

DECORATION DAY



Garlands and songs—
(Memorial Day)
Brothers, a song to the friends that
have left us
Friends of a distant, memorial year,
Comrades in times e'er death had be-
lieved us
Of those who were dearer than life
to us
I Shall we not bring them a garland and
sing them
Stories and songs that were fair to
them here?
But the garland, ah, shall it be of
roses,
Bright as with joy as with life, blood-
red?
Or of jonquil pale, that at eventide
closes
Its petals and earthen hang, heavy
with head,
Or of sad, drooping flowers from rain-
beaten bowers,
I Shall the garlands be made for our
comrades, dead?
Nay, for I know of a fairer flower,
Opening in quiet, where winds are
It grows its heart as the sun and the
showers
Nay, faints when the summer-sweet
breath comes,
Far meeter to strew for the friends we
know
Remember the blossom, forget-me-
not.
And the song, shall it be of the years
behind us,
Our sleepless nights and our sadder
days,
When cannon could deafen and volleys
blinds us,
The bugles arouse us to weeping
ways,
Of the blue wreaths curled round our
banners unfurled,
The boom of battle, the murk, the
haze?
Nay, but brothers, here, hopeful-
hearted,
Let us not think of the things op-
pressed,
Count not our dead with the days de-
parted,
Their glory yet lives by their sons pos-
sessed,
Let the bugles be still o'er our friends
on the hill,
Their song be now one of peace,
of rest.
—C. Fred Gauss.

A Memorial Day Reunion.

By GILBERTE HOLT.

BUSINESS had brought him to his native town in the sunny south. He was in haste that his mission should be concluded so that he might get away from the quiet, sleepy village. The very beauty of its fragrant spring dews saddened him.

In a timid, hesitating way had made a few inquiries for old friends, but the answer was ever the same. War had scattered most of the old families. Those alone remained in the dip in the peaceful cemetery who the slip which formed a valve at the bend in the river.

"And the Ralstons?"

All were gone. Of the impetuous, high spirited family, only Miss Erma was still alive. The Ralston boys—four of them—lay in soldiers' graves beside their gallant father.

Mrs. Ralston had seen her brave boys brought home dead one by one. But she gave them for her country's sake, gladly, but her heart was slowly breaking. She did not long survive her husband.

"Did Miss Erma still live at Iron-
springs?"

The old plantation was desolate, and Miss Ralston lived in a little white cottage down the road, the one at-much-muched in jasmine red roses. The gentleman took his case and with a brisk step took of some.

young blood still flowing in his veins, started down the street in the warm spring sunshine. The square shoulders, erect head and firm tread all bespoke the soldier.

As he came in sight of Miss Erma's house his sturdy walk became jerky and finally settled into an uncertain amble. For the fraction of a second he paused at her gate, then he turned a hasty and confused retreat. Completely out of breath he drew up beside the high arched gate which opened upon the soldiers' last resting place.

"Why, Erma! It's no use. I couldn't face her," and the old man mopped his brow. "Whew, how her eyes did blaze! Facing a cannon is play to standing the fire of Erma's angry eyes."

He leaned against the post. The light died out of his face and he thought that long away time when he and Erma had been lovers.

"It isn't me—out it is some union soldier buried for me, and he shall have some flowers. Yes! I'll decorate my own grave. I'll do it myself. I'll do it myself."

As he neared the gate it opened, and a tall, slender figure clad in black entered, followed by an old negro fatty staggering under the weight of magnolia blossoms. Something familiar in the two figures made Fremont pause. But they did not notice him. The lady turned up a side path and walked quickly toward the end of the grounds. Merrill had just quitted, followed more slowly by the old serving man.

Merrill faced about and watched his staff officers in uncomform. There is a certain deference of manner and speech shown by his staff to Gomez. It is not a simple military etiquette and discipline. It is a deference that one does not see on the part of the American staff officer, no matter what the rank of the family may be. Between Gomez and his staff there is not even the suggestion of familiarity. At the same time it is perfectly apparent that he is extremely courteous to visitors. He receives women with a campy and quiet dignity that would grace any drawing room. On the occasion of the enthusiastic demonstration when he came to Havana it was the march of a "conquering hero." But it was the women and children who went wild in the streets, rushing in crowds and massing about his person, utterly reckless of danger.

