

## Mrs. Pell's Decoration Day

By EMILY S. WINDSOR.

BY THE aid of the calendar hanging on her wall, Mrs. Pell found that there were 14 weeks before Decoration day.

She was not an adept at mental arithmetic, so that it was quite a lengthy and laborious piece of work for her to calculate that if she saved 12 cents each of those 14 weeks, she would have one dollar and 68 cents.

She had just finished counting it up a second time in order to be sure that it was correct, when her neighbor, Mrs. Wilkes, from the next room below in the big tenement house, came in for their usual evening chat. She was a thin, nervous looking little woman of middle age. Neither her faded gray hair nor her dress was tidy. She was a strong contrast to Mrs. Pell, who was always neat and clean; she was much older than Mrs. Wilkes, too.

Most of Mrs. Pell's days were spent in office cleaning, while Mrs. Wilkes' time was well filled with washing and ironing.

After they had exchanged their news of the day, Mrs. Pell said: "Would you think that a body could get a nice lot of flowers for a dollar and sixty-eight cents?"

"Sure and I'd think that a lot of money to be spendin' in such a way," answered Mrs. Wilkes, with a look of surprise on her weather-beaten face. "I'd like it to be more," returned Mrs. Pell, "but not a cent more than 12 cents a week can I spare."

"I'm sure I'm not knowin' what your talkin' about," said Mrs. Wilkes, the surprise in her face increasing.

"I'll be tellin' you. It's for the graves on Decoration day. I've just set my heart on coverin' 'em with flowers this year. I've been wantin' to do it every year, but somethin' always happened to prevent. But this year, they're goin' to be there."

"Oh!" ejaculated Mrs. Wilkes. "Yes," went on Mrs. Pell, "I'm feelin' sure there'll be nothin' to prevent this year. And it's white roses I want. Teddy was crazy after 'em."

She rocked her chair, and hid her face in her blue gingham apron.

Mrs. Wilkes could not enter very deeply into her friend's feelings. She



Every time she passed a florist, she would stop and look at the flowers.

had never had any children, and her husband had been lost at sea so many years before that he was now but a dim memory; besides, he had never in life given her any reason to mourn his loss.

But she kept respectfully silent until Mrs. Pell's burst of grief was over. Then she said: "White roses is nice. You ought to be gettin' a lot for so much money."

Mrs. Pell shook her head. "I don't know. Flowers is dear."

Mrs. Pell carefully put aside 12 cents each week from her meager earnings.

Every time that she passed a florist's window on her way to work, she would stop and look at the flowers displayed, and try to decide which window contained the most beautiful white roses.

"For I must get the finest to be had," she would think.

The prospect of buying those flowers often formed the subject of her chats with Mrs. Wilkes.

To the latter \$1.68 seemed an enormous sum to spend in any such a way. "Be sure that you get the worth of your money," she would say.

"They've got to be fine ones," Mrs. Pell would answer.

Spring had been long in coming that year, and it was late in May before the garden roses began to show their colors. Mrs. Pell had few opportunities of seeing any of these, the tenement in which she lived being in a district where there was not enough earth room for a blade of grass to grow. Mrs. Pell, like many of her neighbors, had a few pots of geraniums on her window sills, but they were not luxuriant in growth. The air, close and sunless, was not conducive to floriculture. Mrs. Pell had once tried to raise a white rose, but it had died an early death.

Then her walks to and from her work were not in the resident part of the city.

But on Sundays, when she was not too tired, she went to church. Her way thither led past many beautiful gardens. One of them she particularly admired. It was a large, old-fashioned garden surrounding a beautiful old house. There were roses and roses, roses climbing over trellises, and clambering about the broad veranda which ran along the side of the house.

They were just such roses as had grown about the little country home to which she had gone as a bride, says

the Chicago Advance. The sight of them took her back to the days when she had been so happy.

Then had come the dark time when her husband returned from the war with broken health. To mend their fortunes they had come to the city. But things had gotten worse. Her husband had soon died. She and Teddy had struggled alone. She had looked forward to the day when Teddy would be taking care of her, for he was a good boy. But he had been laid beside his father eight years ago. How he had loved those roses! He had often said that he would have a garden full of them when he was a man. He would be a man now if he were living.

