

## HONORS THE PAST

### REGULAR ARMY PAYS TRIBUTE TO RESTING HEROES OF

## THE WAR OF SECESSION

As Forty-Eight Guns Sound Over Gettysburg Professional Soldiers and Volunteer Alike Stand in Solemn Silence to Pay Token of Respect to Fallen Warriors.

The regular army paid tribute on Friday, July 4, 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 tones that wandered over the field where Lee and Meade made history. The big flag before the headquarters of Gen. Liggett flashing in sudden curves of red, 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 towards 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 moment and faced the flag, heads alight with the sentiment of the hour.

As the last gun of the forty-eight sent the heroes clattering about Cemetery Ridge and Round Top, there was solemn silence, the hush of peace. Old veterans who did not realize, perhaps, exactly at the beginning 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 midday meal lowered to whispers. For five minutes the camp was quiet. Then the bugle spoke again in notes more joyous. The silken flag leaped up the staff to its very pinnacle and the noise of 40,000 men can make resumed their way. The regular army's tribute to the dead and to the flag of a united 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 afterwards 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 Gov. Toser 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 down in the Gettysburg college grounds came the customary twenty-one guns 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 gray 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 cameras 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 speaker's platform was filled with the staff officers of governors, with men in Confederate gray and a few in blue, with women in gray dresses and the president in his black frock coat was a quiet figure.

Gov. Toser introduced him in a dozen words. As he rose to speak there was another cheer.

### BOY KILLED MOTHER

Young Man Arrested for Serious Crime at Abbeville.

On Wednesday at about 6 o'clock in the afternoon one Ben Ashworth at Calhoun Falls was accused of killing his mother and was arrested and brought to the county jail at Abbeville that night. The jail was well guarded as a lynching was threatened. The boy is about 20 years of age.

Ashworth himself asserts that he went home drunk and that his mother asked, "Are you drunk again?" and that he replied "Yes." Then he claims that his mother remarked that "You are going to cause me to kill myself," and at once reached under the bed, pulled out a pistol and tried to shoot herself in his effort to prevent her the pistol was discharged and the bullet entered her brain.

It is said that the boy and his father have been on a drunk nearly a year and that there is some doubt as to the truthfulness of the boy's story.

### City Runs Ice Houses.

Seven non-union ice plants seized by order of Mayor Hunt, of Cincinnati, were operated Thursday by the board of health in an effort to relieve the suffering caused by the strike of the ice workers.

## WHITE HOUSE ROMANCE

DAUGHTER OF PRESIDENT WILSON IS TO WED

Engagement of Miss Jessie Wilson, Second Daughter of the President, Has Been Announced.

The president and Mrs. Wilson, announced Wednesday night the engagement of their second daughter, Miss Jessie Woodrow Wilson, to Francis Bowes Sayre of Lancaster, Pa. The wedding is expected to take place next November at the White House. Mr. Sayre is at present an attorney in the office of District Attorney Whitman of New York.

While close friends of both families have known of the engagement for some time, announcement was withheld until Wednesday, the first anniversary of Mr. Wilson's nomination to the Baltimore convention. White House officials accompanied the brief announcement with a biography of Mr. Sayre. He is 28 years of age and after preparing at the Hill school at Pottstown, Pa., and the Lawrenceville, N. J., graduated from Williams college in 1909. He was manager of the football team there, valedictorian of his class and interested in Y. M. C. A. work. He spent two summers with Dr. Alfred T. Grenfell in his missionary work on the coast of Labrador and studied law at Harvard law school where he graduated last year "cum laude." He has travelled extensively during his vacations, spending summers in Alaska and northern Siberia.

Mr. Sayre comes from a collegiate family. His father was the late Robert H. Sayre, for a long time president of the board of trustees of Lehigh university and builder of the Lehigh Valley railroad. His mother was Martha Finley Nevin, a daughter of John Williamson Nevin, theologian and president of Franklin and Marshall college at Lancaster, Pa. She is descended from Hugh Williamson of North Carolina, one of the framers of the constitution. She is a sister of Robert J. Nevin, head of the American church of Rome, Italy, and a first cousin of Ethelbert Nevin, the composer.

