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BRIEF NEWS NOTES WORTH READING

GENERAL SUMMARY OF HAPPENINGS THROUGHOUT THE WORLD.

PUT INTO PARAGRAPH FORM

Everything of Importance That Has Occurred in the Past Week Has a Place in These Classified Items That Can Be Read at a Glance.

Washington

The house at Washington agreed unanimously that the Mulhall charges should be investigated. Representative Sperley, named by Mulhall as one of the persons "easily influenced," denounced Mulhall and declared he had never talked with him and did not know him.

David Lamar, better known on Wall street as "The Wolf," told the senate lobby investigating committee at Washington how he had impersonated public men in telephonic offers to some of the most important figures in the nation's financial circles, of omnipotent influence with the administration at Washington. The intermediary whom he named in those impersonations as the man who could deliver this influence, he said, was Edward Lauterbach, a New York attorney.

Who is to be the thirteenth White House bride was solved when President and Mrs. Wilson announced the engagement of their second daughter, Jessie Woodrow Wilson, to Francis Bowes Sayre of District Attorney Whitman's office in New York city.

The annual session of the National Educational association opened in Salt Lake City with big attendance and a fine list of speakers.

In reply to a demand, following a request from Postmaster General Burleson, Arthur G. Fisk again refused to resign as postmaster of San Francisco. In answering a telegram from Burleson he wired: "I do not recognize the right of any one to remove me except the president of the United States."

Charles R. Heike, former secretary of the sugar trust, who was convicted of complicity in the underweighing frauds and whose sentence of eight months' imprisonment was commuted by President Taft, died at his home in Sea Bright, N. J.

Quiet in the national capital this Fourth of July was broken only by the rattle of street traffic and the cheers of enthusiastic crowds watching baseball score boards at the newspaper offices. There was no roar of the dynamite cracker of former years. Fewer casualties were reported in the United States than ever before as a result of the sane Fourth campaign.

Rates over the Chicago, Rock Island & Pacific and 24 other railroads on bananas from Galveston, Tex., and New Orleans, to Topeka, Kan., were found unreasonable by the interstate commerce commission at Washington.

Domestic

Three persons were killed and several injured in an accident on a roller coaster at Palisades park in New Jersey, across the Hudson river from uptown, New York.

The centennial celebration of Perry's victory in the Battle of Lake Erie began in Erie, Pa.

Governor Futrell announced that Secretary of War Garrison had withdrawn financial support of the federal government from Arkansas National Guard because in a few years about $115,000 worth of federal equipment had been lost through negligence of state officials.

Two woman and a youth, all aged nineteen, drowned in the Mississippi river at La Crosse, Wis., when their skiff was capsized by waves caused by motorboats contesting in the Fourth of July races. Twenty-six persons in different sections of the country were drowned on the Fourth.

The National Conference of Charities and Corrections, in session at Seattle, paid especial attention to the immigration problems that will confront the Pacific coast after the opening of the Panama canal.

Mayor Kiel of St. Louis said that as the kind of "safe and sane" Fourth celebrated there had resulted in many accidents, he would have introduced in the municipal assembly an ordinance prohibiting the sale of fireworks in St. Louis.

The state of Minnesota will collect approximately $15,000 in costs from the Northern Pacific and Great Northern railways as a result of the United States Supreme court decision in the Minnesota rate case.

A robber who entered the First State Bank of Milwaukee, a suburb of Portland, Ore., and forced Cashier A. L. Bolstead to permit him to take $400 in gold, was captured in the woods some miles distant.

Following conferences between representatives of the unions affected and the manufacturers, striking ice employes decided to return to work in Cincinnati, thus ending an ice strike which has lasted three weeks, and has caused much suffering.

Aboard the good ship Diana the members of another arctic expedition sailed from New York down the bay to the north. The expedition has the intention of proceeding to the north pole, but will content itself with the exploration of Crocker Land, sighted by Peary on his trip north in 1906.

Eight workmen on the Yazoo & Mississippi Valley railroad were seriously injured, three fatally, when a southbound freight train collided with the rear end of a work train five miles south of Memphis, Tenn.

Claude Clement, North McGregor, Ia., and Sam Gillespie were instantly killed when an automobile in which they were riding turned over and burned. Maurice Olson of Mason City, Ia., the third occupant of the car, was thrown out of the machine and escaped with minor bruises.

The first action by the recently created Oregon Welfare commission regarding a minimum wage scale for women was taken when the commission, after investigating conditions at a fruit cannery, where a number of girls had struck, fixed a minimum wage of $1 a day for all women workers in the cannery.

A scathing arraignment of Mormonism was indulged in by the committee appointed to investigate Mormonism, in its report to the second world's Christian Citizenship conference, now in session in Portland, Ore.

Foreign

The settlement of the strike among the gold miners in Rand district at Johannesburg, which the government arranged with a committee of strikers on Saturday, has proved ineffective, although comparative order was preserved over night and Sunday.

Semi-official communication says the Servians last 15,000 killed and wounded and the Bulgarians 20,000.

Sir Arthur Edward Vicars of London was awarded $25,000 damages from the London Mail in connection with the disappearance of the crown jewels at Dublin some time ago. In a story the Mail used the name of Sir Arthur in a compromising way.

