



—Associated Press Photo.

CHOW TIME — Walter W. Williams of Franklin, oldest Civil War veteran, gets an assist at chow time from his youngest daughter, Mrs. Beatrice Bilmowic of Houston, at observance of Williams' 113th birthday Sunday.

Oldest Confederate Veteran Marks 113th Birthday Quietly

FRANKLIN, Nov. 14 (AP).—The oldest of the four surviving Civil War veterans, Walter W. Williams, is quietly marking his 113th birthday Monday because he has already done his celebrating.

Sunday the former forage master of Hood's Texas Brigade joined with approximately 75 members of his family in singing "happy birthday" to himself at the family farm home 15 miles southeast of here.

Sunday's birthday dinner may be the last big celebration for Williams who a week ago was

guest of honor at an open house in Houston. Members of the family said the festivities were becoming too much of a strain on Williams and his 84-year-old wife, Ella Mae.

Despite a cold, Williams, an honorary governor, got up at 5 a. m. Sunday and spent the day in his new lightweight rocking chair presented to him at Houston.

He said Sunday he has not changed his formula offered a year ago for a long life.

"Lead a clean, moral life. Get up for breakfast, stay around for dinner, and go to bed with supper," he repeated.

Toward the sole survivor of the Union army, Alfred Woolson, 109, Duluth, Minn., Williams said he feels "no different."

The other two living veterans, both Confederates, are William A. Lundy, 108, Laurel Hill, Fla., and John Salling, 108, Slant, Va.

Mexico Rejects U. S. Proposal on Braceros

MEXICO CITY, Nov. 14 (AP).—A U. S. proposal to simplify the bracero problem by giving workers permanent identification cards legalizing their employment north of the border has been rejected by Mexico.

The plan was suggested as a

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DAY

FORT WORTH STAR-TELE

(CTS)—Chicago Tribune Service • (CDN)—Chicago Daily News
(NANA)—North American Newspaper Alliance

A Fort Worth Owned Newspaper

(INS)—International
(AP)—

NO. 280.

FORT WORTH, TEXAS * * * * * When

West Begins * * * * * MONDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1955



—Associated Press Wirephoto.

A HELPING HAND—Walter Williams, oldest veteran of the Confederate Army, gets some help in cutting a birthday cake. Lending a hand with the knife is a daughter, Mrs. Willie Mae Bowles, while Mrs. Williams looks on. Williams began a week-long celebration of his 113th birthday Sunday.

Likes New Rocking Chair

Oldest Confederate Veteran Begins 113th Birthday Week Celebration

HOUSTON, Nov. 6 (AP).—Walter W. Williams began a week-long celebration of his 113th birthday Sunday breaking in a new rocking chair.

"He's really been rocking up a storm," said Mrs. Jeanette Cleaveland, a close friend. "He loves that new rocking chair."

Williams, oldest of three living veterans of the Confederate army, had open house at the home of one of 12 living children, Mrs. Willie Mae Bowles.

A hundred or more relatives, friends and strangers called to wish the spry, frail veteran a happy birthday.

Williams will be 113 Nov. 14. The annual family celebration is planned Sunday at Williams' farm near Franklin, 75 miles northwest of Houston.

Mrs. Bowles had to shout each time photographers wanted her father to smile. Most of the requests had to be repeated several times before he complied. He did not like the idea of having to stop rocking, however, when the daughter and his second wife, Ella Mae, 84, wanted him to pose with a big birthday cake.

"Someone gave him a rocking chair last year, but it was too heavy," Mrs. Bowles said. "But this one is just right."

Williams' blue eyes still sparkle but he could not see the United States and Confederate flags, the Confederate soldier and artillery piece that were on the cake, a gift from a Houston supermarket. He has been blind over a year.

"He and mother came to Houston last week for their annual physical examinations," Mrs. Bowles said. "The doctor said both are in good condition, considering their age. He said their blood pressure and hearts are good. But best of all, dad is responding to treatment for his eyes. He says he can see bright lights and the movement of his hands now."

Can Hear.

"He wouldn't let us put on his hearing aid this morning," Mrs. Cleaveland said. "I think

it bothers him a bit but he won't admit it. He keeps telling us 'I can hear' all right."

Williams' first wife died and left him with seven children. He married Ella Mae in 1895. They had 12 children.

Williams is confident he will live to be 120. Each year he reminds his family and visitors that his grandfather lived to be 119, and "I'm going to beat that."

He broke into a smile Sunday when asked what he thought about having a week-long birthday celebration this year.

"That's all right," he said.

"Yeah, that's all right."

"You love all the women don't you, Dad?" someone shouted.

Williams replied quickly to that one:

"Why, I love everybody."

Story of Slaying Called Fantastic

SAN ANTONIO, Nov. 6 (AP).—Mrs. Sunny Canales Worden's story of hypnosis, swindling and murderous intent on the part of the husband she admits killing was described by the dead

He then told her to point the .22 pistol at her baby's head. She asked him "what do you want me to do." He replied, in effect, kill your own child. She replied that she couldn't do it.

FORDS WILL OFFER STOCKS TO PUBLIC

NEW YORK, Nov. 6 (NYT).—The Ford Motor Company, the world's largest family owned industrial empire, will put its common stock on public sale for the first time in January.

The way was cleared for the biggest stock offering in financial history by an announcement Sunday that the Ford family would relinquish majority control over the company Henry Ford founded 52 years ago.

Sixty per cent of the voting power will go to holders of the new common stock; 40 per cent will stay with the family. The

initial sale of 6,952,293 Ford shares is expected to bring in \$400,000,000 to \$500,000,000 for the Ford Foundation, which owns 88 per cent of the company's stock.

This would indicate a price of \$60 to \$70 a share, but foundation spokesmen insisted no official figure had yet been set.

Decision Hailed.

After the initial distribution is completed, Ford will join General Motors, Chrysler and 1,100 other corporations whose securities are listed for trading on the New York Stock Exchange. Keith Funston, president of the exchange, hailed the Ford decision to make its stock available to investors as "a landmark in the history of public ownership" of American business.

Ford, with 192,000 employees and assets that totaled more than \$2,000,000,000 a year ago, is operating at a profit rate that exceeds the company's total earnings for all of the 21 years preceding World War II. It expects to produce 2,500,000 automobiles and trucks this year, more than one-quarter of the national total.

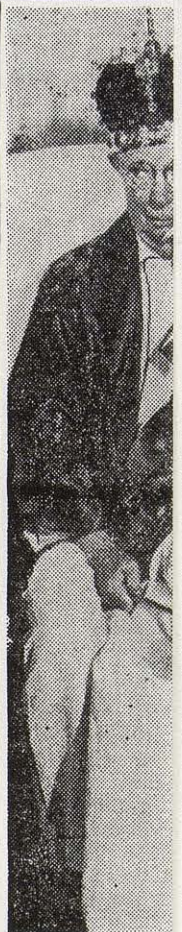
With the sale of voting stock to the public, Ford will have to disclose publicly its net income, one of its most closely guarded secrets. As a family affair, it doesn't have to do this under federal regulations.

The decision to let the public share in the company's ownership and control reversed a policy its founder set when he and 11 associates started the enterprise with an actual cash investment of only \$28,000 in 1903.

Wisdom Questioned.

Sixteen years later, after some of his fellow stockholders questioned the wisdom of his expansion plans, Ford and his son, Edsel bought the others out and full control passed into the hands of the family.

The policy shift in favor of public sale was made by agreement of the Ford heirs and the foundation trustees after more than two years of negotiations. Charles E. Wilson, former president of General Electric, chairman of the foundation's finance committee, and Sidney J. Weinberg, banker and director in a dozen large corporations, were reported principally responsible for persuading the family to let the public share the driver's seat.



—Associated K.

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DENVER, No team of spec President Eisen heart Sunday a Chief Executive cide Monday wh to Washington

The top cons hower's case, I White of Bosto Chicago by pla Sunday. He was ately to Fitzsin pital for extens with physicians

POLITICS P PET ISSUE

Says Party Will
Senate Vote Against
Big Campaign Point.

NGTON, June 5 (AP).—Sen-
lary of Oregon indicated
t Republicans would make
e's vote against restricting
ctivity by relief employes
issue in this year's con-
election campaigns.

Republican leader declared
public majority in the Sen-
a "major mistake" when it
der leadership of Admin-
lieutenants, against writ-
restrictions into the \$3-
lending-spending bill.
Interview McNary added:
Application is clear that a
f these relief funds will
r political purposes, there-
ing those in need of re-
a free exercise of their

Republican voted for that
relief bill providing work
the needy," he continued,
sed many of the other pro-
rich will impose an almost
e debt on the Govern-

Major mistake made by the
was their stubborn oppo-
ch brought about the de-
Hatch and Austin amend-

amendments would have
the injection of politics
penditure of relief funds."
rictions on political activ-
e proposed by Senators
New Mexico and Austin of
Both failed to win ap-
narrow margins. The
posal, which would have
dismissal of any WPA ad-
ve worker who used his
to interfere in elections,
in a single vote of being

attempt to make it a
ffense for relief employes
fluence elections was re-
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it against the Hatch pro-
led by Senator Barkley of
the Democratic leader,
ended it would prevent
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while leaving state em-
e to go out and electioneer
ant to."

ITES TODAY FOR IN L. DARROUZET

STON, June 5 (AP).—The
ohn L. Darrouzet of Gal-
g prominent in state legal
services, who died here
was forwarded to Austin
r services at St. Mary's
ere at 10 a. m. tomorrow.
will be in Mount Calvary
there. Most Rev. C. E.
op of Galveston, who to-
vered the baccalaureate
r University of Texas
will conduct the Austin

IN CAR ACCIDENT

P. Brown, 53, of 1348 East
nue, received a severe
ation and bruises yester-
the automobile in which
ding overturned on the
highway, a mile south of
nits. He was taken to St.
hospital in a Lucas am-

CT SHOTS SELF

S, Cal., June 5 (AP).—
iccone, 46, alias Tony Zic-
h San Francisco, wanted
track slaying, shot him-
fficers sought to arrest
here today, and hospital
said he had but a "slim
live.

One to Attend Reunion, One Can't Make It



Last remnants of the Confed-
eracy, these two were the only
veterans able to attend the af-
ternoon meeting of Robert E. Lee



Camp yesterday. M. J. Bonner
(right), state commander of the
U. C. V., will go to the joint re-
union of North and South at

—Star-Telegram Photo.
Gettysburg June 29-July 6. L.
N. Baugh (left) doesn't feel up
to the journey.

Fort Worth May Send Only 1 Southern Vet to Reunion

Failing health may hamper the
good intentions of Confederate vet-
erans who want to attend the joint
reunion of Northern and Southern
soldiers at Gettysburg, June 29-
July 6.

Only two veterans were at the
Sunday afternoon meeting of Robert
E. Lee Camp yesterday, and one of
them doesn't feel up to the Gettys-
burg journey. M. J. Bonner, state
commander of UCV, still intends
to go. But, L. N. Baugh, 91, young-
est member of the camp, doesn't
think he can make it.

Henry Lipscomb of Grapevine was
reported ill, and Tom Montgomery
is in Floydada. That left J. J.
Stoker of Weatherford, 96, but still
hearty, as a likely companion for
Bonner on the journey to Gettys-
burg.

The Gettysburg reunion came in
for much discussion at the meet-
ing yesterday. B. Y. Cummings,
principal speaker, said "I'm glad
some of you are going to make
the trip. It does not involve any
abandonment of principle whatso-
ever, but simply a recognition of
the passage of time, which has
brought about many changes."

The late C. C. Cummings who was
a cousin of the speaker's father and
served for years as Texas historian
for the UCV, fought at Gettysburg
—and lost an arm there.

He went back 25 years ago when
there was another small and rela-
tively uneventful joint reunion on
the battlefield.

Elderly daughters of the Confed-
eracy recalled the report he brought
back.

"It was like visiting my own
graveyard."

Times have changed even in 25
years, as the younger Cummings
pointed out yesterday, so the reu-
nion needn't be so somber now.

"I can not honestly say," he said,
"that I'm sorry the outcome of
the war was what it was. There is

a providence which looks after the
destinies of men and nations. I'm
glad they've changed the uniform
from blue to khaki, so that we all
can wear it and do honor to a
single flag."

Spanish-American War veterans
were having a state reunion here
yesterday and some of them who
also were Sons of the Confederacy
wandered up to the Courthouse for
the Confederates' gathering. One was
lanky, picturesque Bill Smart of
Dallas.

Admits Spanking Child Found Dead

NEW YORK, June 5 (AP).—Ray-
mond Swinscoe, 39, a Staten Island
WPA worker, was held without bail
tonight on a homicide charge after
confessing he spanked his 4-year-
old daughter, Dolores, shortly before
she was found dead in her crib.

Richmond County officials said
Swinscoe signed a statement saying
he struck the child and drenched
her in the kitchen sink.

Swinscoe was arrested today when
he returned to his home after near-
ly two days during which police
searched for him. His wife, Nina,
was held in \$10,000 bail as a ma-
terial witness for a hearing Tuesday.

