

# THE QUEENSTOWN NEWS.

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If money can make a university, then the one that the Pittsburg millionaires are planning to push out should be the greatest of the great.

In 1902 no fewer than 40,401 persons migrated from Ireland, all of whom, except 211, were natives. Since 1851 4,000,000 have left their Irish homes for the colonies or United States.

Are still putting their feet on the neck of the world, but it is not the fact that he never controversies to which they gave rise.

set him in Amer San Francisco contest with will continue Government, at \$25

### A DAY OF REMEMBRANCE

Here, by a costly monument,  
There, by a humble stone,  
This bearing eulogistic phrase,  
That simply marks the grave,  
O'er each one's hidden mound of earth,  
Today a flag is set,  
To tell our soldier dead  
We never forget.

If misty not the station, rank,  
Of him who lies below,  
"He fought for freedom on the flag,"  
"We care to know,"  
And high or low, o'er all alike,  
"Bring our offering to our dead  
On Mem'ry day."

### NATIONAL CEMETERY AT ARLINGTON

VERX Memorial Day is celebrated with impressive ceremonies in Arlington National Cemetery at Washington. Standing upon the steps of the beautiful Arlington House, reduced to a crowd thick with grass-grown weeds, and the mounds of the dead were visible in the distance.

But it was not a question of Washington's protection that troubled the Quartermaster-General on that spring evening in '64, for the battered old Forts McPherson and Whipple, scarcely by a stone's throw away, and their ability to hold their own, was a much more serious problem in his estimation than the demand for immediate repairs to the Union dead.

The daily list of deaths from disease in the hospitals in the ground Washington was very and the utmost limit of accommodation had just been reached. The soldiers' Home Commission, however, murmurs of resentment and angry protestation had

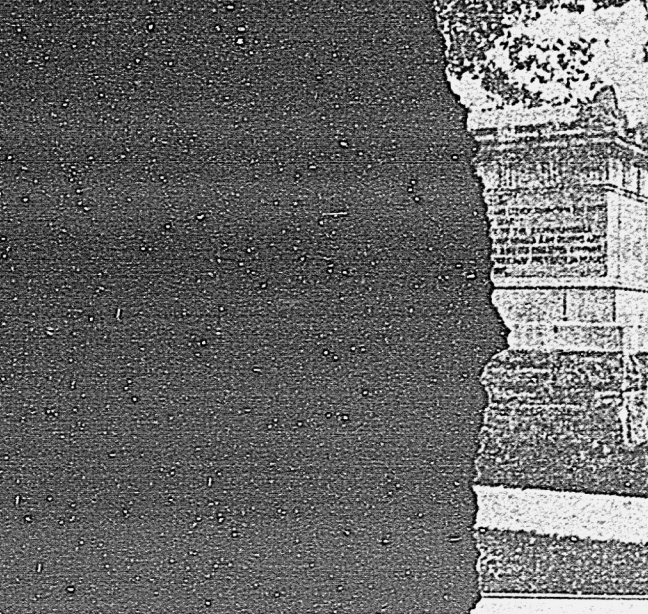
der greenward, but it is the beauty of death, and the sighting of the winds and songs of birds that make the silence more soothing, in the narrow nooks the first interments were made, commissioned officers now lie, the other having been removed to the lower part of the grounds, where sleep the rank and file.



ADMIRAL FARRAGUT.

to the house under the shadow of the flag lies that of his command, General Sheridan, and by his side, Admiral Porter. Over the former has been raised the finest monument in the cemetery. It is of beautifully polished granite bearing on its face a bronze flag and a medallion head of the hero who rests below. Only in the officers' section is any deviation allowed from the prescribed plain marble or granite slab, but here friends and States are allowed to contribute and select, and many fine monuments attest both love and pride.