The battle of Kilkish, which has been in progress for several days, ended in the complete rout of the Bulgarians, who evacuated the town in disorder, abandoning sixty field guns and quick firers. Kilkish is in flames.

Personal

Mrs. Adelphia G. Ward, sixty-nine years old, of Muskegon, Mich., founder of the Ladies of the Modern Maccabees, died in a hospital in Grand Rapids after a long illness.

Mrs. G. A. Kenney, thirty years old, wife of a physician of Limon, Colo., was killed when she lost control of her motor car, which upset while driving near there.

Ernesto Madero, brother of the late President Francisco Madero, Jr., of Mexico, left for Europe on the Olympic with his wife and children from New York. They are to visit relatives in Paris.

Triplets born a few days ago to Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Gunderson of Valley City, N. D., were christened Margaret, Jessie and Eleanor, in honor of President Wilson's three daughters.

A wicked right cross—the same blow which forced Ad Wolgast to foul away the lightweight championship after feeling its sting—proved too great a stumbling block to Joe Rivers in his attempt to wrest the lightweight title from Champion Willie Ritchie in San Francisco.

In an effort to break the record for a trip around the world, John Henry Mears, a theatrical man, sailed from New York.

Samuel Stevens Sands, son of Mrs. William K. Vanderbilt, was killed beneath his own racing car, which turned over while going 70 miles an hour on the South country road on Long Island.

While swimming in the Big Sandy at Pineville, Ky., Rose and Lillie Hackney, young girls, got beyond their depth. Mrs. Jessie Hackney went to their rescue and all three were drowned.

State Senator Smith of West Virginia was convicted of bribery in connection with accepting $2,200 to vote for Col. William Seymour Edwards as a candidate for the United States senate.

Miss Mignon Hopkins, the daughter of a well-to-do Brooklyn attorney, now dead, entered suit in Philadelphia against Gov. William Sulzer of New York for breach of promise. Governor Sulzer says it is a political plot.

Mrs. Charles Beal died from injuries received when a vehicle in which she was riding was struck by a fast passenger train north of Mount Vernon, Ill. A two-year-old son was killed and a four-year-old daughter had an arm cut off. A husband and four children survive.

Engineer Ben Meyers was killed and a number of people injured when the fast Missouri Pacific California express went into the ditch near Berger, Mo., while running 50 miles an hour.

Is Janet Beecher, the beautiful Belasco star, still Janet Beecher, or is she Mrs. Harry Guggenheimer? If she is not a "Mrs." why not, and when is she going to become one? These questions Miss Beecher—or Mrs. Guggenheimer—refused to answer even when her friends in New York besieged her for information.

The marriage license of Lee O'Neil Browne, legislator of Ottawa, La Salle county, Illinois, and Miss Nellie Riordan of Ottawa, was recorded in Chicago.

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, how great a state it 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 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.

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 behind trusted officers 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 the things 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 them, 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 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.

Daredevil Photography.

A naval photographer gets many ducklings, and, after a time, takes them as a matter of course. Being thrown into the sea isn't considered by him at all a serious event. It is during battleship practice that he encounters grave dangers, for much of the work done at this time is from the tops of the fighting masts, which are at an elevation of 120 feet above the sea.

During different practices I have taken my position in these masts in order to get detailed pictures. Once in these basket-like tops, the question is how to stick. The gunfire photographs itself. I suppose you wonder what I mean, but it is just this: Every time the twelve-inch guns flip, the awful concussion they cause invariably gives the snap to the shutter of the camera and the exposure is made—Saint Nicholas.

The first university in the German empire was at Prague, Bohemia, 1348.

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.

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 [illegible] Confederate [illegible] Wheeler's men in gray [illegible] scattered 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 wartime 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., added 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 occured in the confederate section of the camp. A fife and drum corps of men in blue trampled 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 stopped 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.

One of the big events was the "charge" of the survivors of Pickett's division on the "bloody angle."

Under the hot sun the men in gray marched across the field that had not seen anything more warlike than a blacksnake in 50 years, up to the walls that form the angle. The "enemy" in blue was waiting with weapons ready, and when they met across the wall they shook hands. Afterward they looked over the ground for the site of a $250,000 monument they hope to have congress erect there.

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 goin 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 of 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.

Wearing a tattered uniform of gray, Alexander Hunt of Virginia was the central point of interest on the streets of the town. Mr. Hunter was wearing the identical suit and hat which he wore at Gettysburg fifty years ago.

The suit was in rags and has a bullet hole through one of the sleeves. He carried all his accoutrements used at Gettysburg and wore a union belt taken from a foe here. Mr. Hunter was a member of the Black Horse cavalry.

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 Thornes 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.

Gen. "Tom" Stewart of Pennsylvania is telling an amusing story of a "runaway vet" he came across in the big camp. The veteran is eighty-five years old, and his son at home announced that under no circumstances should his aged parent go to Gettysburg. The desire to be here and meet his former comrades was so strong in the heart of the old gentleman that he climbed out of a window of his home and ran away, turning up here in good shape. He is now happy and well cared for.