarked, "We had done ourselves proud." And such a delightful time we had enjoyed the sumptuous dinner provided for us by the Relief Corps. It was a day to be long remembered for the good comradeship and general fine feeling experienced by all.

On Hobson Day we gathered in full force, 50 strong, and we made a lasting impression on the distinguished orator by the reception we gave him. He stated we had paid him one of the finest compliments he had received on the Chautauqua platform.

On several occasions we have assembled in this hall to partake of the bounty and enjoy the hospitality of the Relief Corps. These occasions have been especially enjoyable, and I know that I express the sentiment of every comrade in extending to the ladies our heartfelt thanks and most grateful appreciation for all

they have done in providing for our entertainment.

Our cup of happiness would be running over this night, were it not that we have been sorrowfully called upon to lay away to their final rest some of our beloved comrades. Early in the year we gathered in this hall to pay our last tribute of respect to comrade Hutchings, then from the Methodist Church we buried Comrade McDowell and then again from this hall Comrades Berry and Plybon. Verily time dealt gently with these comrades, for they were gathered to their fathers in the fullness of old age, after living useful and honorable lives, leaving behind them a heritage of good deeds with many comrades and friends to mourn for them. As a class we are enjoying fairly good health, when we consider our age, and but few of us have been more than temporarily indisposed during the past year. Comrade Kreker had the misfortune to fall from a tree last spring. His injuries were at first thought to be serious, but luckily he has nearly recovered his usual health.

Comrade Fisher, after enjoying a brief honeymoon fell from a roof last fall, breaking his hip and sustaining other injuries of a serious nature. Through this trying ordeal he has maintained his usual good spirits and is now on a fair way to recovery. Comrade Whitaker was taken very sick at the last meeting of our Post, his illness being of such a nature that it was necessary to perform an operation. He is on the road to recovery. We extend to him our fullest sympathy, and wish he could be with us tonight.

There being a vast storehouse of interesting personal reminiscences of the war in the memory of each old soldier, that has been waiting for some one to gather and arrange in historical order, so that it be preserved for the use of our relatives and friends after we have passed away, therefore lately I have been sketching this experience of our members, so far having written up the war experience of Comrades Cline, Davis, Hill, Jos. Jones, Cass Jones, Kelsey, Kreker, Melton, Messler, McCormick, Nauster, Oswald, Plybon, Whitaker and Wilson. A few of them have been read at Post meetings, and that of Comrade Hill has been published in the paper.

Every soldier who has served in the Civil war has a wealth of interesting war experiences that is considered by this younger generation a treat to read; as the individual experience of the private soldier gives a much clearer insight into the every day life of a soldier and of war than can be gathered in history. These really tell us what war is, and will assist in maintaining that respect and admiration for the old soldier that we all esteem and prize. An entire new generation has followed the scenes and incidents of the war, and we owe it to this new generation that these personal memories be preserved, as they will be especially prized by our relatives and friends after we have passed away. I hope this year to write up the experience of other comrades. As soon as I have time I will typewrite those already written, and present to each comrade his, so that he and his family can always have them.

My work in connection with the Post during the past year has been very agreeable and pleasant. This in a great measure has been promoted by the hearty manner in which all comrades have seconded and assisted in carrying toward my suggestions for the welfare of the Post, and I feel that we have all been amply rewarded by the results secured and the enjoyment and profit we have derived therefrom.

We now enter the new year under far more encouraging prospects than we began the last year. Our membership is good, our finances sufficient and there is the best of harmony and good fellowship between us all, so that the end of this year should find us in even better trim than we are tonight.

Being a band of comrades bound together by the sacred memories of the past and personal friendships, let us spend our remaining days so as to secure the fullest measure of just lives made perfect, with the assurance that the community will respect us for what we are as well as for what we were in our youth.

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ANNUITY GIVEN TO WIDOWS LIKE UNTO THE DAYS OF OLD

Origin of Long-Time Custom in Massachusetts Village Is Lost in Antiquity.

One hundred of the largest and most tender herrings is the annuity offer to all the widows residing within the confines of a town of Pembroke, a small Massachusetts village. It is a time-honored custom, and its origin is beyond recall of the oldest inhabitant's memory. The weirs are town property. John Le Farge is in charge of the fishing, and he sees to it that every householder gets all the herring he is entitled to, always remembering that no widow is overlooked on the extra 100.

