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DECORATION DAY APPROPRIATELY OBSERVED.

GRAVES OF OLD SOLDIERS COVERED WITH GARLANDS OF FLOWERS.

Our Citizens Show a Patriotic Spirit in Decorating Their Business Places and Residences with the Stars and Stripes.

When one awakes on the morning of Decoration Day, an air of something prevades the atmosphere, which quickens our senses and makes our pulses beat a trifle faster. It is that this day brings surging over us thoughts of our dead heroes, of all they endured through the troublous war times, and of how we may do honor to their memories. Our streets were filled with people on the beautiful morning of last Saturday, and about 11 o'clock the line of march was formed with Yale Citizens' Band in the lead, W. H. Dunphy Post GARnext, followed by pupils of the schools bearing flags, and citizens in carriages. With stirring martial strains the way was taken to the cemetery, where the graves were decorated with flags and flowers and the usual ceremonies by the Post performed.

The Expositor is requested by the veterans to extend through its columns their hearty thanks to J. B. Paisley for the warm hospitality with which he entertained them this day as on other Decoration days. Mr. Paisley put himself to extra expense and trouble to make it pleasant for the old soldiers.

After dinner a large audience gathered in Central hall to listen to speeches and music. Elmore Putney presided as chairman and announced the program, which was opened with selections by the colored male quartette, and the different speeches were interspersed with music from the high school choir, their selections being appropriate to the day and well rendered.

A neat badge was presented by E. H. Drake in behalf of the GAR, to Miss Anna Campbell, who received third prize for an essay on Memorial Day, in a contest gotten up by the GAR. This essay and the speeches by E. H. Drake, Fr. Cullinane, and Judge Graham will be found on this page of The Expositor.

THE DEACON'S ORATION.

BY ANNA CAMPBELL.

Teddy was lying out under the big maple tree fast asleep. His little sun-burned face was stained with tears and jam. "The Blue and the Gray," he murmured drowsily, and then he rubbed his eyes with his chubby hands and stared about him.

Oh, yes, he remembered it all and his cheeks flushed as he thought of what his mother had told him. "I just wish I hadn't asked the meaning of Memorial Day, and why they never put any flowers on my papa's grave. She said he was a de-a-ser-ter," Teddy said slowly. He had a habit of talking to himself, had Teddy, for he was always very lonely. In the patriotic little town in which he lived, nobody would play with a deserter's son.

He thought of his mother's words in defense of that father whom he thought so brave and true. "It was for your sake, Teddy boy," she had said, "you were very ill. I thought you would die," but at this point Teddy had sobbed until the soft sighing of the branches had lulled him to sleep.

The little lad remained, thinking deeply, then with sudden determination he trudged down the quiet village street, a sober-looking figure. On, on he went out of the town, down the white dusty country road until he came to the little cemetery. How silent it was! Teddy felt a thrill of awe as he glanced about him. But he did not intend to shrink from the task before him, so he steadily made his way to the most desolate looking of all the graves. Parting the grass he looked thoughtfully at the familiar tombstone and remarked with a glow of satisfaction that his father's name was Edward, too. He spent some time in picking up the loose debris that lay upon and around the grave and then trudged back home, glad that his, to him, great task was begun.

Every day after school the little fellow went to the graveyard and all of his Saturdays were spent there. His mother wondered what he could be doing, but said nothing, realizing that the child wanted to be left alone. Bye and bye when his work was about completed, Ted found time to survey it critically. To be sure one not interested might laugh at the sight. In cutting the grass the little one had awkwardly used a sickle and it made the spot very haggard looking, indeed, in contrast to the well-kept graves around him. "I wouldn't care so much for the grass being uneven if it were like real grass, but it is so full of weeds," he said mournfully.

Presently a happy thought struck him. Patiently pulling up the weeds, he sowed the bare spots with grass seed, and then, with his chubby finger, traced his name, T-e-d, just as well as he could. Then he filled the crevice which he had thus made with flower seed.

His daily visits to the graveyard ceased. He indulged only in an occasional one to see how the seeds were growing.

The day before Memorial Day Ted began to think of the flowers with which to decorate. "Every bouquet should have a little yellow in it," he

said, quoting the words of a gardener he had once read about. So he made a wreath of dandelions. "Good thing I know how to sew," he remarked with a whimsical smile as, armed with a big needle and a white thread he seated himself on a plot of grass thickly studded with the yellow flowers.

With a bunch of snowballs and the bright wreath, he started to the cemetery and there laid the humble offering upon the grave. He dared not waste much time in contemplating his work as he had to hurry back again. Had he looked back, he might have seen an aged man (his own arms filled with flowers) surveying his work. He might have heard a chuckle and a voice say, "He nearly caught me that time."

