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WM. H. STEWART, EDITOR

ALL OVER AT GETTYSBURG.

Closing Scenes at the Fiftieth Anniversary of the Great Battle. Wilson Speaks.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 4.—The United States regular army paid tribute today to the thousands who sleep under the hills of Gettysburg. Somewhere down in the heart of the tented city a bugle sang out in silver sweet call, that wandered over the field where Lee and Meade made history. The big flag before the headquarters of General Ligtgett, flashing in sudden curves of red and white and blue, glorious in the sunshine of a perfect July day, came slowly half-way down the shaft. In front of the tent, shoulders squared, figure trim in Summer uniform of white, face toward the flag, the General clicked heels together and stood at attention.

Somewhere the guns of the Third Battery burst in staccato salute. Every officer over the length and breadth of the wide field, every enlisted man turned away from the duties of the movement, and faced the flag, heels together, heads up and eyes afloat with the sentiment of the hour.

As the last gun of the 48 sent the echoes clattering about Cemetery Ridge and Round Top, there was solemn silence, the hush of peace. Old veterans who did not realize, perhaps, exactly what was going on, stood silent under the spell of the universal feeling that seemed to sweep the field. Even the clatter of pots and pans in the mess tents was hushed and the yells of cooks about to dish up the mid-day meal lowered to whispers.

For five minutes the camp was quiet. Then the bugle spoke again in clear notes more joyous. The silken flag leaped up the staff to its very pinnacle and the noises that 40,000 men can make resumed their sway, the regular Army's tribute to the dead and to the flag of a reunited Nation was paid.

Only a few minutes before President Wilson had spoken in the big tent to the veterans in Blue and Gray and only a short time afterward thousands of those who were left began their preparations for departure.

The President came into Gettysburg shortly before 11 o'clock from Baltimore. Through the narrow, crooked streets of this war-famed country town, he motored out to camp, with Governor Tener, of Pennsylvania and Representative Palmer, of Pennsylvania by his side. His appearance at the station of Gettysburg was the signal for a cheer and from somewhere down in the Gettysburg College grounds came the customary 21 salute. From the station to the camp over the village streets and gray roads the President was driven while the Pennsylvania Constabulary, looking business-like and efficient in their slate-like uniforms, guarded his automobile and kept the traffic clear.

At the entrance to the big tent, the President paused for a moment to let the camera battery pop away as he stood with head uncovered between a veteran from either army. His entrance into the tent to the strains of "Hail to the Chief" brought the crowd which estimates say numbered 10,000, from their chairs with a cheer. The speakers' platform was filled with the staff officers of Gov. Tener, with men in Confederate Gray and a few in Blue, with women in gay dresses and the President in his black frock coat was a quiet figure.

Governor Tener introduced him in a dozen words. As he arose to speak there was another cheer. The President spoke slowly and carefully but in the breeze that played under the sides of the tent, the restless feet of those who hastened in made it difficult for the old men in the rear seats to hear and understand. The President was interrupted only once or twice with cheering.

The President was in the tent only a half-hour. At the conclusion of his speech he shook hands with many of those on the platform and then walked between

lines of the constabulary to his private car waiting on a nearby siding. He stood on the rear platform as the train pushed slowly down toward Gettysburg through the camp. A few minutes later he started for Harrisburg and the N. R. H.

Special trains began pushing out of Gettysburg and the railroad men were working their hardest to put them out on schedule. Although not many left after sundown tonight, the railroad officials said that the run had been almost 1,000 an hour for 10 hours. It is probable, however, that hundreds will stay as long as possible on the field. Few of them make any pretense that they expect to visit Gettysburg again and they are anxious to take many a look at the hills and fields where their valor went out in deeds that have been told the world around.

President Wilson's speech is as follows:

Friends and Fellow Citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg means. 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 hill-sides 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 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, enemies our friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten, except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men that 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 our 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 with a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those 50 crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

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 are 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 thus, 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 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.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fire and heat and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery bellowing to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater 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 manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, it were, a Nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form 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 armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places. Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, 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.

