

IN HONOR OF VETERANS

THE MEMORIAL ADDRESS

Of R. R. Williams at Statesville, N. C., on May 10th, 1909.

Ladies and Gentlemen:

We have gathered to do honor to the heroic dead. The mighty conflict in which they played the leading part at one time shook the very foundation of this nation and caused to be poured forth the blood of almost a million American citizens. But now those stirring scenes have become but the glowing memory of the historic past. The dew of almost half a hundred years have now fallen upon the mounds of those who gave forth their lives in that Titanic struggle and the frosts of near three-score years and ten have rested upon the heads of those who stood the shock and still live to tell the tale. Almost one-third of the men who went forth to battle were offered up to the God of War. Others have been borne away in the days that have followed. The few who are left have passed to the shady side of life and will soon be numbered among the immortal host of the world beyond.

Whether the cause for which they fought was just or not need not be said. Six times had it been advocated by Northern States and twice by Southern. Text-book after text book had been written declaring the right of a commonwealth to secede. Lee and Jackson had learned it from the military authorities at West Point and, in the early days of our Republic, no man had dared to deny it.

But whether just or not, it has been forever settled upon the field of battle and today we live in a once more united country. The North and South has clasped hands in everlasting friendship and wiped away forever the barriers of bitter hatred. The Mason and Dixon's line has long since become a shadow and the name Potomac no longer haunts the minds of men. Those who wore the blue and those who wore the gray have again stood together in defence of a common flag and Northern blood and Southern blood has again been mingled on a common field. Carolina's sons will go as far and stand as long for the Stars and Stripes as any man in any state. We would not leave this Union if we could. Her honor is our honor and her glory is our glory. Let a foreign foe attack her and twenty million people spring from the Sunny South to battle for her protection. Such days as this do not at all open up the old wounds or cause them to bleed again. None there are who love this union more than the valiant Southern heroes into whose whose hearts the scenes of '61 to '65 were burned with hallowed flames. They fought the war with all their might but having lost no man can shake their faith in the country in which they swore allegiance. To them the past is but a sweet and tender memory and in mutual admiration and mutual honor they gather now.—and their friends on the other side, again upon those scarred fields of the battle, not to fight out a bloody conflict, but to give and receive from each other in cordial friendship and mutual esteem, those cherished emblems that once led them in opposing forces.

The valor and fortitude of the soldiers of the civil war is no longer confined to a single section but has become the common heritage of a united country, and the undying loyalty and sublime constancy of the Southern soldiers who, in defence of what they believed to be constitutional liberty, withstood, for four long years, the fiercest assaults of adverse fortune and submitted only with annihilation as a birthright in which the North as well as the South will some day be proud to claim a share. "What have you to say?" remarked an English official to Charles Francis Adams, at that time minister from the Northern

States to the court of St. James, when the official had read of the astounding victories of the army of Northern Virginia. "Nothing," replied Adams, "except that they are Americans." Southerners though they were and are, their glory is and will be in the generations yet to come American glory as well as Southern. Some day the splendor of their mighty deeds will be, if it is not already so, recognized and honored by Massachusetts and Pennsylvania as well as by Virginia and Carolina: God grant that the memories of their deeds may never die in the minds of men, but that they may live forever as an inspiration to the generation yet unborn that our children and our children's children may be cast in the mold of their heroic fathers—brave, patriotic, true, for in the commemoration of such deeds as this, is sown the seeds of sterling manhood and loyal citizenship. The career of those men were careers of struggle, of danger and of hardship, but from their acts and lives have sprung the purest lessons of the sublimest chivalry the world has ever known.

Into the minds of those who are to follow let us instill the same loyalty to the land in which they live, the same sturdy adherence to the cause they believe to be right, and the same unflinching bravery, indomitable determination, unlimited patience, unalterable tenacity and unconquerable self-sacrifice in defence of that country and that cause, which influenced their purpose and controlled their action and in this union, we shall have a citizenship for which there need be no fear as to its loyalty, no inquisitiveness as to its ability, no anxiety as to its sincere and courageous action.

