

A BAND OF COMRADES.

THE GRAND ARMY MUSTER AT INDIANAPOLIS ON SEPT. 4.

The Birthplace of the National Encampment to be Honored by a Mighty Host of Boys in Blue—History and Principles of the Order.

Onward to the World's fair by the way of the Grand Army encampment at Indianapolis will be the rallying cry of the veterans the first week in September. The pilgrimage to Indianapolis, like that to Chicago, is for the celebration of a new discovery—namely comradeship.

drawn him within the magic circle, and he finds enough interest in the order to be won from the coveted retirement of old age to an active official position.

And the enthusiasm for comradeship is not a transient one to flash brilliantly and suddenly die out. An old hero was buried in New York city the other day who was among the very first to catch up the ringing watchword sounded by Stephen in 1866.



GENERAL HARRISON IN 1864.

department early in the seventies. His injuries compelled him to withdraw from prominence in Grand Army affairs, and for 20 years he has been lost to view except among the members of his own post.

Nor has the enthusiasm for comradeship died out in the land of its birth. It was an Indiana comrade who after 25 years of familiarity with its ceremonies, a time long enough to have discovered their true character and significance, in his presidential message to congress, declared that amid all the cares and honors of the office of chief magistrate he could not forget the ties of comradeship in the Grand Army of the Republic.



GENERAL STEPHEN A. HURLBUT.

The second national encampment, held in Philadelphia in 1888, was undoubtedly the most important of the earlier gatherings of the veterans, for then were fixed the character and scope of the new movement, but that encampment was made possible by the sendoff given at Indianapolis. The deliberations at Philadelphia decided what the veteran order should be: the enthusiasm at Indianapolis declared that there should be an order of veterans, so there is little reason to fear but the old soldiers who muster in the western city 100,000 strong will know what they are there for and acknowledge in hearty fraternal spirit the claims of the Hoosier capital upon their good will.

Tradition is strong where sentiment is concerned, and what is the fraternal idea if not sentiment? That was the discovery made at Indianapolis. The war was over, and everybody weary of it and of everything which echoed its thunders and its passions. "What good" cried the practical ones when asked to join the new army. I have never forgotten, though my memory is a poor staff to lean upon, the setback which I received from a veteran of distinction in civil and social life when I asked the use of his name to call together a body of veterans and agitate the establishment of a post of the Grand Army. He had been a splendid war man and comrade and was a believer in progress in every good word.

Said he: "Old soldiers can have no interests not common to all citizens; hence I do not see the need of a veterans organization." Since then the wave of comradeship set moving in Indianapolis has

self and do a foolish thing, they have the same quick conscience to discover the error as their more discreet brothers, only give them time. They will see the error and undo it or avoid repetition, and it is comradeship to give them time and not force the good work by zealous preaching. There is only one spirit that can rule the Grand Army or that does rule it in the long run, and that is the spirit of true comradeship, the fraternal, charitable, devoted spirit of brothers. The Masons have their differences and their discipline to themselves, and the church has the same in so far as it can have them and not revive the odious inquisition.

The Grand Army is so constituted that discretion must be left to individual members and posts. It is not an institution emanating from a center. The life is in the individuals who associate themselves in a post. There in the post with the members gathered together, is a little Grand Army world, there the alpha and the omega, the beginning and the end. The departments and national body are the machinery maintaining a touch of elbow between distant posts and between the states. Naturally there is friction, but seldom a collision that the outsiders hear about. When there is a speck of trouble that gets noised abroad it never amounts to the open war some people try to make out.

The pension question has disturbed the country for nearly 30 years, but it didn't reach the Grand Army until less than 10 years ago. The Grand Army existed and flourished before the question was raised and will go on flourishing whichever way it is settled and if it never is settled. An outsider who should happen to lift the roof from a post encampment to hear the veterans deliberate on pensions would get weary over the long order of business to be gone through with before the question could get the floor and go away digested to find that 99 times in 100 it doesn't get the floor at all. The department and national encampments meet once a year, their sessions last from two to four days and the pension business fares extremely well if it gets—outside of the committee rooms—one hour's consideration in the department councils and two hours in the national council. That is one hour a year in a department encampment and about two hours a year in the national encampment. Therefore it is extremely improbable that the Grand Army, which was born amid the throes of the nation's sublimest struggle and which has been built up and fostered with so much jealous zeal and care, will be destroyed by a clash of opinions over a subject of minor importance.

In the early days of the order partisanship seriously interfered with its usefulness and threatened to become a stumbling block to success. The evil was promptly met by legislation of political discussion and action out of encampment sessions. The Grand Army may be put upon the defensive in pension matters, and in that case there will be a substantial unity of action, but comradeship will never go to the wall for anything less noble and commendable. Every day added to the years of the aging veterans makes never demands upon comradeship. Every day proves the wisdom of those dreamers who sounded the army long roll amid the pines of peace at Indianapolis 27 years ago. Every day finds veterans stricken down beyond the reach of pension relief with its tantalizing delays. Every day adds thousands to the many, many millions of treasury drawn from the Grand Army ready to feed and shelter those whom the nation with all the solemnity of dying oaths promised should never come to want. But for the Grand Army and the fidelity of comrades to comrades every wayside would be thronged with army mendicants, the worthy and the unworthy, the genuine and the impostors commingling, and the country scandalized by the spectacle.

