

TALKS OF PEACE ON FIELD OF WAR

Wilson Tells Gettysburg Heroes Lesson of Conflict.

NATION CANNOT LIE STILL.

War Fitted Us For Action, and Action Never Ceases—The People Now Make Up a Great Army; Our Constitutions Are Their Articles of Enlistment.

Gettysburg Battlefield, July 4.—President Wilson today delivered a memorable speech on this historic spot. The address in full 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 hillside 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



WOODROW WILSON, PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES

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 that 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 freemen! 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 warfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to these 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 passed? Does the nation stand still? Is what the fifty 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 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 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 of extreme 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 means peace.

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, and who rallies them? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work 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 the will to live right 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 do the things they might wish to do and to 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 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 remembrance and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has 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 hands and outstays 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.

Lincoln's Eloquent Gettysburg Speech

Fifty years ago another president of the United States made an address on the battlefield of Gettysburg. President Lincoln, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, to go to the front with seven other priests, who were also detached from the faculty of the young university, for services among the soldiers.

Young Father Corby was immediately assigned to duty as chaplain of the 88th Regiment, New York Infantry, which had just been organized, and which, from its personnel, was known as the Irish Brigade. All through the early part of the war he rendered devoted service to the troops under his care acting as their counsellor, friend, physician, banker, but, above all, as the faithful, untiring priest inspiring the soldiers to duty by his own fine example more than by his spoken exhortations. At the famous battle of Fredericksburg, a half year before Gettysburg, he was with his regiment when it made the famous charge on Marye's Heights, and marched literally in front of the cannon's mouth. Six times the Irish

But in a larger sense we cannot dedicate, we cannot consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom, and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth. ABRAHAM LINCOLN. Nov. 19, 1863.

Helping a Woman

Generally means helping an entire family. Her back aches so she can hardly drag herself. Her nerves are on edge and she is nearly wild. Headache and dizziness, nervousness unfit her for the care of her family. Rheumatic Pains and Lumbago rack her body. But, let her take

Foley Kidney Pills

and all these ailments will disappear. She will soon recover her strength and healthy activity for Foley Kidney Pills are healing, curative, strengthening and tonic, a medicine for all Kidney, Bladder and Urinary Diseases that always cures. F. B. BRILL, Stratford Ave. and Sixth St.

Wants, To Rent, For Sale, &c., 1 cent a word in Farmer Want Column.

OVERCOME BY HEAT, VETS AT GETTYSBURG FOUGHT HARD AGAINST PERIL OF DEATH



VETERAN OVERCOME BY HEAT ON AMBULANCE STRETCHER. PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

FATHER CORBY'S MONUMENT ON GETTYSBURG BATTLEFIELD

One of the most unique statues in this country, or in any other, is on the famous battleground of Gettysburg. It represents a Catholic priest, vested in sacerdotal stole and with uplifted hand, imparting Divine absolution. As an object lesson of religion and patriotism it cannot be surpassed. In no more public way can the close relation between the worship of God and other acts of devotion be better exemplified, while as a specific act of service in the cause of God and America the monument will remain forever to teach its lessons on the spot where a noble priest showed the world the need of religion especially in time of danger.

The incident which the monument commemorates occurred in one of the fiercest battles of our civil war. The Rev. Father William Corby of the Congregation of Holy Cross, had been sent by his superiors at the very beginning of the war to act as chaplain for the Union soldiers. At the outbreak of the conflict he was living the quiet life of a professor in the University of Notre Dame, then just beginning to be known. He had been ordained only a few years when the call to arms came, and though he could ill be spared from his place in his important work in the struggling college, he obeyed with alacrity the order of the great exemplar of American virtue, the venerable founder of Notre Dame, the Very Rev. Edward Sorin, to go to the front with seven other priests, who were also detached from the faculty of the young university, for services among the soldiers.

