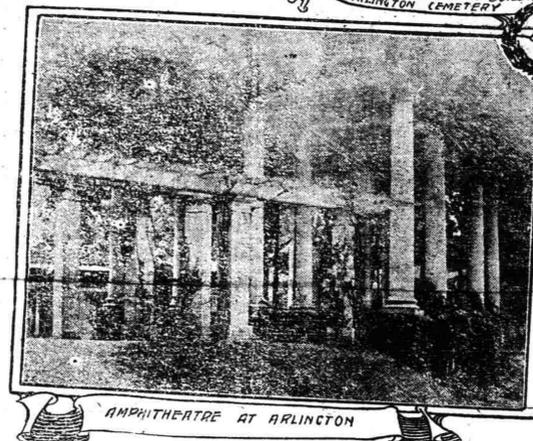


# Where the Victims of the Maine will Rest



WHEN the congress of the United States at its last session appropriated money for raising the ill-fated battleship Maine it made an important provision in connection with the gigantic wrecking project. The stipulation in question was to the effect that the remains of the members of the Maine's crew which have never been accounted for shall when recovered be brought back to the United States and buried with due honors. Probably it has escaped the memory of many of our readers that not all of the ship's company on the old Maine were accounted for after that vessel was blown up in Havana harbor just on the eve of the Spanish-American war, which this tragic incident did so much to precipitate. However, such was the



AMPHITHEATRE AT ARLINGTON

case. Captain (now Rear Admiral, retired) Sigbee, who was in command of the vessel on the fated night, escaped together with a number of his officers and men, but a large proportion of the ship's company went to watery graves. Following the disaster there were recovered the bodies of 163 men of the Maine's crew, but more than three score of the men who gave up their lives for their country on that night have never to this day been accounted for. The officials of the government are all confident that the remains of these missing men will be found in the hold of the wrecked vessel when she is raised to the surface in accordance with the elaborate salvage plans now in progress. Probably only the skeletons of the unfortunate will remain, but the government will provide a regulation coffin for each and accord the full honors of the service in connection with interment in their final resting place.

It is fitting that the national legislature should designate Arlington as the resting place of this final grim master squad from the long-submerged Maine. For Arlington is probably the most significant of all our great national cemeteries, and here already repose in their last dreamless sleep

those other heroes of the Maine who gave up their lives because of treachery. The remains of the Maine's men that were recovered immediately after the disaster were first interred in a cemetery near the latter part of December, 1898, about ten months after the Maine went to destruction. Already plans are under way for a splendid monument to be erected, after the new graves shall have been made, to all the victims of the Maine. Rear Admiral Sigbee, who was in command of the ill-fated vessel, is interested in the project and so are many other prominent public spirited citizens, including a number of the men and women who were instrumental in raising the money for that stately monument to the Rough Riders in connection with the placing of which former President Roosevelt delivered one of his best addresses. Within sight of the graves of the Maine victims at Arlington also is the towering shaft of the monument erected by the National Society of Colonial Dames in honor of the memory of the heroes of the Spanish-American war, more than one thousand of whom—victims of the Cuban campaign of 1898—rest within the shadow of this lofty tribute.

Indeed the green hills of Arlington overlooking the Potomac river just opposite the city of

Washington are covered with tributes in granite and marble and bronze to the nation's heroes—men who fell in three wars. There are notable general monuments such as those above mentioned and the famous "monument to the unknown dead," erected over the unidentified remains of more than two thousand soldiers that fell on the fields of Bull Run and other scenes of conflict in Virginia. And there are also monuments over individual graves which are of the greatest interest to all visitors to the cemetery. Among these latter are the sculptured tributes over the graves of Gen. Phil Sheridan, the famous cavalry leader, General Crook, the great Indian fighter, and the gallant Lawton. Arlington was, prior to the civil war, the home of Gen. Robert E. Lee, the leader of the military forces of the Confederacy, having come to him through his marriage with the great-granddaughter of the Widow Custis, who married George Washington. The federal government confiscated the property during the war, but later reimbursed the Lee family for it. The old manor house, which was the home in turn of several very prominent citizens of the republic, still stands in a perfect state of preservation—an ideal example of the southern manor house of the colonial period and not a stone's throw from this old dwelling is the amphitheatre, with a capacity of 5,000 persons, which was erected in 1873 and is the scene of all memorial exercises, such as those which will be held for the Maine victims, when the remains of the rear guard of the battleship's martyrs shall have been recovered and brought home to rest with their shipmates.