From every person who loves the brave and pure, therefore must go forth endless praise and gratitude to that band of noble women who, as early as the summer of 1865 conceived the idea of placing upon the mound of the fallen warrior the wreath of beautiful flowers, thus bespeaking to all the world that though the hearts of the men who lay beneath the sod were still, their memories were still fresh in the thoughts of those who were left behind. Spontaneous and pure was that act of devoted love on the part of wives and mothers and sweethearts whose souls were covered with the veil of sorrow at the loss of those who were near and dear.

What grander tribute can be paid to the nobility of the men who fell or the devotion and saintly character of the women who survived than the fact that each succeeding year, lengthening though it does the span of time, has witnessed an ever increasing commemoration of that inspiring custom begun by a few in the days that were dark with sadness and intense distress, until now, at this time or some other day in every year in almost every town and hamlet and country-side throughout the south is celebrated a Memorial Day, when upon the receptacle of the earthly remains of the fallen hero is placed by tender hands and loving hearts the freshness of Nature's Springtime, and the valiant deeds of those who have passed away are told to the generations coming on that it may be handed down by them and those who follow them to the end of the time.

It was on this self-same day in '63 that the mightiest warrior of the Southern states gave forth his life for the cause he loved, and "crossed over the river to rest beneath the shades of the trees"—a warrior who was never surprised, never disconcerted, never betrayed into a false manoeuvre, and yet who never failed to surprise his foe and was never content unless he had annihilated them; a magnificent fighting machine with every nerve atingle for the fray; whose spirits rose highest when death and danger fell thickest, and who, like the old Berserker, longed only to do doughtily and die bravely as best becomes a man. Cherished indeed are the memories that cluster around his name. Many of your comrades who fell were serving time beneath his ever victorious banner. On this day, therefore, which is an anniversary of a country that, let it be said to its everlasting pride, sent forth eighteen hundred of her best and bravest

men to battle for the same cause as he, it is most eminently befitting that we should for the moment forget the busy scenes of the day in which we live, and in reverent respect for the historic past and in loyalty to all that is good and true, pass from the things that are to the things that were, and pay honored tribute to their hallowed memory. In the spirit of pilgrims, let us go to the shrine wherein they lie, and place there on the loving token of a grateful and remembering people, knowing full well that within those narrow walls there rests the ashes of those in whom were epitomized the highest traits of noble virtue.

Sad indeed must be the emotions that lie concealed within each heart today. To the gray haired men and women who lived through that awful time, it is still as an ever continuing fire that will burn in their brains to the end of their days. Every hearthstone can produce an illuminating record of the brave and daring deeds of a father or son. Almost every home has been chastened by the death of a relative that was near and dear. Every person here has doubtless treasured in the sacred chamber of his soul some tender memory, some faded relic, some farewell message of loved one who never returned.

I shall not attempt to enter those portals wherein abide the things that are holy, nor ask to share with you the sad emotions that today must lie within each breast, but shall be content to place my own offering, small though it be, upon the sepulcher of the departed dead and then not linger there, but leave that each may come and place thereon his own token realizing that with those tokens there will also be mingled many a burning tear for those who have passed away.

When the black clouds of war began to hover in the spring of 1861, there was within the military confines of the Confederate States an arms bearing population of approximately a million people. To almost all of them the art of war was unknown. Born and reared in homes of quietude, they were a peaceful and peace-loving people. No strife nor blood shed had entered their former lives. No war-like ambition nor military craze had broken upon secluded homes. There was no desire for battle in their hearts.

Rather would they that the war had not come, but when the call went forth for volunteers to repel an invading host, it was the call for duty and in answer to that call there poured forth from every nook and corner of the Confederate states the flower of Southern manhood, guided by but one thought, dominated by but one purpose and that was to stem—with their lives if need be—the flood of Union men that was sweeping across their borders. Leaving their plows in their yet opening furrows and their grain ripening for the sickle, they marched with unwavering step to the fields that were red with frightful carnage and plunged neck deep into the seething gulf of bloody conflict.

From that time forth until the merest remnant of their proud host gave way at last to five times their number, their life was one of untold hardship, of ceaseless suffering, of almost incessant fighting. March after march were their wearied bodies, and battle after battle tore ghastly holes in their ever-thinning ranks. All the insidious attacks of disease without medicine, all of their pangs of hunger without the coarsest articles of food, all the horror of sleet and snow and cold without shoes or clothes to keep them warm, combined to war against them.