Young Father Corby was immediately assigned to duty as chaplain of the 88th Regiment, New York Infantry, which had just been organized, and which, from its personnel, was known as the Irish Brigade. All through the early part of the war he rendered devoted service to the troops under his care acting as their counsellor, friend, physician, banker, but, above all, as the faithful, untiring priest inspiring the soldiers to duty by his own fine example more than by his spoken exhortations. At the famous battle of Fredericksburg, a half year before Gettysburg, he was with his regiment when it made the famous charge on Marye's Heights, and marched literally in front of the cannon's mouth. Six times the Irish

hospital corps was kept on the run. This picture shows the United States regulars carrying a veteran who was overcome by the heat to the ambulance. Three old soldiers died under the intense glare of the sun, and

the celebration began on July 1. Many of the vets who were over eighty years old were warned by the hospital surgeons to be careful. Every precaution was taken to keep the number of deaths to a minimum.

ed until 1872 when he was appointed to a pastorate in Wisconsin. He was recalled in 1877 and again placed at the head of Notre Dame. In 1887 he was made provincial of his congregation and served in that capacity up to the time of his death in 1895. The statue is of heroic size, in bronze, and stands on a large boulder on the exact spot where fifty years ago the priest gave the absolution. The statue is located on South Hancock avenue on Gettysburg field. A tablet on the rock bears this inscription: "To the memory of Father William Corby C. S. C., Chaplain 88th Regiment, New York Infantry, 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 2d Corps, The Irish Brigade, July 2, 1863." It is one of the few public monuments to the work of the priesthood in this country, and the only one which represents a priestly act. Standing, as it does, in a great national park, it is significant of the religious sentiment of our day and a fine tribute to the importance of our priests in the great struggle of the Union.

The Very Rev. William Corby C. S. C. was born in Detroit in 1826. His elementary education was received in the schools in his native city. He made his college studies at the University of Notre Dame and on graduation determined to become a priest in the Congregation of the Holy Cross. After his ordination he was appointed instructor in the university and taught for five years when the war broke out. He served through the entire war and when peace was declared he returned to his duties as professor. In August 1866 he was made president of the university and serv-

ALL UNDER ONE TENT AND ONE FLAG AT GETTYSBURG AS GUNS OF ORATORY ROAR



SPEAKER'S STAND IN REUNION TENT AT GETTYSBURG. PHOTO BY AMERICAN PRESS ASSOCIATION.

Thousands of veterans who attended the great reunion at Gettysburg heard many notable speak from the platform in the big assembly tent, just as shown in the picture. President Wilson was scheduled to speak from this stage on the Fourth of July. Gov-

Man of Virginia and Gov. Sulzer of New York were among the others who addressed the old soldiers. The tent seated 5,000, and there was room for thousands of others to stand. Among the old characters who congregated under this reunion tent was William Doust, a survivor of the old Monitor,

the "cheese box on the shingle." The old gentleman posed for his picture, as you see here, with his cane at his shoulder and his hand at salute. The old Monitor fighter looked to young eyes as though he had just stepped out of the latest comic opera.