# NEW NEWS OF YESTERDAY

By E. J. Edwards

## Famous Georgian as a Prophet

Senator Benjamin Harvey Hill Predicted That His Attack on Mahone Would Be His Last Speech.

With the possible exception of Alexander H. Stephens, vice-president of the confederacy, no other statesman of the south who entered congress during the reconstruction era so greatly interested both members of congress and visitors to the capitol as did old Benjamin Harvey Hill, of Georgia. First as a representative and then as a senator, he was especially conspicuous because he was the member of the state convention of Georgia in 1861 who earnestly opposed the proposed secession of that state. After Georgia seceded, however, Mr. Hill gave his earnest support to the cause and became a member of the confederate senate, where he met George G. Vest of Missouri, who served as a confederate senator before he became a United States senator from Missouri. Vest and members of congress of the sevenies and early eighties who remembered John C. Calhoun, thought they detected a strong physical resemblance between Senator Hill and Calhoun, at least in the contour of the features, the heavy over-hanging eyebrows and the stiffly brushed hair.

Undoubtedly the greatest speech that Senator Hill delivered during his congressional career, which began in 1875, and ended seven years later, was that in which he vigorously attacked Senator William Mahone of Virginia for his unexpected alliance with the Republicans, a move that brought about a tie, instead of the slight Democratic majority which had been anticipated.

Senator Hill sat in the front row, on the aisle of the Democratic side. Senator Mahone had been allotted a seat at the end of the row upon the Republican side. Therefore it was possible for Senator Hill to face Senator Mahone without changing his seat or even stepping from his desk to the aisle, and through the delivery of his castigation of the beruffled man from the Old Dominion, the Georgian took advantage of this position to drive home his sentences of damnation of Mahone's course in the senate.

Senator Hill began with a voice that never seemed more powerful to the packed galleries and the body of the senate. It was of vast volume, a

deep, reverberant bass. Yet, not long after he had started upon his strictly parliamentary tongue lashing of the man who was hated and despised of the Democrats, he occasionally halted, as though trying to catch his breath. Then, at times, his voice became suddenly husky. Again, what seemed to me to be an expression of pain passed over his features, and towards the end of the speech he paused frequently, often that he might swallow a drink of water, which he took as though his mouth were parched.

Perhaps half an hour after the senator had finished speaking it fell to my lot to meet him in a horse car going down Pennsylvania avenue. I ventured to say that I had had the pleasure of listening to every word of his speech, and was sure that it would attract widespread attention. As I spoke I noticed that he held his mouth open in a peculiar way.

"I thank you for what you have said," the senator replied. "But I am fearful that it is my last speech in the senate."

"I thought you were occasionally in some physical distress," I said, as the senator paused.

"You were correct," he said. "Some portions of the speech were delivered while I was in great pain, and nearly all of it was delivered under much

physical inconvenience. There is something the matter with my throat. It becomes peculiarly dry, with a parching dryness, when I am compelled to talk long. I am going to Philadelphia to consult a specialist in a day or two."

That he did, and the surgeons discovered that an excrescence had grown upon the tongue. It was removed almost immediately. But in a little while the malignant growth reappeared, and then it was that the senator knew he was doomed. He went to his home and died soon after from the effects of this trouble, somewhat similar to the disease which caused the death of General Grant. He had, indeed, spoken prophetically when he said that he was apprehensive that the speech in which he attacked Senator Mahone would be his last in the federal senate.

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Almost Landed.

She had talked for ten minutes without a break.

"But what were you going to say, Regulus, when I interrupted you?" she asked.

"Bellatrix," said the young man, looking at his watch and grabbing his hat, "I was going to ask you to marry me, but I shall have to put that off until the next time. I have less than three minutes to catch the last train. Good night!"