The entire side of his man in a wonderful gentleness and meekness. It is shown in his fondness and love of children. At Quinta de los Molinos, where Gomez has his headquarters, he has a wonderful collection of children, many of all classes go to see him. At the house in town where his young son and daughter are stopping with friends, there are half a dozen children in the family. The moment Gen. Gomez appears the children are about him to kiss him and sit on his knee. His young wife has his tender affection for him. To his own son and daughter, though they are grown Gen. Gomez manifests the same tenderness that he shows to little children.

"Carmelia Gomez is a pretty, dark-eyed girl of 18, and her brother, two years younger, is as bright and alert as an American boy. Both are educated in England, speaking the language without an accent. They are the only members of the family who have come over from Santo Domingo to join Gen. Gomez here. They are very proud of their father. But they want to make him home. That means more to this boy and girl than any honor Cuba can give to Gen. Gomez. "My father has given many years to Cuba," Gen. Gomez says, "and now we want him. We want to take him home where he will have no more hardships and will have rest. But if he must stay in Cuba then my mother and all the family will come here."

STARTLING COSTUME.

Worn by the Gay Brides of the Upper Niger.

Lieut. Hourst, of the French army, has published a lively personal narrative of his recent expedition in West Africa. With four white companions he pluckily sailed down the Niger river in an outfit of eight men. But he had seven feet beams, managing to carry her and her smaller consort, manned

"Why, THAT'S MY NAME!"

Then came the war. How quickly had followed that awful day when he was so bravely killed. He could not look at him, because he wore the hated blue. He tried to argue, tried to persuade, but she would not listen.

She was a southern girl—Col. Ralston's daughter. If he fought the south, he fought her and was her deadly foe. "Were it not cruel enough that the dreadful war should deprive her of her lover, without calling him to fight against instead of for her?"

How clearly he could see her as she stood then in the low, wide steps, a slim, girlish figure clad in clinging white. Her cheeks were flushed and her mouth tremulous, but the chin was firmly set. All through the war he had carried in his heart the memory of her as she stood in the sunshine, framed by the statily pillars of the gallery; while he, with despair in his heart, but a dogged determination in his eyes, turned what half way down the broad avenue of live oaks, and lifting his union cap murmured, "God keep my southern sweetheart!"

The old man shook his head sorrowfully. No, she would never forgive him, not even now after all these years. Well, he would go back north on his knees, but he would never understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.

By the light of memory the man and woman young again.

When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then heid out her hand as she softly said: "We banish our anger forever. When we laurel the graves of our dead."

"ERMA,"

the soldier boy who had gone away for her bidding. "At last she seemed to understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.

By the light of memory the man and woman young again.

When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then heid out her hand as she softly said: "We banish our anger forever. When we laurel the graves of our dead."

"ERMA,"

the soldier boy who had gone away for her bidding. "At last she seemed to understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.

By the light of memory the man and woman young again.

When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then heid out her hand as she softly said: "We banish our anger forever. When we laurel the graves of our dead."

"ERMA,"

the soldier boy who had gone away for her bidding. "At last she seemed to understand. For a moment the corners of the lovely mouth forgot to droop.

By the light of memory the man and woman young again.

When his torrent of words ceased she stood silent for some moments, and then heid out her hand as she softly said: "We banish our anger forever. When we laurel the graves of our dead."

A WONDERFUL MAN.

AT THE AGE OF 62 GEN. GOMEZ IS VIGOROUS.

Chivalrous toward Women—Great Faith with Children His Prety Daughter Clementina and Her Bright Brother Speak English.

(Special Letter)

Up to the present time the photographs of Gen. Gomez have not done him justice. In a curious, persistent way they give him an angular figure, half dejected, careworn expression, and age from 70 to 80 years. As a matter of fact, the insurgent leader has a slender, erect figure, as active as a young man. He is 62, but his face is as smooth and free from lines as that of a man ten or fifteen years younger. His dark eyes are bright, keen and searching. In physical vigor Gomez is a remarkable man. But he is even more remarkable in his forceful character. It marks his face strong and stern in repose, but gentle, magnetic and winning when he smiles. In self-defense, probably, Gen. Gomez recently sat for his photograph. He could not stand the wild, weird pictures of him in shop windows, that are at best caricatures. So he had his photograph taken a few days ago, and to protect himself, said it must be copied into the newspaper. It is a good picture, true and lifelike, says the New York Tribune.

