

# The Sleeping Soldiers

A MEMORIAL DAY POEM

BY ARTHUR J. BURDICK  
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**SOME** sleep 'neath the soft summer sun of the south.  
Where the flowers never fail and the vine ever springs;  
Where the air bears perfume and the echoes repeat  
The rapturous song that the mocking bird sings.

**SOME** rest mid the vales and the hills of the north,  
Where the pine and the hemlock stretch sheltering arms;  
Where the warring winds pipe in the treetops as loud  
As the bugle once sounded its brazen alarms.

**SOME** wait the last trumpet 'neath pepper and palm;  
Some lie in the lowlands and some on the hill;  
Some sleep in the billowy arms of the sea,  
And in far distant islands some lonely graves fill.

**WHEREVER** they lie, north or south, east or west,  
We have garlands today for these brave sons of ours.  
Our hearts give them love, our lips offer praise,  
And our hands strew their graves with beautiful flowers.

**A** rough were the roads that were yours in the march,  
And fiery and bloody the paths that ye trod.  
But peaceful and quiet and flowery the way  
Henceforth till earth's heroes are summoned to God.

## The Healing of the Wound— Veterans of a Common Flag

APRIL 21, 1861, General Robert E. Lee and his family bade farewell to their beautiful home of Arlington. For months they had been in a condition of great mental disquietude over the unhappy condition into which the Union was drifting so inevitably. They realized agonizingly that the moment was near when a decision must be made. Their conception of duty was ideal, but it was waging bitter war against their inclination.

The first internment made on the Arlington estate was that of the body of a Confederate soldier slain in battle. Within a short time there were no less than 377 graves of persons who had espoused the southern cause. These persons, some of them prisoners of war who had died in confinement, were given honorable burial, and their graves were marked with marble headstones like those of the Union soldiers. After awhile some of the states began to remove their dead. In 1898 it was the general belief that all the Confederate dead

in the District of Columbia had been taken to their respective states.

In that year some Confederate veterans made an investigation and found that there still remained at Arlington several scattered groups of southern dead. Nothing could be more illustrative of the rapid disappearance of sectional feeling and the reunited sentiment of the country than the appeal of the Confederate veterans to President McKinley to make provision for the re-interment of all Confederate soldiers resting in northern soil in the National cemetery at Arlington. The president's speech at Arlington, made Dec. 14, 1898, had invited this expression of friendship and conciliation. Mr. McKinley had said:

"And while these graves were made we differed widely about the future of this government, these differences were long ago settled by the arbitration of arms, and the time has now come when in the spirit of fraternity we should share with you in care of the graves of the Confederate soldiers."

Since that day the heaven has worked admirably. "Johnny Reb" and "Yank" have become only terms of endearment and the blue and the gray, their differences all relegated to tradition, are veterans all—veterans of a united country and a common flag.

## LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF A CITY

AS SEEN BY A SALT LAKE WOMAN

"Go on!" girt the kitchen clock, quick!

A pair of short be-overalled legs flew over the lawn and around to the kitchen; a pair of chubby, baby hands grabbed the clock, while the family's back was turned; and the "kiddie" without cheered as Short Legs and the clock came into view. Preparations and practice were on for a track meet.

"Now, kid, you watch the time, strict," said one of the larger smart boys to this tiny timekeeper and starter in one, "and when you holler 'ready' we're off."

Short Legs placed the kitchen clock upon the pavement, and after due deliberation, shouted to the top of his voice, "Ready—go!"

Off they were, a crowd of youngsters yelling, and rushing pell-mell down to the corner and back; down to the corner and back meant from the corner of Fifth East to Fourth East on First South.

The timekeeper never once glanced at the clock, but screamed as the breathless throng came racing back—seven minutes and a half.

At this pandemonium broke loose, and a threatening crowd surrounded Short Legs, and three fingers were pointed at him, and he was given to thoroughly understand what he'd "got" if he didn't keep time better than that.

"Geel! what do you take us for? Why, we could make Mulh street and back in seven minutes and a half."

"Now, we've got to do that stunt all over again," said another, and glist you watch the clock, this time, kid, not us, savvy that?"

Short Legs gathered the kitchen clock into his arms, held it away off from him, kept his eyes religiously upon it, until he had again given the signal to be off, then he forgot again till rushing feet were nearing the goal.

and threats of a moment before brought him to his sense of duty.