The Sunday before Decoration Mrs. Pell went to church and returned by way of her favorite garden. She stopped to look at the white roses. There were such quantities of them. The air was filled with their fragrance. How she wished that she could have enough of them to cover her graves! Somehow, they seemed sweeter than the flowers at the florists.

The day before Decoration day came. Mrs. Pell had gone much sooner than usual to her work, and by hurrying a great deal, had been able to return home at four instead of six, her usual hour.

It was her plan to put on her best clothes and then go to the florist's and select and order her flowers. She would call for them early the next morning, and take them to the cemetery. The day was to be a holiday.

She had just unlocked her door, and entered her room, when Mrs. Wilkes came in. Her eyes were swollen from crying.

"Sure, and what's the matter?" cried Mrs. Pell.

"It's Sally. She's sick, and goin' to die. The woman that's been takin' care of her wrote to tell me. And she wants to see me once more."

"Well, sure and you'll be goin'," said Mrs. Pell.

Mrs. Wilkes burst into tears. "It's that I'm feelin' so bad about. It costs three dollars to go, and me with nothin' but a dollar and a half to my name. You see, I paid the rent two days ago. And not one of the neighbors with a cent to lend me."

"And it's too bad, it is," ejaculated Mrs. Pell, feelingly.

"Yes, and there's a train at seven," said Mrs. Wilkes, with fresh tears. "Unless—" she went on hesitatingly, "you could lend me enough!"

"It's too bad, it is," exclaimed Mrs. Pell. "Sure and I paid my rent last week, too." She looked distressed. She was always anxious to help anyone in trouble.

"I know—but—" Mrs. Wilkes hesitated more than before. "I—I thought perhaps you'd let me have that money you saved for the flowers. Poor Sallie! I'd like to see her once more. She's my own sister, sure."

"Lend you that money! Oh! Mrs. Pell, I can't! I've had my heart set so long on coverin' the graves this Decoration day."

"I thought likely you wouldn't want to. Poor Sallie! And I'll never see her again." Mrs. Wilkes turned away with a hopeless air, and went slowly back to her room.

Mrs. Pell hastily prepared to go to the florist's to select and order her flowers. She felt very sorry for Mrs. Wilkes, but of course she could not lend her that money. If she had saved it for any other purpose but that! She had tried for so many years to be able to cover those graves with roses, and now when she had the money—to give it all up.

She hoped Mrs. Wilkes did not think her mean. She would have been glad to do anything else for her.

And it was a pity that she could not see her sister before she died. She was the only relative she had, too.

If it had only not been that money! And if it were not Decoration day! She wanted to put flowers on their graves at the time that other people were remembering their dead.

Mrs. Pell's steps became slower and slower, and as she came in sight of the florist's shop, she stood still, and remained in deep thought for some minutes. Then she turned suddenly and walked back to the tenement, and into Mrs. Wilkes' room. She found the latter sitting with her face in her hands and crying.

Mrs. Pell put her precious \$1.68 in her hand.

"There," she said, "just take it. Hurry and get ready, and I'll go to the train with you. I do hope you'll find Sallie alive."

"Oh!" cried Mrs. Wilkes, "sure and I

always knew you were a good woman. Poor Sallie! I'll be seein' her again."

Mrs. Pell did not sleep well that night. It hurt her to think of those two graves being flowerless another Decoration day. They were in such a remote part of the cemetery that they never shared in the general decoration of graves. She decided that she would not go to the cemetery at all. She could not bear to think of seeing others carrying their flowers while her hands must be empty.

But in the morning she changed her mind. It seemed unkind to leave her graves unvisited. She would go in the afternoon when the services were over and the cemetery would be comparatively deserted. It was such a lovely day. The ride in the cars would do her good.

Mr. Graham, his wife and Berta and Tom drove out to the cemetery, their

carriage filled with baskets of roses. They had almost stripped the many bushes in their garden.

After their grandfather's and grandmother's and Aunt Edith's graves had been piled high with odorous blossoms, there was still a large basketful of beautiful white roses left.

"Let us drive around and see if there are any graves without any flowers," said Berta.

"Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I like that thought."

But there did not seem to be any graves undecorated until they reached a more distant part of the cemetery. There two sunken graves, with weather-worn wood markers at the head, were flowerless.