In one regiment there are not fifty men who have serviceable shoes. In one division there are over four hundred barefooted and over one thousand without blankets. "Lee wrote in the depth of the winter of '63 and '64. "They have been without meat for three days and that too, though they have lain continuously in line of battle for two days, exposed to the danger, cold, hail and sleet." was the message he sent from Petersburg in February, '65. Hardships in every form oppressed their bodies and weighed

CRUELTY TO ANIMALS.

Charley Hines Drives and Beats a Horse Unmercifully and is Hailed to Court.

Yesterday morning Charley Hines hired a horse and buggy from Mr. Mills of Mills & Westmoreland's livery stables, to drive about 15 miles north of Statesville. He took a friend of his with him and before he got back Mr. Westmoreland heard he was abusing the horse. Mr. J. P. Moore and others saw him drive back to town yesterday evening and noticed that the horse could hardly go. Upon examination the horse was found to be almost exhausted and had about 50 welks on its hips and back. These welks could be seen at a distance of 50 yards and could be felt by rubbing one's hand on the horse. Evidently the horse had not had a mouthful of food nor a drop of water since leaving Statesville. This morning the horse was stiff and hardly able to go.

Hines was tried before Squire King this morning. He was found guilty and fined \$3 and the costs in the case which altogether amounted to \$7.45.

PERSONAL MENTION.

Miss Jettie Ramsey went to Huntersville today to visit relatives.

Dr. and Mrs. J. M. Wharey went to Mooresville last evening to spend a few days.

Mrs. Sol. Simon and daughter little Miss Bessie went to Augusta, Ga., Saturday to visit Mrs. Jake Schrameck.

Mrs. B. B. Webb went to Salisbury yesterday for a brief stay.

Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Conger and little daughter returned yesterday from a visit to Lenoir.

Mr. W. E. Nattress left last night for Providence, R. I., in interest of the cotton Manufacturers' Sales Company.

Mr. Walter Matheson of Taylorsville passed through the city today en route to Charlotte to attend the meeting of the grand lodge of I. O. O. F.

Mr. McNeill at Court House.

Mr. R. H. McNeill, Esq., will speak at the court house next Monday night at 8:30 o'clock. His subject will be "The Southern Commercial Congress." The public are invited to come out and hear this lecture.

Real Estate Deal.

Mr. H. L. Gilbert has sold to W. H. Hunter, 52 acres of land on 4th Creek in Concord township. This is a part of the W. F. Sharpe land. The purchase price was \$662.

Augusta Evans Wilson, Authoress, Dead.

Mrs. Augusta Evans-Wilson, the well known Southern authoress, died at her home here this morning at 6 o'clock from an attack of heart failure.

Mrs. Evan-Wilson was a native of Columbus, Ga., and was 74 years of age. For the last year she has been in retirement at her beautiful suburban home "Ashland".

She was the daughter of Matt Ryan and Sarah Howard Evans. Her literary career began early in life and she continued her writing until about a year ago when her last book, "Devota," was issued from the press.

The Statesville Drug Co., is celebrating its fifth anniversary today. The store is beautifully decorated with pink and white garnations, and roses of all kinds. With each drink that was bought today, two pretty carnations were given and with each 50c cash purchase, a box of Rexall violet Talcum. The Mascot wishes this popular drug store another prosperous year.

Davidson College commencement embraces May 23-26. The baccalaureate sermon will be preached on the 23rd, at 11 a. m. by Dr. McGeachy of Charlotte and Hon. J. Y. Joyner will deliver the annual address on the 25th.

HOW TO MAKE YOUR HOME MORE ATTRACTIVE

Keep the Building and Fences Repaired and Painted or Whitewashed; Have a Lawn With Trees and Shrubby; Clean up the Back Yard, and Put Down Some Walks.

The home, whether in country or village, is the place of our earthly habitation; this being true our constant aim should be to build and maintain such homes as will be sanitary, comfortable and reasonably attractive, so that the inmates may not tire of the surroundings, and grow discontented with rural life.

This life is not made up alone of dollars and cents. The real comfort and enjoyment we get as we go along are worth more than all the money we make. It costs little more to build a neat attractive house than it does to build an unattractive one, and what a vast difference in appearance and environment the one has over the other!

There is real enjoyment and satisfaction—not only this, but profit as well—in transforming an unattractive place into one of beauty.