The bruised, wet body of the
child, one of four children, was
found Friday night in a shack oc-
cupied by the Swinscoes. Kane as-
serted that Swinscoe said the child
fell from the stairs, and, when he
spanked her for crying, she be-
came ill.

ROPER URGES WORLD TALKS ON ECONOMICS

ANNUAL SCHOOL REUNION HELD

Special to The Star-Telegram.

SPRINGTOWN, June 5. — Faith
and courage of the pioneer settlers
of Parker County was praised to-
day by Congressman Lanham of Fort
Worth, speaking at the annual re-
union of former students of Fron-
barger and McCracken Academies.
The schools were established here
in the eighties and operated for
about 10 years.

At the end of a day of addresses,
a religious service and a basket
picnic in the new tabernacle in Me-
morial Park these officers were
elected: President, James Spurlock,
Norman, Okla.; vice president, J. D.
Hutcheson of Denton; secretary,
Mrs. Maud Sneed of Fort Worth.

Among the 600 present was Willis
Cook of Thomas, Okla., attending
his first reunion in 40 years.

Speakers included R. B. Hood of
Weatherford, Dr. Joe H. McCracken
of Mineral Wells, brother of the
founder of the school which bore
his name; and Charles Littleton of
Gainesville.

Each was presented by Ben Keel-
ing of Springtown, who gave the
address of welcome.

Ben F. Gafford of Sherman, slated
to speak, was unable to appear on
account of illness in his family.

FUNERAL SET TODAY FOR SHOOTING VICTIM

Funeral services for J. D. Rider,
30, of Briar, shot to death Satur-
day near the Ten-Mile Bridge, will
be conducted at 10 a. m. today at
Ash Creek Baptist Church. Burial

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DR. CALDWELL IN REPLY TO ONE OF CRITICS

**Fort Worth Preacher Writes
to San Antonio Regarding
His Sermon About Sunday
Observance**

When Rev. J. H. Caldwell of this city preached his sensational sermon regarding the meeting of the Confederate camp on Sunday, the matter was taken up by Albert Sydney Johnston camp at San Antonio, and that organization instructed W. W. Sloan to write Dr. Caldwell and take issue with his publicly expressed opinion. Dr. Caldwell has replied. The reply is dated May 5.

"No, sir," he says, after a gentlemanly introduction of his subject. "My sermon was not preached hastily, nor without knowing fully the facts in the case. For more than fifteen months I had been reading the reports of the meetings of the camp of this city in the Monday morning papers, and it was to this camp I made reference. Their meetings are of an entirely secular nature. They occasionally refer to charity, but almost every subject discussed is secular. Of course, my appeal was made to Christian Confederates—those who believe in a Bible Sabbath. Now suppose your organization had no other purpose in view but charity and benevolence; do you as a Christian man think it would justify a Sabbath meeting unless you met in the name of Christ and administered your charity in His name?"

"But do you thus conduct your meetings? It seems to me there is no justification in the camp's meeting, or Sunday baseball. This is because of the age, dignity and character of the veterans. Many of the leading church members are active in these meetings, and if men like this desecrate the Sabbath, it is more harmful to the sacredness of the day than saloons and baseball, which make no pretense to honor God.

"In language and spirit my appeal was earnest and kind. I expect to continue to make the appeal to Christian veterans to help and not hinder the ministry in their efforts to secure a Bible Sabbath. I believe, sir, you will on reflection realize that you old men ought to have your meetings on some other day than the Holy Sabbath. As your camp asked you to write me, tell them that I make an appeal in the name of our blessed Master to keep the Sabbath holy. You speak of opening and closing your meetings with prayer. Political conventions often do the same, but that would not justify them in meeting on Sunday. I am glad to have had this chance of writing you on this subject. With kindest regards to you and your camp, I am your brother, J. W. CALDWELL."

— J. W. CALDWELL —

'Boys in Blue and Gray' Argue Over Gettysburg

William H. Jackson (left), 94, "Boy in Blue," and Maj. Robert W. Wilson, 96, of the Army of the Confederacy, were 5,000 feet over the Gettysburg bat-

tlefield Monday when they fell to arguing over the merits of the Civil War, and it appears that the Union soldier is doing the listening. The pair, with

two other veterans, made the flight over the battlefield in observance of Memorial Day.

—Associated Press Photo.

**Gettysburg Urn
Is Ready to Send
Out 'Eternal Light'**

GETTYSBURG, Pa., May 31 (AP).—A memorial from whose bronze urn will rise a perpetual flame in memory of the soldiers who fell on this most famous battlefield of the Civil War was completed Tuesday.

The \$60,000 structure, known as the "Eternal Light" Peace Memorial, will be dedicated by President Roosevelt July 3 at ceremonies climaxing the national observance of the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle.

At that time and in the presence of survivors of the Blue and Gray armies, the flame atop the memorial will be lighted for the first time.

Engineers estimate it will cost \$1,000 a year to keep the flame "forever" casting light over the hallowed ground and the thousands of markers and monuments that dot the battlefield cemetery.

As workmen laid the last foot of a pipe line that will bring from the rich fields of Western Pennsylvania natural gas to feed the flame, roads leading to the memorial were closed to the public to preserve the site of the celebration.

Near by, on the flower-covered plains below Gettysburg, a virtual city of tents is rising to house the veterans who will gather here next month to pay tribute to their comrades and one-time foes.

**SENATE GROUP OKAYS
BILL TO DRAFT MONEY**

WASHINGTON, May 31 (AP).—A bill to give the Government virtually unlimited credit at 1 per cent interest in time of war has won the approval of the Senate Military Affairs Committee.

The measure, by Senator Lee of Oklahoma, provides that when men are drafted the Government also may require persons having \$1,000 or more to buy 50-year bonds under a schedule ranging from 5 per cent of net wealth to 75 per cent of fortunes above \$100,000,000.

The committee recommended the bill Monday in a report declaring that drafting money along with men "is the surest way to prevent this country from being drawn into a future war."

Objections from the War, Navy and Treasury Departments are expected to prevent action at this session.

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CHARGE
ACCOUNT

COX'S
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RESOLUTION LEFT OUT.

Omitted from Proceedings of Confederate Reunion Recently Held.

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

Fort Worth, Tex., Feb. 9.—Adj. Gen. George Jackson of the Texas Division, U. C. V., gave The News correspondent the subjoined resolution today and said: "This was unfortunately omitted in the printed minutes of the fifteenth annual reunion held in Dallas Oct. 25-26, 1906, and being deemed of great importance by the United Confederate Veterans of the Texas Division, will you kindly have the resolution given space in your valuable paper of tomorrow?"

The resolution follows:
"Resolution by George T. Todd, Adjutant General Dick Taylor Camp, No. 1265, which was unanimously adopted:
"Resolved, That the Governor of Texas be requested to send in a proper manner, in charge of division headquarters of Texas, all the old flags recently returned by the United States Government to Austin, so that the same may be present and exhibited at our next annual reunion at Bowie, Tex."

"These old banners are among the most famous of all the Confederate flags borne in battle during the great war."

SPONSOR, MAID AND MATRON.

Gen. Van Zandt of Texas Division Makes Appointment Known.

SPECIAL TO THE NEWS.

Fort Worth, Tex., March 9.—Major General K. M. Van Zandt, commanding the Texas division of the United Confederate Veterans, announces the appointment of a sponsor, a maid of honor and a matron of honor for the 17th annual reunion at Richmond, May 30 to June 3, 1907. In this connection the following order was issued today:

Fort Worth, Tex., March 9.—Special Order No. 21: The Major General commanding takes pleasure in publishing the following appointments for the seventeenth annual reunion at Richmond, Va., May 30-31 and June 1, 2, 3, 1907: Miss Decca Lamar West, Sponsor, Waco, Tex.; Miss Vera Higginson, maid of honor, Waco, Tex. Mrs. J. B. Dibrell, matron of honor, Seguin, Tex. And that the above appointees are entitled to and shall receive all honor, respect and courtesy due such positions from the chivalry of Confederate soldiers. By order of
K. M. VAN ZANDT,
Major General Commanding Texas Division
United Confederate Veterans.
GEORGE JACKSON,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

VETERAN, 87, OVERCOME BY HEAT DURING CAMP

CAMP DOUGLAS Wis., July 17.—

Gen. Charles King, 87, veteran of the Wisconsin National Guard, whose military career dates back to the Civil War and Indian fights under General Custer, was overcome in his quarters Thursday when the mercury touched 106 degrees. He was revived although his condition is serious.

He has missed only one camp in 50 years.

1932

Legislation Poetry.

Austin, March 4.—(Special).—The following is an old song revised and brought up to date, "Then, My Darling, I'll Come Back to Thee," by Mr. Hamilton of Hunt, which has caused much amusement in the house:

Of late I've been driven near crazy
All on account of my wife,
Because she ran off with a "sheeney,"
Which will cause me to mourn all my life.
I've written a million of letters,
Asking her to forgive and forget;
But no matter whatever I write her,
These are some of the answers I get:

Just wait till the Salvation Army
Quits praying on the streets every day;
Just wait till Attorney General Davidson
Drives the Standard Oil from Texas to stay;
Just wait till Hearst is elected,
And Bryan goes out on a spree,
And the Japanese will rule this great nation,
Then my Darling, I'll come back to Thee.

Just wait till the university students
Refuse a big schooner of beer;
Just wait till the Thirtieth legislature
Will give up their passes so dear;
Just wait till Roosevelt quits the "strenuous life,"
And reinstates the colored troops in Company C,
And makes up with Tillman and Foraker,
Then my Darling, I'll come back to Thee.

When chewing gum goes out of fashion
And cabmen will charge the right fare,
And when Duncan and Cocke and the others
Have decided to treat Bailey fair,
When all the old maids have sweet hearts,
And the married folks all agree,
And when Cockrell and Crane fully recover,
Then my Darling, I'll come back to Thee.

When Bailey quits abusing his enemies,
And Hearst's papers tell the truth once in awhile;
When Bill McDonald turns Republican,
And roller skates go out of style;
When the state pays Cocke's expenses,
And gives him a pleasure trip free,
And when Gaines is re-elected from Comanche,
Then my Darling, I'll come back to Thee.

SPONSOR AND MAIDS SONS OF VETERANS

Fort Worth Sons of Confederate Veterans have received the following circular of appointments from Commander Hilliard:

Headquarters Texas Division United Sons of Confederate Veterans, Tyler, April 16, 1907.—General Order No. 7—To the United Sons of Confederate Veterans—Comrades: Following the beautiful custom of my predecessors and knowing what an inspiration it is to both the old and the young at the reunion to be honored by the fair and lovely daughters of the South, the division commander takes pleasure in announcing the following appointments on behalf of the Texas division:

Sponsor—Miss Nora Lee DeLay of Tyler.
Maid of Honor—Miss Winnie Tisdal of Greenville.
Maid of Honor—Miss Eleanor McHenry of Dallas.
Chaperon—Mrs. C. B. Jones of Greenville.
Their wishes will be honored and respected in accordance with the positions they occupy.

J. S. HILLIARD,
Commander Texas Division.
Official: C. O. GRIGGS,
Division Adjutant.

THE OLD VETS, TOO

EXTENDED BOTH INVITATION
AND WELCOME

TO GRAND LODGE TO COME

Will Receive Masonic Headquarters
With Open Arms—Tributes Paid to
Memory of Departed Comrades—New
Committeeman.

Resolved, That it is the sense of R. E. Lee Camp No. 158, U. C. V., that Fort Worth is the proper place for the Grand Lodge of the Free and Accepted Masons to have its permanent home, and should the same be located here we, as a camp, will offer no objections but earnestly advocate that grand body locate here and will bid its members a hearty and affectionate welcome.

GEO. JACKSON.

The above resolution embodying at once an invitation and a warm welcome, was unanimously adopted by the Confederate Veterans yesterday afternoon, as expressing the feeling of the camp towards the hoped-for location of the grand lodge at Fort Worth, and as further evidence that Fort Worth's citizens and organizations will receive it with pleasure as a member of its great and growing family.

Under the head of mortuary matters the recent death of Comrade E. G. Bower, of Dallas and of Comrade J. P. Douglass of Tyler were mentioned and touching tributes were paid to their memory by old comrades who had known and loved them. Comrades J. C. Terrell, C. C. Cummings, George Jackson, Commander E. W. Taylor, and others recalled incidents of their friendship and attested to their high character as soldiers, comrades and friends.

The death of Comrade Abe J. Wilson was also announced and a committee,

composed of Comrades Cummings, Terrell and J. C. Adams, was appointed to prepare suitable resolutions expressing the sorrow of the camp.

Colonel Duke Goodman stated that he would soon leave for Los Angeles, Cal., to remain during the winter for the benefit of his health, whereupon a resolution was offered and adopted wishing that his desires might be fulfilled and commending him to the good offices of the Los Angeles camp of Confederate Veterans, a copy of which will be forwarded to the camp in due form.

Comrade L. C. Vaughan was selected as a member of the executive committee, to fill the unexpired term of I. J. Mayfield, who will be absent from the city for several months.