Gen. Gomez is plain and unpretentious toward the end of the grounds. There never was at any time the least chance in the insurgent army



GOMEZ, HIS SON AND HIS DAUGHTER.

for the "pomp and circumstance" of war. On the contrary, all environments were rule and order. Gomez shared literally the hardships and privations of his men. But the common ground between Gen. Gomez and his staff officers is uncomform. There is a certain deference of manner and speech shown by his staff to Gomez. It is not a simple military etiquette and discipline. It is a deference that one does not see on the part of the American staff officer, no matter what the rank of the family may be. Between Gomez and his staff there is not even the suggestion of familiarity. At the same time it is perfectly apparent that he is extremely courteous to visitors. He receives women with a campy and quiet dignity that would grace any drawing room. On the occasion of the enthusiastic demonstration when he came to Havana it was the march of a "conquering hero." But it was the women and children who went wild in the streets, rushing in crowds and massing about his person, utterly reckless of danger.

The entire side of his man in a wonderful gentleness and meekness. It is shown in his fondness and love of children. At Quinta de los Molinos, where Gomez has his headquarters, he has a wonderful collection of children, many of all classes go to see him. At the house in town where his young son and daughter are stopping with friends, there are half a dozen children in the family. The moment Gen. Gomez appears the children are about him to kiss him and sit on his knee. His young wife has his tender affection for him. To his own son and daughter, though they are grown Gen. Gomez manifests the same tenderness that he shows to little children.

"Carmelia Gomez is a pretty, dark-eyed girl of 18, and her brother, two years younger, is as bright and alert as an American boy. Both are educated in England, speaking the language without an accent. They are the only members of the family who have come over from Santo Domingo to join Gen. Gomez here. They are very proud of their father. But they want to make him home. That means more to this boy and girl than any honor Cuba can give to Gen. Gomez. "My father has given many years to Cuba," Gen. Gomez says, "and now we want him. We want to take him home where he will have no more hardships and will have rest. But if he must stay in Cuba then my mother and all the family will come here."

STARTLING COSTUME.

Worn by the Gay Brides of the Upper Niger.

Lieut. Hourst, of the French army, has published a lively personal narrative of his recent expedition in West Africa. With four white companions he pluckily sailed down the Niger river in an outfit of eight men. But he had seven feet beams, managing to carry her and her smaller consort, manned

WISCONSIN'S MARRIAGE LAW.

(Madison, Wis., Letter)

Assemblyman John M. True, whose anti-Greta Green bill will soon become a law, is one of the most remarkable members of the legislature. He has ever protected against the reputation of his state for "easy marriages," and has always arrayed himself against the immoral in this commonwealth. He was for a number of years the secretary of the State Agricultural Society, and made it a great power, but when the state's clutch of the race-horse man he was the foremost of the members who helped to wreck the organization and secure the transfer of the state fair to the State Board of Agriculture.

Mr. True is the representative of the First district of Sauk county, and was a formidable candidate for the speakership against George H. Day, but withdrew. He is a native of New Hampshire, and is 61 years old. His reputation for respectability and for hatred of vice of all kinds is widespread and enviable.

Rush of Blood to the Face.

Judge Blank was in a reminiscent mood the other day when he was riding in those old days was different from what it is now. We didn't use a sleigh, in fact. It was usually a bobbed, or a pair of bob-sleds, he proceeded, "with a wagon-bud for a body, filled with straw, and we sat down in the straw, ten or a dozen of us—it was a common sight. The sleigh was a discreet farm hand for a driver. We didn't care how cold it was. We bowed along merrily over the country roads, and we had the sleigh-bells enough, we used cow bells. Race? Yes, we used to race sometimes. It was during one of those old-fashioned country bob-sled races, by the way that I won my wife. The moon went behind a cloud, and I asked the fateful question in a whisper, 'But I must have been blushing fiercely.' 'Why so?' 'Because I froze my feet!'

FARM AND GARDEN.

MATTERS OF INTEREST TO AGRICULTURISTS.

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

The Soy Beans as a Farm Crop.