Miss Wilson is 24 years of age. She was educated at Goucher college, Baltimore and has specialized in political science. She has done much settlement work in Philadelphia and has been actively identified with the Y. W. C. A. having recently made many speeches in its behalf.

While Mr. Sayre is not known to Washingtonians, he has made several quiet visits to the White House in recent months and was a frequent visitor at the Wilson home at Princeton, N. J. The announcement was received with keen interest in capital social circles as the wedding starts the winter season with an important social function. Not since Miss Alice Roosevelt and former Representative Longworth of Ohio were married has there been a wedding at the White House.

### ENCASED IN CONCRETE.

Brakeman in Wreck Lands in Sand, Cement and Water.

During the heavy downpour of rain at Magnolia, Va., on the Baltimore and Ohio railroad, several cars of a freight train were derailed. Two cars, one containing sand and the other cement, were crushed together, and in the midst of the wreckage, brakeman Henry Blogge was pinned by the mass of cement, sand and broken cars. Blogge had been riding on top of the car of cement when the accident occurred.

It was several hours after the accident before Blogge regained consciousness. Then he found that he was incased in wet cement and sand, which formed concrete.

Blogge's head, shoulders and arms were clear of the solid mass, but he could not extricate himself because of the wreckage piled on him. After several attempts the imprisoned man attracted the attention of members of the wrecking crew clearing away the debris and they made an attempt to relieve him.

It was many hours before they were able to get to him. By this time the concrete had set and Blogge was encased tightly in the solid mass. After several efforts to break up the immense mass of concrete two heavy cranes on the wreck train lifted it aboard a car. The incased man was taken to the Martinsburg shop, where the concrete was broken under a steam hammer and Blogge rescued from his peculiar position.

### Left Fortune to Work

Utter weariness of being merely a millionaire is the reason John O'Brien, of New York, Wednesday advanced in explanation of his long absence from the ken of his old friends. He mysteriously vanished at the end of his college year in 1910. He was found yesterday in Van Buren, Ark., where he is working as an assistant engineer for a railroad.

### Kills Wife and Commits Suicide

Henry Dodd, a farmer of Greenville, Tenn., shot and killed his wife with a rifle Monday and then committed suicide. Eleven children survive. The cause of the tragedy is not known.

## WILSON'S SPEECH

PRESIDENT DELIVERS INSPIRING ADDRESS TO VETERANS

ASKS NATION TO SERVE

Shows That the Present Time Needs Sacrifice and Valor in as True a Sense as Was Needed Fifty Years Ago—Appeals to All Right-Minded Men for Aid.

A call to service for the reunited nation that Friday through its regular army paid tribute to the fallen heroes of Gettysburg, blue and gray, was the dominant note of the speech of Woodrow Wilson, president of the United States, at the semi-centennial reunion on the field where fifty years ago the North and South strove for the mastery. The struggle for supremacy, said the president, was forgotten, except for the priceless memories of heroism. Still, said the nation's head, there exist opportunity and need for service to the nation which produced the men who faced death and pain on the stricken field fifty years ago.

The president said: "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 fifty years have gone by since then, and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those fifty 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 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 teach all alike with deep contentment. We are debtors to those fifty 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 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 what fifty years have wrought since those days of battlefield finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the lifeblood 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 matters? 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 fierce hearts 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 marshalled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led,

## WALLED UP IN HOUSE

YOUNG GIRL SNALED ALIVE IN STONE-ENCLOSED TOMB.

After Tearing Off Blindfold Mason Was Compelled at Point of Pistol to Complete the Job.

The identity and fate of a young girl who was walled up and left to die in a building near Barcelona, Spain, has caused the Spanish authorities to institute a rigid investigation. The affair was made public through the statement made by Esteban Gutierrez, a stone-mason, who tells a thrilling story of how he was compelled, at the point of a revolver, to do the work.

Gutierrez declares that, after he had advertised in a newspaper for work, two well-dressed men called at his address and asked him to accompany them in a motor car into the country a short distance to make some urgent repairs.

Reaching a dense woods on the outskirts of the city, the two men and a chauffeur seized, bound and blindfolded the stonemason, and a few minutes later the car stopped in front of a lonely house.