Commander Taylor introduced a visiting comrade, Mr. Felix Zollicoffer Gaither, and in doing so took occasion to tell the comrades of his many good characteristics. Comrade Gaither responded briefly, and was given the glad hand of welcome.

A resolution was adopted conveying the heart-felt thanks of the organization to Drs. Adams, Walker and Van Zandt for faithful care and treatment of some of the members of the camp, which was done without charge and for their esteem and regard for the camp and its membership.

One new comrade was admitted to membership: H. S. Williams, Company C, Twenty-ninth Mississippi regiment, Walthall's brigade, Walthall's division, Polk's corps, Army of Tennessee.

The following names were added to the honorary roll: Miss Henrietta Hendricks, and Mrs. Jesse V. McKinley.

The session was well attended and on occasions was a sort of love feast which was enjoyed by all. Commander Taylor presided, and Adjutants McConnell and McNeeley were at their posts. The meeting was opened and closed with prayer by Chaplain Sellers and the usual routine business was disposed of in the accustomed orderly manner.

SMALL ATTENDANCE AT LEE CAMP MEET

ONLY A FEW VETERANS WERE
PRESENT AT THE REGULAR
MEETING YESTERDAY.

CONSTITUTION CHANGED

Hereafter All Applicants for Membership Must Have Been Honorably Discharged From Service.

Considering the fact that Sunday was a beautiful day and one which should have brought out many Veterans, the attendance at the meeting of R. E. Lee camp, No. 158, U. C. V., was not very large.

The meeting was opened with a prayer by Rev. D. A. Knox of North Fort Worth, after which the minutes of the previous meeting were read and adopted.

Applications of H. D. Lipscomb, a private in company H, Eighth Texas regiment, Donaldson's brigade, and J. P. Lipscomb, a private in company D, Seventh Texas regiment, Grigg's brigade, for membership to the camp were received. The reports of the membership committee were received and both were admitted as members.

H. L. Abston reported that the amount of \$5 has been raised for the fund to be applied toward providing a suitable testimonial to Mrs. S. E. Gabbett, custodian of the Cross of Honor.

The following amendments to the constitution, as introduced by Dr. George Jackson, were adopted:

"That section 4, article 11, of the bylaws are hereby repealed and shall hereafter read as follows:

"Section 4. Whenever a Confederate soldier or sailor makes application to join the camp he shall be furnished by the adjutant with a descriptive list blank, which the applicant shall fill out and return to the adjutant, who shall read the same to the camp and then turn the same over to a committee herein provided for.

"There shall be a committee of three appointed by the commander, to serve for one year, or until their successors are appointed, whose duties shall be to make a thorough investigation into the record of the applicant as a Confederate soldier or sailor and to report their findings, together with all correspondence, if any, to the adjutant, who shall read the same to the camp for their approval or disapproval.

"All persons who served in the army or navy of the Confederate states and can furnish satisfactory proof of honorable service and honorable discharge or release therefrom are eligible to membership in this camp."

Duke Goodman, H. C. Cantrell and W. T. Shaw were appointed by the chair as a committee on membership.

Chaplain J. I. Wright offered the following resolutions which were referred to the resolution committee, a report to be made at the next meeting of the camp:

"Whereas, this camp, at its last meeting, indorsed the catechism for children written and prepared by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, the same having been indorsed by the Daughters of the Confederacy at their recent state meeting at Waxahachie; and

"Whereas, we still think there are some errors or omissions in this catechism that should be corrected; therefore, it is

"Resolved, That we appoint a committee of three—our historian to be one of this committee—to confer with Mrs. Stone in reference to such corrections and omissions as should be made, in order that every fact of history be correctly taught our children."

Dr. A. P. Brown, Captain B. B. Paddock and J. C. Richardson were appointed as a committee to arrange for Christmas presents to children of indigent members of the camp.

Colonel W. L. McGaughey of Tolar was a visitor at the meeting and made a short and much appreciated talk, which was followed by a splendid talk by Rev. D. A. Knox of North Fort Worth, formerly of Houston, a Cumberland Presbyterian minister.

Judge Charles T. Rowland and Dick Bratton presented the camp with some books and magazines, which were received with a vote of thanks.

On the suggestion of H. L. Abston, a committee of three was appointed to raise funds to be applied toward purchasing a Christmas present for Mrs. F. L. Jordan, president of the Daughters of the Confederacy.

The meeting then adjourned.

party. Age 12.

THE DYING COWBOY.

"O bury me not on the lone prairie."
These words came slow and mournfully
From the pallid lips of a youth, who lay
On his cold, damp bed at the close of
day.

Chorus—

"O bury me not on the lone prairie,
Where the wild coyote will howl o'er me.
Where the cold wind sweeps and the
grasses wave;
No sunshine rests on a prairie grave."

He has wasted and pined till o'er his
brow
Death's shades are slowly gathering
now;
He thought of his home, with his loved
ones nigh.
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.

Again he listened to well known words,
To the wind's soft sigh and the song of
birds;
He thought of his home and his native
bowers,
Where he loved to roam in his childhood
hours.

"I've ever wished that when I died
My grave might be on the old hillside,
Let there the place of my last rest be—
O bury me not on the lone prairie!"

"O'er my slumbers a mother's prayer
And a sister's tears will be mingled
there,
For 'tis sad to know that the heart-
throb's o'er,
And that its fountain will gush no more.

"In my dreams I saw"—but his voice
faded there;
And they gave no heed to his dying
prayer.
In a narrow grave, six feet by three,
They buried him there on the lone
prairie.

May the light-winged butterfly pause to
rest
O'er him who sleeps on the prairie's
crest;
May the Texas rose in the breezes wave
O'er him who sleeps in a prairie grave.

And the cowboys now, as they roam the
plain
(For they marked the spot where his
bones have lain),
Fling a handful of roses over his grave,
With a prayer to Him who his soul will
save.

WILLIAM Decker. T.

Shiloh, Texas.

BATTLE OF SHILOH HILL.

Come, all we vallant soldiers, a story I
will tell;
'Tis of a noted battle you all rememberso
well;
It was an awful strife and 'twill causevill
your blood to chill,
It was the famous battle that was
fought on Shiloh Hill.

It was the sixth of April, just at the
break of day,
The drums and fifes were playing for
us to march away;
The feelings of that hour I do remem-
ber still,
When first our feet were tralling the
top of Shiloh Hill.

About the hour of sunrise the battle be-
gan,
And before the day had ended we fought
them hand to hand.
The horrors of the field did my heart
with anguish fill,
For the wounded and the dying that lay
on Shiloh Hill.

There were men of every nation slain
on those bloody plains;
Fathers, sons and brothers were num-
bered with the slain,
That has caused so many homes with
deep mourning to be filled,
All from the bloody battle that was
fought on Shiloh Hill.

The wounded men were crying for help
from everywhere,
While others who were dying were
off'ring God their prayer—
"Protect my wife and children, if it is
thy holy will"—
Such were the prayers I heard that night
on the famous Shiloh Hill.

And early the next morning we were
called to arms again,
Unmindful of the wounded, unmindful of
the slain,
The struggle was renewed and ten thou-
sand men were killed;
This was the second conflict of the fa-
mous Shiloh Hill.

About the hour of sunset the battle
ceased to roar,
And thousands of brave soldiers had
fallen to rise no more.
They've left their vacant ranks for some
other ones to fill,
And now their moldering bodies all lie
on Shiloh Hill.

And now my song is ended about those
bloody plains,
And I hope the sight by mortal men may
ne'er be seen again,
But I pray to God, the Savior, if con-
sistent with they will,
To save the souls of all who lie on
bloody Shiloh Hill.

(R)

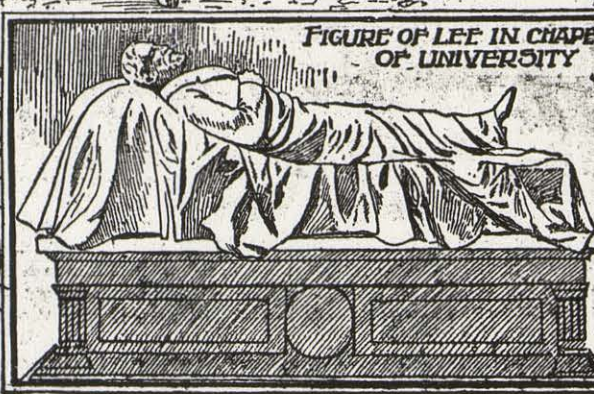
THE CENTENARY OF A FAMOUS AMERICAN

ONE HUNDREDTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE BIRTH OF ROBERT E. LEE, ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING FIGURES OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

LEE'S STUDY AT LEXINGTON



FIGURE OF LEE IN CHAPEL OF UNIVERSITY



GENERAL ROBERT E. LEE

JUST a century ago there was born a Virginian who was of the stuff of which heroes are made. It was bred in the bone. The newcomer in the little town of Stratford on that midwinter morning of Jan. 19 was the son of the Lighthouse Harry Lee who was so conspicuous during the war of the Revolution, the intimate personal friend of Washington, the man selected by the congress to prepare the great first president's eulogy.

The youngster's birthright entailed a mighty life work. It was a serious matter to inherit the name and the accompanying responsibility of sustaining the reputation of the man who wrote "First in war, first in peace and first in the hearts of his countrymen." That father, too, was a man of affairs both in the Virginia commonwealth and in the newly formed union of states. He had been governor of his state three terms, and at the close of the war had been sent to congress.

Lighthouse Harry was also a man of culture. Before he was nineteen years of age he had distinguished himself at Princeton, and he was about to go to England to qualify himself for the practice of the law when the colonies assumed the aggressive. He at

once abandoned his intention and raised a company of cavalry and sped away to the assistance of Washington. He was a born fighter, and the body of troops known as "Lee's legion" was a maker of history from the start. So it happened that Robert Edward Lee was born with the burden of much to be accomplished. The child who was born in the room in which two signers of the Declaration of Independence had first seen the light was predestined to the duty of keeping alive the family tradition and of adding fresh glory to it. From early colonial times the Lees had been more closely interwoven with the political and social history of Virginia than any family save that of Washington.

To play his part successfully the newcomer must become a patriot, a soldier and a scholar. Long before the breaking out of the civil war Robert E. Lee had more than fulfilled these requirements. Even without the crowning prestige as a leader of men that came to him as a result of those memorable four years he would have stood in history as a worthy representative of the Virginia Lees.

He had been a soldier of the most ideal type. That there had been no error of judgment in the matter of his

education was soon made manifest at West Point, to which he was accredited as a cadet when he was eighteen. During the four years spent in that institution he showed such a marked fitness for the profession that those in authority predicted a brilliant career for him. At the close of his course his record at the academy was acknowledged by the rigid disciplinarian at its head to be ideal. He had never received a demerit mark, and his scholarship was far in excess of the requirements.

On the day of his graduation the young second lieutenant was declared by his instructors to be the fittest young military engineer in the country. There was need of such ability, and he was assigned at once to the task of strengthening American sea-coast defenses. At this important business he was kept steadily employed for several years and abundant evidence of his fitness for the duty is still apparent in some of the older coast defenses.

It was especially in his traditional intimacy with the Washingtons that the young soldier showed his wife the heiress of Parke Custis of Arlington. At the time it was a legal match for Lieutenant Lee, whose fortune was in his ability and historic name, was heiress to two great estates—Arlington on the opposite bank of the Potomac and the city of Washington. This latter estate was the marriage of General Washington and the grandmothers of the nation.

It was in Mexico, however, that Lee won his first supreme military engineering and a brilliant soldier. At an early campaign General Scott pressed by the ability of

any with the Lee family. This promise to choose for Washington, grand-daughter of Parke Custis of Arlington, was a brilliant match for Lieutenant Lee, whose fortune was in his ability and historic name, was heiress to two great estates—Arlington on the opposite bank of the Potomac and the city of Washington. This latter estate was the marriage of General Washington and the grandmothers of the nation.

sonal staff. Scott has been accused of being slow to discover merit in others, but he was never reluctant to speak in the most complimentary terms of the capacity of General Lee. The veteran commander declared on numerous occasions after the close of the war that without the assistance of the resourceful Virginian he could not have made such short work of the Mexican problem. In his official report after Chapultepec General Scott spoke of Lee in terms of the highest appreciation, "an officer," he declared, "as distinguished for felicitous execution as for science and daring." That Lee's talents were recognized keenly by the old warrior is evident from the fact that he seldom sent a dispatch in which his favorite's name was not mentioned. More than that, he more than once asserted publicly that his success in Mexico was due largely to the skill, valor and undaunted energy of Robert E. Lee. It is worthy of notice also that General Scott never changed his opinion. Almost at the close of his own phenomenal career he was wont to affirm that Lee was the greatest military genius in America.

Lee came home from Mexico crowned with honors, covered by brevets and recognized by all as one of the country's ablest soldiers. His fame as an engineer had become international. He received several invitations from abroad to enter the service of other governments. One was from the Cuban junta to become the leader of the revolutionary effort in that island. Although he was subjected to every temptation that a less scrupulous man

could desire, he was too loyal to American interests to accept any post that would conflict with his duties as an American soldier.

