

## 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 11th 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 on 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 day to pay for the onions and thus relieve his conscience.

Needless to say, his offer of money was refused, but the Thorne would like to learn the identity of the soldiers 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 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.

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 brother, 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 strewed 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 fife 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.

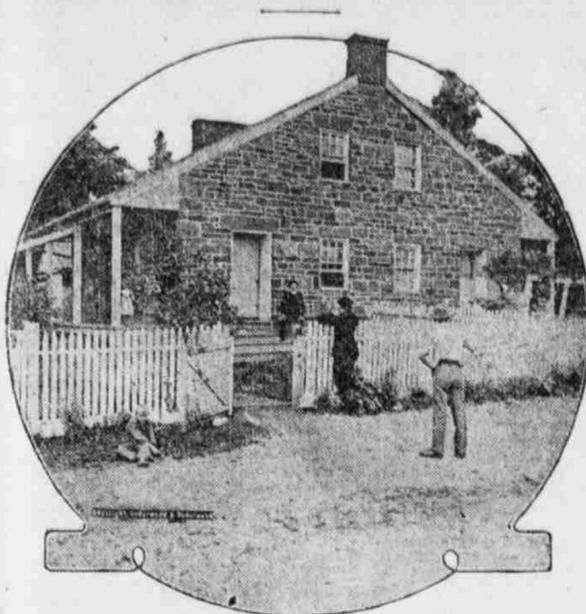
One of the most interesting places in camp was the lost and found bureau, located under the benches in the big tent. Everything found on the grounds was brought there and thousands applied every day for missing articles.

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.

## MEAD'S HEADQUARTERS AT GETTYSBURG



## 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 crowded 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 utmost 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, column 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 manly willingness to serve. In armies 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 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.

### 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 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 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 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 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.

The New York, New Haven & Hartford railroad has 22,716 stockholders, of whom 10,102 are women.

## FORM NEW COMPANY

ARTICLES READY FOR FILING TO PROVIDE LIABILITY PAYMENTS.

## UNDER NEW WORKMEN'S ACT

Mutual Insurance for Employers is Provided by Associations—Extracting Cash From Tennessee.

Lincoln, Neb.—A mutual insurance company to work under the new state law in connection with the workmen's compensation act is being organized, with John W. Towle, F. E. Sanbourn, F. I. Ellick, G. W. Sumner, F. S. Knapp, H. G. Kelley, Thomas A. Adams, L. A. Kinney, J. W. Steinhart, C. I. Aller, Frank Hammond, C. D. Marr, H. E. Gooch, W. C. Shinn and S. McKelvie.

The articles of incorporation have not been filed with the state, but it is understood that the auditor has approved the form in which they will be drawn. The law specifies that to form such an association there must be not less than twenty employers with an aggregate of 5,000 employees. Members of the association already enrolled are: J. W. Towle, F. E. Sanbourn, F. I. Ellick, G. W. Sumner, F. S. Knapp, H. G. Kelley, Thomas A. Adams, L. A. Kinney, J. W. Steinhart, C. I. Aller, Frank Hammond, C. D. Marr, H. E. Gooch, W. C. Shinn and S. McKelvie.

### Tennessee Must Pay.

Treasurer Walter George will require the state of Tennessee to pay not less than \$200,000 of the \$628,000 bonds held by the state against that state. He will be willing to take new bonds at 5 per cent for the balance. "I could use the whole amount," said Treasurer George, "and buy Nebraska school bonds at 4 or 5 1/2 per cent, but I consider the Tennessee bonds perfectly good and at 5 per cent will be a good investment for us."

### Do Not Accept Law.

The Anheuser-Busch Brewing company of Omaha has written a letter to Auditor W. B. Howard in which it states it has posted notices in its business places that it elects not to come under the workings of the workman's compensation act of 1913.

### Walker's Case Comes Up.

The case of John Walker, the Indian who has been serving time for murder in the state penitentiary and who will seek to be released under habeas corpus proceedings, will come up before the supreme court. Walker has served enough of his time so that by the usual good time allowance he would be entitled to go free. For some reason the authorities do not want to release him and he hopes to secure his freedom through the supreme court.

Two more counties have reported their assessments to Secretary Seymour of the State Board of Assessment. Valley county is assessed this year at \$3,641,053 and last year at \$3,583,027, a gain this year of \$58,026. Wayne county makes a very substantial increase this year of \$131,925, her assessment last year being \$5,570,397 and this year \$5,702,320.

### Maneuvers To Be Recorded.

Lincoln, Neb.—Moving picture men will gather in films depicting the movement of the Nebraska Militiamen at the August maneuvers, according to word given out by Adjutant General Hall recently. The charges made in working out the problems, the details of the gigantic battle to be staged and the efforts of one regiment to prevent the other from accomplishing its purpose under the maneuver problem, will be shown in the "movies." The maneuver is to be the only one of its kind in the United States during the present year, and on that account is likely to count for more than the ordinary state encampments usually carried on by the national guard authorities.

Governor Morehead's determination to attend the maneuvers was likewise announced by General Hall. The governor will have a number of his staff present with him and will personally present the various marksman and expert sharpshooters medals which have been earned during the past two months' rifle practice. The members of the staff will not be expected to perform other than "attentive" duty.

### Counties Show Higher Values.

Lincoln, Neb.—Stanton, Wayne, Valley, Wheeler, Adams and Dawson counties reported to the state board of assessment with property lists showing tax valuations for the present year. The increase in the half dozen counties is \$288,463. With the other nineteen counties, which have reported the upward climb of the 1913 figures, has been \$1,277,863 over the 1912 returns.

### Brown Appeals His Case.

Lincoln.—Charles W. Brown of Omaha has appealed from the findings of the district court of Douglas county in a case wherein he sought to restrain the county board from collecting taxes on a valuation set upon the Brown Block, Sixteenth and Douglas streets, Omaha, on which the assessor placed a valuation of \$170,000 and the board raised the valuation to \$180,000. Brown objects to the extra \$10,000. The district court sustained the action of the county board in raising the valuation and Brown appeals.