

VETERANS HEAR THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Wilson Delivers Address at Gettysburg Celebration.

DRAWS LESSON FROM BATTLE

Declares Great Army of the People Must Fight Peacefully to Perfect the Nation All Love.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 4.—National day in the semi-centennial celebration of the Battle of Gettysburg was made especially notable by an address delivered by President Woodrow Wilson. In his audience were many thousands of the veterans who fought in the great battle, as well as a great throng of other visitors.

The president's address follows:

Friends and Fellow Citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But 50 years have gone by since then and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those 50 years have meant.

What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men then arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as state after state has been added to this great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those 50 crowning years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

Nation Not Finished.

But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Have affairs paused? Does the nation stand still? Is it what the 50 years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the life blood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

Tribute to Their Valor.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, columns hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; and self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their many willingness to serve. In arms thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the Nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armes, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places. Are we content to lie still? Does our union meet sympathy, our peace contenting our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear

confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

Our Laws the Orders of the Day.

I have been chosen the leader of the Nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battlefields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work out in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race of origin; and undivided in interest, if we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward; and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even today wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has built by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that prosperity which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blare of trumpets is neither heard nor needed and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.

LOOK TO RUSSIAN OIL FIELDS

Are Certain to Play an Important Part in Furnishing Power for Battleships.

In discussing the fact that the use of oil instead of coal as fuel in the English navy is under consideration it is time Russia should pay serious attention to this question. If England is replacing its own cheap coal by the more expensive foreign product, there must be important advantages and to naphtha, and in the future Russian fleet the part to be played by this fuel will be a most important one, the Novoe Vremya says. Many mills and factories have gone over to naphtha as fuel and the consumption is increasing every year.

Russia owns immense oil fields and it could be the chief supplier of the world. The need of organization in the business is recognized by the government and a number of special meetings have been held for discussing the subject. New conditions have been laid down for the exploitation of government territories, and the regulations for investigations have been changed. Some territories known as being rich in oil have been closed to private enterprise, such as the Aspern peninsula, near Baku, and various islands of the Caspian sea, as well as some territories in the Transcaspian Ural and Ghergana districts, and others in the north of Russia and Siberia, amounting to millions of acres. The reason for this action is the wish to preserve these districts from exhaustion.

Another question concerns the matter of investigation. It is quite necessary that the right of investigation be granted on a large scale, and not only for comparatively small lots of ground, where the investigation might not pay. The government is aware of this fact, and, according to the new regulations, the plots of ground allotted for investigation are to be increased tenfold.

The most advisable system is to grant concessions that would induce capitalists to place their money in such undertakings. Under the new regulations regarding the investigation of naphtha districts, the government proposes to publish geological descriptions of the various districts.

Ready Wit Saved Situation.

A very laughable incident once occurred in the house of commons. An Irish member having risen was assailed by loud cries of "Speak! Speak!" meaning that having spoken once already he had no right to do so a second time. He had evidently a second speech struggling in his breast for an introduction into the world, when seeing after remaining for some time on his legs, that there was not the slightest chance of being suffered to deliver a sentence of it, he observed with imperturbable gravity and in rich Tipperary brogue: "If the honorable gentleman suppose that I was going to speak again they are quite mistaken. I merely rose for the purpose of saying that I had nothing more to say on the subject." The house was convulsed with laughter for a few seconds afterward at the ready wit of the Hibernian M. P.

HEAT OVERCOMES GETTYSBURG VETERAN



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A pitiful sight indeed is this, of a member of the G. A. R. who came unscathed through the three days' fighting of the greatest battle of the Civil war, overcome by the heat at the reunion of Gettysburg survivors, and being led off the field to medical aid by a couple of young guardsmen.

WITH BLUE AND GRAY AT GETTYSBURG

Many were the stories told and innumerable were the incidents, both pathetic and humorous, which marked the great reunion of the Union and Confederate veterans on the Gettysburg battlefield. Commemorating the fiftieth anniversary of the most stubbornly contested battle of the Civil war, fragments of the hosts which faced each other in that conflict gathered to renew old acquaintances and to recount the deeds of other days.

Here is a story which was told by A. T. Dice, vice-president of the Reading railway:

Once upon a time there were a veteran in gray and a veteran in blue. They came to Gettysburg and in the course of events and visits to hotels they happened to meet. They looked over the sights of Gettysburg and the monuments of the field. But they found they must part.

The one in blue lived in Oregon; the one in gray in New Orleans. They went weeping together to their station and passed by train after train, deferring the parting that must come. Just what they said, just how they reached the final grand idea of the meeting, Mr. Dice did not know.

But, however, yesterday they finally decided that the time for parting had come. The one from Oregon could not figure how to reach home via New Orleans and his gray comrade, while willing to see the west, didn't have the money for a ticket.