The service had begun. Ted's heart beat fast. Never before did a Memorial Day mean so much to him. He could hardly wait for the opening piece. But the surprise was yet to come. Little did the boy realize that in his daily pilgrimage he had had a watcher. Old Deacon Smiley, who lived a short distance from the scene of his work, had watched the industrious little fellow, and by and by the story had become circulated through the village. Teddy's wondering eyes turned on his father's grave. His heart gave a bound. What did he see? Almost covering the feeble letters of his name were a heap of lilies, carnations, and yes, roses, too. Teddy sank in a little heap and wept for joy. He realized that he would be no longer scorned. "Through my own efforts, too," he thought with pardonable pride. But hark! the old Deacon is speaking. He hears his own name and wonders why the simple little story the man is telling makes the people look at him so sadly. "But now begins the Deacon's real oration," thinks Teddy, and he listens eagerly.

"Memorial Day," begins the quavering voice, "how much it means to us! These graves marked by the white tombstones seem more significant on a day like this. Triumph is mingled with sorrow as we think of the broken homes, the blighted lives, the men who gave up so much for their beloved country."

For what did they fight? For gold? For fame? Would a father leave that sweet home, those little ones, the wife he loved so well for aught but that which is holier than all earthly love, the love of country.

But these tombstones mark not only the graves of those who fought with death. Those sympathetic women who went so silently among the dying soldiers, who soothed the pain of many a sick-bed, who covered up the faces of the dead ones, lie here. Their work is done.

North, South, slaves and free men all clasp hands as brothers to-day. The dark-hued race can proudly say, "I am free!" In the old days they toiled for the white man and found freedom not in life but in death.

Some of those boys who marched away with proud hearts beating with happiness in serving their country, never came back again. The old gray-haired mother at home waited and watched in vain for the light tread which had made home so happy for

her. They all rest under you white stones. Cut off before the noon of life, their work is done. In silent appreciation their graves are strewn with flowers, those emblems of truth over which the setting sun casts a silent benediction."

Teddy clapped harder than all the rest when the deacon bowed himself off of the stage. Years after, this speech rang in his ears, a fitting tribute to the happiest day he ever spent.

E. H. Drake gave the opening address as follows:

When strife with Spain was threatening and the war cloud first hung dark over the land, you will remember that other nations were commenting on the unpreparedness of the United States for war. We had but a small standing army of something like 40,000 men, scattered throughout the country and a navy of very small dimensions when compared with some of the world powers. But what a springing to arms in response to the president's call. Company after company, regiment after regiment sped to the front until Uncle Sam had to say, "hold up boys, you're coming too fast." A navy sprang into action whose almost immediate operations caused a world to marvel and within ninety days had not only overcome or destroyed every hunk of the enemy, but had proudly taken its place as one of the great naval powers of the world.

I would ask what it was that enabled this country to perform such wonders? I answer, it was that element of character which imbues the breast of every typical American and makes a peculiar people. The name of this attribute may be given by the use of four words, and they are "courageous, intelligent, patriotic, energy." You see I use the word energy last and the other words as qualifying words or adjectives. Energy is the keystone and when united with the other supporting elements, makes the perfect arch of individual as well as national success. In my of the hangs a fine picture of our distinguished president Theodore Roosevelt in whom I believe is strongly personified this peculiar element of American character, and by the side of the picture are the words that have been said by him and which should be found in every school room and in every office where it may meet the eye of every ambitious young man and woman in the land. The words are these:—The law of worthy national life, like the law of worthy individual life is fundamentally the law of strife. It may be strife military, it may be strife civic, but it is certainly only through strife, through labor and painful effort, by grim energy and resolute courage we move on to better things."

How true and practical are the words, and how indicative they are of the character of the man who uttered them. Artemus Ward once said of the Great Napoleon, "The trouble with Napoleon was that he tried to do too much—and did it." Some of the political enemies of Mr. Roosevelt are making the claim that he is trying to do too much but the American people are pretty well satisfied that they have something besides a figure head in the presidential chair and the sentiment of their approbation is becoming deeper daily.

But this element in American character is one we do not always appreciate until danger threatens our land. Then is the time it shines forth in its greatest brilliancy, not only dazzling the eyes of other nations, but fairly astonishing ourselves. The greatest exhibition of this element of national character occurred in the sixties when secession threatened to disrupt the Union, and I never look upon a body or collection of veterans of that war but I fancy I see in them the very embodiment, the personification of this element of national character which actuated the heroes of that day. That energized and stimulated the people to do mighty deeds of valor and intellectual effort during those tremendous throes of national agony. And what you did then you would do to-day if you had the physical strength. This element of character is one not easily extinguished and God grant that we, the present generation, may never lose an opportunity to impress it on those who are coming up within the zone of our influence.