"How lonely they look!" said Tom. "Yes," said Mrs. Graham, "I think that you must empty this basket on them."

"Let Tom and me do it," said Berta. So she and her brother jumped out of the carriage and went over to the two graves. There were enough roses to completely cover them both.

"Now they don't look so lonely," said Berta, with a backward glance, as she drove away.

And so it was that when late in the afternoon Mrs. Pell came to the lonely spot where lay her husband and son, she found the two mounds a mass of exquisite roses. And they looked like the roses she had had in her little country home in those long past days—the white roses that Teddy had so loved.

## THE OLD SOLDIER'S DAY.

Beautiful Custom of Observing Memorial Day—The Nation's National Debt.

In 1865 occurred one of the most impressive and soul-stirring pageants which this country has ever seen. On the 23d and 24th of May, the armies of the union passed in grand review before the president and the secretary of war, in Washington. On the first day 80,000 men of the Army of the Potomac marched through the streets of the national capital, and on the following day the 69,000 members of Sherman's army carried their tattered flags over the same line of march.

In all there were 149,000 men in that blue tide which, for six hours on one day and seven on the next, flowed past the capitol; and on the great banner which stretched across the front of the building the tired and war-worn veterans read a sentiment which must have touched their hearts. It was their country's acknowledgment of her sense of obligation to them. The words were these: "The only national debt we can never pay is the debt we owe the victorious union soldiers."

Today, says the Youth's Companion, a thousand little processions made up of those same men will march behind muffled drums and with flowers in their hands, to decorate the graves of the comrades whose marching days are done. Those who passed before the president in the grand review of 1865 were mostly young men, some of them mere boys. The little companies which make their way from post headquarters to the cemetery to-day are made up of old men. Each year finds the heads whiter, the line thinner, the steps more feeble. Yet the loving memories remain unchanged, the old comrades unforgettably, the service in their honor un neglected.

The dignity and faithfulness with which the veterans of the civil war observe this annual ceremony has not been lost upon the country. The pathetic spectacle of these feeble old men marching every year under the flag they once defended has touched us all. It has helped us to realize that we have indeed a "national debt we can never pay," and has confirmed the beautiful custom of giving one day in the year to our dead, be they soldier or civilian.

THE NATION DOES NOT FORGET.

TO OUR SOLDIER

—Chicago Daily News.

PSALM OF THE OLD SOLDIER.

The blue is fading into gray,  
Just as when sunset comes,  
With bugle calls that die away  
And softly throbbing drums;  
The shadows reach across the sky  
And hush the cares of day;  
The bugle call and drum beat die—  
The blue fades into gray.

The gray is blending into blue—  
A sunrise glad and fair,  
When, in the richness of the dew,  
The roses riot there,  
The bitterness of yesterday  
Is lost to me and you;  
The blue is fading into gray—  
The gray blends into blue.

They're sleeping now the long, long sleep—  
The boys who wore the blue;  
Above the gray the grasses creep—  
And both were good and true;  
And in the twilight of our life—  
The ending of the way—  
There comes forgetfulness of strife—  
The blue fades into gray.

Above each mound the lily glows  
And humble daisies nod;  
The ruby glory of the rose  
Sheds lustre on the sod;  
The tears—the tears—they are the dew  
That greets the coming day.  
The gray is blending into blue—  
The blue fades into gray.

—W. D. Nesbit, in the Baltimore American.

MEMORIAL DAY IN THE SOUTH.

The Story of How the Custom of Decorating Soldiers' Graves Originated.

An association known as the Ladies' Aid society, was organized in 1861 for looking after soldiers who died in Columbus hospitals. They were buried under the direction of these ladies, who thereafter took charge of these graves, making it a practice to go in a body to care for and beautify them with plants and flowers. January, 1866, Miss Lizzie Rutherford, a member of the society, made the suggestion that a specified day should be adopted upon which a memorial service should be held for the purpose of decorating the Confederate graves annually. The proposition met at once with the greatest favor, and a letter was addressed to each of the chapters in their cities and towns suggesting similar action on their part.

These letters were written in March, 1866, and from their publication resulted the observance of April 26 as Memorial day for the Confederate dead in several southern states.