They lined upon the platform as their trains stood waiting and then before the crowd, they slowly stripped off their uniforms and exchanged them there while the curious flocked to see them.

The Oregonian who came proudly to town with a coat of blue, went as proudly away with one of gray and the veteran from Louisiana who boasted the gray of the south sat with swelling chest in his new uniform of blue.

James H. Lansberry of St. Louis, Mo., who enlisted in the Third Indiana cavalry from Madison, Ind., recited to his comrades the details of his capture in the town of Gettysburg by Confederates 50 years ago. Following the skirmish just outside of town which marked the opening of what was to be a world-famed engagement, he had been detailed to assist in carrying a wounded officer to the old seminary in Gettysburg. While in town frantic women flocked about him and begged that he tell of the battle. He remained to tell the story, with the result that he had to spend several days in following the Confederate army as a prisoner. After tramping 50 miles over rough country without shoes he succeeded in escaping and finally made his way back to Gettysburg, where he remained till August in assisting in the care of the wounded, which were housed in the seminary, churches, barns and public buildings.

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Harry K. Thaw has come to the financial rescue of Gen. Daniel E. Sickles from his cell in Matteawan. He sent a letter to Chairman Schoonmaker, having charge of the celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the battle of Gettysburg, in which \$1,000 in cash was inclosed. In the letter Thaw wrote that he felt the deepest sympathy for General Sickles because of the misfortunes that had come to him in his old age. This sympathy the writer declared, was heightened by the fact that Thaw had two uncles in the Union army.

Wearing a tattered uniform of gray, Alexander Hunt of Virginia was the central point of interest on the streets of the town. Mr. Hunter was wearing the identical suit and hat which he wore at Gettysburg fifty years ago.

The suit was in rags and has a bullet hole through one of the sleeves. He carried all his accoutrements used at Gettysburg and wore a union belt taken from a foe here. Mr. Hunter was a member of the Black Horse cavalry.

One of the unadvertised reunions of the celebration occurred in the confederate section of the camp. A five and drum corps of men in blue tramped up and down the streets of the confederate part of the city of tents.

They stopped before the tents, played such a fanfare as only drums and fifes can make, summoned forth the occupants and shook hands, threw their arms about the gray shoulders and in a dozen other ways showed their feelings of friendship.

They kept it up for hours and visited practically every "reb" tent. Their reception was as warm as their greeting.

A remarkable coincidence of the camp was the meeting of two men of exactly the same name, coming from towns of the same name, but in different states. One fought on the union side in the battle of Gettysburg, and the other with the confederates.

These two men are John Carson of Burlington, N. J., and John Carson of Burlington, N. C.

They met by the merest chance. The Jersey Carson was walking along one of the streets, and saw a man in gray. Just to be friendly, the Jersey man stopped him and gave him a greeting. It was not until they had talked for several minutes that they discovered their names were identical.

A bearded veteran of an Illinois regiment told of an incident that happened 50 years ago.

"As we rode through Gettysburg that last time," he said, "I remember a little girl stopped my horse and said she wanted to give me a bouquet. I got down and she pinned a ribbon—a little purple ribbon to my coat. 'Wear that in the next battle you go into,' she said."

"We're not going to have any more battles around here," I told her.

"Yes, you are," she insisted. "Those hills back there are full of rebels."

"I wore that purple ribbon through the battle. I never saw the girl afterward, but I've kept that ribbon, and it's back at home in Illinois today."

A striking contrast is seen in the menu provided for the soldiers fifty years ago and what they enjoyed this year:

1863—Breakfast—Hardtack, bacon, beans and coffee.

Dinner—Bacon, beans, hardtack and coffee.

Supper—Beans, hardtack, bacon and coffee.

1913—Breakfast—Puffed rice, fried eggs, fried bacon, cream potatoes, fresh bread, hard bread, butter and coffee.

Dinner—Fricassee chicken, peas, corn, ice cream, cake, cigars, fresh bread, hard bread, butter, coffee, iced tea.

Supper—Salmon salad, macaroni and cheese, fresh bread, butter and coffee.

When the house of representatives recently undertook to name a committee of its members to represent it at the reunion of the blue and gray at Gettysburg it was found that not a veteran of the Civil war sat on the Republican side of that body. The only Union veterans in the house, three in number, are all Democrats, and six veterans of the Confederate army also sit on that side. In the senate, however, there are six Confederate veterans on the Democratic side and six Union veterans on the Republican side. As indicating the passage of time, it today in congress more veterans of the Spanish-American war than of the Civil war. Nineteen members of the senate are veterans of the war with Spain. One member of the house, who has not seen war service at all, served five years in the signal corps of the army as a private, and Delegate Quezon of the Philippines was a staff officer under Aguinaldo during the Philippine rebellion.