In 1852 Lee, now colonel, was appointed superintendent of the academy at West Point. This was an evidence of appreciation which was especially grateful to the colonel of engineers. It was a tribute to his thoroughness as a soldier and an assurance that his methods had attracted the attention of the war department. It was also an excellent thing for the school. He went to work to improve the morale of the cadet body, and he brought the institution to a higher proficiency than it had ever known.

To a man of Lee's scholarly attainments there could have been nothing more congenial than this transfer to West Point. He was ever a student, and the semi-literary atmosphere of the military school was more to his taste than was that of the camp. But fate had decreed that he should serve an apprenticeship at still another phase of military life. After three years of service at West Point he was put in command of the Second regiment of cavalry and ordered to the Texas frontier, where the Comanches and their allies were exceedingly troublesome.

Here Lee remained, doing splendid service, until the outbreak of the civil war. In 1861 his wife's father died at Arlington, and the Lees came into full possession of the great estates. It was believed that the colonel would retire from the army on account of the new responsibility arising from proprietorship, but he showed no disposition to

MAIN BUILDING OF WASHINGTON AND LEE UNIVERSITY



ARLINGTON AS IT WAS BEFORE THE WAR

do so. After a short visit to Arlington he rejoined his regiment in Texas and was soon appointed to the command of the department. He was on a business visit to Arlington at the time of the Harpers Ferry affair, and in the absence of General Scott he was asked by the secretary of war to proceed to the scene of the uprising and restore order. Having suppressed the insurrection as directed from Washington, he delivered the captured insurgents to the civil authorities and returned to Arlington.

The story of the succeeding years is still fresh in the memories of the survivors of those cruel days, and their children may hear it from the mouths of many witnesses. There ever will be as many versions of the old story as the widely differing judgments of the narrators inspire. Time and the gentle mediation of charity have accomplished wonders toward reconciling the differences in the narrative. And there has never at any time or in any quarter been manifested the slightest disposition to doubt the perfect sincerity of purpose of Robert E. Lee.

In June, 1865, within two months after General Lee bowed to the inevitable at Appomattox, he was called to the presidency of Washington college, at Lexington, in his beloved state. The fortunes of war had robbed him of his means of subsistence, and he must begin again de novo. Those for whom he had sacrificed all were eager to do him honor, and their esteem and affection were about all that he would accept. For he was very proud and true, this Virginian soldier, and he would accept no gift beyond the opportunity to earn his bread.

So they made him president of the old college at Lexington. The almost moribund old seat of learning entered at once on a new and unprecedented era of prosperity. The youth of the regenerated commonwealth flocked in until the capacity of the existing buildings was exhausted. Then the endowment was increased by munificent gifts from all parts of the restored Union and additional accommodations were planned. The soldier president introduced a new elective system of university instruction and instituted many reforms which are now followed by other schools. The prospects of old Washington were indeed rosy.

Then, in 1870, General Lee died, and the college became Washington and Lee university.

GEORGE H. PICARD.



Division.	Number chartered last report.	Dropper for non- payment of dues.	Added during year 1906-07.	Net on Roster.
Texas	320	72	3	251
Georgia	149	44	7	112
South Carolina...	142	47	2	97
Mississippi	103	13	...	90
Alabama	127	45	4	86
Arkansas	101	26	3	78
Tennessee	90	18	...	72
North Carolina...	83	17	3	69
Virginia	68	14	3	57
Kentucky	77	10	...	67
Louisiana	70	9	...	61
Missouri	80	32	...	48
Florida	50	8	2	44
Indian Territory..	47	11	...	36
Oklahoma	29	9	2	22
West Virginia...	25	7	1	19
Northwest	15	15
Pacific	16	2	...	14
Maryland	13	5	...	8
District Columbia	2	2
Massachusetts...	1	1
Total	1,608	390	41	1,259
Added 1906-07....	41
Total charters issued	1,649
Financial Summary.				
The collection from the camps, now greatly reduced in number, with membership depleted by death, are far in excess of any former year. This showing is as remarkable as it is gratifying. The officers, too, have displayed a keener interest in the association, not only in the matter of settling promptly and cheerfully their dues, but in calling for commissions, more of these having been issued during the past twelve months than for a very long period. A fair idea of the financial condition of the order will be seen from the following summary of receipts and disbursements for the twelve months ending Dec. 31, 1906:				
RECEIPTS.				
Officers' dues.....	\$1,356.50			
Camp dues	4,736.35			
Commissions	42.00			
Donations	322.95			
Total	\$6,458.70			
EXPENDITURES.				
Salaries (including amounts paid for extra help at and immediately preceding the reunion)	\$3,120.00			
Printing	1,418.50			
Postage	375.22			
Rent	660.00			
Miscellaneous	279.11			
Total	\$5,853.13			
When it is recalled that for many years the annual deficit gradually grew from year to year, and that at the present moment there is not only no deficit, and no debts owed by the order, but ample funds on hand to meet all demands; when it is noted the keen interest manifested by officers and men alike in the good of the order, you, sir, should feel proud at the love and devotion of your comrades, and the approval of your course as commander-in-chief, which this condition of affairs reveals. Such confidence and veneration come into the lives of few.				
During the past year the hand of death has led away our beloved Varina Jefferson Davis, wife of our only President; and Colonel Samuel Spencer of your staff. All of which is respectfully submitted.				
WM. B. MICKLE, Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.				

CONFEDERATE VETERANS.

Report of Adjutant General Showing Conditions of Order.
To the Editor of The Record.

Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, July 25, 1907.—I hand you herewith a copy of the report made by me to the commanding general during the recent reunion in the city of Richmond.

This report presents in condensed form a summary of matters connected with my office for the past year, and has an interest not for the Confederate Veterans alone, but for the public at large as well. Inasmuch as it will not take up more than three-quarters of a column of your space, I beg that you will print in extenso in your paper at such time as will suit your convenience.

WM. B. MICKLE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

The Report.

New Orleans, May 23, 1907.—Headquarters United Confederate Veterans. General Stephen D. Lee, General Commanding, United Confederate Veterans, Columbus, Miss.:

General: In presenting my report for the year ending Dec. 31, 1906, I expressed the pleasure I felt in chronicling the best state of affairs that had ever been noted in the history of our federation. I felt convinced that no future showing would be so satisfactory, for the reason that the rapidly diminishing sources from which the revenue of the order is drawn must necessarily produce reduced income. I am able, however, to state that the present report covering the year 1906 as far surpasses 1905, as that year had all others.

Of 412 camps which had contributed nothing toward the support of the order for many years; and I suggested that action be taken, looking to the dropping of them from the roster. The convention realized the injustice of carrying as a part of the order a lot of dead camps, and passed a resolution directing the adjutant general to drop all camps in arrears for five years or more. I immediately addressed the commanders or adjutants of these delinquent camps, and urged that the debts be paid, saying, among other things:

"I cannot think, my dear comrade, that you and your associates have failed to pay these dues from inability or lack of interest in our beloved cause, but solely from inattention; and I sincerely trust that this simple notice will serve to remind you of your failure, and that I may hear from you at once. I am ready to make an equitable compromise if the camp cannot pay in full."

I am gratified to be able to state that twenty-two camps made favorable response; but I was compelled most reluctantly to erase from the roster the names of the other 390.

New Camps.

During the year which has passed since our last meeting there have been added to our "social, literary, historical and benevolent" organization forty-one new camps, which is the largest addition for many years. The number of camps now embraced in our order is set forth in the following table, which will show also the number dropped for non payment of dues, and the divisions to which they belonged:

(Arranged according to the present number on roster.)

LEE CAMP HOLDS A HEATED SESSION

THE QUESTION OF DESERTERS
IN CAMP IS AGAIN BROUGHT
FORWARD AT MEETING.

NO ACTION IS TAKEN

Matter Goes Over Until Next Sunday.
The Sops Hold a Short
Session.

A rather long and heated session, in which there was more argument than business, marked the meeting of the R. E. Lee camp, United Confederate Veterans, at the courthouse yesterday.

The first discussion of the meeting came up when Mrs. F. L. Jordan, president of the local Daughters of the Confederacy, presented a small pamphlet to the camp, asking that it be read and indorsed. The pamphlet is a catechism on the causes and history of the war, prepared by Mrs. Cornelia Branch Stone, a member of the Galveston chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy. Mrs. Jordan presented it to the local camp of veterans, asking that it be passed upon so that it could be placed in the hands of the children's auxiliary.

Judge C. C. Cummings read the book aloud to all the camp. When he had finished several members of the camp arose and stated that they had noticed mistakes in the book. There were then arguments on all sides, some thinking that the book was to be purchased for distribution to all the camps. Others held that the simple indorsement, before placing it in the hands of the children, was all that the daughters asked.

After a good deal of arguing the book was indorsed, despite the fact that several members of the camp claimed that there were mistakes.

Comrade George Jackson then took

the floor, announcing that he had two amendments to the constitution that he wished passed upon. He read the amendments, which are as follows:

"That section 4, article 11, of the by-laws are hereby repealed and shall hereafter read as follows:

"Section 4. Whenever a Confederate soldier or sailor makes application to join the camp he shall be furnished by the adjutant with a descriptive list blank, which the applicant shall fill out and return to the adjutant, who shall read the same to the camp and then turn the same over to a committee herein provided for.

"There shall be a committee of three appointed by the commander, to serve for one year, or until their successors are appointed, whose duties shall be to make a thorough investigation into the record of the applicant as a Confederate soldier or sailor and to report their findings, together with all correspondence, if any, to the adjutant, who shall read the same to the camp for their approval or disapproval.

"All persons who served in the army or navy of the Confederate states and can furnish satisfactory proof of honorable service and honorable discharge or release therefrom, are eligible to membership in this camp."

The foregoing amendments were suggested as a result of an announcement made at the previous meeting of the camp that there were three members who were deserters and who were permitted to join the camp without their records being sufficiently investigated.

When these two amendments were read argument arose on all sides in regard to the deserter question. H. B. McGarr and M. J. Pankey resigned as members of the committee on membership and Colonel Duke Goodman and Mr. Cantrell were appointed to fill the vacancies.

Captain Joe Terrell stated that while he was in favor of the action of Adjutant W. P. McConnell in stating at the previous meeting that there were members of the camp who were deserters, he thought that there might be some mistake, as a soldier often got separated from his regiment and it thus appeared that he was deserting.

After a great deal of argument on both sides, the camp adjourned with prayer. The amendments as read by Dr. George Jackson will be passed upon at the next meeting.

Other business as transacted by the camp yesterday was the report of Dan

camp that a
several visitors were present
cent meeting of the camp and that no
courtesy was shown them in the least
by members of Lee camp has been cir-
culated. Commander Taylor said that
no visitor is ever slighted by Lee
camp knowingly, but that if a visitor
is present at a meeting and no one
knows it, there is no possible manner
in which to extend courtesy. In order
to avoid a similar occurrence Com-
mander Taylor announced that in the
future it will be a rule of Lee camp
to have all visitors enter their names
with the commander.

Acting Adjutant McNeely read to the
camp the following letter from "Uncle
Nick" Blaine, a negro ex-Confederate,
which created a general good feeling
among the veterans:

"Fairfield, Tex.—General Van Zandt.
Kind Sir: Your favor received and I
haven't words of greatness with which
to thank you, the onlyest thing I can
say is the next morning I raised my
Confederate flag on my house and as
the winds of the forest wraped and
hurled them to and fro it recalled to
my memory forty years back, at the
battle of Franklin, where my dear mas-
ter fell, with this on my mind and
the grateful gift of your suit of clothes
before my eyes it made the specticale
real, then a rush of solmenty came
upon me afterward the amazement of
your great favor which I am too proud
to speak and one that I shall hold
sacred. It was to me a merry Xmas
greeting, as all my white friends will
have me to wear it on that day as a
parade in the town—they all notified
me of the gift before I received it as it
was in the paper. Gen. It was to me
as great as the gift of Hon. Regans
library gift. You have my wishes for
a merry Xmas. Your servant,

"NICK BLAINE."

The spelling of words in the letter
is published just as Nick wrote it. The
gift referred to is a suit of Confed-
erate clothes.

After prayer the meeting adjourned.

GENERAL VAN ZANDT ISSUES STATEMENT

The following circular letter has been issued by General K. M. Van Zandt, commander of the Texas division, United Confederate Veterans, concerning Confederate day at the Dallas and San Antonio fairs:

Headquarters Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans, Fort Worth, Texas, Oct. 1, 1907.—To the Comrades of the Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans: I desire to call your attention to the fact that the manager of the Dallas State fair and the San Antonio fair have each graciously set apart one day as "Confederate day." At Dallas it is Tuesday, Oct. 22, and at San Antonio it is Wednesday, Nov. 13. We should heartily respond to this courteous consideration by our attendance at these fairs on the designated days. The social feature of our organization is too much neglected. It is a great personal pleasure to meet and clasp hands with the comrades who shared with us the victories and defeats of our life in the army. The boy comrade who marched by our side and slept under the same blanket is still dear to us, though age has dimmed our eyes and whitened our locks.

