

# McKinley Memorial Day

## January 29

McKinley Memorial Day, January 29, has been generally observed throughout the country with every mark of sorrow and respect which a grateful people could pay to the memory of one who had deserved well of them.

Services were held Sunday in churches of many denominations, and the fund for the erection of a suitable monument to commemorate the public services and private virtues of the distinguished statesman reached a figure far in excess of the amount hoped for by the committee which had the work in charge.

The details of the dastardly crime at Buffalo, which robbed the American people of a devoted servant, are too



fresh in the public mind to need recapitulation, but an account of the president's last day on earth and the noble and Christian fortitude with which he met his fate, is appropriate at this time. The sorrowful scenes enacted around the house of Mr. McKinley, president of the Buffalo exposition, where the president died, have had few parallels in our history.

The last day, which ended in despair was begun in hope. The ills that came on Friday afternoon, when the organs of digestion refused to handle the solid food that had been taken earlier in the day, had seemingly been overcome by midnight, and when the new day came it found the president relieved and resting.

Hope all had suddenly dropped from the high place which it had held before to revive. The healing of the wounds had progressed favorably, general conditions were in the main satisfactory, and the immediate future of the case seemed to hold no threat. The physicians who had been in almost constant attendance during the night parted, and the watch in the sickroom was abandoned. Suddenly there was a failure of the heart, which for several days had been manifesting signs of weakness, and the president sank toward unconsciousness. This was at 2 o'clock in the morning. There was an immediate application of restoratives, and a general call was sent to the absent physicians and nurses. Digitalis, strychnin and saline solution were administered to the patient, but there was no immediate response to treatment. The physicians admitted that he was desperately ill.

Secretary Cortelyou decided to send for the relatives and close friends of the president, the vice president and the members of the cabinet. Those within reach were called by telephone or messenger and telegrams were rushed to those who had left the city. The first of the messengers went out at 2:30 o'clock and within half an hour the Milburn house began to fill again. The serious condition of the president and the general call sent out gave rise to a general feeling of alarm that was never again allayed.

Desperate measures were resorted to in order to stimulate the heart, and the sinking spell was over by 4 o'clock. It was decided to continue the treatment, and the physicians laid their greatest hope on restoring the day. It was agreed that if the wounded man could be carried for twenty-four hours his chances would be very favorable, for the wounds were healing splendidly. It was decided to summon Dr. W. W. Johnston of Washington and Dr. E. G. Janeway of New York, heart specialists, and telegrams were hurriedly sent asking that they come



at once. Before dawn a dozen of the relatives and friends of the president arrived at the Milburn house. They assembled in the drawing-room, where they waited for tidings from the sick room. The physicians assured them that the president had a fighting chance for his life and all day they clung to the hope that in the end victory would be his.

Hundreds of visitors came during the morning, and if it had not been kept the streets clear and barred entrance to Delaware avenue, there would have been thousands. Senator Hanna came from Cleveland by special train. Other friends arrived by regular trains, and all through the day they came in increasing numbers. Their regret and sympathy were profound. The day developed but little encouragement for them, however.

During the forenoon the president made a slight gain, and held it well into the afternoon. His physicians announced that they had given him nourishment, and it was thought that possibly there was a chance for a further gain of strength. It was known, however, that he was in a very serious state, and every interest centered in the sick room, where the struggle was in progress. Suddenly, at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, there was a respite of the heart attack, and those in the presence of the stricken man knew that the end was at hand. This knowledge soon spread to the street, and the waiting newspaper men

bulletined it to the world. Every one who came from the house was sought for an expression as to the state of the president. Each succeeding report was worse than its predecessor, and the official bulletins were absolutely without hope.

Words of consolation to his wife were the last that passed the president's lips, and they came after a general "good-by" said to the American people, whom he loved so well and of whose manhood he was so fine a type. Those present in the room when the president died were: Dr. Rixey, Abner McKinley, Mrs. Sarah Duncan, Miss Helen McKinley, Miss Mary Barber, Miss Sarah Duncan, Lieutenant James F. McKinley, W. C. Duncan, T. M. Osborn, Colonel Webb C. Hayes, Comptroller Charles G. Dawes, Colonel W. C. Brown, Secretary Cortelyou, John Barber, Miss Grace MacKenzie, the chief nurse, and three orderlies.