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 battle fields 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, and 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 or 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, 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 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 builded 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

HEALTH AND HYGIENE

One of the greatest dangers of the summer vacation is the summer typhoid. People in the cities or elsewhere where the quality of their drinking water is unquestionable, and where some attention is paid to the matter of flies, fall ready victims to summer or vacation typhoid when they go to our various summer resorts, where the sewerage and drinking water are too closely related, and where flies and food are intimately associated. Mixture of such combinations is a dangerous proposition. No one knows how much of our summer typhoid is due to bad water or how much is due to flies.

Now, as to the water question, if there is the slightest doubt as to the quality of the water, the following simple remedy will make it safe. Get a out-pouring metal can of chloride of lime, or bleaching powder. Take a teaspoonful of the powder and add a few drops of water, and make a thin, smooth paste in a saucer. Then dilute this paste with four cupfuls of water. Place this stock solution in a clean, stoppered bottle and keep corked tight. This is enough to disinfect 250 gallons of water. Use a teaspoonful of this stock solution to two gallons of water. Stir well, and use in from a quarter to half an hour. If the water has a slight odor of chlorine, use slightly less of the stock solution. Find out how much stock solution it takes to give a slight odor to the water, then use about one-fourth less than that quantity necessary to produce odor.

Water thus treated is absolutely harmless. The chloride of lime is consumed by the water in ten or fifteen minutes, and even if it were not, in such small quantities it would be harmless.

Fresh stock solution should be made every three or four days, and the powdered lime should be kept in a tightly closed can.

There is little excuse for flies, even in summer resorts. The only practical damage done by flies is in polluting food and milk. They can be screened out of kitchens, dining rooms, and cook shacks with little expense. Many summer landlords cannot be made to appreciate this, but if with a suggestion or two good screens are not forthcoming, the best plan is to patronize the other resort. It will be the cheapest in the long run.

Keep Your Hands out of Corn Shredders

Thomasville, July 1.—Lewis Thomas, and brother of Representative Ivey G. Thomas, who lives eight miles south of here, had the misfortune to lose his left arm two inches below the elbow. The accident happened at his home while he was shredding corn. An ear of corn got caught in the machine and he, while trying to remove it, got his hand caught in the machine and before it could be extricated, was ground off nearly to the elbow; the hand and forearm being ground to a perfect pulp. Drs. J. W. Peacock and M. A. Bowers were called and the arm was amputated and dressed by them. The patient is resting well and no doubt will recover rapidly. He is a hard-working, prosperous farmer and has a wide circle of friends.

The blare of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the Nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.

Causes of Stomach Trouble.

Sedentary habits, and lack of outdoor exercise, insufficient mastication of food, constipation, a torpid liver, worry and anxiety, overeating, partaking of food and drink not suited to your age and occupation. Correct your habits and take Chamberlain's Tablets and you will soon be well again. For sale by all dealers.

GOOD ROADS TALK.

Some Valuable Advice on the Repair and Maintenance of Earth Roads.

If you look at the ordinary country road after a shower you will see small puddles along the wheel ruts and sometimes larger pools. This water stays on the road surface because it cannot drain away into the side ditches. If you look closely you will see side ditches which have grown up with bushes and weeds in many cases, and which are so far from the traveled part of the road that the rain water does not drain into them. That part of the roadway where the wagons travel is called the travel way. To prevent water from standing on the traveled way the road should be raised in the center and should slope gently into broad shallow ditches. It is then said to have a crown. If it is 10 feet from the center of the road to the side ditch, the surface at the side ditch should be at least 10 inches lower than it is at the center where the horses travel. The road then has a 10-inch crown. The rain that falls on a road properly crowned will run quickly to the side and not soak into the surface or form pools. The side ditches for surface should run parallel to the right of way and should be open at every low point so that the water can run out of them into neighboring brooks or streams. If the ditches merely collect the water from the road surface and it cannot run away, large pools will be formed along the roadside, which will gradually soak into the soil beneath the road and make it so soft that the wheels of wagons will cut through the road surface and soon destroy it.