Yes gentlemen of the G. A. R. we of to-day look upon you as the past masters with all of the degrees of this glorious attribute of American character. No danger of your forgetting any of its meanings. The fires of your patriotic spirit burn as brightly as ever and you love the dear old flag as well to-day as when you struggled after it. Look-outs' dizzy heights or marched beneath its tattered folds in that grand review at Washington 38 years ago this month. Faded, worn, tired, almost ready some of you to lie down for your last great rest, but with spirits as bright, hearts as true and courage as undaunted as when you kissed the dear ones at home good bye and turned your faces southward to experience war's hell. I can imagine you in those days in the flower of your youth, your hearts filled with hope and ambition, your minds with thoughts that in only a few weeks (you know it was only to be ninety days) you would return to your loved ones after the flag had been restored without the loss of a star. You could see the loving smile of wife or sweetheart which would greet you on your return when you had done grand

things and won distinguished honors. How many of you saw your hopes verified? Instead of a few short weeks in which you supposed the whole matter would be ended the weeks dragged into months, the months into years, four long years, what changes can be wrought in that time. And all of the changes of that period was not wrought by southern shot and shell or the mighty clash of arms. In the north, out of hearing of cannon roar there were changes taking place in your absence. The loving old mother who, Spartan like, forced back the tears while she kissed you good-bye, but, when you were gone and could not see her great grief, wept her heart out for the boy which she felt she had sacrificed on her country's altar, and when you did return it was to be told that she slept over there in the church yard. How many aged fathers, being deprived of a son's sustaining arm, bravely struggled to take the vacant place and sank under the burden. How many a delicate wife without a husband's protecting care, sank and withered by the wayside. Yes, there were changes in the north. But of all the changes of that time, you were the most changed of all. The beardless boy whose life had always run as quietly and peacefully as the brooks by which he sported and whose ears had never heard a more unpleasant note than father calling to get up at half past five in the morning—had become a hardened, bearded warrior. A being who could look without a tremor on carnage and bloodshed, a trained, hardened, disciplined part of that splendid machine, one million men strong, which reviewed in Washington 38 years ago this month, the greatest army the century ever saw. Yes, you were changed, but the change was an ennobling one. Army life is one of the best disciplines in the world, one of the greatest schools in which to learn the duties of life.

While the war of the rebellion made warriors and heroes, it also made order loving, systematic, intelligent citizens. The war was a great character builder. It taught patriotism, that most important of lessons, it taught self denial and self sacrifice, it developed courage, it taught obedience to those in authority, it disciplined the soldier in a hundred different ways and made him a marked man. And how quickly you took your old accustomed places in the various walks of life when the work for the nation had been done. Within three months after that mighty army one million strong, seasoned veterans, the wonder and admiration of the civilized world, had ceased to be a necessity to the nation, four-fifths of it had melted away, dropped quietly back into the peaceful walks of life. No less wonderful was the rushing to arms of such a mighty army of men at their country's call, than were the ease and rapidity with which they quietly resumed the usual vocations of civil life when peace was restored.

It remains with us as the present generation to see that the lessons of the past are not lost. You who have set the noble example before us should always be remembered, not only with substantial protection to your declining years, but we should yield to you that respect and honor which your merits deserve and tell our children of your brave deeds that they thereby may learn lessons of loyalty.

Rev. Fr. Cullinane, having other appointments for the afternoon, delivered the following short speech:—

Our honored custom of observing Decoration Day and of placing flowers upon the graves of our dead heroes is one which calls forth memories, eliciting sentiments both of joy and sadness. It is indeed a joyful pride we feel on this beautiful day in recalling to memory the deeds of bravery and the love of country that have been manifested by our soldiers in declaring by word and deed their national independence and in preserving even at the sacrifice of their lives, the union of our country. It is with joyful pride that we recall the but recent magnanimous spirit of charity and brotherly love exhibited by our country in extending to sister-lands the freedom and the liberty which we ourselves enjoy. It is a source of joy to every true American citizen to be self-conscious of the fact that we are to-day the greatest people among the nations of the world and that we have, on memorable occasions declared to the world that we are such.

And we come to-day to unite with the veterans of the Grand Army in showing our respect and our love to our dead soldiers who have sacrificed their lives for us.