The floral displays are always magnificent in the larger cities, and especially is this true of Richmond. In historic old Hollywood lies the gallant and beloved Stuart. There, too, sleeps the old cavalier Pickett, and many others scarcely less distinguished. There, also, rests the president of the Confederate states, and by his side the "Daughter of the Confederacy." And on Memorial day flowers from the hills of Vermont come over her grave with those from the plains of Texas and the land of the setting sun as a tribute to her worth and in attestation of a reunited country.—Woman's Home Companion.

Our Comrades Live.

Still they live, our gallant comrades, still they live for evermore.  
When the waves of Time beat softly on eternity's bright shore,  
Tho' our wistful mortal vision may not pierce the veil between,  
Still we feel their presence with us in this peaceful summer scene  
And our hearts are thrilled, uplifted, as by Heaven's divine air,  
While we scatter fragrant flowers o'er their green graves everywhere.

EVA KATHERINE GIBSON.

Cover Them Over.

Cover them over, violet blue,  
Wreathed in the grass and clover,  
Wild little love of the Earth, yet you  
Symbol the heaven's deepest blue;  
Cover them over and over.

—Chicago Daily News.

COMMENTARY ON THE TARIFF.

THE TARIFF AN ISSUE.

Will be Welcomed by the Republican Party as a Principle in the Campaign.

The western republicans who thought that the time was ripe for letting down the protection of the tariff have seen a light, and have concluded that the tariff policy of the republican party has been a pretty good one and is entitled to further continuance. Representative Tawney, of Minnesota, one of the republican members of the house committee on ways and means, had been disposed to favor early revision of the tariff. He has just returned to Washington from a visit of several weeks in the west, and he is now convinced that the time has not arrived for the lowering of tariff duties, says the Troy Times.

The republican party is becoming thoroughly united in the belief that it is inexpedient to change the tariff system at the present time. The democratic party, always the party of negation, seems disposed to take up this tariff issue again, in spite of the fact that it has been beaten on this question so often and so severely. The republican party welcomes the issue for the campaign of 1904, and believes that those who are rejoicing in the grand results of protection and prosperity will again give their allegiance to the policies through which the republican party has made the United States the foremost nation in productive capacity and industrial supremacy on the face of the earth.

Inevitability of Bryan.

As Mr. Bryan realizes that there is no longer a prospect that he can become president of the United States, he develops a disposition to assail his betters in the democratic party. Most of his public utterances of late have been abusive of democrats—questioning their motives, impugning their honesty and denying their word. So long as he cherished the idea that he could reach the white house he was reasonably circumspect in his treatment of democrats who did not agree with him in all things. When that hope was extinguished he became studiously offensive. Many years ago, when Allen G. Thurman, a greater and better democrat than Mr. Bryan can ever expect to be, was asked to give young men a rule of conduct which would promote success in business and political life, he replied: "Keep a civil tongue in your head." If the young man from Nebraska ever heard this admonition it was lost upon him.—Chicago Chronicle (Dem.).

The Washington Post says that "Senator Gorman is by far the ablest man in the democratic party, and the best man to nominate for president." Unfortunately for the democratic party, the Cleveland following regard him with aversion.—Indianapolis Journal.

It is said that Mr. Cleveland has "just the temperament" to head the democratic ticket in a third-term fight. But the country remembers that Cleveland has a hard-time past as well as a temperment.—St. Louis Globe-Democrat.

Testimony That Sets at Naught the Inflammatory Talk About "The Down-Trodden Filipino."

In a recent issue the Independent published a letter from a Filipino who, the editor vouches, was formerly an insurgent against Spain and the United States. It is an interesting comparison of what the writer was able "to do, to say, and to think," under Spanish and American rule, and its specifications under each of its three heads must be summarized.

"I could do," he says of the Spanish regime, "many things, but all centered in the ability to attend mass where I wished." If he neglected such attendance, he asserts, he was liable to be denounced as an enemy of religion and the state and to be bundled away to Fernando Po. Similarly he could not speak save in praise of those in authority, for it was a sin even to think that the government or any of its agents robbed and oppressed.

Then he gives specifications of what he could do, say, and think now under American rule. They are interesting illustrations of the reality of freedom in the Philippines, but it is unnecessary to summarize them, for this Filipino has done that himself in his general conclusion.