"A minute and a half," he shouted, and the young athletes well satisfied with this time, flung themselves flat on the ground, regained their wind, once more, and fell to planning.

For a week, these youngsters had actually forgotten meal time, so completely absorbed they were in their plans for a track meet.

That afternoon, the family owning the kitchen clock went out, and the rain poured. But nothing daunted, our track meeters, doffed their warm clothes, and donned their thin, gauzy and abbreviated gymnasium suits, and went forth to run round and round and round a circle in the back yard.

The rain having nothing to soak through, poured off their tiny bare backs in rivulets. The family finally appeared upon the scene, and many and heart-rending were the howls that were up owing to the well meant rubbing-down with a rough towel, each child received. There was also hushed into his clothes without much ceremony, and the neighbors' boys mildly requested to go home.

That same evening, as the dusk was creeping on, the father of the family in question suddenly missed his boys, and began storming about the back yard and neighborhood in vain quest. No boys, anywhere. Their punishment was to be unusually severe this time—they were to be shown whether they could treat his word so lightly, in fact, disregard it altogether. But as the darkness thickened, this brute head began to relent and wish that his "little fellows" were home and safe in bed.

The center of the block held the secret of hiding; by the aid of a lantern, a host of tiny athletes were making a track for their meet on the morrow. Like elfin forms in a dim light they moved about, stealthily and mysteriously—boys for blocks around, given to making day and evening hideous

with their racket, making no noise whatsoever.

About 11 o'clock that night, father gathered his sons to his bosom with rejoicing; they were safe at last. Mildly he chided them:

"Boys, after this, you must be home before dark, father's been worried."

"Yes," they promised, knowing full well they wouldn't need another night, as all preparations for the morrow were completed.

"Can we get up early in the morning, then, dad?"

"Yes, morning is the time to play."

"Dad" did not realize what he was advising. At 4 o'clock the next morning, calling and whispering from without, clatter down the stair; bang, bang, at the front door; the family and neighborhood entirely upset—then silence.

All this day, distant and excited voices—yells, wrangling, shouts, and hurrahs, were wafted to the ears of mothers for blocks around; further than this, not a boy visible.

At sundown the youngsters came trooping home, tired and hungry, but laden down with wonderful horrors, winnings and defeats—they had carried on three track meets.

### LUCY.

She had a sweet shy manner; was new and 18 years old, though she looked no more than 14. She was seeking work, and the lady who was questioning her was greatly impressed in her favor.

"Where have you been working, and why do you leave?"

"Oh, I haven't worked for a very long time; mother has a young baby and I've been home keeping house, and caring for the children."

This lady found to be true there and then, for Lucy's mother had a telephone.

"She's stronger now, and I need clothes," continued Lucy, prettily, and the lady engaged her on the spot, thankful, indeed, that she had found such a treasure in her dire stress for help.

Lucy went about so sweet and trim in her black dress and white apron, gracefully answering the door and waiting table; garrishing the dishes so daintily, until one and all of the family loved her and gave her things. Then she had such a frank, open way of looking into one's face when being questioned about anything, "I love her like a daughter," said the lady one day to a friend; "I intend to do for her in many ways as I do for my Alice."

One night, Lucy came home very late, but upon being questioned, cleared the matter up at once:

"Mother was not well as usual, and needed me."

"Quite right for you to stay, Lucy, but, please me next time."

After that Lucy's mother seemed to need her often; but always before going home, she went to her mistress and explained; sometimes, young folks were invited to her home, a little party; sometimes she was going to a friend's or the theater with her sister, always frank, always truthful, so the family believed and trusted her. As they retired early, as a rule, and Lucy was so considerate in not disturbing them when she returned, no one thought to question the hour.

"It's a treat to indulge, Lucy," the lady would say; "she is so appreciative and so considerate."

One morning Lucy failed to get the breakfast. The lady found her very pale and still asleep, and felt sorry for her.

"I don't think she's very strong," she said to the much concerned family.

Several mornings Lucy could not appear, and the kind lady went to talk to Lucy's mother about her health.

"Of course, she is out a great deal at night; that is not good for her, perhaps, but when I know she is so much of the time with you—"

"With me," said Lucy's mother in astonishment; "but she isn't! I only see her on Sundays."

The lady paled a little; things began to lean upon her.

"No," Lucy told me she doesn't go out much."