Each male resident of the town is allowed to come to the weirs and catch 200 herrings, for which he pays 50 cents. But any of the widows of the town may have their 200 fish at that rate and in addition 100 fish are given to them free, according to the old custom.

Lively scenes are enacted as the residents rush to the brook where the fishing is done. Oftentimes as many as 25 or 30 are waiting their turn.

The brook bears the name of Barker stream, after a family which settled there in the early part of the seventeenth century, within a stone's throw of the weirs. Barker stream, or brook, as it has been called in later years, flows into the North river at Marshfield boundary, but the place where the old homestead used to stand is the only one in its entire length where fishing is permitted. From 40,000 to 60,000 herring are taken from the brook every year, but the only fish sold of this number are the ones left by the householders who do not care to take their share. These are sold to merchants, the revenue going to the town treasury.

It Had a Familiar Sound.

Abraham Schiff, who was arrested with several friends in Newark for gambling, was arraigned before Judge Herr in the Second criminal court in that city recently and made the plea that they were merely playing a Russian game called "one thousand."

"Explain the game," said Judge Herr.

"Well, your honor," said Schiff, "you match cards together. If you get two threes, why that counts more than if you only got two twos. Then you say that you think the threes are pretty good, and put a chip down so as to remember what you said. Then if you if you can find some more threes, or match up another pair, why, then your hand is so much better."

"The game sounds familiar," mused Judge Herr. "Suppose you get a hand that consisted only of diamonds—would that be a good hand?"

"Very good, your honor."

"Now, suppose in your hand the cards were all of one suit, and ran from the ace to the ten spot. Would that be better?"

"Oh, your honor, it would be lovely," exclaimed Schiff, rubbing his hands joyfully.

"And I suppose you'd have to put up a lot of chips to remember what a good hand you had. I've heard of the game. The Russians call it jakpotvitch. Fifty dollars fine, and don't play any more poker."—New York Times.

Diamond Cut Diamond.

In the Hoffman house, New York, a group of politicians were discussing the death of Patrick H. McCarren.

"McCarren," said a lawyer, "knew how to handle men. He met straightforward men with straightforward methods, and tricky men he bested with wily tricks than their own."

"Once he illustrated his policy to me with a story. He was like, he said, the rich Peter Higgins."

"When Peter was young and gay, two of his friends, being hard up, put up a game on him."

"Peter," they said, "you might pay us that two dollars we lent you."

"When did you lend me two dollars?" said Peter, haughtily.

"Why, night before last, when you were drunk," was the reply.

"Oh, yes," said Peter; "I remember now. But, hang it, I paid you back."

"Paid us back? When?"

"Last night, when you were drunk. Don't you remember?"

Yes, But What Was the Lady's Age?

Toward the close of a recent lawsuit in Massachusetts, the wife of an eminent Harvard professor arose and with a flaming face timidly addressed the court.

"Your honor," said she, "if I had told you I had made an error in my testimony, would it vitiate all I have said?"

Instantly the lawyers for each side stirred themselves in excitement, while his honor gravely regarded her.

"Well, madam," said the court, after a pause, "that depends entirely on the nature of your error. What was it, please?"

"Why, you see," answered the lady, more and more red and embarrassed, "I told the clerk I was 38. I was so flustered, you know, that when he asked my age I inadvertently gave him my bust measurement."—Everybody's Magazine.

Self-Possession.

Mr. Kajones, who had happened to step into the parlor while looking for a book, was just in time to see somebody slip hastily off somebody else's knee.

"Ah, Bessie," he observed, pleasantly, "this is a merger, isn't it? Or is it a limited partnership?"

"Neither, papa," said Bessie, recovering herself instantly; "George is my holding company—that's all."

LA CAMARGUE ALONE IN FRANCE PRESERVES THE ANCIENT AND HONORABLE SPORT OF FALCONRY.