The mason declares he was led inside and ordered to wall up a narrow aperture, the stone and mortar being in readiness. Gutierrez says he heard some one sobbing, and, tearing the bandage from his eyes, he saw a young girl, bound with ropes and wedged in the aperture.

He was promptly knocked down by his captors, and when he arose, was ordered to build a wall so as to enclose the girl, and when he refused was threatened with revolvers. The mason declares that, at the points of the guns, he was compelled to wall up the young girl after which the car conveyed him to a woods several miles away, where he was unbound, given \$20 in silver and warned not to speak of the incident. Lost, he wandered several hours before he was discovered by a woodsman, and, reaching Barcelona, he went at once to the police.

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 stilled us for action, and action never ceases.

"I have been chosen the leader of the nation. I can not 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, 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 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 to-day 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 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 day 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."

## PICKETT'S CHARGE

REENACTED BY CONFEDERATES ON CEMETERY RIDGE.

RECEIVED WITH CHEERS

By the Old Defenders, a Philadelphia Brigade, When They Reach the Stone Wall—Grays Climb Over to Shake Hands and Hark of the Days That Were.

A handful of men in gray reenacted Thursday the charge of Pickett across the field of Gettysburg. Up the slope of Cemetery ridge, where death kept step with them in '63, 150 veterans of the Virginia regiments of that immortal brigade made their slow parade.

Under the brow of the ridge in the bloody angle, where the Philadelphia brigade was a handful in blue, scarcely larger, waited to meet the onslaught of peace. There were no flashing sabres, no belching guns, only eyes that dimmed fast and kindly faces behind the stone wall that marks the angle. At the end, in place of wound or prison or death, were handshakes, speeches and mingling cheers.

The veterans in gray marched for a quarter of a mile over the ground that they traversed during the charge. They came up the slope in column of fours, irregular but responsive to the commands of Maj. W. W. Bentley of the Twenty-four Virginia, one of the few officers of either Pickett's or the Philadelphia brigades present. Ahead of them marched a band and well down the column was a faded Confederate flag, its red field pierced with many holes, its cross bars dim and its shaft colored with the sweat of many a man who died that it might fly high in the last desperate effort to pierce the Union lines.

Its progress was slow and painful for the timothy in the field was high and its plowed surface was not easy for weary feet. Up to the very edge of the stone wall, covered now with tangled vines, shaded by trees and peaceful as a summer lane, they marched in the hot sun while the band played "Dixie." There they stood for half an hour while their comrades in blue peered across at them.

The blue line formed behind the wall. Overhead floated a faded standard of the Second army corps. Behind them were the statues of the Philadelphia brigade and the Fourth United States battery where Gen. Armstrong died.

As the men in gray formed in a long line facing the wall, the Stars and Bars and the flag of the Second corps were crossed in amity; the Stars and Stripes were unfurled and the crowd that came to watch burst into a cheer. Representative J. Hampton Moore, of Pennsylvania, made a long speech and Maj. Bentley answered him on behalf of the South. The veterans in gray were given a medal provided by John Wannamaker. They crowded over the stone wall, shook hands and the charge was over. There was many a picturesque figure in the line that came up the slope. W. H. Turpin of the Fifty-third Virginia appeared in the uniform he wore on the day of the charge. His feet were bound in cloth, he had an army blanket strapped to his back and he calmly smoked a long stemmed corn cob pipe.

There were fifteen regiments in Pickett's division that day in '63, and the histories say that 5,000 men charged across the field. Every field officer was killed or wounded except one lieutenant colonel and two-thirds of the line officers met the same fate. Of the 5,000 who charged, only about 2,000 returned to the Confederate position. The Philadelphia brigade numbered about 1,200 men and lost 453 in killed and wounded.

### Democrats Economical.

Uncle Sam closed the fiscal year 1913 with a surplus of \$40,083,229, representing the excess of receipts over expenditures, exclusive of Panama canal and public debt transactions. This exceeds last year's surplus by \$3,750,000. The Panama canal expenditures and public debt transactions, however, wiped out the surplus of ordinary receipts over ordinary expenditures and created a deficit for the year of \$2,149,000.

### Confesses Through Remorse.

Tortured into sleeplessness by the knowledge that he had forged his employer's name to a check, H. D. Hendle, a sixteen-year-old youth of Cullman, Ala., surrendered himself at the Fulton county tower Wednesday morning, with the request that he be locked up. His guilty conscience would not let him sleep, said the boy.