## Yankee's Secret Berlin Visit

How Frederick W. Hollis Brought About the Adoption of an American Plan by The Hague Conference.

The secretary and counsel of the American delegation to the first peace conference at The Hague, called in 1899 at the instance of the czar, was the late George Frederick William Hollis, who, for many years prior to his death, enjoyed a large German American law practice in New York city. Mr. Hollis was especially qualified to act as the delegation's secretary and counsel, partly through his ability as a lawyer and his familiarity with international law, partly by reason of the very cordial relations he had established at the German court the year before, and partly because

he spoke German as though it were his native tongue.

"When I first arrived at The Hague," Mr. Hollis said to me shortly after he returned therefrom, "I was a little diffident about taking any active part in the conference. Andrew D. White, one of my associates, was universally known abroad because he had served as ambassador to Germany, and also because of his identification with Cornell university. He was well acquainted with the Kaiser. My other associate, Seth Low, was also a man of international reputation. So, you see, my first inclination was to keep in the background as much as possible.

"But in the course of the deliberations of the conference a matter that I deemed most vital to American interests came up for discussion—I am under pledge not to reveal its nature—and almost before I realized it I had lost my shyness and was in the thick of the deliberations. For several days the Americans pressed for the adoption of our point of view, only to discover eventually that the German representatives, the French and at least one of the British delegates were opposed to it. And when we sought for the real reason of the opposition we discovered that it was based upon a statement made privately by one of the German representatives, that the feature would not be favorably regarded by the German emperor, or, at least, by those who were high in his official family.

"I for one did not believe that to be true. I made up my mind that I would verify or disprove the statement of the German delegate, and to that end I was able to secure a delay of a day or two in the final discussion without saying anything to anyone of my purpose. Then, quietly, I slipped out of The Hague by a night train, and the following day was in close touch with the emperor of Germany himself. A little inquiry satisfied me that the Kaiser and his official family had been misrepresented, as I had suspected. But it was going to be a delicate matter to make a report of that kind at The Hague. The German delegate who had either deliberately or innocently misrepresented his imperial master might feel offended, and he certainly would not be disposed to feel very kindly toward me.

"However, I was authorized tactfully to report that the feature which we Americans were especially desirous of was not to be regarded with disapproval by the emperor or his official family. That announcement I made in due course, and as tactfully and politely as I knew how. You can imagine the surprise that was caused by what I had to say. I was asked how I knew. I took the night train to Berlin and spent a few hours there since I last saw you," I replied.

"That reply was sufficient. We Americans had our way; and what was regarded as one of the most important matters brought before The Hague peace conference was in that way made certain of final adoption."

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## Accounts Grant Didn't Audit

Refused to Look at Those Kept by Sen. During World-Circling Trip. Since All Bills Were Paid.

The only one of the Grant children who did not accompany the general and Mrs. Grant on any part of their famous tour around the world, which began when they set sail from Philadelphia in 1877, following the close of the general's second term as president, was their second son, E. S. Grant. Years later, when this son had become a well-known resident of San Diego, I called his attention to the fact, and asked why he did not take the trip.

"I have always regretted that I was not able to make the journey," was the reply, "but there were one or two good reasons that operated to keep me at home. I had been recently graduated from Harvard and the Columbia Law school and had just begun the practice of law. It did not seem expedient that I should break in upon my life's work thus early by taking part in a world tour that perhaps would occupy the better part of three years. Furthermore, it was necessary that some one should be in the United States who could look after father's business affairs, and because there was a very good personal reason why I should remain at home. I was given the task of managing father's business matters for him while he was absent from the country.

"Well, after father had started I decided to keep a very careful, systematic and detailed record of accounts relating to such of his business as I might be called upon to transact. As I beheld these accounts grow from month to month, I reflected with some pride that upon father's return I should be able to lay before him, account by account, the necessary vouchers, a complete and full statement of all collections and expenditures made by me in his behalf. And, I must confess, as the time for his return drew

near I began to look for a compliment on the manner in which I had attended to his business and on the accurate and complete story of his business affairs that the accounts would tell to him.