A bulletin from the Indiana Experiment Station says: "A comparatively new and promising leguminous crop for Indiana farmers is the Soy Bean. This plant is native to the southern States and different parts of the state and at several points farther north in the United States. It grows in good corn soil, and will grow wherever corn can be successfully produced."

It will be a quick maturing annual, it will be especially profitable for those who cannot grow clover. A crop of soy beans can be produced between the spring and autumn frosts anywhere in the state. The soy bean may be grown for pasture, green forage (anywhere) for hay or silage, or for seed. It will yield nine to ten tons of green fodder. It is also a good silage crop. 40 bushels of seed according to variety, condition of soil, etc.

Cultivation—The soil may be prepared as for corn. If impoverished by previous crops the soil should be enriched with potash and phosphoric acid. Nitrogenous manures have also proved beneficial in New England. The seed may be sown broadcast or with the wheat drill, in rows 18 to 24 inches apart, or with the corn drill to be cultivated as corn. The earlier varieties may follow a crop of wheat or barley or be sown in the standing corn at the time of the last cultivation, if the weather is seasonably dry. For best results a crop of soy beans between each two rows of corn. Sow about two pecks to the acre in rows, like corn, and cultivate if the soil is dry. For pasture, sow 100 lbs. of soy beans, together, are said to be the best mixture.

Harvesting—Begin cutting at the time of early bloom, for silage. Cut for hay when in full bloom, and as soon as the pods have formed, for silage.

Cost of Seed—Seedmen offer soy beans seed at \$2.50 to \$5 per bushel. The cost for seed for a year, however, justifying growing soy beans as a general crop. Farmers are advised to try soy beans on a small scale, as a specimen, and then grow their own seed if the crop gives promise of being valuable.—W. C. Latta, Agriculturist.

Figures on American Dairying.

An article in the Chicago Record contains the following:

The census of 1910 put the total annual value of the agricultural products of the United States at \$3,758,519,483—say \$1,750,000,000. Today our total agricultural production is valued at more than \$4,000,000,000. The part of this which is dairy produce has been estimated by Mr. Henry E. Alvord, chief statistician of the Division of Agriculture of the United States department of agriculture, to be \$600,000,000. Mr. Alvord's figures are as follows:

Annual production.	Value.
Butter	\$275,000,000
Cheese	225,000,000
Condensed milk	157,500,000
Skim milk, buttermilk, whey and calves	45,000,000
Total	\$600,000,000

Mr. Alvord regards this estimate of \$600,000,000 as a very conservative one, no doubt it is. It follows, then, that one-third of the total agricultural production of every sort, including wheat, corn, oats, hay, cotton, tobacco, sugar, pork, mutton, poultry and wool, is dairy produce. In Great Britain even a greater preponderance of dairy production prevails. In round numbers the value of the total agricultural produce sold of the farms of Great Britain and Ireland amounts to \$1,000,000,000 annually. Of this amount \$182,000,000 is dairy produce. It is found that the dairy produce for a particular year (1914) the figures stood as follows:

Total value of agricultural produce sold of the farms of Great Britain and Ireland	Value.
Total value of agricultural produce sold of the farms of Great Britain and Ireland	\$988,747,285
Value of milk sold	78,000,000
Value of butter sold	88,800,000
Value of cheese sold	25,652,000
Total value of dairy products	\$192,452,000

According to Mr. Alvord the cows which are dairy animals kept in the United States number 17,000,000. Roughly speaking they may be classified as follows:

Engaged in butter production	11,000,000
Engaged in milk production	6,000,000
Total	17,000,000

The production of these cows is estimated to be as follows:

No.	Annual product of each cow
1,000,000	125 lbs. butter
1,000,000	250 lbs. cheese
1,000,000	350 gal. milk

It will be observed from these figures how small relatively is the cheese-producing branch of the dairying industry in the United States as compared with the butter-producing branch and the milk-producing branch. The dairy industry will appreciate further on. In Great Britain and Ireland a very different distribution of the three branches of the dairy industry prevails. The dairy industry in these countries that it does with us. In 1884 the number of dairy cows in Great Britain was 1,500,000. The amount of milk produced by these cows was estimated to be 1,500,000,000 gallons. About one-eighth of this milk was used on the farms where it was produced. The distribution of the remainder—that is, of the milk sold to the farms either as milk or as butter or cheese—was said to be as follows:

Butter sold	\$75,000,000
Cheese sold	\$25,000,000
Milk sold	\$150,000,000

There is an enormous waste in dairy production which few people realize. It is due to the fact that the prevalent opinion among farmers is to produce for dairy purposes cows that are not good dairy animals. Mr. Alvord estimates that upon the farms of this country many animals are kept—"probably some millions"—that do not produce the value of their annual cost. It is a waste of money and a waste of their keeping may be. This grave fact is generally recognized by the dairy farmer, but unfortunately it is not recognized by the rank and file of farmers generally. Instead of 250 gallons of milk annually, as supposed in the above estimates, dairy cows should average from 575 to 600 gallons of milk annually, and instead of 125 pounds of butter annually, as supposed in the above estimates, dairy cows should average from 200 to 225 pounds of butter annually. If the proper standard of production is attained, the dairy farmer will produce what was lost by producing that. The enormous loss, therefore, that accrues to our dairying industry through the carelessness of the farmer in the selection of his stock will be apparent to every one.

Shrub for Home Grounds.

Farmers Review: Plant a few small shrubs near the house, so a few foundations of the house will be screened and the house adorned by its surroundings. The choice of shrubs depends somewhat on the soil and location. There are a great many shrubs that are very appropriate for planting on the grounds, but only a few will be named here.

Common Juniper—Syringa vulgaris—This is one of the most common and most highly praised of garden shrubs, and one that has given rise to a great variety of other shrubs, and other species, to a great many of the superior forms. The colors range from white to various forms of lilac.

Syringa Persica—This is a distinct small growing species, with slender, straight branches and little or white flowers produced in small clusters. The form being white flowers is named Syringa Persica alba, and there is one with nearly double foliage, Syringa Persica and double.

Philadelphus—This is a genus of shrubs which are remarkable for the abundance of white and usually sweet-scented flowers they produce. They will thrive on almost any good soil, and require no special treatment. Philadelphus coronarius, Philadelphus tomataris, Philadelphus grandiflorus are all large growing bushes and give a succession of bloom.

Berberis vulgaris also produces attractive flowers in the spring and in the fall.

Spiraea are excellent shrubs and make very good low screens, and also give a beautiful display of flowers. Spiraea alba, Spiraea praecox, Spiraea praeinfracta and Spiraea reuteri give a succession of bloom.

Deutzia gracilis and Deutzia crenata are very common shrubs with close apical spray of very attractive flowers.

Look for the Trout Caterpillar.

Owing to the lateness of the spring there is still time to make use of all the methods of checking the apple-leaf-eater caterpillar for the coming season. The young larvae are probably yet concealed in the egg-balls which the wild cherry and apple twigs are covered with. These eggs can easily be located, and the caterpillars which hatch from them can be destroyed. The ravages of the little pests upon the leaves can only be begun, even in the most favored localities. The young larvae of the caterpillars can be met by manual spray. The nests of those escaping the poison can be cut out or burned upon the tree, and a final search of the branches in June will reveal the yellowish-white cocoons which then conceal the caterpillars. After July the egg-balls will be found again, and should be looked for in every orchard operation until the next spring. Encourage the children to seek them out and destroy them, and try to make friends with the cuckoo, chickadees, Baltimore Orioles, wrens and vireos, who will aid you in getting rid of caterpillars and worms. Wild cherry trees, about the premises should be carefully watched as they are the favorite food plants of the caterpillars. These simple remedies and precautions are taken from Bulletin No. 152 of the New York Agricultural Experiment Station (Geneva).

Test Your Seed Corn.

The Illinois Experiment Station sends out the following advice:

It is a common mistake to sow corn. Owing to the unusually wet fall of 1898 there is a great deal of poor seed corn that is shown by numerous complaints from farmers, and seed made at the experiment station. Every farmer should test his seed corn before planting. This can be done at a slight expense by using a box of soil. A still better method is to use two dinner plates. Place an inch of soil in the bottom of the box, and cover with and cover with two thicknesses of any cloth, preferably old cloth that has been washed several times. Upon this place a layer of seed, and cover with a turning the second plate bottom upwards over the first to prevent the soil from drying out, and set in a warm place.

The windows of Persian houses, as a rule, are not visible from the street.