One of the most interesting places in camp was the lost and found bureau, located under the benches in the big tent. Everything found on the grounds was brought there and thousands applied every day for missing articles.

There were at least 100 crutches piled up in the bureau, dozen or so applicants having called for them. Those who come to redeem their lost crutches seldom can recognize them and most of them go away with somebody else's.

There was one wooden leg also lying unclaimed. It was brought in by a Boy Scout, who had found it under a tree.

Several sets of false teeth were found.

A grandson of Francis Scott Key, composer of "The Star-Spangled Banner," is here. He is John Francis Key, aged eighty-two, of Pikeville, Md., and he is a veteran of the Second Maryland Infantry of the confederate army.

Wearing a suit of gray, Key came into town, weak and almost dropping. He has been in failing health, but declared he was "going to see Gettysburg on this occasion or die."

One of the oldest veterans in the big camp is Captain W. H. Fleig of Houston, Texas, who was ninety years of age on his last birthday, February 23. During the war he served with distinction in the marine department of the confederate navy. Captain Fleig is one of the best preserved men in camp and is more active than many of the other veterans a score of years less advanced.

Last night I enjoyed just the same kind of sleep. But that is to be expected of a young fellow who at ninety-three is still able to read without his glasses, eh?

Many men who came today to shake my hand told me they were too busy to do so 50 years ago—that their whole hearts and minds were wrapped up in the conflict to come.

"I hid in a barn when I discovered that Confederates had arrived in town, but I left it when it was peppered by infantry fire and concealed myself at the mouth of an alley," said Lansberry. "While I remained in the alley two of my comrades attempted to dart across the street to another alley with a hope of escaping from town. They got to the middle of the street when guns of Confederates stationed at street intersections cracked and they fell in a heap. I was soon found and disarmed."

LAWYERS ADJOURN

ROLLING WAS ELECTED HEAD OF THE NORTH CAROLINA BAR ASSOCIATION.

MUCH BUSINESS TRANSACTED

Closing Session By Far Busiest of Fifteenth Annual Convention—Agitation Renewed to Have Special Board Test Applicants For License.

Asheville.—With the election of Mr. Thomas S. Rollins of Asheville as its president and the adoption of resolutions on numerous important topics the North Carolina Bar Association adjourned. The closing session was by far the busiest of the fifteenth annual convention. No address was delivered, every moment being devoted to the consideration of business.

At the suggestion of President James S. Manning the association took due note of the fact that the last day of the meeting was the Fourth of July and with piano accompaniment the meeting was opened by the singing of "My Country 'Tis of Thee." In a mighty basso profundo chorus the lawyers rallied heroically on the first charge, but at the beginning of the second stanza there was a diminution of volume—a diminution which increased in a geometrical ratio as the singers reached unfamiliar ground. Only two stanzas were attempted.

On recommendation of the committee on membership the 44th member admitted at this session was received, Chairman Clement Manly of the committee on grievances said that no complaints had been submitted until very recently. Two were adjudged to be not of a kind proper for the committee's consideration and the other case had been terminated by death. There are three other cases, however, which the committee considers of enough gravity to receive further consideration but since opportunity has not been presented for proper investigation, the information with the individual opinion of each member will be transmitted to their successors.

Mr. Charles W. Tillett of Charlotte then presented the report of the special committee on legislation and law reform, this being adopted on motion of Judge Murphy with thanks for faithful services.

Charlotte to Asheville Highway.

Charlotte.—Messrs. W. S. Freeman of Bat Cave and J. B. Freeman of Chimney Rock are spending several days in the city for the purpose of improving the Charlotte-Asheville highway that extends through from Rutledgeford via Chimney Rock, Bat Cave and Hickory Nut Gap to Asheville. They went around and saw a number of Charlotte business men and wherever they visited they were given most cordial reception and hearty endorsement.

To Push Drainage Work.

Spencer.—Good news comes to Spencer concerning the draining of Grant's Creek, skirting the town on the North side. It is that this creek is to be thoroughly drained and that without expense to the town, the work being done by the landowners along the stream. Mr. M. L. Jackson of Salisbury, who has taken an active interest in the drainage proposition for months states that all landowners, except one, along the creek have signed an agreement to have the work done.

After An Escaped Convict.

Kinston.—A man-hunt in a swamp at Falling Creek occurred when Warren Smith, a negro, escaped from the Lenoir county convict camp there. Smith, who was doing 10-months' sentence for assault with a deadly weapon is believed to have secreted himself in the swamp, but he succeeded in escaping the posse of deputy sheriffs and guards who gave pursuit. He is considered dangerous and vigilant efforts are being made to capture him.

Rural Letter Carriers Adjourn.