### Gets Large Damages.

Two hundred and fifty thousand dollars and all the costs of the suit is the price the Marquis of Northampton has agreed to pay to settle the suit for breach of promise brought against him by the London actress, Miss Daisy Markham, whose real name is Violet Moss.

## AN UNUSUAL CASE

MISTAKEN IDENTITY CAUSED BY TWO MISSING TOES.

Negro Almost Convicted at Bennettsville When It Was Found That He Was Not the Man Wanted.

One of the most remarkable cases of mistaken identity, caused by similar peculiarities, happened at Bennettsville in the trial of Neal Davis, alias Tom Hightower, for wife murder. In 1904 Tom Hightower, a negro man, murdered his wife in a most brutal way, severing her arms and limbs from her body, cutting her throat and otherwise brutally cutting her. The different parts of the body were buried at different places in a bay. Tom Hightower made his escape.

Last February a negro who was raised in Marlboro county, was serving a sentence at Easley and he reported that another negro on the gang at that place and at that time was Tom Hightower. The arrest was made and the negro who claimed to be Neal Davis was brought to Bennettsville. The resemblance was most striking. A striking feature of the resemblance was that Tom Hightower had lost a great toe on the left foot, as had the prisoner.

After being brought to Bennettsville he gave his name as that of Neal Davis, stated that he was raised in Pulaski county, Georgia, gave names of citizens of that community.

Several negroes in this county who had worked with Tom Hightower and knew him intimately, swore positively that the defendant on trial was Tom Hightower, one of them using the expression, "If that is not Tom Hightower, he is in Tom Hightower's hide." Two white men who also knew Hightower well, testified that the defendant was Hightower. Two changing guards from Pickens county had been brought to Bennettsville by the State, and they testified that Davis had told them he had murdered his wife, that he had cut up her body and buried it in different places.

The defense sought to weaken this testimony by showing that these two witnesses made no reference to the confession when the sheriff went to Easley for the prisoner, and that they said nothing about it until some time afterwards, when all of the facts had been published in the daily papers.

The State had also brought two witnesses from Georgia. These two men talked to Davis, and testified that they were satisfied beyond all doubt that the prisoner was not Tom Hightower, but that he was Neal Davis; that he worked under them on their plantation several years to 1904 and left there in 1904. Tom Hightower had been in that county and section several years prior to the killing of his wife in 1904.

The missing toe of Hightower's foot was cut off irregularly and raggedly, and not smoothly. The statement of Dr. Croeland was that the toe on the negro's foot had been amputated by a skilled surgeon, and that it was as fine a piece of surgery of the kind as he had ever seen. It was altogether smooth. Two other witnesses testified positively that the defendant was not Tom Hightower. After being out a few minutes the jury returned a verdict of not guilty.

### BLOOD SHED AT REUNION.

Union Veterans Stabbed Men Who Abused Abraham Lincoln.

Seven men were stabbed Wednesday in a fight in the dining room of the Gettysburg Hotel, as a result of a fight, which started when several men aroused the anger of an old veteran in blue, by abusing Lincoln. Several of the wounded men are in a serious condition at the Pennsylvania State Hospital. The state constabulary are making desperate efforts to find the men who did the stabbing.

According to all the information the authorities could gather the fight started suddenly and was over in a few minutes. It began shortly before seven o'clock, when the dining room was full of people, and caused a panic among the scores of guests. The veteran who was unhurt and disappeared in the melee was sitting near David Farber and Edward J. Carroll, when he heard the slighting remarks about Lincoln. He jumped to his feet and began to defend the martyred president and berated his detractors.

The men who were stabbed, according to the information the surgeons gathered, jumped to the defence of the veteran when the others closed in. Knives were out in a second and the room was thrown into an uproar. It was all over before the rest of the men in the room could get their breath and the men responsible for it had fled.

### Auto Wreck Fatal.

Samuel Stevens Sands, step-son of William K. Vanderbilt, was killed in an automobile accident near West Hampton, L. I., Wednesday night. The machine he was driving overturned when a tire burst. He lived only long enough to tell who he was and to request that his wife be notified.