Along the terrace, a little to the south, in the midst of a flower garden, where the names of many brave men appear in part-colored flowers, rising the Temple of Fame, a handsome structure in whose stone cornice upholding the dome is cut the country's greatest names—Washington, Lincoln, Grant, Farragut. And on the pillars, too, are deathless names that thrill us as we read them. Is it the names or something else for which they stand that moves us so? Close beside this temple, as if to emphasize this question, is an extremely simple oblong pile of granite—a sarcophagus in which lie the bones of over 2000 soldiers, which were collected during the last years of the war from all the battlefields in the vicinity of thirty-five miles of Washington. Many of them were sadly dedicated to



Arlington House--The Old Lee Mansion.

tion from the poor of the imperious burial and fallen in such cases from the ranks of all could these protestants. Policy, if not humaneness, would seem to be the place of those who declared his intention on this line, and the sincerity the roar and the awful battle of the dead even now be heard, and new men would be the place of those who General to win the of the next few men who were brilliant one of them was Robert E. Lee, in the San Francisco Chronicle.

ever return to Ar what the issue of claimed Meigs, as a man who was words free from and of men ap- lancholy burden- bodies of a dozen tents.

commanded the captain, see that all are buried in the "and he pointed to the grave.

the greatest of our nation was begun. Only a meaning these forty revealed to us, the first body of a Confederate person who had died of his wounds in this loved home of his Southern General.

There are more than 15,000 graves here now. Beautiful the place is still with its mighty oaks and elms and

the number of parts that go to make up a well regulated skeleton, and of course, identification wasn't thought of, yet they were faithfully gathered together, separately boxed and placed in that massive tomb in the shadow of Fame.

Unique among nations stands America in this honoring her "heroes" dead. Unique also is the beautiful but sad holiday that is upon us, for every one of these eighty-three national cemeteries and all others where slumber any who took part in that awful war will be invaded by a flower-laden army to stress their sweet emblems of peace and immortality, and not the least beautiful part is that now and here after they who bear flowers will be quite as indifferent as the sleepers themselves whether they wore blue or gray uniforms in life.—Martin Curtis, in the San Francisco Chronicle.

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### DECORATION DAY

Flags and wreaths and speech by the long processions. Lives of Veterans gray. Wonder what it's all about, This Decoration Day?

Listen, little stranger— Listen and you'll hear, Of our heroes country. To its children dear. It was saved, our country, And our slaves made free, Spent to highest honor, Freest liberty.

Honor to our soldiers Who came to pass the time, With our flags and flowers On Decoration Day.

### The Principle of Rest.

By Rose Edson-Heime.

THE principle of rest is the principle of relaxation—a temporary cessation or suspension of energy from any part or from all of the body. Absolute rest implies the complete letting go of all tension, mental, nervous and physical; all are involved, to some extent, in every act of our daily life, nor can they be easily separated.

Let us see what will happen if we place the body in a reclining position, so comfortably arranged that absolute physical repose would seem inevitable. Then let the mind be resting when the body is inactive. It is not necessary that the body be exercising in order to be tense. A set of muscles may be somewhat tense and yet be apparently motionless. This difference between a tense muscle and a muscle entirely relaxed, or de-tensioned, is what I want you to thoroughly understand, for this tension condition brought on by mental and nervous strain, and often held without relaxation for hours, produces greater fatigue than many forms of exercise that are more physical in execution.

Remember, always, that the mind is the great controlling power, and it is only when the mind becomes, as nearly as possible, a perfect blank, that the body can rest satisfactorily. If the body would rest the mind must rest also; in other words, "Think rest." "Let go" of everything mental, and relax completely.—The Pilgrim.

### Government's Business a Model

By Frank A. Vanderlip.

THE responsibility for raising the revenues and for their disbursement, now that the totals have come to aggregate more than one thousand million dollars, would seem to be quite enough to lay upon the shoulders of any man, particularly if he must take up those duties without thorough familiarity with their details, as does each new Secretary. But in addition to that duty, there is the further responsibility for the solution of the problem of an intricate and diverse currency system. The Secretary, too, occupies indirectly, through the Controller of the Currency, a supervisory relation to the whole National banking organization of the country. He is the direct custodian of \$800,000,000 of gold and silver coin, stored in the Treasury vaults, against gold and silver certificates in circulation representing that sum, through his subordinates, the Treasurer of the United States, he bears the responsibility for the care of more than two hundred million dollars, representing the cash balance which the Government carries. All the Mint and Army officers are, through the Director of the Mint, under his control. He directs the operations of a great factory employing 2900 operatives in the printing of money and Government securities, and he must there meet the same problems of organized labor that other great employers have to meet. He is responsible for the collection of commercial statistics, and is fortunate in finding a bureau for that purpose which has a record for the best statistical work done by any of the great Governments. He is at the head of the greatest auditing offices in the world, where every dollar of income and every item of expenditure is checked over with infinite exactness, so that at the end of the year it is safe for him to say that the whole billion dollars, the total on both sides of the ledger, has been collected and disbursed with absolute fidelity and legality and without error.—From "The Treasury," in Scribner's.