They have not enjoyed the independence for which they gave their lives, they have not enjoyed the peaceful union which they preserved by shedding their life-blood and it is with feelings of sadness that we wind our way to the peaceful cemetery to keep alive the memory of our heroes and to offer up our tribute of respect and honor and love by placing sweet scented flowers upon their tombs.

The love of country which has prompted our soldiers to go forth in her defense and to lay down their lives on the field of battle is the love of home; it is the love of the family circle, the love of father and mother, husband and wife, brother and sister and the love of fellow man. It is the mutual love of that large family of American citizens having as their head the Executive of our country and bound together by the ties of mutual charity. And I say, that if this magnanimous love can be exhibited in time of war so that we will give our lives one for another, one for all and all for one, then let us as a great people manifest the same qualities in time of peace that we manifest in time of war and be united in the bonds of love and charity. So that in peace and in war the memory of our deeds may go down from generation to generation bearing with them examples of unity, charity, prosperity, and happiness.

Judge of Probate Graham, of Port

Huron, gave the following interesting talk:—

Mr. Chairman, Members of the Grand Army of the Republic, Ladies and Gentlemen:—

I wish the whole world might have witnessed the sight we saw this morning and have heard the songs we listened to from the school children of Yale. In the words of your martyred comrade, Wm. McKinley, "With patriotism in our hearts, and with the flag of our country in our hands there is no danger of anarchy and there is no danger to the American Union."

It is fitting that this, the most beautiful month of flowers, should give us a day to weave garlands and deck the graves of our soldiers with the sweet spring blossoms. It is most fitting, too, that as the years pass by, bringing with them the too strenuous pressure of vastly growing interests, that the nation should set aside this day to remember the past, and to honor her heroes.

It is not alone fitting, but it is necessary that the young should be reminded of what our brave soldiers won for us at such an enormous cost. The rivers of blood that flowed at Bull Run, Gettysburg, Shiloh, The Wilderness—but why go on enumerating battles, their occurrence was so frequent that it worries the school boy to remember them all. But each one represents untold suffering, in fact, to quote the words of that old soldier, Gen. Sherman, "War is Hell." This reminds me of a passage I ran across a few days ago in "The Red Badge of Courage." The author was describing how the height was taken and he summed it up in these words—"The Regular Army was dusty, disheveled and covered with sweat, its hair matted on its forehead and its shirt glued to its back, indescribably dirty, thirsty, hungry and weary from its bundles, its marches and its fights, it sat down on the conquered crest and was satisfied and exclaimed, 'Well, Hell, here we are.' All the suffering and loss was our own; it was no foreign potentate who was invading our country—it was our own people, and victory and devastation went hand in hand.

"What is victory like?" asked a lady of the Duke of Wellington. "The greatest tragedy in the world, madam, except defeat." Abraham Lincoln realized to the utmost the terrible calamity that had befallen the nation—would that he might have lived to witness its marvelous reconstruction.

The longer we young men dwell upon the story of the great war, the more do we marvel at the endurance of the boys in blue. When the nation was threatened by foes, within and without; when humiliation stared her in the face; with the greater tenacity did they cling to their purpose, to win or to die. Every soldier here will remember that the surrender of Lexington during the Civil war to the Confederates was rendered a necessity by the want of ammunition as well as by the want of water. After the surrender an officer was detailed by the Confederate General Price to collect the ammunition and put it in a safe place. The officer addressing Adjutant Cosgrove, an Irishman, asked him to have the ammunition surrendered. Cosgrove called up a dozen men and exhibiting the empty cartridge boxes, said to the astonished confederate, "I believe sir, we gave you all the ammunition we had before we stopped fighting." Incidents showing the valor of the boys in blue are without number. Their valor sheds on our flag an additional glory, and when the younger generation receive it as an inheritance, let them treasure those stars and stripes and see that that flag represents, whenever it is unfurled, purity of principle and liberty of thought.

Is it any wonder the old soldier loves that flag under whose folds he fought and for which his comrades shed their blood? He loves it for what it is and for what it represents. It embodies the purposes and history of the government itself. It records the achievements of its defenders on land and sea. It heralds the heroism and sacrifices of our Revolutionary fathers who planted free government on this continent and dedicated it to Liberty forever. It attests the struggles of our army and the valor of our citizens in all the wars of the Republic. It has been sanctified by the blood of our best our bravest. It records the achievements of Washington and the martyrdom of Lincoln. It has bathed in the tears of a sorrowing people. It has been glorified in the hearts of a freedom loving people, not only at home, but in every part of the world.

That flag expresses more than any other flag; it means more than any other emblem; it expresses the will of a free people and proclaims that they acknowledge no earthly power, other than themselves. It never was assaulted that thousands did not rise up and smite the assailant. Glorious Banner of the Republic!

