

Sketches of Havens of Rest Where Slumber Is Eternal

Cemeteries In Houston Magnificent

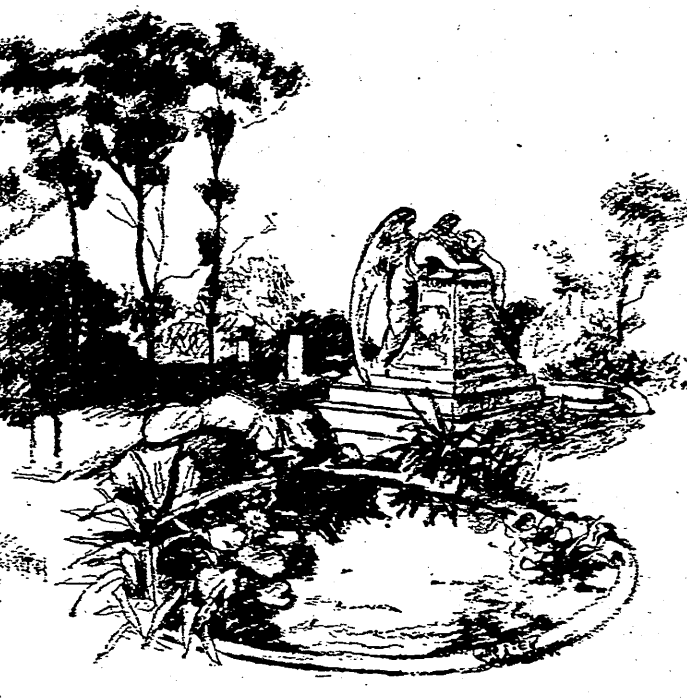
BY ROYAL DIXON.

Sketches by Chester Snowden.

Beneath these rugged elms, that view tree shade,
 Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
 Each in his narrow cell forever laid,
 The black and glossy of the hamlet sleep.

Houston is distinguished for many things. But, there is no doubt that some of the rare jewels in the diadem of her glory are the beautiful cemeteries. A trip through Glenwood, Hollywood, Rest Haven, Forest Park, Rosewood Park, Magnolia or Washington would convince the most skeptical of this interesting fact. Here lie scores of acres, embracing hill and valley lands, that magnificently lend themselves to landscaping and beautifying, together with native trees and shrubs, among which are lovely driveways and walks.

We entered Glenwood through the formal gateway on Washington Avenue, and drove quietly down the sweeping driveway, with massive green lawns and trees on each side, toward the long white bridge. In the center of the driveway was a fountain and a lily pond with a few shrubs and evergreens around the border.



Some Spots Carry Air Of A Cathedral

against their enemies. I have never seen so many kinds of birds in Houston; mocking birds, redbirds, sparrows, bluejays, wrens, doves, blackbirds, three kinds of woodpeckers, wood thrushes, Baltimore orioles and humming birds; and we heard the welcome call of a bob white. Perhaps some day all cemeteries will become bird sanctuaries. For surely no one would desire to take life or destroy life in any way in such a place.

It is getting late, the sun has set, and Mr. Snowden is restless. He has used up all his sketch paper. He looks about, as though he felt chill currents. He smiles uncomfortably at me, as he says: "This would be a poor place to be locked up in for the night." And we drove toward the entrance and out into the noisy street.

"Long shadows from a pine tree cross our path. The night is almost here. The night was made for sleep, the day for night and life for death. What matters days, there are other days. What matters life, there are many other lives. Death is but sleep, and sleep is peace. And may we say with all the tombstones, 'Requiescat in Pace. Amen.'"

Modern Jean Valjean To Serve Sentence

Raleigh, N. C., Sept. 20.—Prison walls will not open anytime soon for John A. Cameron, whom destiny cast in the role of a twentieth century Jean Valjean.

Cameron made a fortune in the turpentine and lumber business in Alabama during a period of 14 years he was a fugitive from the state penitentiary here.

The lumber baron was caught last year and returned to the state prison. Soon afterward he applied for a parole or pardon.

Now Gov. O. Max Gardner has gone over Cameron's voluminous petition for executive clemency, and has decided that he must serve more of his 20-year sentence.

Cameron pleaded guilty to second degree murder in the killing of Chief of Police P. C. Oakes, of Ensford, back in 1912. Cameron escaped soon after his imprisonment.