Let us, then, avail ourselves of these opportunities of coming together to rekindle our campfires, rejoice with the living and pay loyal tribute to the memory of comrades who have gone before. Sincerely your comrade,

K. M. VAN ZANDT,
Commander—Texas Division, United Confederate Veterans.
Attest—GEORGE JACKSON,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

CORNER STONE LAYING

PREPARATIONS COMPLETE FOR EXERCISES OCT. 2

List of Masons to Officiate An- nounced—Cowan, Gage and Mayo Others Will Speak.

Preparations are nearing completion for the laying of the corner stone of the \$200,000 Coliseum, which will be the permanent home of the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show. The exercises are to begin at 11 o'clock Oct. 2, and continue for probably three hours or more.

Masonic ceremonies will be held and the following officers of the grand lodge have been delegated to the duty: Grand master, William James, past grand master; deputy grand master, Elmer Renfro, deputy grand master; senior grand warden, W. H. Conn, W. M. of Tarrant lodge, No. 942; junior grand warden, B. E. Dwiggin, W. M. of Fort Worth lodge No. 143; grand secretary, W. E. Conn, S. W. of Tarrant lodge No. 942; grand treasurer, George Jackson, treasurer of Fort Worth lodge No. 143; senior grand deacon, A. L. Hartshorn, S. W. of Fort Worth lodge No. 143; junior grand deacon, J. P. Harding, J. W. of Tarrant lodge, No. 942; senior grand steward, G. B. Conn Jr., steward of Tarrant lodge No. 942; junior grand steward, John Lyons, S. W. of Julian Field lodge No. 908; grand marshal, George W. Burroughs, W. M. of Julian Field lodge No. 908; grand chaplain, Rev. J. W. Caldwell, pastor Taylor Street Cumberland Presbyterian church; grand orator, J. E. Sigler, W. M. of Polytechnic lodge, bearer of holy writings, W. H. Field, secretary Fort Worth lodge No. 143; grand tiler, O. W. Matthews, S. M. of Julian Field No. 908.

The opening address will be delivered by Hon. R. D. Gage of Fort Worth and Judge Sam Cowan, also of Fort Worth, will deliver an address on behalf of the Cattle Raisers' association of Texas. Other speeches also will likely be made. Stores will be closed during the exercises and the occasion will be made a gala one.

LETTER FROM GEORGE MOORMAN.

Pertaining to a Flag Presented by Colonel McRae.

To the Editor of The Record:

At the request of several comrades members of R. E. Lee camp of this city, I send the subjoined copy of a letter written to me by General George Moorman, former adjutant general of our organization, and request that you give it space in your paper. I have hesitated to do this as I dislike to appear in the character of a "booster" of self but as the subject matter contained in the letter relates to an incident of a semi-public nature, I have concluded to send it along as a contribution to R. E. Lee camp, in answer to their kind request for "more copy" made by resolution June 12, at their regular Sunday meeting. I desire to say to the comrades that the approval by the camp of the articles I had contributed to the papers, was very pleasant to me, and as I consider it my duty to do anything I can to assist them, I shall consider their resolution of approval in the nature of an order and proceed to contribute further.

TAYLOR M'RAE.

The following is the letter:

"Headquarters United Confederate Veterans, Adjutant General's Office New Orleans, La., Dec. 4, 1899.—Colonel Taylor McRae, adjutant general and chief of staff Oklahoma division U. C. V.'s, Oklahoma City, O. T. My Dear Colonel: I write to inform you of the disposition I have made of the splendid flag presented to me by the Oklahoma division U. C. V.'s, and for which I am deeply indebted to you, your gallant general commanding, your comrades, and the beautiful Oklahoma sponsor and maid of honor.

This priceless memento was presented to me for my personal use and is my personal property to do with as I please; but upon reflection I have decided that the inspiration, sentiment memories, and associations connected with all these flags and banners, coming as they do from the hands of the world, make them too precious and sacred to be appropriated to the personal use of any individual; and for this reason, and to show my gratitude to you I have placed them all permanently in the keeping of the great Confederate depository memorial hall in New Orleans, and have had painted in letters of gold upon two silk streamers, which are attached to the "Oklahoma Flag" and made as imperishable as possible, the following inscriptions.

Upon one:

"Presented to Major General George Moorman, adjutant general U. C. V.'s and chief of General J. B. Gordon's staff at Charleston, S. C. Reunion May 10, 1899."

Upon the other:

"By Oklahoma division U. C. V.'s Major General J. O. Casler commanding; Miss Frances Holland Oslin, sponsor; Colonel Taylor McRae, adjutant general; Miss Marie Estelle Pattillo, maid of honor."

This magnificent flag with which you are so inseparably associated, is suspended in Memorial hall, in the space set apart for the relics and mementoes of the territory of Oklahoma, and for the records of the Oklahoma division, U. C. V.'s, and graces the walls adorned with the portraits of Jefferson Davis, Generals R. E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Beauregard, Bragg, Stonewall Jackson, Gordon, Hood, Hampton, Forrest, Polk, A. P. Hill, Stuart, Cleburne, S. D. Lee, William H. Jackson, Semmes, Clement A. Evans, Morgan, Buckner, Hoke, Law, Ross and the "Daughter of the Confederacy," and of the hundreds of other illustrious names in the galaxy of Southern glory, names which were born not to die, and is surrounded by countless emblems of southern valor and heroism, and by numbers of Confederate flags, torn and shred by shot and shell upon hundreds of battlefields.

This Oklahoma flag is placed in this "Valhalla," where everything speaks eloquently of, and the atmosphere is filled with the story of the South and her noble people, and will with the streamer bearing your name, remain forever in this hallowed place so sacred to every southern heart, exposed each day to the gaze and admiration of the living, and to be handed down as a treasure for posterity and for the ages. Would like to hear from you at your new old home. Fraternally,

GEORGE MOORMAN,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

GENERAL PADDOCK NAMES HIS STAFF

ASSIGNS OFFICERS TO SUPER-
VISE CAMPS OF CONFEDER-
ATE VETERANS.

URGES MORE INTEREST

General Order Says Every Assistance
Will Be Given in Securing
Additional Members.

to Tarrant county temporarily until such time as officers can be found to take up the work of reorganization, and will be under the direct supervision of the adjutant general's department.

The general is confident that each and every member of the staff will willingly give every assistance in encouraging the comrades to join the camps and build up the organization within the limits of the brigade. They will receive every assistance from the adjutant general's department, and it is very much desired that communication at once be established by letter with that department. All inquiries as to methods, etc., will be fully and cheerfully answered by the adjutant general.

Best wishes for the new year for one and all. By command of

B. B. PADDOCK,
General Commanding Fifth Brigade,
Texas Division, U. C. V.
Attested: TAYLOR M'RAE,
Adjutant General and Chief of Staff.

The following general order No. 3 is self explanatory.

General order No. 3. Headquarters Fifth Brigade Texas Division. Fort Worth, Texas, Jan. 1. 1905.

To Commanders and Members Camps United Confederate Veterans, Fifth Brigade:

The commanding general desires to announce that he has selected the following comrades as members of his staff and has assigned each to duty with the camps which are hereby placed under their supervision:

J. D. Pickens, Anson, Jones county, inspector general, with rank of major. Camps: No. 1406, Albany, Albany; No. 1396, Joe Sayers, Stamford; No. 633, Albert Sidney Johnston, Haskell; No. 612, Jones County, Anson.

James S. Harrison, Childress, Childress county, quarter master general with rank of major. Camps: No. 259, Joseph E. Johnston, Childress; No. 245, Hall county, Memphis; No. 1383, Sam Lanham, Clarendon; No. 1411, E. C. Walthall, Wellington; No. 1541, Wade Hampton, Claude; No. 1451, W. B. Flemmons, Amarillo; No. 1440, Stonewall Jackson, Canyon City.

H. L. Neely, Granbury, Hood county, Texas, commissary general with rank of major. Camps: No. 88, Pat Cleburne, Cleburne; No. 160, Alvarado, Alvarado; No. 375, J. E. Johnston, Grandview; No. 548, Private Rufe Wood, Glenrose; No. 581, Joe Wheeler, Cresson; No. 67, Granbury, Granbury; No. 1318, Earl Vandorn, Rio Vista.

John S. Napier, Vernon, Wilbarger county, Texas, judge advocate general, with rank of major. Camps: No. 86, Bedford Forrest, Seymour; No. 125, Camp Cabell, Vernon; No. 173, Sul Ross, Henrietta; No. 240, Stonewall Jackson, Archer City; No. 661, R. E. Rhodes, Quanah; No. 93, Bob Stone, Montague; No. 719, J. C. Wood, Ringgold.

A. M. Davidson, Roby, Fisher county, surgeon general, with rank of major. Camps: No. 154, W. W. Loring, Roby; No. 1574, Bill Scurry, Snyder; No. 113, A. S. Johnston, Colorado; No. 330, Joe Wheeler, Big Springs; No. 468, John C. Brown, El Paso.

W. E. Sawyer, Thurber, Erath county, chief of ordnance, with rank of major. Camps: No. 1530, Erath, Thurber; No. 583, S. H. Stout, Eastland; No. 314, Frank Cheatam, Breckinridge; No. 273, Camp Preveaux, Cisco; No. 654, A. S. Johnston, Baird.

Will A. Miller, Decatur, Wise county, chief of artillery, rank of major. Camps: No. 30, Ben McCulloch, Decatur; No. 361, McIntosh, Chico; No. 362, Alvord, Alvord; No. 368, Pat Cleburne, Paradise; No. 368, Bridgeport, Bridgeport; No. 1,106, Albert Sidney Johnston, Greenwood; No. 572, The Bowie Pelhams, Bowie.

M. V. Kinnison, Weatherford, Parker county, chief engineer, rank of major. Camps: No. 169, Tom Green, Weatherford; No. 772, Stonewall Jackson, Mineral Wells; No. 1,305, Stonewall Jackson, Springtown; No. 1,445, Poolville, Poolville.

R. G. Childress, Roscoe, Nolan county, chief paymaster, rank of major. Camps: No. 73, Abilene, Abilene; No. 123, Buffalo Gap, Buffalo Gap; No. 79, Merkle, Merkle; No. 92, E. C. Walthall, Sweetwater.

R. A. Gibbs, Matador, Motley county, assistant inspector general, rank of captain. Camps: No. 860, S. B. Maxey, Matador; No. 190, Lone Star, Emma; No. 1,548, Plainview, Hale Center; No. 1,420, John H. Morgan, Floydada; No. 1,461, Colonel John A. Green, Dickens.

G. C. Whitaker, Cundiff, Jack county, brigade color bearer, rank of captain. Camps: No. 127, Graham, Graham; No. 1433, Throckmorton, Throckmorton; No. 703, G. R. Christian, Antelope; No. 1179, Anderson, Vineyard; No. 1213, John A. Hudson, Cundiff; No. 1314, R. E. Lee, Jacksboro; No. 1524, Cabell, Giltown.

McD. Reil, Stephenville, Erath county, aid-de-camp, rank of captain. Camps: No. 1341, John M. Stephens, Stephenville; No. 564, Albert Sidney Johnston, Dublin.

J. B. Littlejohn, Fort Worth, Tarrant county, aid-de-camp, rank of captain. Camps: No. 1365, A. P. Hill, Burleson; No. 158, R. E. Lee, Fort Worth; No. 1247, Dick Gano, Mansfield; No. 1251, Bedford Forrest, Arlington; No. 1253, Stonewall Jackson, Grapevine; No. 1414, Albert Pike, Keller.

The camps at Gainesville, Cooke county, and at Denton, Pilot Point, Justin and Lewisville will remain attached

CAMP STERLING PRICE.

Two Confederate Veterans Reported Dangerously Sick at Yesterday's Meeting.

Camp Sterling Price met in regular session at 3 o'clock yesterday, Commander T. J. Pulliam presiding, and James B. Simpson acting as adjutant.

Report of the relief committee reported the continued serious illness of several comrades, to whom the camp tendered its sympathy and instructed the relief committee to give them every attention. The hour of meeting was changed to 3:30 o'clock.

J. E. Webster presented his demit from Winnie Davis Camp of Pilot Point and was admitted as a member. J. S. Taylor, private Company F, Sixth Mississippi Regiment Infantry, Chalmers' Brigade, was upon committee's report duly admitted.

Gen. Graber reported rates to the Nashville reunion at \$15.15 for the round trip. The circuit trip back via St. Louis is still unsettled, but the rates are thought to approximate \$26. It was reported that the Texas railways had found great difficulty in respect to circuit rates with railways east of the Mississippi River. All members desiring to attend the Nashville reunion are requested to present their names at next Sunday's meeting.

The sum of \$5 was directed to be transmitted to Miss Louise Trabue, Camp Chase Ohio, for buying flowers to decorate the graves of Confederate soldiers buried at Camp Chase.

Dr. Simmons of Mildred Lee Camp, Sherman, briefly and eloquently addressed the camp, and Miss Pearl Dixon, the recently appointed sponsor, felicitously addressed the camp expressive of her gratitude for the honor of her appointment. Her remarks were received with pleasure and applause.