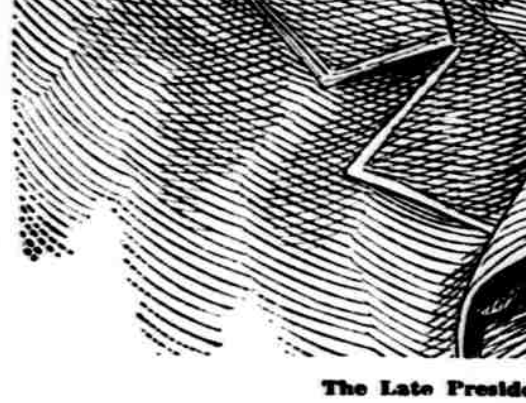
The president had continued in an unconscious state since 8:30 p. m. Dr. Rixey remained with him until death came. The other doctors were in the room at times, and then repaired to the front room, where their consultations were held.

### FAREWELL TO HIS WIFE.

President Tells Her, "God's Will, Not Ours, Be Done."

When, on Friday afternoon, the President asked for his wife, they went to the room across the hall, where she sat with Mr. McWilliams. She was helped into her husband's room by Mrs. McWilliams, but Mr. McKinley had again fallen into unconsciousness. After waiting a few moments, she obeyed the suggestion of those about, and went back to her room, leaving the doctors free to resume their efforts.

And then, one by one, those in the house, the President's brother, Abner, Secretary Root, Secretary Wilson, Secretary Hitchcock, Mrs. McKinley's sisters, and the others went into the room of death for the last look.



The Late President McKinley.

Each looked at the form on the bed; some went no further than the doorway and turned away. The sight of that brave face looking so like death caused them to weep. Not one person, man or woman, who came back downstairs but was weeping, and some of the men were sobbing almost hysterically.

About 6 o'clock Mr. McKinley recovered consciousness, and again whispered Mrs. McKinley's name. Once more they led her in and placed her in a chair beside the bed. They saw that he was conscious, and turned away. "It's the last flickering of the lamp before light goes out," whispered Dr. McBurney.

Mrs. McKinley took her husband's hand. His eyes opened. He spoke several sentences. Those near caught only one: "Good-by, good-by. It is God's will; let his will, not ours, be done."

It was a long leave taking, and, finally, they carried her half-fainting to her room. News of what was happening went down stairs and out into the street. It was received everywhere with tears.

"They are saying good-by to each other," people whispered in the streets, all along the crowded blocks near the house which they thought the whole world were centered within, feeling the eyes grow hot under the lids and a lump come into the throat. In that room it was, for the moment, not the head of the mightiest nation on earth who was dying, it was a husband and lover standing by the dark river and giving the last look of love to that sad, lonely, invalid woman, to whom his smile and cheerful words were literally the breath of life.



PROPOSED SITE OF THE \$500,000 MCKINLEY MEMORIAL AT CANTON.

Mrs. McKinley was with the President much of the time Friday. Gently as he could, Dr. Rixey told her of her husband's relapse early in the morning. The physicians decided during the night that she should not be awakened. But with the morning, when hope was all but gone, Dr. Rixey went into Mrs. McKinley's room and told her the truth.

### THE NEWS AT WASHINGTON.

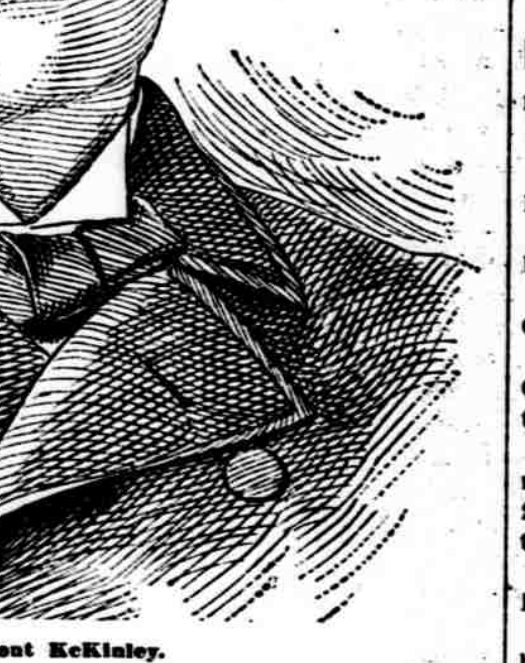
Crowds on the Street Restless and Sorrowful All Night.