"Of course, some time after father's return we were too much occupied with greetings, with receiving friends and congratulations, and with listening to the various stories that father had to tell of his experiences, to get down to the business that lay between him and me. But, finally, there came a day when I placed before father my account books, vouchers and other documents essential to perfect accounting, and said to him:

"Father, I have tried to keep very careful and accurate accounts of your business affairs since you have been away, and I think I have done pretty well. I have here a general statement of receipts and disbursements, a detailed statement, and a complete set of vouchers. I am sure that you will find the accounts all right, and I would like to have you look them over."

"Well, my son, father asked, 'did you receive enough money to pay all my bills promptly?'"

"Oh, yes, the receipts were abundant."

"Well, you have paid all the bills?"

"Yes, every one."

"Was there anything left over?"

"Yes, quite a little sum."

"Then take your accounts away and lock them up; I don't care to see them. So long as all the bills were paid, and so long as the balance remains in my favor, what do I care about accounts? That's all I want to know."

"And do you know," concluded Mr. Grant, "I could never get father to look at those accounts I had kept so painstakingly against the day of his return. But I think he was not a little proud of the way in which I placed before a general report to him by word of mouth."

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## A GREENBACK STORY

THE other day in the Treasury building a heap of worn-out greenbacks lay awaiting Nirvana by the fire route when, in greenback lingo, of course, a bill suggested:

"Let's kill time by autographing a bit. Wake up there, Onebuck! Suppose you tell us upon what occasion in your opinion your purchasing power was greatest, or least?"

A lope-eared bill yawned and answered:

"I've bought some pretty nifty things in my day. Drinks for two boes who'd just hit town after 200 miles of imprisonment in an empty freight car, a photograph a girl had taken to send her soldier boy sick in the Philippines. Once I paid for a ticket out of Chicago to some Indiana town."

"Pretty good as far as you went," cut in the interlocutor. "Now we'll hear from Fiver."

"Well, I urged a messenger boy to walk a block in 15 minutes."

"Listen to the bromide!" Greek chorused the others. "Next!"

Another one-dollar bill responded. Judging by appearance he had the heart of the lion, for even in that tattered company his raggedness was noticeable. He spoke softly:

"I once paid for the pearl of greatest price. A woman, whom the world had bruised, took me to a drug store and converted me into a tiny vial of rest."

The interlocutor cleared his throat suddenly and called on Old Hundred.

"I've never bought anything worth much, I

must confess," responded the hundred-dollar bill, "and I always got a grouch when I saw myself bring in so little of the real goods. Oftentimes I've been spent in such fool ways that I blush at the remembrance, as for instance, when Reggie left me in a Broadway shop in exchange for a gilt basketful of purple blossoms not to be named in the same day with the common or garden flowers."

"At one time I thought I had fallen into quiet quarters for good. That was the time when a horny-handed jay of the good old homestead species took me in payment for his crop of 'aters and let me sleep out the spring and early summer in a red yarn sock, but one morning in August, ere the dawn had flushed the faintest rose, even before Chanticleer had flapped his wings, I was yanked out of the sock and deep down within me I knew that it was me for the giddy whirl again."

"After all, it was refreshing to be back where things were doing and being done at the county fair. I longed to get out of Jay's trousers pocket, but Jay was foxy. The barkers barked strenuously before I got out of the pocket. However, come out I did, and—well, thinking it over dispassionately, I believe the privilege of seeing what was not under the walnut shell came higher to Jay than did the fool gilt basket of flowers to Reggie on Broadway."

Onebuck held up his hand, craving speech.

"Well, Onebuck, what is it?" asked the interlocutor.

"I once bought the blue chip with which a good but erring youth staked the last dollar of his employer's money which he had taken, mean-

ing to pay it back—the chip with which the youth recouped and saved honor, good name, and—"

"Shut up, Onebuck! This experience meetin' is on the level. Two spot, what's the story of your biggest purchase?"

