

WOMAN SURVIVOR OF BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



That woman played a prominent part in the greatest battle of the Civil war that was fought just fifty years ago, is apt to be forgotten until a mute reminder such as is seen in the photograph is brought to our attention. Fifty years back is a long time to remember, yet here one of those who fought under the stars and bars, five decades ago, is greeting one of the women nurses and one of the few remaining ones whose husband was the comrade in arms of the grizzled old veteran.

SIDELIGHTS OF GETTYSBURG REUNION

The great reunion of the blue and the gray on the battlefield of Gettysburg has passed into history. It was in all respects the most unique gathering of the soldiers of the 60's ever held. Men who fought each other fifty years ago this year fraternized as long-separated brothers. Naturally such a gathering would be productive of many incidents, both pathetic and humorous. As many stories were floating about as there were veterans at the reunion.

The camp is full of unexpected meetings. Every day brings forth numerous meetings between men who have not seen one another for many years. Many are commonplace, but some are extraordinary. For instance, here is one:

I. D. Munsee of Erie county, Pennsylvania, a soldier in the 111th Pennsylvania, was captured by the confederates at Peachtree Creek, Ga., when he was one of Sherman's army on the celebrated march to the sea. He was being conveyed to the rear by a confederate soldier when the union batteries opened fire upon the party among whom he was a prisoner. The man who was guarding Munsee was hit and fell, knocking Munsee down and lying on top of him.

Seeing his chance of escape, Munsee lay very still under the unconscious confederate while the battle raged around them. That night he slipped from under the body and escaped to the union lines.

"I thought that fellow was dead," said Munsee, "but I saw him today. Poor fellow, his mind's bad, and he didn't recognize me, but I was sure of him. I couldn't even get his name, but I'm going over later to the Georgia camp and try to find out who he is."

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.

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.

Chief Clerk George G. Thorne of the state department at Harrisburg told of the call made by a Union veteran early on the morning of the fiftieth anniversary of the start of the battle, who related that his conscience troubled him because of the fact that on that fateful morning many years ago he had succumbed to temptation and stolen a quantity of onions from the Thorne garden, which was located near the historic Seminary ridge. He told Thorne that he desired, at this late date to pay for the onions and thus, relieve his conscience.

Needless to say, his offer of money was refused, but the Thornes would like to learn the identity of the soldier who upset eight beehives in the dead of night and appropriated all the honey they contained.

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, as well as the names of their towns.

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 drooping. 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.

Fifty years to the hour from the time when the first shot preceding the battle was fired a reunion meeting of the blue and the gray was held in the big tent. The gray cavalry men who fought the skirmishes that led up to the three days' fight pledged themselves in the shadows of the stars and stripes to "forget" and their brothers in blue swore by the stars and bars that the fight was over for all time.

There were several women from the village in the tent and six one-time schoolgirls, gray-haired and aged now, sang "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," while the veterans wept like boys, but with pride. The six women who sang the battle song were among those who thronged the streets of Gettysburg after the advance guard of the southern army left it 50 years ago. On the night when Buford's men came riding into the village on the heels of Wheeler's men in gray, maidens strewn flowers along the streets and bells in the churches pealed out the news of the coming of the blue and the town went wild.

Of all the scores of girls who welcomed the vanguard of Meade, only a half dozen could be found, and they stood, white-haired with tears in their eyes on a platform in the big tent and sang to the weeping soldiers in the seats below.

"I'm afraid we can't sing like we sang 50 years ago," said the matronly woman who acted as leader as she led the way up the steps to the platform.

"We don't care; just sing again," shouted the veterans. As the first notes of the war-time melody came from them in quavering tones, the veterans both of the north and of the south sat quiet with eyes fixed upon the singers. The hum of the chorus came from every side, and the old men wept openly.

Aside from the old soldiers themselves, an interesting figure is Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the commander at the front of the Confederate lines in the third day's battle. Mrs. Longstreet walked a mile through the broiling sun out to the old Rogers house to interview General Sickles.