The following resolutions of Camp No. 2, Army of Tennessee, held in New Orleans, and introduced by Gen. J. A. Chaloron, was adopted as the sense of this camp and the delegates to New Orleans instructed to vote against changes in the constitution of the United Confederate Veterans:

"Resolved, That this association views with regret the desire on the part of the finance committee of the United Confederate Veterans, through the amendments and changes to the constitution and by-laws that they suggest, to do away with the safeguards against unnecessary expenditure in management of the federation and against assessments upon the camps that are its members.

"Resolved, That the Army of Tennessee Association, Camp No. 2, United Confederate Veterans, hereby instructs its delegates to the Nashville reunion to oppose any change in the constitution and by-laws, and to urge instead more economy in the management and the strictest adherence to Sec. 2, Art. ix, of the constitution, that says: 'No debts shall be contracted by this federation;' and to Sec. 3 of the same article, that says: 'No assessment shall be levied upon its members other than the fees and per capita, which shall never exceed an adequate amount to meet indispensable expenses of its management.'

"Resolved, also, That this association views with regret in special orders No. 9, announcing the members of the finance committee, that a departure has been made from the injunction in the by-laws, Art. 5, Sec. 1, limiting the finance committee to one delegate from each State and Territory and one to represent the camps outside the former Confederate States and Territories; whereas two delegates apiece are accorded by said order to three of the States, and, whereas, camps outside the former Confederate States and Territories are represented on the committee, as announced, by more than one delegate; and, moreover, the adjutant general has been placed on it without any sanction of the constitution or by-laws."

CAMP STERLING PRICE.

List of the Confederate Veterans Who Will Go to the Nashville Reunion.

Camp Sterling Price met yesterday at headquarters at 3:30 p. m., T. J. Pulliam, commander; James B. Simpson, acting adjutant.

The relief committee reported a list of the sick and their condition, also the relief extended.

The thanks of the camp were extended to Col. Traylor's committee for their services in securing a burying ground for the camp's dead, also the hearty thanks of the camp to the County Commissioners for their grant of this ground.

Miss Pearl Dixon regretfully presented her resignation as sponsor and Miss Alice Parks was appointed in her stead.

W. R. Prather of the Nineteenth Louisiana Regiment was elected member of the camp.

The following delegates to the Confederate reunion at Nashville were appointed: John J. Conroy, Frank Debrell, Gen. H. W. Graber, Gen. W. L. Cabell, Capt. S. H. McElreath, Dr. Henry A. Mosley, Dr. J. M. Allen, Judge T. G. T. Kendall, Gen. R. M. Gano, Capt. W. H. Gaston, Col. Milton Park, Col. J. T. Trezevant, Col. J. B. Simpson, Dr. C. I. Scofield, Judge Anson Rainey, George W. Neeley, Tom Uhl, H. C. Latham, Col. S. P. Mendez, Major T. J. Pulliam, Col. Oliver Steele, J. W. Dixon, Gen. George F. Alford, Emory Gracy, Tom J. Jackson, Tom Hayes, Albert Latham, H. F. Lock, Dallas; J. T. Walton, Fort Worth; W. J. Betterton, B. H. Means, J. F. Williams, Capt. Sidney Smith, Charley M. Kendall, W. M. Edwards, Judge A. T. Watt, Capt. L. Flateau, Major B. P. Jett, Dave W. Myers, Dr. S. A. Hayden, W. W. Stokely, L. Hambricht, S. H. Finley, G. W. Blair, W. M. Swain, A. H. Williams, O. P. Scott, J. H. Mathis, O. P. Bowser, G. A. Knight, Jacob Carter and Mark Ellison.

Capt. L. S. Flatau's letter to Col. Milton Park, stating that he would assist in any way in securing accommodations for old soldiers at St. Louis, was read. Gen. Graber reported circuit rates via St. Louis at \$25, direct rates at \$15.15 from Dallas.

Col. Milton Park reported the addition of 100 names to the camp's roll transmitted Adj. Gen. Mickie at New Orleans.

The camp unanimously passed the following resolution:

"Camp Sterling Price, U. C. V. No. 21, heartily responds to the patriotic impulse of the committee of ladies appointed by the Daughters of the Confederacy at their last meeting in Houston to the suggestion to memorialize the Legislature to make the 3d inst., the birthday of Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederacy, a holiday in this State. Such an inspiration could only come from the hearts of Southern womanhood, and as such Southern veterans express their highest appreciation and will lend every effort to effect its accomplishment."

The commander appointed the following committee to interview the Legislators from Dallas County respecting securing a legal holiday in honor of Jefferson Davis: H. W. Graber, R. M. Gano and Milton Park.

J. D. Berry, a member of the Stephenville Camp, was duly received on demit from that camp.

GENERAL ORDERS OF U. S. C. V. COMMANDER

HEADQUARTERS OF TEXAS DIVISION
ANNOUNCES IMPOR-
TANT CHANGES

FORT WORTH CITIZENS

Number of Members of Organization
in This City Appointed to High
Offices by Hilliard.

Tyler, Texas, Feb. 10. (Special.)—At headquarters of the Texas division United Sons of Confederate Veterans the following orders are announced:

General Order No. 4.

Comrades: The following appointments are hereby made on the staff of the commander of the Texas division, and whose orders shall be respected and obeyed:

Division adjutant general and chief of staff, Charles O. Griggs, Tyler; assistant division adjutant general, P. H. Boone, Fort Worth.

Division quartermaster general, Charles S. Swindells, Dallas; assistant division quartermaster general, J. D. Patterson, Tyler.

Division inspector general, Clinton Barr, Fort Worth; assistant division inspector general, W. T. Norman, Rusk.

Division commissary general, Harry P. Jordan, Waco; assistant division commissary general, L. S. Roberts, Houston.

Division judge advocate general, William Elison, Greenville; assistant division judge advocate general, W. S. Lemly, Temple.

Division surgeon general, B. F. Berkeley, Alpin; assistant division surgeon general, James M. Fry, Wills Point.

Division chaplain general, Renold McDonald, Athens.

Division historian, Reese Fowler, Palestine.

J. S. HILLIARD,
Commander Texas Division.

Official: CHARLES O. GRIGGS,
Division Adjutant General and Chief
of Staff.

General Order No. 5.

Comrades: As required by our constitution, the standing and other committees are hereby appointed as follows:

Committee on Home for Indigent and Aged Confederate Women of Texas—Thomas P. Stone, chairman, Waco; W. P. Lane, Fort Worth; Ben Cabell, Dallas.

Historical Committee—Reese Fowler, chairman, Palestine; John M. Adams, Fort Worth; Homer D. Wade, Waco.

Relief Committee—I. T. Wilkerson, chairman, Mount Vernon; W. Lightfoot, Thurber; W. B. DeJornett, Commerce.

Monument Committee—H. Miller, chairman, Brady; Charles Emanuel Rusk; R. D. Thompson, Greenville.

Finance Committee—W. A. Johnson, chairman, Mount Pleasant; G. W. Cozart, Buffalo Springs; George S. Vahlant, Texarkana.

J. S. HILLIARD,
Commander Texas Division.

Official: CHARLES O. GRIGGS,
Division Adjutant General and Chief
of Staff.

General Order No. 6.

To the United Sons of Confederate Veterans—Comrades: The following are hereby appointed as commanders of the several brigades composing the Texas division, whose orders shall be respected and obeyed, and who will immediately take full command of their respective brigades, appointing their staff as required by our division constitution and proceed to get the various camps in their brigades in an active and healthy condition.

First Brigade—John T. Wiggins of Rusk.

Second Brigade—Charles Bee of San Antonio.

Third Brigade—George N. Denton of Waco.

Fourth Brigade—Jennings M. Moore of Dallas.

Fifth Brigade—John A. Kee of Fort Worth.

The boundaries of said brigades are established as follows:

First Brigade—Beginning at southeast corner of Panola county, on state line; thence westward with south lines of Panola, Rusk, Smith, Henderson, Navarro and Hill counties to the most southerly southwest corner of Hill county; thence southwest with the east lines of McLellan, Falls, Milam, Burleson, Washington, Austin, Wharton and Matagorda counties to the Gulf of Mexico; thence northeastward with the Gulf of Mexico to Sabine Pass and state line; thence northward with state line to the place of beginning.

Second Brigade—Beginning at southeast corner of Matagorda county; thence northwestward with the northeast lines of Matagorda, Wharton and Colorado counties to the north corner of Colorado county; thence westward with the

west line of Colorado county and north lines of Lavaca, Gonzales, Caldwell, Hayes, Blanco, Gillespie, Kerr, Edwards and Valverde counties to the northwest corner of Valverde county; thence south with said line of Valverde county to the Rio Grande; thence with the Rio Grande southeastwardly to the Gulf of Mexico; thence northeastwardly with the Gulf of Mexico to the place of beginning.

Third Brigade—Beginning at the south corner of Austin county; thence westwardly with north line of Second brigade as above described to northwest corner of Val Verde county; thence south to the Rio Grande; thence northwestwardly up the Rio Grande to the southwest corner of El Paso county; thence eastwardly with north lines of Jeff Davis and Pecos counties to the western southwest corner of Crane county to its northwest corner; thence eastward with north line of Crane and Upton counties to southwest corner of Glasscock county; thence north with west line of Glasscock county to its northwest corner; thence eastward with north lines of Glasscock, Sterling, Coke, Runnels, Coleman, Brown, Comanche, Hamilton and Bosque counties to the north corner of Bosque county; thence southward with east line of Austin county to the place of beginning.

Fourth Brigade—Beginning on the state line at the southeast corner of Panola county; thence westward with the north line of First brigade as herein above set out to the eastern southwest corner of Hill county; thence northward with the west, southwest, west and northwest lines of Hill county to its northeast corner, continuing north with the west lines of Ellis, Dallas, Collin and Grayson counties to the Red river; thence eastward with Red river to northeast corner of Bowie county; thence southward with the state line to the place of beginning.

Fifth Brigade—Beginning at the northeast corner of Cooke county on the state line; thence northwest, north and west with the state line to the northwest corner of Dallam county; thence south and west with the state line to the northwest corner of El Paso county on the Rio Grande; thence southwest with the Rio Grande to the south corner of El Paso county; thence eastward with the line of the Third brigade as is above set out to the northeast corner of Hill county; thence northward with the east line of the Fourth brigade as herein above set out to the place of beginning.

J. S. HILLIARD,

Commander Texas Division

Official: HAS. O. GRIGGS,
Division Adjutant General and Chief
of Staff.

THE JACKSBORO

N. B. Pults Dies.

N. B. Pults, age 93 years, died at the home of his son, J. F. Pults, in the Burton Springs community, last Sunday. Funeral services were conducted at Cundiff by Rev. D. M. Denison, and burial services were conducted by the Masonic fraternity. Nine grandsons of the deceased were active pallbearers.

Mr. Pults was a native of Tennessee. He came to Texas in 1871 and to Jack County in 1877. He served with the Texas rangers under the late Colonel Jones of Decatur. One of his most cherished memories was that he was personally acquainted with President Abraham Lincoln, and attended the latter's funeral at Springfield, Illinois.

Surviving are one son, J. F. Pults, Jacksboro; three daughters, Mrs. Annie Nichols, Jacksboro; Mrs. Minnie Wicker, Lamesa; Mrs. Tennie Brown, Houston; also, nineteen grandchildren, forty great-grandchildren, and two great-great-grandchildren.

MANY YEARS AN OUTLAW; MEMBER QUANTRELL BAND HAD INTERESTING CAREER

The soft, sorrowing gaze emitting from the eyes of a dying doe caused Will W. James to pray for repentance for shooting her and to vow that he would never again kill the female of the deer. That was when he was 12 years old, a lad gambling over the estate of his father, which lay along-side the Mississippi River.

Ten years later the same Will W. James executed the stern orders of the gallant Quantrell, and aided in the slaying of hundreds of men, and engaged in feats of daring which have made the Quantrell band famous in the world of war.

James died in Fort Worth Thursday and was buried here Saturday. He had for many years been an outlaw—literally a man without a country, for the flag to which he had sworn allegiance had years ago been furled never again to wave in martial combat. But James lived in personal rebellion against the Government of the United States and all its works until the war with Germany began. Then James took oath of allegiance and unfurled a United States flag, waving it in the streets of Fort Worth to rally the red-blooded youths of a younger generation to enlist to uphold the Union he once had fought.

Tells His Own Story.

The story of his life is told in memoirs which he prepared a short time before his death and in which there is much of the unwritten history of the Quantrell band, of Quantrell, and of the men he had gotten together in the guerilla group, which through the War Between the States was a menace to the Northern army.

His views of the War Between the States, its origin and the causes which led up to it are unique now—and, truly, are a voice from the grave. It was caused, he said, not by slavery but by jealousy—the jealousy and greediness of the Eastern manufacturer, "backed by the unprincipled rascality of the Yankee politician." The protective tariff laws were a greater cause than was slavery. Finally the Southern states got together and "withdrew from the United States, in which they could not get justice" which "they were justified in doing by the Constitution of the United States." The Yankees, he said, "were afraid that they would not be able to steal any more from the Southern states if they were separated from the Union."