### Courage, Physical and Moral.

By the Rev. Thomas B. Gregory.

THE sublimest pages of biography and of history are those which record the manifold triumphs over the pressure that was brought to bear upon it.

One day the immortal discoverer of the law of gravity was sitting in his office in the Mint when a charmingly dressed lady entered and asked him to sign a check for \$100,000. He looked at her and said: "If you would use your official power to bid her in a certain direction she would see to it that she should not be the loser by it."

"Madam," said Sir Isaac, "here is the door. You will oblige me by immediate departure."

"Forward, men-forward!" cried Buecher to his worried soldiers as they were floundering through the mud on their way to join the English at Waterloo. "I have promised my brother Wellington to be there—promised, do you hear? Now you must be brave and march on!"

Americans will never cease to be proud of the reply made by Henry Clay when he was urged not to champion a certain cause lest it should jeopardize his chances for the Presidency—"I would rather be right than be President" of the incorruptible old man.

When Stephen A. Douglas was at the height of his fame he was approached by the agent of a rich syndicate, who offered him a princely fee if he would lead his advocacy to a certain bill which the syndicate was anxious to get through Congress.

The Little Giant's eye flashed fire, and there was a sudden exit of the agent—without his hat!

These men had moral courage. There was the highest form of bravery—the bravery which enabled them to bid defiance to the temptation to wrong.

Physical courage we respect. It is something that calls for our admiration. The spectacle of a fellow human being gritting his teeth, clenching his fist and silently bearing the pain that is killing him, draws from us all sympathy and cheer.

But any mere physical pluck is the shant courage of the rout, which, though hard pressed by splendid inducements to do wrong, keeps its poise, and in its fight with unprincipled never shows the white feather.—New York Journal.

### The Value of Human Life.

By Prof. Rudolf Eucken.

BROADLY viewed our present human existence reveals an entirely different condition from that shown by the spirit of pessimism—a spirit which exerts so potent an influence upon our contentment with our lot. The existence of the fact which pessimism sets forth in support of its views, is not questioned; they remain, and deserve consideration. In reality, however, they constitute but one side of human life, which is fraught with a deeper meaning and involves far more at present than many of us become conscious of. The fact that this deeper meaning is too frequently relegated to the background and that the possibilities of the spiritual life are not sufficiently developed may be explained from the general state of modern culture. Great revolutions have been effected in the last centuries; life is directed into new channels; old theories are being to tatter and new ideas demand recognition. An equilibrium, however, has not yet been established. The law of compensation has not yet exercised its power to the fullest extent. All there is still an absence of that energetic concentration which should convert man into a complete and harmonious organic entity, as opposed to the variety and multiplicity without an entity capable of affirming, and clarifying all the innumerable impressions presented by the heterogeneous influence of the external world. An intellectual activity capable of rising superior to all the hours of fate is also lacking. It may, therefore, be said that the centrifugal forces are greater than the centripetal. Labor, with its enormous ramifications, is more powerful than the spiritual force within ourselves. Hence we must seek the answer to the question whether life can contain more reason than meaningless complexity and whether true happiness can exist. Life, as conferred upon us, is not invested with a fixed and unchangeable value. It depends upon ourselves what value we are willing to give it. The more man seeks to concentrate his life, the more he seeks to develop a victorious intellectual activity, productive of ever higher spiritual strength, the greater will be his ability to confront the complex phenomena of life with cheerfulness and courage. He will then readily understand the words of Vanuxem: "The world is what it ought to be to an active being, full of obstacles. In our day also happiness and confidence in the rational purpose of nature may be obtained by zealously and mightily developing the intellectual life, so that man may face all the multiform phenomena of life as a unit, endowed with firmness of character and the power of conviction. Never were there greater possibilities in this direction than today; and it devolves upon man to avail himself of them, to the end that he may find good cheer and courage within himself and power to become victorious over the petty and depressing impressions which a first view of prevailing conditions produces. He will then tread the upward path ever sought by the powerful and youthful natures, he that nations or individuals.—The Forum.