"To-day," he says, "I can think, speak and believe what I please. I can speak of religion in the way that seems best to me, respecting the religion of all. Of course, I am not permitted, for instance, to steal. Neither can I be robbed in the name of the government. I can defend my rights even against the American in the highest post and be sure of justice. I can work for the future of my country and enter politics. I can labor for annexation, for a progressive autonomy, or for a free 'fatherland' of my own. I can ask no more than this."

Such testimony as this will not be pleasing to those who are always talking about "the down-trodden Filipino," but the picture it presents, the comparisons it draws, between conditions in Luzon before Dewey came and now will thoroughly justify to every fair-minded American the righteousness of his country's work in the Philippines.

WHEN FAT YEARS WILL END.

Will Last as Long as Conditions Based Upon Present Prosperity Continue.

The question has been asked: "When will our fat years end?" Judging from the past, they may be counted to end when the conditions upon which prosperity is based shall be injured. The greatest support of the present prosperity is the full employment of all the people in the country who must live upon what they earn. Anything which curtails this full employment will react upon the present prosperity, says the Indianapolis Journal. Of that there cannot be room for the least doubt. It is the great volume of wages and salaries earned not alone by manual laborers, but by workers for hire in every branch of human industry, that fills the channels of trade. When these millions are fully employed at fair wages the country will enjoy fat years. Any attempt to modify the tariff system along other lines than protection as the first object, and particularly an attempt to adopt a tariff for revenue only, would create suspicion and make manufacturers timid, while any change in the tariff that would transfer a portion of our markets to European competitors would transfer with it so much employment, leaving idle men behind. Anything like the success of a free trade party would end the fat days.

The multiplicity of strikes, when they reach a stage that they make it impossible for manufacturers and employers to make estimates on the cost of production, will help to produce conditions that will invite lean days. Labor was never so well paid as now, but because it is well paid it should not be assumed that under the influence of prosperity there can be no limit to the amount of money that can be paid for labor. Men clothed with a little brief authority in a labor organization, like the exalted official who spoke lightly of calling to a strike the 200,000 men employed in the steel industry, are a menace to the indefinite extension of the period of prosperity.

COMMENTS OF THE PRESS.

Bryan says that the reorganized democracy can never succeed. Will he please tell us when his kind has?—National Tribune.

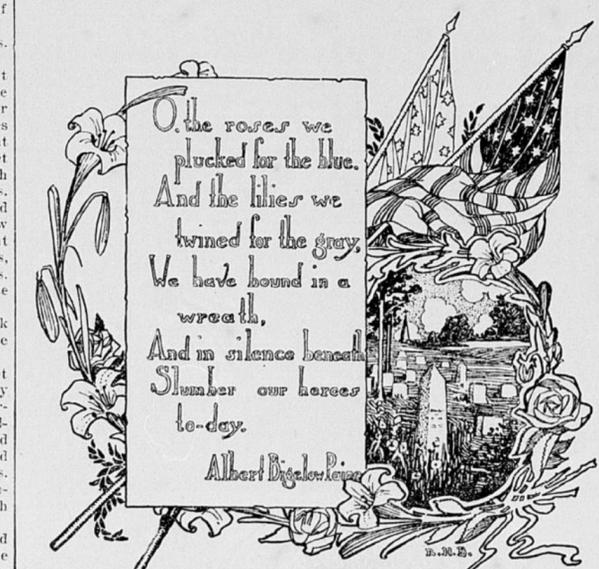
The Cleveland boom was started evidently for the sole purpose of keeping William Jennings Bryan busy.—Chicago Inter Ocean.

Mr. Bryan is quite willing to believe that Mr. Cleveland is disqualified by his two terms, and two is a rather fatal number for Mr. Bryan himself.—Chicago Record Herald.

The democratic party can hardly hold the Bryanites and the Clevelandites together. Without either faction it can have no hope of success in a national election.—Cleveland Leader.

All this talk about Mr. Cleveland's candidacy has enabled a lot of men that nobody ever heard of before to gain more or less notoriety by rising up to oppose it.—Detroit Free Press (Dem.)

Col. Bryan has thoughtfully and graciously nominated Mr. Cleveland for president on the republican ticket. The colonel is always doing something to help the republicans out.—Chicago Chronicle (Dem.)



Every time she passed a florist, she would stop and look at the flowers.