Kansas Chief Grievance.

Thus, he gives his version of the start of the war. He said that the United States "with the help of foreigners from all over creation managed with 2,600,000 soldiers, to starve into submission what was left of the 600,000 Southern soldiers, thereby depriving the Southern states of their rights and enabling the Yankee to rob the South worse than ever." The chief grievance of James—and he bore it even until his death—was against Kansas. To this state he could give nothing. He said that the "war on the Missouri-Kansas border had quite a different origin from the other war, being caused by the blue-nosed, sanctified meddling, better than thou Yankee of Boston."

With a brief preface in which James told of his boyhood being spent at Fort Gibson, Miss., it being largely influenced by an old Indian he called "Natch," and of his induction into the Quantrell band, he relates many of the stirring events in which he participated.

Among the members of the band were three brothers of the Hill family. Most of the members of that band had some particular reason for entering it. They were usually the victims of some injustice done them by Northern soldiers.

"No family in Missouri was held in higher esteem than the Hills of Lafayette County," he said. "The family consisted of a widowed mother, five gallant sons and three daughters, living happily together in their beautiful prairie home. The widow Hill was noted all over the South as a leader in society. Being Southerners they were marked by the Kansas Jayhawkers, twenty-five of them coming to the Hill home and after stealing all they could carry away set fire to the house, telling Mrs. Hill she could put out the fire if she wished to. Mrs. Hill put on her bonnet, went out and sat down and told the thieving incendiaries to let it burn, as her boys were in sight of the smoke."

Killed 14 "Jayhawkers."

"The Yankees mounted their horses and started down the road loaded with plunder, but they did not go far before they were overtaken by the five Hill brothers and two companions. Seven of them charged those twenty-five Jayhawkers like a panther would a flock of sheep. In less time than it takes to tell, the road was strewn with bed clothes, men's clothes, and blue-bellied Yankees. The boys killed fourteen and captured three, and I guess you may count them among the killed, making seventeen dead Jayhawkers. What a shame they let the rest of them get away!"

That is the sort of men gotten together in the Quantrell band. One of the Hill boys, Tuck Hill, later came to Texas and died only a few weeks ago. He was a brigadier general in the Army of the Confederacy when he died.

Allen Palmer, another one of the heroes of the band, joined it in consequence of the persecution and abuse which he and his family and friends had received in Kansas. One of the

Two Photographs of Will James



The picture in which James is shown waving an American flag was taken in Fort Worth three years ago, at the time the famous old soldier resumed his allegiance to the United States. The other shows him at 45 years of age.

to the scene of the treasure, dug it up and sold what was merchandiseable from it and gave it as a present to the veterans in the State home.

An evidence of the terror in which Quantrell's fighters were held by the northern soldiers is demonstrated in the story of Dan Vaughn. Dan was at home with his folks and the northern soldiers heard about it. Eighty of them surrounded his house and called on him to surrender. Dan could not see why he should surrender, so he threw the door open. With a pistol in each hand he began firing and yelled, "Come on, Quantrell; here they are." The soldiers fled.

Day With Quantrell.

Here is a story of a perfect day with Quantrell:

"Shortly before the capture of Independence by Hayes and Quantrell, George Todd, who was camped on Indian Creek, heard of a convoy of clothes and provisions heading for Independence, and determined to cut them off. For this purpose he sent George Sheppard and about thirty men to the crossroads. About a mile before we reached our destination, we came to a large house standing on a rise with a fine lawn, which sloped down to a pond of clear water in the center of which a lot of green-head ducks were swimming. Altogether it was a beautiful sight, and being duck hungry I wanted some of the ducks to eat. I told Payton Long, who was riding beside me, that if I had a chance I would get some of them, to which Payton assented. To do it we would have to kill them without making a

noise because enemies us hundreds, were all "All that was necessary, which, after we the edge of the pond, a be put in the water, side to side just fast a ripple. When we w ducks, being curious, see what it was and close enough a twist of bring the ramrod ac neck and he would be "We agreed that we and get the ducks. V we got permission to had gotten only a par where the ducks were big noise and found of enemies. There w them.

"I went after Geor fast as I could and he (about ten of us all) as we could part of th dismounting, went th way on foot. George ourselves under cover were ready he went of the enemies to surren lighted several fires at coffee and bacon wh having a general go called to surrender th surprised and made fo began to load. They bl out seeing where we w were firing at.

"Seeing that they in George gave orders to moments the Kans down, dead, or on the five wagons filled w clothes, etc. We burne up.

"Sheppard and the to the crossroads, wher til two hours after s Yankee cavalymen w ing. We were hidden i the trees and waited u guard came abreast i into them. Those whi away as fast as th mounted and rode tim We destroyed what w to (there were twent shot a lot of mules back to our camp or after having killed ab destroyed thirty wag and taken enough po the next three month end of a perfect Quan never got my ducks."

Most Thrilling One of the most th stories was about the "One of our men," memoirs, "was named His wife, who befor was a Brady, lived in where they had a good until the Jayhawkers, after stealing all the away and leaving J burned the house, but barn. Mrs. Snoddy c band. Mrs. Snoddy c saved.

"Later Snoddy joine I did my best to take seeing that they had "All of the men in t

KRESS BIRTH

331 Commemorative

Our Thirty-1 without prof everyday net high cost of values we ha chandise not downs" for ot

June 21, Mon

High Grade Apr 27 inches wide. Price, yard ...

Good quality 4 inches wide. Price, yard ...

36-inch Muslin, ular \$5c value. Price, yard ...

32-inch Dress G exceptional patt value. Annive yard ...

Ice Tea Tumbler us. Anniversary

June 22, Tues Gray Enamelwa large Wash Basl Pans, etc.; regul us. Anniversar 10c and ...

Bread Boxes, ex made; regular 7/ sary Sale Price.

June 23, 8:15

Aluminum Cook sisting of Lip 4 Pans, etc.; regul niversary Sale P

Mavis Face Po fumed; regular 5 sary Sale Price.

Octagon Soap, 1 10c size. Anniv 4 bars ...

KRESS BIRTH

"TIZ" GLADDENS SORE, TIRED FEET

No puffed-up, burning, tender, aching feet—no corns or callouses.

"Tiz" makes sore, burning, tired feet fairly dance with delight. Away go the aches and pains, the corns, callouses, blisters, bunions and chilblains.

"Tiz" draws out the acids and poisons that puff up your feet. No matter how hard you work, how long you dance, how far you walk, or how long you remain on your feet, "Tiz" brings restful foot comfort. "Tiz" is magical, grand, wonderful for tired, aching, swollen, smarting feet. Ah! how comfortable, how happy you feel. Your feet just tingle for joy; shoes never hurt or seem tight.

Get a box of "Tiz" now from any druggist or department store. End foot torture forever—wear smaller shoes, keep feet fresh, sweet and happy. J—whole year's foot comfort

—Adv.

A Big Cool Breeze

All Through the Hot Months



The Peerless buzz fan has rendered uniformly satisfactory service for 20 years. We have in stock straight and oscillating types, 9 in., 12 in., and 16 in. sizes.

Mail Orders Promptly Filled.

Central Electric Co.

911 Commerce Street, Fort Worth

Lamar 4835

OUTLAW; RELL BAND NG CAREER

raphs of Will James



The picture in which James is shown waving an American flag was taken in Fort Worth three years ago, at the time the famous old soldier resumed his allegiance to the United States. The other shows him at 45 years of age.

to the scene of the treasure, dug it up and sold what was merchandisable from it and gave it as a present to the vet-

noise because enemies outnumbering us hundreds, were all about.

"All that was necessary was a ramrod, which, after we had crawled to the edge of the pond after dark, would be put in the water, moving it from side to side just fast enough to make a ripple. When we would do this, the ducks, being curious, would come to see what it was and when they got close enough a twist of the wrist would bring the ramrod across the duck's neck and he would be ours.

"We agreed that we could come back and get the ducks. When we got in, we got permission to return. But we had gotten only a part of the way to where the ducks were until we heard a big noise and found it to be a bunch of enemies. There were about 100 of them.

"I went after George Sheppard as fast as I could and he brought his men (about ten of us all) riding as quietly as we could part of the way, and then dismounting, went the balance of the way on foot. George told us to station ourselves under cover and when we were ready he went out and called to the enemies to surrender. They had lighted several fires and were cooking coffee and bacon while singing and having a general good time. When called to surrender they were much surprised and made for their guns and began to load. They blazed away without seeing where we were or what they were firing at.

"Seeing that they intended to fight, George gave orders to fire. In a few moments the Kansans were either down, dead, or on the run. We found five wagons filled with provisions, clothes, etc. We burned these wagons up.

"Sheppard and the rest of us went to the crossroads, where we waited until two hours after sundown for some Yankee cavalymen we were expecting. We were hidden in the brush and the trees and waited until the advance guard came abreast of us and fired into them. Those who didn't fall ran away as fast as they could. We mounted and rode among the wagons. We destroyed what we could set fire to (there were twenty-five of them) shot a lot of mules and then went back to our camp on Indian Creek, after having killed about 100 soldiers, destroyed thirty wagons and contents and taken enough powder to use for the next three months. That was the end of a perfect Quantrell day, but I never got my ducks."

Most Thrilling Story.

One of the most thrilling of James' stories was about the Snoddy family.

"One of our men," he says in the memoirs, "was named John Snoddy. His wife, who before her marriage was a Brady, lived in Johnson County, where they had a good farm and home until the Jayhawkers came along and after stealing all they could carry away and leaving John for dead, burned the house, but overlooked the barn. Mrs. Snoddy carried her husband to the barn and his life was saved.

"Later Snoddy joined the army and I did my best to take care of his folks, seeing that they had plenty to eat.

"All of the men in the neighborhood

were either in the army, or dead. I went here frequently. On one of my visits I had a pretty good load of bacon and flour tied on a horse, also some salt and some coffee. The latter was a very scarce article. On nearing the Snoddy home I heard a horse neigh and knowing there were no horses in that neighborhood I could tell that something was wrong. I crawled into the brush and could see five Jayhawkers trying to break into the house.

"I could not fire from where I was for fear of hitting someone in the house and there were too many of them to fight in the open, but there was a large tree about twenty yards from where I was lying. Making a break for it I crawled behind it without being seen. Just as I got to the tree I heard the door give way and the men were rushing into the building. I fired twice quickly and two of the men fell.

"I then rushed to the corner of the building, getting there just as the other man came through the door. I fired at him and he dropped just outside the door, and after waiting a short time and failing to hear any noise, I stooped as low as I could and called Mrs. Snoddy. She knew my voice and answered me, asking me to come in.

"With her was a Miss Jackson, who had an axe in her hand. The two had killed two men. Miss Jackson killed one with an axe and Mrs. Snoddy had killed one with a bottle filled with sand that she had used for a rolling pin."

WILL RADIUM AT LAST OPEN THE DOOR OF THE GREAT UNKNOWN?

If you are sick and want to Get Well and Keep Well, write for literature that tells How and Why this almost unknown and wonderful new element brings relief to so many sufferers from Rheumatism, Sciatica, Gout, Neuritis, Neuralgia, Nervous Prostration, High Blood Pressure and diseases of the Stomach, Heart, Lungs, Liver, Kidneys and other ailments. You wear the Degnen Radio-Active Solar Pad day and night, receiving the Radio-Active Rays continuously into your system, causing a healthy circulation, overcoming sluggishness, throwing off impurities and restoring the tissues and nerves to a normal condition—and the next thing you know you are getting well.

Sold on a test proposition. You are thoroughly satisfied it is helping you before the appliance is yours. Nothing to do but wear it. No trouble or expense, and the most wonderful fact about the appliance is that it is sold so reasonable that it is within the reach of all, both rich and poor.

No matter how bad your ailment, or how long standing, we will be pleased to have you try it at our risk. For full information write today—not tomorrow. Radium Appliance Co., 562 Bradbury Bldg., Los Angeles, Calif.—Adv.

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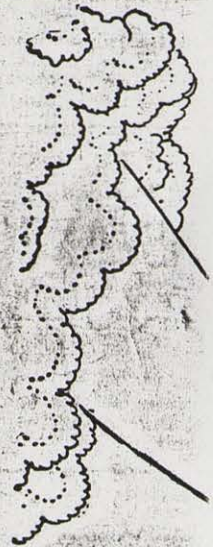
Take Tablets w

For Headache
Pain, Colds
Neuralgia
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Earache
Lumbago
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Bayer-

"Bayer" intro

Handy tin boxes
Aspirin is the trade m



Tiny
but a

KRESS 33RD
BIRTH YEAR

KRESS
5-10 AND 25 CENT STORE

BIRTH YEAR OF THE COLE

the New Yorker with good collateral was opposed to paying any very great interest. Today loans could be secured on the same property at from 1½ to 2 per cent, but there are those of us who have recently paid accommodating financiers even more for the use of their money than Mr. Sickell was willing to give them sixty-nine years ago.