Whose flag has been unfurled on every field; The first to wave, the very last to yield; The fiercest fighting known in modern story Is where the Green Flag fights beside Old Glory. At "order arms" the whole division stands— Their leader gone, brave Kelley now commands. The cannon, booming, seems, while now they wait, Like demons pounding on the song of fate. Lo! Father Corby stands upon the rock; The gentle shepherd of a soldier flock. A soldier's duty first he bids them heed— Of country countess thousands bleed! A brave man never lets this banner fall: Though life be sweet, he yields it at the call. Each knee is bent and every head is bare, And Hancock sees an army bowed in prayer. What eloquence! beyond the reach of art That thrills of pathos from the father's heart. While sorrow drops her soft, repentant tear, These men the words of absolution hear. Each frequent word is like a white-winged dove That bears to heaven a soldier's trustful love, While silence broods above the kneeling corps. On every side is heard the battle roar: The thundering volley—and the screaming shell. Tear through the woods where men creep up the dell! Death stalks Peach Orchard and the Devil's Den— A battle morgue—is full of slaughter-wounds. That little brook where wounded quench their thirst Is red with blood of those who reached it first! Just there where Vincent, Weed and Haslett die Stands little Round Top smoking to the sky— Huge clouds of incense curling from their crucifixes. For those who die that others may be blest. O'er kneeling men the battle anthem swells From hill and ridge, from field and wooded dell! And ere the priest has fairly said "Amen" With eager shouts they're on their feet again! "Forward!" they cry; "Forward, the Fighting Corps!" They fight as soldiers never fought before! They fight as men who some high purpose bear With heaven's sanction, fortified by prayer. They fight with frenzy and the day is won; But who shall say how much the priest has done? In statted bronze, on that famed rock shall stand The priest, to bid all peoples understand— No cause that's just shall ever lose the day. Whose soldiers, ere they fight, kneel down and pray. Sun rises tomorrow 4:25 a. m. Sun sets today 7:29 p. m. High water 11:50 a. m. Moon sets 9:09 p. m. Low water 6:14 p. m.

THE PRIEST AT GETTYSBURG. (The following poem from the pen of Fred Emerson Brooks was written specially for the dedication exercises of the Corby Monument on the battlefield of Gettysburg. The poet, a non-Catholic, has caught the religious and dramatic success, and the verses have much the same quality that makes "Fickett's Charge," and "Sherman's March to the Sea," by the same author, so popular.) At Gettysburg a thousand banners fly: Afar the eagle flings the battle-cry! A nation holds its breath whilst listen the Fates. Rides in the saddle! Why not arbitrate? They will, with cannon and the musket ball; While those who argue best the contest fall. The black war-vultures' murky wings are spread Above the living and the lonely dead. The fearful onslaught of the second day Has pressed the Third Corps hard; Hancock now calls the four brigades of Zook. Of Cross and Kelley, and the peerless Brook. The cry is heard: "Fall in!" Each holds his place; "Take arms!" No trace of fear on any face, War-tempered veterans are standing there— Those famous Irishmen of General Meagher—

Making Monday a Day of Extra Interest

Many merchants bend their energies in the direction of making Monday one of the busiest days of the week, if not the busiest.

Interest focuses on this day and intensifies because of the special importance and general character of the sales prepared and advertised, either Saturday or Monday.

Monday is one of the big days of the week in the large cities, and the examples set by the metropolitan merchants have been generally followed by the merchants in smaller places.

Aiming to expand business healthfully and briskly, it is customary for the stores to offer items of unusual interest and prices that are attractive.

Readers of The Farmer who follow these Monday sales announcements have learned from pleasant experience that it pays to read the advertisements and attend the sales promptly.

If you have not made it a point of heeding the offerings of merchants on Monday do so. You will profit materially.

AGED MAN DROWNED IN THE HOUSATONIC

Derby, July 3.—George W. Hulme, aged 61, of this city, was drowned in Lake Housatonic, last night, while returning in a motor boat from a picnic. He fell overboard from the stern during a fit of nausea induced, it is believed, by heart trouble and was not missed for several minutes. Later his body was discovered floating face downwards and was taken to shore where every effort was made to revive him but without effect. The medical examiner said death was due to drowning. His widow and two children survive.

Small Stores MADE Profitable. The amount of business done does not always depend on the size of the store. Many small stores properly conducted are doing more business than some of their larger neighbors handling the same line of goods. The amount of business done by a store of a given size depends directly upon the effectiveness of the methods employed to draw trade. One of the most effective methods is the use of good light—plenty of light—electric light. Light up your store with Mazda Lamps and watch your business grow. Our Lamp Man will advise you how to use them as profitably as thousands of others are using them throughout the country. The United Illuminating Co.