Sometimes water runs from land along the road into the road and forms a little stream down the wheel tracks or in the middle where the horses travel. When driveways into farm yards are built across the side ditches they frequently form channels for water from the farm yard to run into the road. The pipes under driveways become filled with leaves or rubbish and the water can no longer run away. If the driveways that stop the ditch water were rebuilt so that no pipes were necessary and the ditch could be left open, much trouble from surface water would be stopped.

Sometimes a road runs across a low land or through a swamp where the road can not be drained by side ditches alone. If the road were built higher like a railroad embankment across such low land and made with a crown, it would be dry and hard. Sometimes a road passes through what is called a cut. This is a place where the earth has been dug out so that the road can go over the hill without being too steep. The water which always flows quietly under the ground on hillsides is known as ground water. In road cuts such water sometimes makes the road very muddy, and the road then needs what road builders call underdrainage. A good kind of underdrainage is a trench to go along under the side drain and about 3 feet deep and a foot and a half wide. In this trench a pipe is laid near the bottom and covered with loose stones no bigger than an egg. When the trench is completely filled with loose stones the ground water, instead of soaking into the roadway, will stop among the stones and flow down the hill through the pipe.

To keep a road smooth and crowned the best method is to drag it with a road drag. A road drag is made easily with two halves of a log which has been split. The log should be about 6 or 8 inches in thickness and about 6 or 8 feet long. The two halves of the log are set 3 feet apart with the smooth faces forward and upright. They are then fastened together with braces set in holes bored through the log. A pair of horses may be used to drag the road and are hitched to a chain fastened to the

front half of the log. The road drag should move forward so that it slants across the road in such a way that a small amount of earth will slide past the smooth face of the log toward the center of the road, thus forming the crown. The edges of the logs will smooth out the ruts. The best way to drag is to begin at the side ditch and go up one side of the road, and then down the other. In the next trip the drag should be started a little nearer the center and the last trip over the road the drag may work close to the center itself. Small ridges of earth will be thrown in the horse track and smeared by the round side of the log smoothly over the road. The smearing of the earth by the drag is called "puddling" and it tends to make the surface of the road smooth and water-tight after the sun comes out. The road is always dragged after it has rained and not when it is dry. A good, strong pair of horses with a well built drag can drag about three or four miles of road in a day, and it is the best way to maintain good roads. In every county some farmer along each four miles of road should own a drag and drag the road when it rains, and he would always find the road in good condition when he goes to market.

Marking to the fact that many rural schools were closed at the time when the prize maintenance essay was announced by Director Logan Waller Page of the Office of public roads, it has been decided to extend the limit for receiving the essays to October 15, 1913. In addition to the gold medal given as first prize, two silver medals will be given as second and third prizes. If a child who has submitted one essay previous to the issue of this notice should care to try again, he is at liberty to do so, but he must be a pupil of a rural school.

There is some misunderstanding in regard to the subject of the essay. The idea is to set the children thinking how to better their earth roads with the material they have at hand.—U. S. Bulletin.

The Best Medicine in the World.

"My little girl had dysentery very bad. I thought she would die. Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy cured her, and I can truthfully say that I think it is the best medicine in the world," writes Mrs. William Orvis, Clare, Mich. For sale by all dealers.

Washington Actually Dry for First Time in its History.

Washington, July 6.—Washington was actually "dry" today, probably for the first time in its history. This was the first Sunday of the new Jones-Works excise law for the District of Columbia and its strict provisions were enforced to the letter.

Not even a bona fide registered guest at a hotel could have a drink with a meal. The exclusive clubs could serve nothing. Their officers had been warned that the "locker system" would be construed as a violation of the law. They also were notified that liquors actually bought on Saturday could not be used and served on Sunday.