The official announcement was received at the White House at 2:35 Saturday morning. When the news came that President McKinley had passed away at 2:15 o'clock, the crowds which had been on the streets restlessly and sorrowfully awaiting news of the end had retired for the night, as had all the government officials, save a few clerks at the State, War and Navy departments. Secretary Hay had given directions what should be done, and Acting Chief Clerk Martin and other employes, as soon as they received official confirmation of the news, immediately sent cablesgrams to all United States ambassadors and ministers, notifying them that President McKinley was dead, and instructing them so to inform the governments to which they were accredited.

There were no details in the messages—nothing but this brief announcement—and they were identical in language, except in the names of the persons addressed. The ambassadors and ministers were expected to communicate the information in turn to the United States consular officers within the limits of their posts. In cases of countries like Australia and Canada, where the United States is not represented in a diplomatic capacity, messages of like character were sent to the United States consular general, who were to repeat them to the consuls. The original message was signed

and requested to make some comment upon the latter's loss, said: "It seems like mockery to attempt to eulogize him. No words can carry from one mind to another a proper understanding of that unique personality. He himself must be his best interpreter. His acts, his utterances, with their indescribable charm, have made him known to all Americans. Through these they understand and appreciate him. In their hearts can be found the love and the gratitude which his unselfish, untiring and affectionate devotion to his country justly inspire. If I speak of him to me must be simply and without exaggeration. In an active life, extending now over a long period, I have met many men of great powers and manifold graces, but after nearly five years of close association with this man, and a constant study of his mental and moral characteristics, I have come to regard him, in the combined qualities which make a man truly great, as the superior of all the men I have ever known. In his death our people are indeed stricken with the most grievous loss."

President of the Pan-American exposition, at whose residence President McKinley died. He was standing at the right hand of the president when the shots were fired.



J. G. MILBURN

President of the Pan-American exposition, at whose residence President McKinley died. He was standing at the right hand of the president when the shots were fired.

and requested to make some comment upon the latter's loss, said: "It seems like mockery to attempt to eulogize him. No words can carry from one mind to another a proper understanding of that unique personality. He himself must be his best interpreter. His acts, his utterances, with their indescribable charm, have made him known to all Americans. Through these they understand and appreciate him. In their hearts can be found the love and the gratitude which his unselfish, untiring and affectionate devotion to his country justly inspire. If I speak of him to me must be simply and without exaggeration. In an active life, extending now over a long period, I have met many men of great powers and manifold graces, but after nearly five years of close association with this man, and a constant study of his mental and moral characteristics, I have come to regard him, in the combined qualities which make a man truly great, as the superior of all the men I have ever known. In his death our people are indeed stricken with the most grievous loss."

Each looked at the form on the bed; some went no further than the doorway and turned away. The sight of that brave face looking so like death caused them to weep. Not one person, man or woman, who came back downstairs but was weeping, and some of the men were sobbing almost hysterically.

About 6 o'clock Mr. McKinley recovered consciousness, and again whispered Mrs. McKinley's name. Once more they led her in and placed her in a chair beside the bed. They saw that he was conscious, and turned away. "It's the last flickering of the lamp before light goes out," whispered Dr. McBurney.

Mrs. McKinley took her husband's hand. His eyes opened. He spoke several sentences. Those near caught only one: "Good-by, good-by. It is God's will; let his will, not ours, be done."

It was a long leave taking, and, finally, they carried her half-fainting to her room. News of what was happening went down stairs and out into the street. It was received everywhere with tears.



PROPOSED SITE OF THE \$500,000 MCKINLEY MEMORIAL AT CANTON.

The White House flag was half-masted, but a comparatively recent act of Congress forbade draping public buildings with emblems of mourning.

President Roosevelt issued a proclamation recommending that on the day of burial all people assemble "in their respective places of divine worship, there to render alike their tribute of sorrowful submission to the will of Almighty God and of reverence and love for the memory and character of our late chief magistrate."

Secretary Gage, upon being informed of the death of President McKinley,

### FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

Some Up-to-date Hints About Cultivation of the Soil and Fields Thereof—Horticulture, Viticulture and Floriculture.

Shrinkage of Corn.