La Camargue alone, in France, provides the great and entrancing spectacle of hawking. Falcon on wrist, the southern sportsmen come to the Rhone delta to indulge in the aristocratic pastime of falconry, which is the princely relaxation of Arabia, India and the Kirghiz Steppes, the noblest sport of old France, the royal sport above all others.

One cannot meet a hawking party in the Camargue plain without having irresistibly brought to mind a vision of the days of old. Behind the varlets urging on the greyhounds, the howling, barking pack, the whole court follows the flight of the falcon pursuing the kite in the clouds above; a gallant chase, if ever there was, in which the ladies on their palfreys, clad in velvet gowns and feathered hats, worn Guelphic fashion, center in the front rank, with their coats looped up above the knee and boots of embroidered leather, vigorously spurting the horse. It was for them, always for them, that each vied with the other in the skill and elegance wherewith he threw the falcon, recalled him after his victory and placed him gracefully upon his mistress' gloved wrist.

La Camargue is one great heronry; and, to a falconer, nothing in the world comes up to "flying a heron." He is the finest bird of all to hunt. The pink flamingo lets himself be bled without uttering a complaint, hardly more than a sad little cry, as though to beg for mercy; a few drops of pale red blood and all is over. He dies gently and easily. With the heron the game is more evenly matched; he is a fine, strong bird, a formidable and very crafty enemy. The falcon shoots up like an arrow in pursuit. The gray bird tries to disappear, but his enemy, who is struggling to soar above him in order to swoop down upon him, runs him close, harasses him, compels him to pass the clouds. The tragedy is consummated at a giddy height.—Audre Castaigne, in Harper's.

Just to Annoy.

"In Lady Cardigan's new volume of memoirs," said a Chicago publisher, "the virtue of one of the aristocratic Pollemache ladies is assailed. The lady herself has long been dead, but all her descendants, to the third and fourth generation, are writing to the papers, denying the truth of Lady Cardigan's attack."

"It all goes to show how sensitive we are about the virtue of our ancestors. This was understood by a Chicago pro-suffragist who wrote to the papers the other day:

"Senator Blank's shameful attacks on the motives of the militant suffragettes must cease. Before Senator Blank traduces those pure-minded ladies he had better look after his thieving, drunken old mother."

"A friend to whom this letter was shown said to the pro-suffragist:—

"That is all very trenchantly put. It's libelous of course. I suppose you're quite sure of your ground?"

"Sure of my ground?" said the pro-suffragist, impatiently. "I never heard a word against the old lady. All I know is, if Senator Blank has the common feelings of a gentleman he'll be very much annoyed."

"Bobs" and the Boy.

An interesting incident is recorded in connection with the visit which Lord Roberts paid to Marylebone to distribute the medals won by members of the local rifle club, recently. One of the gold medals was won by a lad (a competitor in the juvenile section), who belonged to very poor parents. Thinking that his clothes were too shabby to appear before the field-marshal, he had broken into a neighbor's house and stolen money for a suit of clothes. He was detected, brought before the Marylebone magistrate, and let off under the first offenders act. When the matter was brought to Lord Roberts' notice he called for the lad, took him aside, and gave him some words of advice, telling him that it was character and not clothing that mattered. The boy got his medal.—London Mail.

How Welsh Women Carry Babies.

The quaint old Welsh way in which Swansea women carry their babies attracts every one's notice when visiting that town for the first time. A big shawl over the right shoulder is drawn down to the left hip, where the two ends of the shawl are met and held together, forming a sort of pouch or pocket, in which the baby snuggles cozily and safely.

Its weight is so supported by the hip and distributed by the shawl over the whole upper part of the body that there is no strain at all nor any tiring of the arms. This probably accounts for the upright carriage of the Welsh mother. Moreover, the method is comfortable for the child and so safe that in Swansea small boys swathed in their mothers' shawl are seen carrying the family's latest baby.

A Father's Relationship.

A New York business man has a small daughter who is extremely fond of her mother. She likes her father well enough, but does not go into raptures over him. A caller at the house, knowing the situation, asked the child why she didn't love her father as she did her mother.

"Oh, you see," she explained very evidently to her own satisfaction, "papa is only related to us by marriage."

Consanguinity.

Willie—The Smiths are a kind of relation of ours. Our dog is their dog's brother.—The United Presbyterian.