This can not be done, perhaps, in a single year, or even a term of years, but by constantly hammering away during odd times a wonderful change can be brought about.

"Sprucing up" does not necessarily call for a great expenditure of money, unless buildings have been permitted to get in a badly dilapidated condition before this work of improvement was begun.

Old, battered fences, sagging gates swinging on one hinge, sway backed and deteriorated roofs on out buildings, unpruned vines and shrubbery, are all sources of unsightliness and vexation, unnecessary and easily prevented.

The buildings and fences around the premises should be kept in constant good repair treated occasionally as time and wear indicate, to a fresh coat of paint or whitewash; this will preserve the wood and change the appearance of the home in a remarkable degree.

Nice, clean, dry walks, judiciously planned and constructed, should be provided and maintained about the farm-house, to the barn, dairy, etc.

Such walks can be made at very little cost, save for time expended in construction from materials available on most every farm, such as limestone laid flat or crushed, slate, gravel, cinders, marl, boards, etc. Where a more pretentious and costly walk is desired, brick, concrete or dressed stone may be used. Most any of the materials enumerated make an efficient, lasting job and add greatly to the appearance, comfort, convenience and value of your home.

The lawn should be nicely graded, turfed and regularly clipped. A few choice trees, evergreens, shrubs and flowers may be planted, but these should be distributed along the sides or grouped in masses to form a frame for the picture made by the house. Care must be exercised not to over-do this planting, or the lawn will appear like a wilderness rather than a thing of beauty.

The back yard should have a thorough renovation and no longer be used (as I regret to say many are used), as a dumping place for all manner of refuse, rubbish, tin cans, swill and offensive matter to serve as a fertile field for disease-breeding germs.

In conclusion, let me insist that you set the pace for more attractive and inviting rural homes in your neighborhood, and see how

BOY SHOTS HIS FATHER.

Durham Lad and Parent Quarrel With a Pistol Wound as a Result.

Durham, May 10.—Thomas Carter, a young man aged 20, shot his father, S. A. Carter, of Edgemont section of Durham Saturday night about 7 o'clock. The officers were soon on the ground and arrested the boy. He showed deep feeling in the matter and made no effort to run. He said that his father is very cruel to his children and that Saturday afternoon the parent flogged him with a piece of scantling. The boy resisted and in the struggle for the possession of the pistol the weapon was discharged. The ball struck the thick portion of the leg and did no great damage.

The elder Carter was taken to the physicians and the boy brought up town. It appeared largely an accident, although the officers incline to the belief that it was an intentional shooting. They think it justified the old man having incited the boy to violence. The bond of the boy was fixed at \$50 and he gave it. He is married but his wife has left him and the past two or three years he has been living with his father.

Death Of Mrs. Cloaninger.

Mrs. Ella Hager Cloaninger, wife of Mr. D. M. Cloaninger of Lenoir, died yesterday afternoon at Dr. Long's sanatorium. Mrs. Cloaninger was brought to the sanatorium about a week ago, underwent an operation and was getting along very well up to yesterday, when her condition became alarming. Her remains, accompanied by Mr. Cloaninger and his brother Dr. Cloaninger, were taken to Stanley Creek, Gaston county, last night.

The funeral services and interment will take place there today.

Mrs. Cloaninger is survived by her husband and three children and a number of brothers and sisters. Mr. Cloaninger and family just recently moved from Stanley Creek to Lenoir.

Humane Education of School Children

Of all work, the most important in the line of humane endeavor is that of the humane education of the children. California is one of twelve states in which there are laws prescribing instruction in humane education. But before any real or appreciable gain to the children can result, this important study must be placed upon an equal footing with the other branches in the school. This important instruction merits something more than a "wedged in" place among other studies.

It is evident that all children must have moral training. The majority of them will go entirely without it unless the public school comes to the rescue.

There is a great need of scientific-humane text books, the preparation of which must be thoughtfully undertaken. They must be written from an enlightened humane standpoint, and fact and sentiment must go together. If such text books were at hand, it certainly would facilitate the work of securing for the study its proper place in the schools.—Quarterly Bulletin, Oakland (Cal.) S. P. C. A.

Remember that a well kept home and surroundings show energy, thrift and pride of the owner, and greatly enhance the market value of the property.—Wm. A. Good in Progressive Farmer.