Returning wiser and sadder, the lady found the front door wide open to the Wasatch and the world, and no Lucy. By and by it came to light where Lucy had been spending her evenings to any and all hours—in the company of the opposite sex, down town. Poor innocent lady; poor innocent mother; and Lucy? Such innocence!

LADY BABBIE.

## HE PLANS FOR A SEA LEVEL CANAL

Senator Kittredge Will Make a  
Vigorous Fight to That  
End.

SENATE MAY SUPPORT HIM.

Has Gone Steadily Forward and Persuaded Majority of Committee  
To Agree With Him.

Special Correspondence.

Washington, May 21.—If Congress should determine upon a sea level canal the result would be due to Senator Kittredge of South Dakota more than any one man. Believing in the sea level plan after he had examined all the available testimony, he has gone steadily forward on that line and brought a majority of the committee on canals, of which he is a leading member, to agree with him. Kittredge has done this in face of the fact that the president, Secretary Taft, Chairman Shonts, Chief Engineer Stevens, as well as nearly all the members of the Isthmian canal commission, favor a lock level canal. It is true that the majority of the consulting board of engineers support Kittredge and the majority of the committee, but that board has not been considered as weighty as the other influences. Kittredge is a quiet but determined man; he has pursued his way, and he believes the senate will agree with him when all the facts are brought before that body. If the senate declares for a sea level canal it will go a long way toward establishing that type.

FAIRBANKS' LITTLE JOKE.

One day during the long debate on the railroad rate bill in the senate Vice President Fairbanks called up to the desk one of the newspaper men who reports the proceedings of the senate and said:

"Tom, there is a little item of news in the senate which I wish you would mention."

"Certainly, Mr. Vice President," said the newspaper man, "I shall be very glad to do so. What is it?"

"The rate bill," said the vice president.

The newspaper man had been writing rate bill debate for two months. Vice President Fairbanks had been listening for all that time to talk on this same subject.

TAKE IN EVERYTHING.

"Let's put everything in the bill when it gets back here," remarked Jim Mann of Illinois to some friends about the house—the telegraphs, telephones and all other means of transit from one state to another. Then everybody will be treated alike; there will be no special favors shown to one class over another. We can prevent low rates being granted to one class that are not given to another."

As a matter of fact, the greatest favorite in telegraph rates is the government of the United States. The government gets a better rate than the newspapers and a far better rate than private individuals. An attempt to make the electric currents of transmission of news interstate commerce would present a novel and most interesting question.

ENLISTED MEN IN THE NAVY.

Pathetic tales have been told in the house of representatives about the manner in which boys are induced to join the navy leaving old parents and young brothers, and sisters without means of support. When they try to get out they find that the regulations are extremely strict and that they cannot get discharged. In the army they would desert, but they cannot get away from a battleship. Appeals are made to congressmen, but these are no longer honored. If a secretary granted one request of this kind he would have to grant all and the result would be a discharge without number, greatly to the prejudice of discipline. That is the view that has been taken of the matter by the officers of both army and navy, and the officials in civil life having the subjects in charge take the same view. Isolated cases of hardship do not mean that the entire system of

the army and navy recruiting service is bad, and that enlisted men are treated with undue severity.

### NEW ENGLAND.

"As usual," remarked Senator Foraker during a debate on some features of the railroad rate bill, "New England gets much the best of it."

"Why not say Massachusetts?" asked Senator Hale, who, like all Maine men, feels that the Old Bay State arrogates a large share of New England to herself.

### MADE MANY ENEMIES.

It will take a long time to heal all the wounds made by the long contest over the railroad rate bill. The controversies that have occurred in the senate are the smallest part of the bitterness that is felt between senators who have disagreed. Some have suffered the keenest disappointment of their careers by the manner in which they have been treated. Differences over legal questions have grown into bitter personal controversies, in some cases resulting in men refusing to speak to each other. It has been pretty hard for men to keep their tempers at all times, and especially during a controversy lasting so many months and involving so many difficult and intricate questions. Differences over these points

have grown to be barriers between some of the ablest men in the senate. These divisions have not been confined to party lines, and there are serious differences even between men from the same state. Perhaps in time these senators will forget their memorable battles over the rate bill, but it will take a long time.

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States That His Life Was Despaired of  
and He Was Cured by

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J. L. VINSON, Autryville, N. C.

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