We all remember the late war with Spain. The younger generation was alert and the cry "Cuba Libre" brought to arms more soldiers than the president could use. This war has revolutionized the fighting art. All Europe stared unbelievably at the work of Dewey, Sampson and Schley. For some of our boys the light went out. San Juan hill with Theodore Roosevelt and his rough riders was a bloody but a decisive victory. These young heroes have added their names to the list of their country's honored dead.

So this day is a day of remembrance; it is also a day of offering to the great God of patriotism. The flame of patriotic sentiment burns brightly in the hearts of our people, and this is why we gather in every city and every hamlet of this broad land to observe Decoration Day. We cannot too frequently recall nor too well remember that lofty patriotism, that heroic purpose and that vast sum of treasure, effort and blood, which secured for us that priceless treasure, Liberty.

It is to be hoped that those few, who have so far forgotten the object of the

day as to promote racing and games, may be brought to a realization of its purpose and cease to desecrate it.

And just here let me pay a tribute to our American woman. She has been the mainspring of much of the patriotism evidenced on the field of battle. And many a time since Mollie Pitcher took her dead husband's place at the gun, has she been found fully equipped for any emergency. In the Civil war she distinguished herself for her tender nursing and her heroic courage and what the red cross nurses accomplished in our recent trouble with Spain is gratefully remembered.

There is another woman and like the Grand Army her number was legion, but is growing less each year. "The one left behind." Her fame has been sung by our poets, and her influence though secret is wide spread. Her sweet, patient face speaks volumes as she tells of the husband who fell at Spotsylvania or the son who died in a Southern prison. Her patience in bearing so great a burden cheerfully is a living example of heroic courage to all of us.

"It is good to honor heroes; the country that honors her heroes will have heroes to honor when she needs them." No more beautiful or impressive scene can be imagined than that of a great nation ceasing from its daily toil to gather flowers and deck the graves of its brave defenders. To every soldier of the Union this day is filled with priceless memories. Unlike the dead of the wars in other countries, the memory of their comrades never fades. The G. A. R. rejoices when the day approaches and in ever diminishing numbers lovingly decorate the ever increasing graves of their comrades. In broken column and with enfeebled step you carry the flag they loved so well. You march to the same music to which their loyal feet so often tramped, your hearts pulsing with joyous pride as you realize that their memory is indeed immortal.

Sunday School Convention.

The third district Sunday school convention held its forenoon meeting Wednesday with a very good attendance. After the devotional service the subject of "Effective Sunday School Work" was taken up by Alfred Day, of Detroit, who is held secretary of the Michigan Association of Sunday schools and a prominent worker. R. S. Campbell to whom this work was assigned was not present.

Mr. Day's remarks were extremely helpful and to the point. Laborers in the Sabbath school will find many of his experiences useful and practical.

Reports, roll call and other business was then discussed until noon, when the delegates and visitors were assigned places of entertainment during their stay.

The afternoon session was called at 1:30 and opened with devotional exercises. Mrs. J. V. Holden made a few remarks in relation to the Sunday school but did not take up the subject assigned to her. Mr. Day spoke on "Primary Work" and his theories and practical experiences along this line was worth much to those who have this work in charge. Mr. Day is an able and eloquent speaker and makes his addresses the more interesting and instructive by giving his own personal experiences.

Mrs. R. B. Baird, of Marine City, presented a thoroughly good paper on "Preparation of the Teacher for Sunday School Work." She was listened to with much pleasure by all. Mr. Day again interested the audience with a talk on "Modern Methods in S. S. Work." He seems to have studied the Sunday school in all its phases and is able to give help all along the different lines. Rev. O. D. Fournier led the discussion. Margaret Ellis then delighted the audience with a sweet solo. Answering questions from the question box by Mr. Day concluded the afternoon.

At the evening meeting held in the Disciple church there was a large audience. After a song service and prayer, Mr. Day gave the address, speaking on "The Teacher's Sixth Sense," giving it as his opinion that the sixth sense meant common sense. His remarks were excellent and will afford food for thought. The Presbyterian choir rendered an anthem and a free will offering was afterward taken up.

Circuit Races.

A circuit has been formed and race meetings will be held in the Thumb during the latter part of June and the fore part of July at the following named places and dates: Brown City June 18 and 19; Crossville, June 25 and 26; Sanilac Centre, July 3 and 4. Purse of \$100 and \$200 will be offered and several good horses are expected at each meet. John Windsor, of Brown City, is taking a lively interest, therefore lovers of horse races may look for some interesting sport.

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