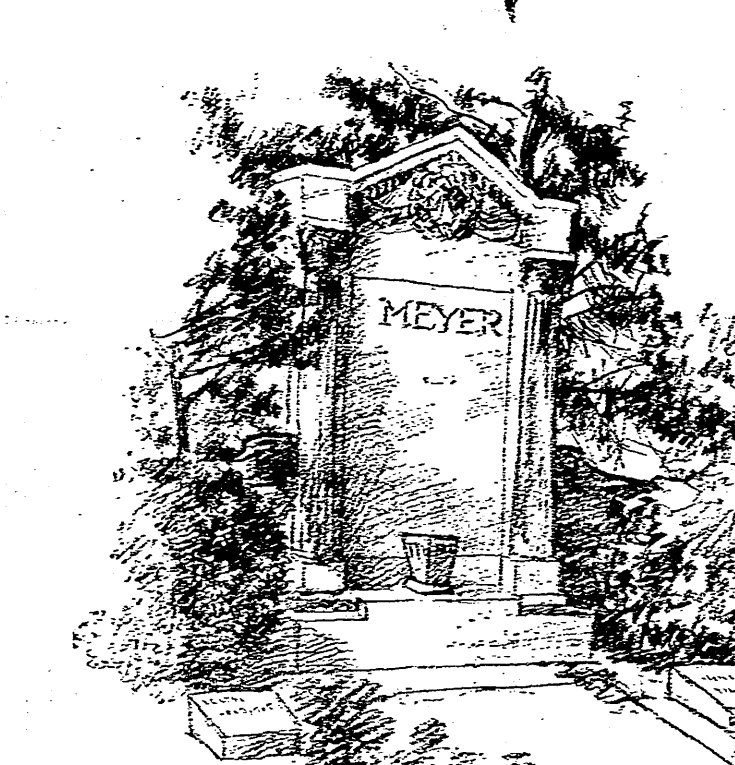
marble fences, march through the deep shaded lawns with tombstones sufficiently separated, standing here amidst the plots of green grass like a herd of sheep. The position and modesty of many of the large marble monuments gave a strangely restful atmosphere to the place. In some of the byways and highways we found numbers of epitaphs telling how in days gone by a man was murdered, another was drowned, and one told of a bride thrown from a precipice! Some of these epitaphs read like ballads, with dry-eyed sadness, that said so loudly, "How times have changed!" Where once we would have wept, we smile! And who knows but that on another day some will smile over those epitaphs we now see.

"Oh, the hopes that he buried here!" And the figure is that of a weeping angel. Another nearby grave is marked with two clasped hands and below a large signature. It was that of a once well known Houston merchant, whose signature was widely known. And now that he is dead, it still reminds us of him; and the friendly farewell hand-clasp above also speaks his friendly spirit that was always apparent in his business life.

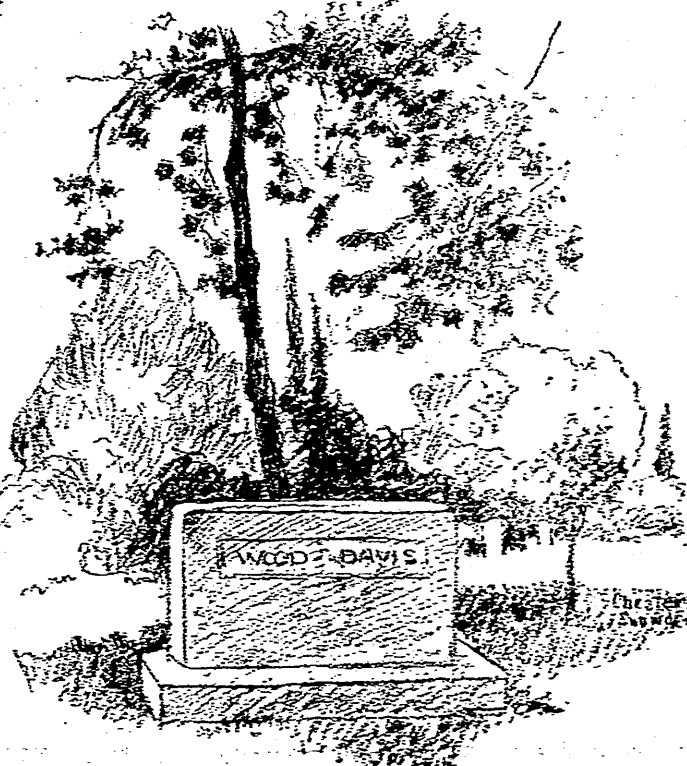
Strange it is that the rich dead are willing to be crowded so closely together! It would seem that when there is so much space in our great cemeteries that the rich would prefer to have more room, just as they do in life. But here the rich and the poor meet together and lie in peace in the shade of the great overhanging trees. Side by side stand mausoleums, stately and modern buildings, modest benches, which sleep the thousands, rich and poor, who wait for that great resurrection day.

In one of the Houston cemeteries we found many stones carved in foreign tongues. They stood out from the rest like people in a foreign country. And hundreds of mounds, large and small, are nameless. By some of them are small bits of broken crosses, lying in among the ambitious roofs of vines and trees. These unnamed mounds stand side by side in their friendly seclusion, marked by the friendliness of the roots and tree winds and storms of time.