A NATIONAL FAULT

AMERICAN SUBMISSION TO OFFICIAL INSOLENCE.

Citizen Is Too Prone to Stand with Hat in Hand Before His Hired Man—Some Plain Talk Necessary.

The Scot who boarded a British warship and sent word to its captain that "one of the owners" wished to see him asserted a fact which few of us have the backbone to stand up to; that the humble masses own the earth by right of having paid for it with their more or less hard-earned money. It would seem as if we, the proprietors of the ever-glorious republic, are especially meek in regarding our "hired men," from the president down, as our masters rather than our paid servants. Frank M. Bicknell says in Lippincott's: "We allow ourselves to be browbeaten by public and quasi-public officials to an extent that amazes the foreigner. A titled Englishman recently wasted much temper in learning that an American railway conductor is allowed to be almost as autocratic as the captain of an ocean liner. Among the few 'strangers in our midst' who have really succeeded in silencing a topifolly parlor-car conductor is Max O'Rell, and the did it by bursting out with a threat to pitch him through the window, about the opening of which they disagreed."

It is not the highly placed officials, however, but the petty jack-in-office who are the most blustering; their belief in their own importance appears to be in direct proportion to their specific levity. A smart young clerk in a certain suburban city hall once tried to snub and make needless troubles for a quiet, shabby, elderly man who had requested an item of information at his counter. To the young fellow's discomfiture, the old gentleman revolted so far as to free his mind as follows:

"My friend, let me ask if I am in your service or you in mine. I'd always supposed my tax money helped you and these other chaps here to work for the city to the best of your ability. And as I'm a citizen of the city I'm one of your bosses, and I object to being treated as if I was no better than dirt; besides which, on your own account, you want to be a little mite civil, or some day you'll be hunting another job. It never struck you in just that light before, maybe, but it's so all the same."

A little plain talk of this sort, conveying a wholesome lesson, is needed much oftener than it is given. Most of us submit to domineering rather than make a fuss, being surprised, indeed, if we don't get it. If the policeman on the corner, when we ask him a direction, responds with anything better than patronizing condescension, we are absurdly grateful. We approach the box office of a theater, or even the desk of a hotel, as supplicants, ready to cringe at the expected rudeness or rebuff. In the trolley cars, of the large cities at least, we avoid personal intercourse with the men in charge, and look for only the curtest replies if need forces us to interrogate them.

However, there is something to be said on the other side, and if we do feel moved on occasion to put one of these high-and-haughty officials in his proper place, let us do it good-temperedly, not forgetting the hint given by a certain street car company in its printed notice to the effect that while courtesy is to be desired from the conductor, its practice is not unbecoming in the passenger.

Hatful of Gold to Build a Church.

One of the most remote churches in Great Britain was reopened after restoration recently by the archdeacon of Brecon. It stands (Partrishow by name) on the southern slopes of the Black mountains in Breconshire. The font dates from 1060, and a roof screen of singular beauty from about the year 1500.

There are three stone altars within the old church and a little western chapel built against it, while in the churchyard stands a preaching cross, and the remains of a stone ledge or bench run along the south wall of the church, on which the congregation could seat themselves. Out of the stem of an ancient yew tree grows a rowan and a holly tree.

Tradition says the church was originally built by a foreigner who was cured of leprosy by the waters of an adjacent well and who left "a hatful of gold" to build a church as a thank-offering.—Church Family Newspaper.

Jes' Up and Died.

An Atlanta man tells of a meeting at a railway station there of two darkeys who were exchanging gossip touching the dolings of their respective neighborhoods.

"I s'pose you knows dat young Mistah Smiggs is dead?" asked one.

"No, I ain't heard nuthin' 'bout it," said the other. "Is cert'n'y surprised! How'd he die?"

"I ain't jes' certain what his complaint was," explained the first negro, "but it was sumthin' sudden like heart disease. He jes' up an' died."

"Well, I ain't so surprised 'bout dat," said the second darkey. "He was bound to go off sudden-like. Why, dat nigger was de most impulsive man I ever seen!"

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Willie—The Smiths are a kind of relation of ours. Our dog is their dog's brother.—The United Presbyterian.