Two evils that follow in the wake of war have been spared this nation by the nobility of the soldiery. One was the saturnalia of disbanded armies and the other the pest of public mendicancy. Before the last drumbeat of the volunteers returning from the southern camps was hushed a Grand Army post was opened in every northern city of 10,000 inhabitants, and the encampment halls became new bivouacs whose fires should not grow dim and where the floating, disbanded soldiery were drawn into association with their settled and provident comrades. Committees of employment and relief promptly took up the burden that belonged to society. In a twinkling the old army passed out of sight, and in its place appeared a brotherhood of industrious, self-respecting, loyal veterans living out in every community the new gospel of comradeship.

Yes, it is saying a good deal, but it comes from my heart, and I mean it as an expression of how dear my old comrades are to me. We braved death together, and that is the whole of it. It was that sentiment common to men of one company or regiment who had been close companions in many battles, which the enthusiasts of Indianapolis believed would be broadened so as to thrill the breast of every man who wore the blue. Friends and neighbors are doomed to separation; real brothers in arms, like brothers of the blood, cannot always keep together. Comradeship left to itself would lose cohesive power and vanish amid the clashing changes of active civil life. And if it was sublime to face death together it was sublime to face faced death at all for the same cause. So the old and powerful ties of state pride, of army conceit, of corporatism and of regimental and battery feeling were swept away. A new standard was held aloft and the old soldiers thrilled by a bugle blast never heard before except in the thunder and smoke of battle, where all were for once alike in the presence of death, where the inspiration that nerved the arm of each was but a spark of the fire that swayed the hearts of all.

If the war fever had been nothing more than extravagant enthusiasm, then a fraternal bond based upon it would have proven a rope of sand when it came to the test of strain, for men are not angels, take the best of them. But the old soldiers are prouder today of their war enthusiasm than they were then. It has long since given way to a stern, unyielding conviction. The war was an awful reality, and patriotism of the grandest and loftiest kind saved the country, and naturally pride in the enthusiasm that made them comrades and pride in the deeds performed while comrades are sentiments common to those whose flag and whose cause and whose sufferings and risks were common.

A great many spectators on the outside of the Grand Army are alarmed because old soldiers show little sensitiveness to the honor of veterans as apparently in jeopardy. It is because the test of honor was applied long ago. The Grand Army is past all that. If a comrade or a body of comrades forget themselves and do a foolish thing, they have the same quick conscience to discover the error as their more discreet brothers, only give them time. They will see the error and undo it or avoid repetition, and it is comradeship to give them time and not force the good work by zealous preaching.

SMALL ENOUGH TO GO THROUGH.

The Parson Tells a Story About a Man With a Conscience.

"That reminds me," said the parson as he took another handful of crackers from the barrel and cut a slice from the cheese on the counter, while the proprietor of the store moved uneasily in his seat, "that reminds me of the experience of a member of the church of which I was the pastor up in Oregon one spring. The story was told to me by Brother Jones himself while in a fit of remorse.

"Parson," he said to me, "parson, do you remember the time that you asked every member of the church to contribute a quarter for the purpose of paying for the hymn-books which had just been bought for the Sunday school?"

"Yes," I said, "Brother Jones, I remember the time very well."

"Well, parson," he continued, "I sat there in my seat watching that contribution box go around and seeing nearly everybody drop in a quarter. When it came to Brother Smith, he put in half a dollar, and I don't know why it was unless Satan had me in his clutches, but I said to myself, 'There, now, he has put in enough to make up for mine,' and I felt of the quarter in my pocket. Just then the box came to Widow Franklin, and she did not put in anything. 'There,' said I, 'now I'll have to put in my quarter, if times are hard, and the children do need shoes, and the prospect for crops are not good this year.'

"While I was thinking this way, Elder Bennett passed the box to Brother Brown, and he put in another quarter. Satan got me again and seemed to whisper in my ear, 'There, that's for you,' and so when the box reached me next I just looked the other way, and Elder Bennett passed along to the next pew, after giving the box a shake to attract my attention, but I pretended not to notice it.

"Well, you know I had nearly seven miles to walk home. When I got half way and was going through the woods, it began to rain hard, and it grew dark much sooner than I had counted on. I remembered a hollow tree just big enough for me to squeeze into which stood a little farther on, so I hurried and reached it before I got very dark. The rain began to pour down, so I decided to remain in the tree until it stopped, knowing that the folks would not worry, because I often remained in town over night when I went to church on Sundays.

"I made myself as comfortable as possible in that tree, and somehow or other I fell asleep. The next morning, when I awoke, the next morning. When I did open my eyes, I found that the water had soaked that tree and swelled it up so that the crack through which I had crawled myself was not more than an inch wide. I was a prisoner sure enough, and I might as well have tried to make Flint, my landlord, knock off some of the rent of my farm in a bad year as to try and open that crack any. I had on my best clothes, and I had left even my jackknife at home.

"Well, you know, parson, that it rains sometimes three days, sometimes a week and often a month up in this country when it gets a good start. I looked out of the crack, and there did not seem to be any chance of its stopping. Then I began to think, 'Suppose I should be confined here until I starve to death!' With this thought came recollections of my past life. I thought of everything which I had done which was not according to the Ten Commandments, of the unkind words I had spoken to my wife and children, and then I felt in my pocket, and my hand touched the quarter which I had kept the day before instead of putting it on the plate.

"Would you believe it, parson, when I thought of that I felt so small that I passed out through the crack without the slightest difficulty!"

Then the store door opened and closed softly, while the loungers caught their breath. There was a momentary cold blast from without, and the parson was gone.—New York Tribune.

Progress and Cookery. "The World Moves." There is no better illustration of this old saying than the numerous schools now-a-days devoted to practical kitchen processes. These schools have been alert to find a reasonable substitute for lard, the use of which is so generally condemned. This want has been fully met by

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