The value of any variety of corn must be determined by a number of things other than the yield per acre. It is generally supposed that the relative value of two kinds of corn could be determined at harvest time. Thus, if one variety gave 50 bushels per acre and another 45 bushels it seemed an easy arithmetical problem to determine which was the best. Old corn raisers, however, know that this does not prove the case unless the corn is to be sold immediately after harvest. The full weightings of corn and the spring weightings differ enormously. The difference runs from 5 to 25 per cent of the whole weight of corn harvested. Even greater differences have been noted, especially in prize crops to be harvested at a certain time. In such a case it was only natural that the grower should plant his corn as late as possible and have it get sufficiently ripe to harvest at the appointed time. In such a case the corn is certain to contain an unusual amount of water and to weigh the maximum. If that same corn could be seen about the end of the following March, every kernel on the cobs would be seen standing by itself. The shrinkage would then be well up to 25 per cent.

In relation to the shrinkage we must consider the size of the cob. The cob in one variety of corn may be 13 per cent of the whole and of another variety 20 per cent. Yet the corn on the larger cob may shrink so little in comparison with the corn on the smaller cob that the shrinkage of the larger may be the most economical to raise. Especially may this be so if the corn is to be held over six months or a year. We do not assert that this is true as a rule, but it has been found to be so in some cases.

It is also well understood that the farmer that has corn to sell in the fall can afford to let it go at several cents less per bushel than he can get for it six months after.

Orchard Planting.

From the Farmers' Review: One of the questions often asked and as often answered is: "When shall I plant my orchard?" My method of planting trees is simple and has always proved to be good. My advice to the would-be orchardist is: don't plant your trees too early in the spring when the ground is still cold. Wait instead until your trees will need pruning with a sharp knife. All broken and split roots should be cut off, leaving them, however, as long as possible. Then cut back the top and limbs in proportion to the pruning. When your tree is ready for setting put it into a grot hole (a hole filled with this mud and water). Leave it in the grot hole for three to twelve hours, according to the dryness of the roots and weather. This will do most of the work of the tree. The next step is to have your orchard well plowed and the distance between rows marked off. Then dig a hole for each tree large enough so that the roots will not be cramped. Fill in the hole with good roots, trim it down lightly, then add more and trim again, and so on until the tree stands perfectly solid. I usually put the largest root to the southwest to hold the tree straight. Apple trees should always be planted to the same depth that they stood in the nursery.

Now we come to the sticking point, what to plant. If I were going to plant an orchard of one hundred trees I would set 15 Ben Davis, 5 Stark, 5 Jonathan, 5 New England, 5 Grimes Golden, 1 Snow, 1 Der, 2 White Rambo, and 1 Early Harvest. This would give the earliest and best fall apples, the finest flavored early winter fruit and the ever-bearing money-making fallers. No fat on them yet. The following September we commence fattening them. In February they weigh 400 lbs.

"There is nothing that will fatten hogs better than ear corn and water. It requires brains to make good hogs."

"I have my pigs come along in May, after we are sure of good weather. Then I let them run in the pasture the whole summer, and they grow to be long, lean, big-boned and big-muscle fellows. No fat on them yet. The following September we commence fattening them. In February they weigh 400 lbs."

"There is nothing that will fatten hogs better than ear corn and water. It requires brains to make good hogs."

California's Raisin Industry.

The average annual consumption of raisins in the United States for the past five years has been about 80,000,000 pounds, or not far from one pound per capita of population. Practically the total supply was produced in this country. In England the average annual consumption is upwards of five pounds per capita, and the total supply is imported from southern Europe. As we had no native grapes suitable for the production of raisins, various varieties of raisin grapes had to be imported from Spain twenty-five years ago, but the industry did not reach commercial importance until 1885-86. Production that year amounted to 9,400,000 pounds against 3,500,000 pounds the previous year, and imports declined about 13,000,000 pounds. The industry increased rapidly until the high mark was reached in 1895 with a production of 103,000,000 pounds, and that same year imports fell to 15,921,378 pounds. Since that time the production of raisins in California has declined, but this, it is claimed, has been due to adverse climatic conditions and not to any decrease of interest in the industry. Production, however, has been almost equal to the demand, and, although importations have wholly ceased, they are practically offset by exports of California raisins, which are now sent in small and, it may be said, experimental quantities to all parts of the world.

New Railroads Built in 1901.

During the year 1901 there have been 5,057 miles of new railroad built. Texas leads, with a mileage of 584, Georgia next, with 303 miles. In Louisiana, 161 miles were built, but in the Indian Territory 157.