All this beauty and quietness reminds us of a country churchyard. "It would rather," says Edmund Burke, "sleep in the southern corner of a little churchyard than in the tomb of the Capulets." And this sense of quiet and restfulness is conveyed in no small degree by the many kinds of lovely stone trees that stand guardian over all the graves.



that the trees were protected and others constantly replanted when needed. This is in keeping with the habits of the earliest people. Even since the times of the Hebrew patriarchs the care of the field of Machpelah, which Abraham bought for a sepulchre of the children of Beth, was encompassed, we read: "By trees in all the border thereof of round about." Deborah, Deborah's nurse, was buried in the valley below Bethel, "under an oak."



which was given the touching name, the oak of weeping. Surely it would seem more pleasant to rest beneath the clover sod, that takes the sunshine and the rain, than in the most magnificent of Gothic shrines.

Stately oaks, magnolias, elm, long rows of weeping willows, pine draped in moss, black gums, sweet gums and hickories—these are but a few of the lovelier trees that are common to Houston cemeteries. The list might be indefinitely continued. We should have mentioned the poplars, Italian cedars and grape varieties, which are just now in their glory. Perhaps the charm of our cemeteries is due more to the lovely lawns and shade trees than to any other cause. Dayward, the appreciation of their beauty is shown by the records of the thousands of people strolling or driving through these parks every month, with their atmosphere of charm and beauty and the increasing number of art pieces and forms which are to be seen. It requires no prophetic vision to see that our Houston cemeteries have been managed in such a way as to create a vast civic asset instead of a civic liability, which is so often the case. As a result, every one may have a personal pride in our cities of the dead.

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"Give me one of those blue lilies!" asked a little girl, wistfully peeping through the iron bars of the tall fence. The workman only smiled at her. She and her little brother were dodging the cars and the drays, while playing on the dusty streets. But the flowers and lovely shade trees and green lawns are not for them, at least not now. Perhaps some consolation may come to them in the thought that some day they may rest within that lovely spot and even have their graves covered with grass to the envy of living children. To some the cemeteries may be parks, but the children must go to the playgrounds.

Once across the white bridge into this land of beauty, we were aware of a distinct atmosphere of peace and quiet. Mocking birds were singing from every tree, a redbird was teaching her young son to fly, and a white heron, with two young ones were lazily sunning themselves on the branch of an aged palm, beneath which was a small tombstone with these words:

"Two of us in the churchyard lie, Beneath the churchyard tree."

Here was the atmosphere of harmony peace and rest. It emanated from the tombstones, from the trees and shrubs, just as the odor emanates from a lovely rose, or the distinct atmosphere of an oak tree, in fact, where the young men have bowed in worship in accordance with their particular form of religion. It seemed incredible that just beyond these green islands of peace was busy, hustling Houston!

Time may hasten by, the hustle and-bustle of the great city so near may carry on, summers come and winters go, and springs come again; but those who sleep beneath these mounds will sleep on. The white of the dry leaves, the swirl of the long moss draperies above, the chirp of the early migrating birds—these only augment the great silence of the city of the dead. There is a something in the pipes like the distant roar of the sea in a shell. A careless breeze occasionally drops an acorn upon a tombstone; even the grass speaks in a hissing, high-pitched voice of earthly tones and the time has stopped, the early day grave. The willow whisper in the winds. Only the tombs and vaults are silent. Names and dates, chiseled deep into the stones, speak for those resting there.

How Like People!
 Old tombstones! They remind us of people, for it would almost seem that the souls of those buried have found bodies in the stones. There lies a tiny hump upon a marble slab, with these words beneath: "Little Johanna, aged one year and three days, has gone home to wait for us." And in the same plot is an erect slab, with the three-arched words just visible through the moss, "Grandma and Grandpa." Each tells a story. Time has cracked many marble mouths, overgrown them with moss, that otherwise would speak sad epitaphs. We came at last to a monument that I seemed to remember—a weeping figure, brooding above two tiny angel forms, marked "Twins."

Stop, Snowden, and read those inscriptions: I know the family! Mr. Snowden has already sketched the graves. He carefully stepped about, as if begging the family's pardon for disturbing them. He stooped down and spelled out their names. "Yes, I know them well."
 The mother was a beautiful young woman a few years ago, who married an army officer. He was killed overseas. The family have all passed to the great beyond. Further on, in a picturesque old lot, we find a magnificent mausoleum marked "1865." Here, rest grandpa and grandma and a large number of the great-grandchildren, including Aunt Julia and Uncle Archie, after all his long battles. Oh! Cemeteries are full of folk who are resting at rest from the busy and noisy world.

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