"No Hogs Now." President Tucker, of Dartmouth College, is "telling one on himself" in reply. "We don't like the mail in this town. It is a little too personal to be enjoyed."

Last summer he went to a Maine town for a short rest, and headed with a farmer who was in the habit of taking a few summer guests into his house to help "lift the mortgage."

Some time ago the President received a letter from his former landlady begging for his patronage during the coming summer.

"There are several little matters that I desire changed, should my family decide to pass the coming summer at your house," wrote President Tucker in reply. "We don't like the mail in this town. It is a little too personal to be enjoyed."

And this is what he received in reply: "Mary has went. We hadn't had no hogs since you went away last September."

Spent in Doctor's Mills. Billings cost the people of Great Britain about \$85,000,000 a year.

### PLUCK AND ADVENTURE.

HE "SNIPED" THE FILIPINOS. JUST before the volunteer regiments were ordered to the States for muster out, General Swenice, then a lieutenant of the Twentieth Kansas, was on one of his famous hikes north of San Fernando. When near the swampy Canadiana, a little way from Arayat, he noted signs of the enemy, and to escape an engagement before he knew something of his strength he sent out a detachment of ten men to reconnoitre, locate him, and if possible, ascertain the character of his intrenchments.

Jack Devlin, of Company M, was among the number selected to perform the important but dangerous mission. As his name suggests, he was of Erin's blood, and next to the green he loved the yellow, for he was a son of the eruptible Sunflower State. When on his good behavior Jack was looked upon as the peer of any man in his regiment for scout service, or service of any sort that required sagacity and mother wit. More than once he had received the gracious thanks of his company and regimental commanders for the successful performance of duties in which his life hung in the balance.

The detachment was placed under the command of a Sergeant, and it was soon hid in the bush of the adjacent forest, the edge of which had been selected for the night's bivouac, unless perchance, the force of the foe and his position had been fixed beyond peradventure. Hour after hour passed, the detachment, according to instructions, had made a wide detour and did not get back until just before sundown, when, for the first time, it was noticed that Devlin's place in ranks was vacant. This caused no remark at first, for it was supposed that he "fell out" for urgent reasons and would soon put in an appearance. But darkness came and no Jack. Then there was anxiety. Some expressed the fear that he had got lost in the mazes of the underbrush, but his company commander, who knew him best, insisted that he would turn up in due time. Odd snatches were issued, sentinels were posted, and the regiment sought its rest with the trusty Krag by the side of each man. Funston's men were not to be caught napping.

"Corporal of the Guard No. 23" rang out upon the air about 10 o'clock. The answer was made post haste and there stood Devlin, with three Mausers and three Krag rifles in front of him, and the sentinel was on his guard to see that not even Jack got away. The corporal and the missing man exchanged a few words, and on his hand he was taken before Funston. His company commander was not good enough for him just then.

The little man who ran the camp on linking Aggie was overglad to see the missing scout, and it didn't take but a minute to see that he had some prizes to turn over and a story to tell. Jack stood behind his prisoners, and with his Krag at right shoulder, he brought his left hand briskly to the front of his stock, giving the proper salute, and stood at attention.

"Surrounded 'em, Jack?" queried the Colonel, with a merry twinkle in his eye.

"No, begorra," said he, "I sniped 'em."

Jack then explained that he was at the right of the detachment, and that moving in order of skirmishers about twenty feet apart, and that to escape an impenetrable jungle he moved still further to the right, tripped on some creeping vines and pitched headlong into a gulch, where he lay for some time in a dazed condition. On coming to himself he went opposite to the direction taken by the rest of the detachment, and ultimately spied his three prisoners coming toward him. Hiding himself in a covey practically secure he awaited them, but they had evidently tired, and seated themselves to rest within thirty yards of his place of concealment. He then resolved on capturing them and their arms. So he bided his time, crept upon them, and when they were in the midst of their "snatches," he demanded their surrender with such unctious that they gave up without even reaching for their guns.—Mamie Critch.