Some time ago Mrs. Longstreet sent a long telegram as representing the southern veterans in protest against the old Union veteran being thrown in jail in New York because of some financial affairs. It was said that Sickles misunderstood the spirit and his pride was so hurt that their meeting today would not be cordial.

"General, I have written an article about you for publication," said Mrs. Longstreet at the meeting, and she read several pages of the highest tribute to the old corps leader, whom she characterized as having come back and being once again in the saddle. Half a hundred old Sickles' men gathered on the lawn and the reading became dramatic. General Sickles leaned back in his big chair, closed his eyes, and looked back to meeting with Longstreet.

Here his widow was praising to the world the valor which she claimed had gone unrecognized by the government. Tears flowed down the Sickles cheeks now tanned by his ninety-third summer, and his old followers doffed their hats and mingled their tears with those of their old leader, wetting the ground upon which long ago had been soaked by their blood.

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.

One of the unadvertised reunions of the celebration occurred in the confederate section of the camp. A life 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.

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.

CAPTAIN KNEW HIS VISITOR

Also Realized That Even Superdreadnought Would Be Imperiled by Presence of Idiot.

The brand-new battleship of the superdreadnought type had been thrown open to visitors. Her captain stood at the gangway receiving his guests, pride and delight in his magnificent vessel shining in every lineament. Suddenly his gaze concentrated upon an approaching figure. His face grew pale to the lips; he shook in every fiber. Controlling his terror by a mighty effort, he turned hastily to his executive officer.

"Clear for action, Mr. Bloodstet," he cried. "Beat to quarters. Load with grape. Order the marines to concentrate behind me, prepared to repel boarders."

"Aye, aye, sir," responded the officer promptly, although thoroughly bewildered.

The blood returned to the captain's face and he regained his composure as he remarked how quickly his orders were carried out, and how they were prepared to meet their formidable foe successfully. When his eyes again sought the object of his fears he was close aboard. "Hello, cap'n!" he cried, a vacuous smile playing about his weak mouth.

"Back!" shouted the captain sternly. "Back, or I'll blow you up!"

"Say, cap'n, that's what you seem to be doing," responded the enemy, giggling.

"Don't you try to set foot on board my ship," continued the captain vehemently. "I'm not going to jeopardize boat, crew and visitors for your pleasure."

"Oh, say, cap'n," remonstrated the enemy with another silly grin, "don't you know me?"

"You bet I do. You're the idiot that rocks the boat, and you shall not come on board mine."

ECZEMA BURNED AND ITCHED

203 Walnut St., Hillsboro, Ill.—"My child had a breaking out on the lower limbs which developed into eczema. The eczema began with pimples which contained yellow corruption and from the child's clothing they were greatly irritated. They seemed to burn, which made the child scratch them, resulting in a mass of open places. They made her so cross and fretful that it was impossible to keep her quiet. They caused her to lose much sleep and she was constantly tormented by severe itching and burning."

"I tried several well-known remedies, but got no relief until I got a sample of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, which did so much good that I got a large quantity that cured her in ten days after she had been affected for two months." (Signed) Mrs. Edith Schwartz, Feb. 28, 1913.

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Recipe for Making Jokes.

There is nothing any easier than writing jokes. Simply jot down your ideas for the jokes, say two or three hundred, on a slip of paper; then seat yourself before a typewriter. Feed blank paper into the typewriter and inject the ideas through your finger tips into the keys. Continue to do this until all of the ideas on the slip are exhausted, then gather up the jokes, which have piled themselves into a heap on the opposite side of the typewriter, send them to editors and receive your checks. A couple of hours a day spent in this manner should bring you in revenue enough to support a wife and nine children, run a six-cylinder touring car and buy bonbons for a soul-mate. Try it.

Didn't Know Where to Stop. "The great men are all dead," she said, with evident regret.

"But the beautiful women are not," he replied, looking earnestly at her.

"Of course," she added, after a moment's reflection, "I always except present company."

"So do I," he said.

Then she asked if he would be good enough to conduct her to her husband. —Judge.

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