So stringent is the new plan that the purchases of a common alcohol for medicinal or commercial purposes at drug stores are registered in the same way as dangerous poisons.

Unightly Face Spots

Are cured by Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, which heals all skin eruptions. No matter how long you may be troubled by itching, burning, or scaly skin humors, just put a little of that soothing antiseptic, Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment, on the sores and the suffering stops instantly. Healing begins that very minute. Doctors use it in their practice and recommend it. Mr. Allen, of Littletown, Pa., says: "Had eczema on forehead; Dr. Hobson's Eczema Ointment cured it in two weeks." Guaranteed or money refunded. All druggists, or by mail. Price 5c. Pfeiffer Chemical Co., Philadelphia and St. Louis.

ABOARD A GUN BOAT.

Jay Goodman, a Rowan Boy, Writes Interestingly of His Experience.

U. S. S. Wheeling, N. Y., July 5.—We are in Portsmouth Navy Yard, arrived on 11th day of May and since we have been here we have had many delightful features. Every man living outside the limits of Portsmouth, who desired leave of absence had it granted, together with a month's pay, though it was many days before pay day, they went on their way rejoicing. This vessel not having any repair period this year, the leave granted was a special favor for the grand work the crew performed since the Wheeling was commissioned. Of course the great event was the ship's grand ball and reception held on Wednesday evening of last week. This being the second grand ball and reception given by the ship's company in twelve months which covers the entire commission period of the vessel. It certainly speaks highly of the entertaining spirit of the crew and shows how a strong pull and a pull altogether will develop and attain good results, and it is a goal which all commanding officers strive to have their crew reach. A few days before the ball, though a bit of good natured joshing, a handsome man contest was started, offering as a prize free membership to the ball, an automobile for the night, a large bouquet for his lady, ten dollars expense money. The day will be long remembered by all who were privileged to attend the ball as one of the most enjoyable evenings. The large and magnificent ball room was brilliantly lighted and decorated just enough to show its vastness. Over the captain's reception room was blazed out in electric lights, "Welcome, U. S. S. Wheeling."

As the guests entered the hall each gentleman and lady received a most suitable and handsome souvenir and each lady a beautiful bouquet. The uniforms of the members and officers made a spectacular appearance. Pretty girls, well it seemed that the Wheeling's crew must have known all the beauties in the vicinity of Portsmouth, for they were right there under that roof, laughing, jolly girls, bright eyes and rosy cheeked girls, and the boys enjoyed their society and the dancing.

My letter is getting a little long. I like the gunboat better than one of the battle wagons. Although small as compared with our 27,000-ton dreadnaught. Her dimensions are: Length, 361 feet; beam, 44 feet; draft, 22 feet. Her displacement is 67 tons and she has a speed of about 12 knots. Her complement, under the commanding officers consists of the hospital department with one surgeon, one hospital steward and one hospital apprentice; and a ship's complement with a master as navigating officer, deck officers, engineers, clerks, electrician, wireless operators, quartermasters, oilers, seamen, firemen, stewards, etc. The total number of officers and men of all grades and classes is 158, not including Bobby, the goat, who is an important member of the ship's company, though not carried on the muster rolls. She carries six four-inch guns and four three-pounders, also rifles and revolvers for every man.

We sail July 14th for Key West, Fla. We will remain south until trouble calls us away. I will write again

JAY GOODMAN,
U. S. S. Wheeling,
Care P. M., New York, N. Y.

A Good Investment.

W. D. Magli, a well known merchant of Whitewood, Wis., bought a stock of Chamberlain's medicine so as to be able to supply them to his customers. After receiving them he was himself taken sick and says that one small bottle of Chamberlain's Colic, Cholera and Diarrhoea Remedy was worth more to him than the cost of his entire stock of these medicines. For sale by all dealers.