McKinley Press Comment.

A press clipping bureau in New York has completed a collection of newspaper clippings for Senator M. A. Hanna covering everything printed in the editorial columns of the press of the United States and England relating to the death of William McKinley. No king or uncrowned ruler ever received so many attributes of love and esteem, not only from the press of his own country, but from all over the world. This remarkable collection covers 12,000 editorial comments on the death of the late President, and is mounted on heavy gray card board and bound in four volumes, in full morocco.

Links That Bind Old to New.

The links that bind the old to the new days afford almost exhaustless material for good stories. Let me give a story as partial proof of the assertion: "While in conversation with Captain Charles P. Stivers, chief commissary of the Department of the Visayas, Philippine Islands, he incidentally spoke of his grandfather as having been seriously wounded at Gettysburg, a wound which resulted in total blindness. Recalling a general, an officer of the First Army Corps whom I knew, and who received such an injury at Gettysburg, I asked Capt. Stivers if his grandfather was General Gabriel R. Paul. "He was." "Thereupon the chief commissary and I became better acquainted, for the latter had served with Gen. Paul and was always one of his warm admirers. The good soldiery, fine generalship and sturdy manhood of Gen. Paul, together with the superior military record of Capt. Stivers' father, were the prime causes which led to the younger man's soldiery. As soon as he was old enough he sought and received an appointment to West Point, graduated and served in the regular army in the commissary department. So much for this Capt. Stivers. Now we will speak of his grandfather, Gen. Paul, a grand soldier, who won distinction, and his father, an other model soldier, who had an exceptional record in the commissary department of any other army officer of the old days. The regiment to which Capt. Paul and Lieut. Stivers belonged at the outbreak of the civil war was stationed in Texas. Both of these officers were from border states, Missouri, Kentucky, and Tennessee."

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

Do the love of home is the beginning of true patriotism.—Ram's Horn.

Most of us make our incomes go as far that we never see them again.

The Vistland-Dolmen Railway in Sweden, has made a satisfactory test of dried peat as fuel for locomotives without changing the firebox.

## Campfire Sketches

I do not hold with war myself, I think it's bad 'n' wrong. An' would not prod my friends to strife w' 'Bery speech an' song. I'd sooner see 'em fill the soil, an' sow, an' reap, an' 'buil' the soil, an' sow. An' die o' somethin' nat'ral, 'stead uv goin' an' gettin' killed; But if my country does git roused, I plunge into 'er.

An' don't care what she's fightin' for—I want to see her win. It isn't zackly what you'd call a real angelic plan. But man is not an angel—an' he won't be while he's man!

Some like to sing them poosy songs uv victory an' death, But while yer hands air full uv work ye'd better save yer breath; The poits keep on gettin' uv, afore the fightin's thru.

Tew strut an' flap their wings an' whoop 'em back doo-doo-do. But let us hev some peace, says I, un-til we've licked the foe. An' when there's nothin' else to do, the time has come to crow.

I stud out ded agin the war, but once it was begun I thrilled ter read each gallant deed my countrymen hed done. An' now, I git the warm within they've seen the cu'my scout.

I lick ter take a gun myself an' go an' hev a shoot. There's other peacefol men like me to improve my wrath an' frown, But when my country's dander's up, mine won't keep lyin' down.

So long as air is simply air, an' men ain't more than men, it seems ter me there's bound to be some fightin' now an' then. Fer what is wrong or right depends upon yer point o' view. The cu'my's alwis quite convinced he's just as right as you.

An' so, in such a sinful world, there ain't no kind o' doubt. Ye've got ter fight fer what you want, or want an' go without! It isn't zackly what you'd call a real angelic plan.

But man is not an angel—an' he won't be while he's man! —Hoses, Jr.

His Two Flags.

Any narrow-minded native of this country who may fancy himself that good Americans, like poets, are born and not made, will be speedily cured of this illusion by reading "The Making of an American," by Mr. Jacob Riis—that Danish-born fellow countryman of ours whom President Roosevelt, when, as governor, he wrote his passport, officially declared to be "on the whole the most valuable citizen in New York. Mr. Riis loves the Danish flag, although never but once, he admits, he had the opportunity to show his affection by deeds. That was when, in a typhoid epidemic, he says, I found the health officers using it as a fever flag to warn