### WIFE WORE SOLDIER'S UNIFORM

That "love will find a way" is again verified in the case of Mrs. Alma Bays, who is temporarily stopping at 229 North Liberty street, Baltimore, Md. In order to be near her soldier husband, who had been ordered to the Philippines, Mrs. Bays, then a bride of less than a year, donned a soldier's uniform and traveled half way across the Pacific on an army transport crowded with men.

Ft. Thomas, Ky., was the scene of the beginning of Mrs. Bays' romance, for there she met and married Bays, who was a musician, attached to the Sixth Infantry. Later the regiment was sent to Ft. Sam Houston, near San Antonio, Texas, and was stationed there when the cable brought the news of Dewey's victory. Less than two weeks later the regiment was ordered to Manila.

The plan to accompany her husband was made up almost as soon as the orders came. From the regimental quartermaster was obtained a regulation uniform to fit Mrs. Bays, and when the special trains carrying the regiment moved westward for San Francisco, Mrs. Bays was on board. The trip to San Francisco was uneventful, but it was only with considerable difficulty that she was smuggled aboard the transport. Then her troubles began to multiply, for officers were moving constantly about the ship.

"The men who were in the secret," said Mrs. Bays, "kept near me, and when inspections were ordered, I was generally stowed away under a lot of saddle bags and blankets. For a week everything went along well, but as we neared Honolulu one of the regimental surgeons happened to see me and the secret was out. I was ordered out and as soon as we reached Honolulu I sent ashore, and came back to this country on the next ship. Another lady, who went with her husband and just as I did, escaped detection and was carried all the way to Manila."

Mrs. Bays never saw her husband again after Honolulu, but she writes to Honolulu. He went on with his regiment, which was later stationed on the island of Negros, and one day while in bathing he was ambushed by the natives and killed. She is a Virginia woman, coming from a good family, which lives near Lynchburg.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

### UNDER THE EYE OF GOD.

A good story is told in the English papers of how the Somali Mad Mullah worked one of those "miracles" which drew many waverers to his banner.

An English man-of-war was sent to demonstrate off the coast, and at night threw a searchlight into the jungle covered mountains. Abdullah was in hiding there, and knowing from his tricks to Allen what it was that his followers hailed as a new star, told them that the light was seeking him.

When the electric rays actually flooded his encampment he cried triumphantly: "Will you pray now that I am under the eye of God?"

The Somali fell on their knees, beat the earth with their foreheads and replied: "Thou art truly the Elect, the Chosen, the Mullah, the Master, Our goods, our existence, our souls belong to thee. We place ourselves entirely at the disposition of thy will."

A few weeks later came the news of the rising of some 4000 of these Somali.—New York Tribune.

### A GALLANT FIREMAN.

The personal bravery of Captain Swenice, late Chief of the Chicago Fire Department, at a fire might have been called the most abandoned recklessness had he not been such a superb general and fighter. Great as were the risks he took he never took one unnecessarily, and never asked his men to go into a place of danger into which he was not glad and willing to lead them.

While he was still a boy volunteer his first act of conspicuous gallantry was recorded in the archives of the department. A two-story frame building, a paint store below and a living room above, caught fire late one night. The inmates, panic-stricken, fled down the narrow passageways and jumped from windows, but a servant and a two-year-old baby were abandoned to the flames and given up for lost. Their absence was discovered just as Swenice's company, with their old hand engine, reached the place, and the boy, without waiting for orders, or heeding the attempts of his fellow firemen to pull him back, got into the burning store, and scrambling along a passageway leading upward, reached the room where the girl and child were lying unconscious.

The stairs were half-rotten and the whole building was a whirling mass of fire, but Swenice never lost his head. He picked the two up in his arms and groped his way back to the stairs he had ascended only to find all means of escape cut off. Fighting through the fire in the room he reached an outside window, attracted the attention of the firemen below and worked while they got a ladder up to him. Then he crawled his burrow down in safety. His hair and eyebrows were burnt off and his whole back and hands were badly scorched, but in a week he was running again with the Red Jacket, willing and

The Subject That Sets Them On. Many men are sane on every subject except the single one that they know how to do private gardening successfully.—New York Press.