The two-dollar bill spoke, deliberately, soberly:

"Upon a certain May morning a young man with dreams in his eyes grasped me with trembling fingers and took me to the city hall, could feel his heart beat as he went, and every rod or two I heard him say: 'Angels! Joy of my soul! Beautiful darling, soon to be my own!'"

"Arrived at the impressive stone building my young man, still trembling, said something in an inaudible voice to the party behind the desk. Evidently the party behind the desk was accustomed to mind reading. He understood what the young man wanted all right, and after a few preliminaries the young man handed me to the party behind the desk and received in exchange a slip of paper.

"You think a slip of paper an insignificant purchase? Well, you've got several things coming to you. That spring day when the young man carried me to the city hall, my purchasing power was greater than it has ever been in a long lifetime. I bought more—"

"I know," butted in Onebuck. "What you bought for your young man was Happiness with a big H!"

Two-spot looked at Onebuck sadly, pityingly.

"My boy, your innocence is positively refreshing. What I bought for my young man that May morning in the city hall begins with a big H all right, but it doesn't end with a s."—New York Sun.

## Public is Judge of Art

In the End, There, After All, Must Be the Court of Last Resort in the Matter.

Do not despise the public—either its money nor its praise. In the last resort the public is the judgment seat of all and every art. Its praise is precious as its sincere prayer for your generous forgiveness for the unthink-

ing wrong it did you in the past; its money is its acknowledgment of the wrong done, and its encouragement to you to go on fulfilling yourself in the future. Yes, I plead for the public and I plead especially for the public of these United States, which is continually being made the butt of foreign condescension. As if other countries never lost their geniuses! As

ridiculous, silly and gauche. But give them time and they, too, will learn wisdom and find a real and living happiness. The wonder is that they do so well. But let them do well or ill, you will help them better, not by criticizing and decrying, but by offering them the best you have. Help them with your genius, and so advance them to a worthy place among the other civilizations of the world. If you are a true idealist, as well as a true artist, that is, at least you can do—Temple

## Truly Honorable Degree.

Quoting a congratulatory telegram sent to a citizen of that city who has been conspicuous in communal and charitable work, the Denver Outlook says: "Your heart has ever beaten in sympathy with the suffering. Your hand has ever been open in response to appeal for succor and relief, a true soldier in the service of humanity; in appreciation of your life's work, the high school of humanity confers upon you, on this occasion, the high degree of Ph. D. 'Doer of Philanthropy.'"

## Odd Gifts to School.

A lotus bell and several prayer stones from India have been given to Mount Holyoke by Miss Jessie R. Carleton in memory of her mother, Celestia Bradford, class of '54. Another gift to the college recently was a picture of the place where Mary Lyon was teaching when she conceived the idea of Mount Holyoke.

Tin is the most valuable metal at present exported from China.

## A Man of Self-Denial

He had great schemes within his head; he patented a folding bed, but though he prided it loud and long he never tried to sleep in it; an airship wonderful he planned, of nice proportions, graceful, grand, but he was rather timorous when he was asked therein to fit. With much ado he brought to view a fuel that was wholly new, but in the furnace of his house he went on burning chunks of coal; He had a novel instrument for luring fish, but when intent on gathering in the Bony tribe he stuck to the old bait and pole. He had a preparation rare that he declared would quicken hair, but never tried it on himself although his head could boast no tetch; He had devices to illumine the blackness of the darkest room, but when he wanted light himself he used an ordinary match. At last he studied out the ways by

which one could prolong one's days, but whether he should follow them he was not ready to decide; He wavered, I regret to state, until it was by far too late, and he, alas, I grieve to say, was only thirty when he died!

—Nathan M. Levy in New York Sun.

## Two Soldiers.

Lack of petty jealousy is one of the distinguishing marks of the great. To be entirely frank in the appreciation of a rival is better than to win a battle. Leo and Jackson, the two great generals of the south during the Civil war, were absolutely free from even a trace of rivalry. Theodore A. Dodge quotes a remark from each in his article on Charlestonville. "He is the only man I would follow blindfolded," said Jackson. "When Gen. Lee heard of Jackson's wound, he exclaimed: 'He has lost his left arm, but I have lost my right!'"—Youth's Companion.