But more startling than all else is an advertisement dispelling the illusion that the New woman is at all new. If the old copy of the Herald is to be believed she is really a creature of antiquity. Witness this copy of an advertisement the paper carried.

WANTED—Two respectable young women of good address and unexceptional references to attend in a confectionery store where they are required to be active, prudent and attentive. One of the two who has been accustomed to the business will be preferred. Apply immediately at the Bowery Steam Confectionery, No. 208 Bowery, after 3 o'clock p. m. S. W. Bryham.

As this advertisement was published Dec. 21 and had been running since Nov. 19 previous, and was ordered to go "till forbid," the chances are that commercial young women were not so plentiful in those days as they are now. Still, they did exist and were sought after for jobs then even as they are seekers after jobs now.

Plunderers Plentiful.

The news section of the paper is given over entirely to discussing the great fire. Human nature has not changed much in New York since that conflagration. Landlords boosted their rents from 150 to 200 per cent and the festive plunderer was busy before the ashes cooled. For instance:

PLUNDERING—The extent of plundering is incalculable. Besides those mentioned in another column we have heard of scores of instances. In midday boats came over from the Long Island shore and stole with the greatest sang froid pipes of brandy floating near the wharves. At Corlaer's hook we understood that several depots of stolen goods have been found. An Irishman was caught with several kegs of brandy and one of nails. "How came you by these kegs of brandy?" "Am sure I found them along shore and thought there was no harm in picking up the creature." "Where did you get that barrel of nails?" "Fait, an didn't I find it floating also in the wather without an owner?" The rascal was secured. Many respectable people have been discovered at the same business.

The plunderers at the fire are principally foreigners—the Irish and Swiss women especially. We saw a dozen Irish women with baskets putting and quarreling half an hour over the burning remains of several packages of fine satin. It was a ludicrous but a shameful sight.

Illustrative of the great profits made by tea merchants in those days the following from the Herald's story of the fire is extremely interesting:

The McNeals of Salem are the losers of the great cargo of tea in the store of Osborne & Young. On Tuesday, the day before the fire, they were offered \$60,000 profit on the whole cargo. They said to their supercargo: "Shall we take it?" "I would advise you not," said he. "You can by keeping it a month make \$200,000." They did so, and lost the whole. After the fire the supercargo recalled the conversation and regretted it. "No," said they, "it is all for the best. Providence knows better than you do. It might have been bought by some one that could not stand the loss so well as we can." Noble fellows! Indeed, that was a noble sentiment and no doubt as rare in 1835 as such sentiment is today.

The typography of the paper was clean and unobtrusive, the type neat and errors few and far between. The report of the fire, while short, was to the point and well written. On the whole, the paper can be referred to by the great Herald of today as an eminently respectable and creditable ancestor.

The leech seems to have been a popular member of New York society before that village grew into the borough of Manhattan. Witness this advertisement, prominently displayed:

LEECHES! LEECHES! LEECHES!
At the New York Medical Cupping and Leeching Establishment, 510 Greenwich street, two doors below Spring street—Physicians and Surgeons have a large supply of fresh imported Swedish, Italian, Portuguese and Spanish leeches, which are applied at all hours, on reasonable terms, by experienced persons.

Other Kinds of Leeches.

New York still has her leeches, of the Swedish, Italian, Portuguese, Spanish and other varieties, for New York is a cosmopolitan town and they suck blood now, even as they did sixty-nine years ago, the only change being in the variety of the leech and the quality of its blood. But the leech and they find it convenient to masquerade under other and more euphonious titles.

The public, which later contributed so liberal a reward to the intimate knowledge of human nature displayed by the late Mr. Barnum, was doing business even in 1835. Witness this advertisement from the Herald:

JOICE HETH—This lively and interesting relic of antiquity, who has attained the wonderful age of 161 years and is in the full possession of all her faculties, has returned to her old quarters, No. 7½ Bowery, where she will remain during the holidays. No money will be received from any person who is not perfectly satisfied with the exhibition and convinced beyond a doubt that she was the nurse of Gen. Washington. Admittance, 25 cents; children, half price.

JOICE HETH is not a slave, and the proceeds of her exhibition are appropriated solely to the benefit of her posterity, now residing in Kentucky.

That advertisement indicates not only the early usefulness of the father of his country to showmen, but a prejudice even at that time against slavery.

Mr. Bennett was in need of "a good general reporter" about that time and announced the fact in his paper. He also wanted a clerk and preferred one acquainted with the business of a newspaper office. Could his reincarnated soul drop in on the big establishment of today in Herald square he would no doubt smile grimly over the recollection of the time when he needed "a good general reporter" and a "newspaper clerk."

Money and Credits.

Comstock and Andrews appeared to deem it wise to declare that the great fire did not originate in their premises and backed it with the statement that being prudent business men their stock was fully insured and they would meet their notes at maturity at the Merchants bank.

G. G. Sickell of 21 Wall street advertised for a loan of \$20,000 on property in the lower part of town and would pay 6 per cent. Even in 1835

My Cave Days in Vicksburg

By
THEODOSIA F. MCKINSTRY

ONE Christmastide, years after the siege of Vicksburg, my husband, who wasn't a "caveman" at all, my daughter in her early 'teens, and I—guide of these two North-erners—started on an eager search for the cave where I had lived. It had utterly vanished. My daughter, brought up on my descriptions of it all through her "tell-me-a-story" age, was bitterly disappointed. "Never mind," consoled her father, "the cave is still here, only the dirt has been taken away around it."

If only Vicksburg had kept a few caves to show visitors to-day, sixty-four years beyond those exciting weeks between May 18 and July 4, 1863! It would make past events very real to be able to see what sort of temporary homes the yellow-clay hills and ridges of Vicksburg provided in storm and stress. But caves are too handy for gamblers, pirates, thieves, trouble makers generally; it was thought best not to keep them.

THERE had been a year of danger. Long before, Porter had brought his mortar fleet up to within range of the city, and for days would rain shells down upon us. All the women and children ran to the country back of the city, and I well remember the scene on the old Jackson road that early morning in spring when the bombardment commenced.

The flight was a panic. Many were in their night clothes, not daring to wait to dress when the bursting shells drove them from their beds. But our fleeing family had a wonderful refuge awaiting us, for two and a half miles away, in a beautiful

ing my real cave any longer, at least I can point with pride to a tangible and impressive reminder (and what a contrast in architecture!) of my war days in Vicksburg.

The withdrawal of Porter's fleet allowed us to return to our home, where we remained until the following May. As you know from your history, Admiral Porter and his fleet came back in '63. In preparation for great danger, caves had been dug in the hills of Vicksburg. A neighbor of ours had kindly offered to share his with us, laughingly saying it would be a delightful residence. There was no thought then that we should have to live in one, but it was constructed as a temporary place of shelter should the shells fly too thickly. It was a long, narrow cave in the shape of a half-moon, with two entrances, for if only one entrance were left, a shell might fill it up and we should be buried alive. We had frequent recourse to it for months before May, on days when the bombardment was severe, but it was some time before we had to take up quarters in it for forty-eight days and nights!

We became more indifferent to death as the siege progressed. People do, you know, when it is so near them. Life is so cheap when it is daily going. No matter, was the thought, to-morrow we may be killed, and so life went on with no calculations for the morrow. Confederate officers were frequent callers at our home, and sometimes it grew very social under our roof surrounded by death. And then bang would go the signal gun, the officers would fly to their posts and we to our caves, for the bombardment had commenced again. That was a gallant young officer who had command of the signal gun. They brought him to our home one night torn with a shell, and he died in our hallway, the first officer who fell in the siege.

Whistling Dick, the long Whitworth gun which was the terror of the Northern fleet, was on an eminence near our home. It commanded up and down the river and was the most destructive gun. We learned soon to distinguish the sound of the different kinds of shells from the fierce screeching of the great mortar shells to the almost musical tone of the James and Hotchkiss shells that rained down



Mrs. McKinstry holding the shell-torn coverlet

upon us. We heard and saw them from our cave dwelling for many days. You have never seen the grandest exposition of fireworks unless you have seen a bombardment by night from mortars, the great masses of fire crisscrossing over the city, bursting in mid-air and raining death below. We noticed the grandeur of it even while knowing it might be a message of death to us.

One evening, during a lull in the firing, we were seated at the supper table, which was not bountifully spread, when a shell suddenly fell and exploded before the dining-room door. We rushed out to the cave, and from it we did not go again for forty-eight days. The Federals had surrounded the city entirely, the siege had commenced in earnest, and we were in the iron grip of Grant. Our cave was one of the few completed and was crowded as full as it could hold. That first night it had to give protection to seventy-five. I don't know where the extra people went after that—to hastily prepared shelters behind hills or to quickly dug caves farther out, perhaps. A young bride came there who had been married that day amid the din of war—the serenade of her wedding night the boom of guns out at the front, where her bridegroom stood amid the ranks of death. Another bride of only two weeks was also one of our company. Poor girl, she went out in the iron hail to meet her husband and was shattered by a bursting shell and doomed to years of suffering before death relieved her. Ah, what a night! The batteries on the shore belched shot and shell at the fleet; the fleet replied with iron hail. The great guns on the hill-tops roared. In the rear of the city the field guns were at it; the volleyed musketry quivered the air. There was battle all about us; the air was full of death; the earth shook with the roar of guns.

To the rear of the city stood two armies face to face. One wore the Blue and one the Gray. In Northern homes the women were praying and working for the Blue. In our damp, close cave we were working and praying for the Gray. Why, I knew that in the ranks of the Blue were school friends of years before, whom I had known in a little tree-clad village of the North, where I had spent happy school days. And I knew in the ranks of the Gray there were those who only a few hours before had been guests under my father's roof, the friends of our house and companions of my youth. And Blue and Gray were out there; the one giving his life for his nation, the other giving his life for his home. The blue wave dashed upward on the earthworks and the blood-crested wave rolled back again from the gray beach of the human sea.

Day after day the guns roared and volleyed, and the dead came back, and the living went out. Day after day we waited. A friend was brought in and so great was the love of him that he was buried in the city cemetery while the shells shattered the tombstones all about the burial

My Cave Days in Vicksburg

(Continued from page 13)

party. There was death in our cave, and a table that was there was made into a coffin. Near by we buried her, the daughter of one of our city's clergymen. For food we had corn meal and molasses and occasionally a rarity of meat. To be sure, it was mule meat, but then it was a luxury. Still, life went on somewhat as usual. Even our old cow, Sukey, came to the door of the cave to be milked. She didn't come many days, naturally, for the soldiers, I suppose, had to have her killed for beef. During intervals in the firing one might sit by the doorway and read, and I remember finishing an engrossing story there—a more cheerful one, I hope, than the thrilling story reverberating around us. And one Sunday morning, I remember, we had a very special occupation—a strange kind of fancywork. Some messengers sent from the army left at our cave—and at all the other caves—small red-flannel gun bags to make.

Really, our cave was pretty dark—one couldn't see upon going in out of the light, and it was never light enough to read. There was no wood-work of any kind about it, and naturally so few conveniences that you may wonder how we managed to cook, to eat, to wash our faces, and to dress. Across from the cave was the home of a lady we knew. She had said, before she left the city for safety, that we might use her premises. So, when we didn't make a little bonfire outside the cave for our cooking, we used her stove whenever it was safe to go over. And we got our drinking water from her cistern. We used to eat at a little stand just outside the entrance to our cave—when it was safe. Meals had to be irregular.

As to dressing and undressing—mostly, we didn't! Whatever we managed to do in the morning to make ourselves a little presentable was achieved through a bit of looking-glass and a tin wash basin arranged outside. Naturally, when the cave had been dug, dirt was thrown up at the side of the entrance. In the ridges of this dirt pile, the wash dish and piece of mirror could rest—a primitive beauty parlor, indeed!

The drinking water that we kept inside was always put in a square place cut out of the side wall. Another square furnished a place for reading matter. There was a smaller cut in the wall for the little tin pan of tapers. Our candles (always made by good old "Aunt Cynthia") were all used up before we moved into the cave. I remember so well how some of the last batch looked when we burned them. Down the sides ran a streak of something red. "Blood fun de daid hosses on de battlefield!" exclaimed Aunt Cynthia, who seemed convinced of the source of her candle grease.

I shall never forget our salt. It came from Louisiana, and was deep pink; it looked beautiful enough for a "pink-tea" accessory. Certain other trifling details of our daily life, however, escape me. For instance, what did our dog, Bulger, get to eat? Our half barrel of molasses, corn bread, and sweet-potato coffee couldn't have interested him much. But Bulger wouldn't stay out—he knew where he belonged even in those terrifying days.

I would sometimes run the risk of hasty trips to our home. On one such trip I found two wounded men in gray being cared for in our front room—a Captain Hatch and a Confederate soldier. I do not know the fate of the soldier, but Captain Hatch we saw again under happier circumstances. For on the evening of the Fourth of July, when we were able to return to that much-damaged but hospitable home and enjoy our first peaceful, adequate supper, Captain Hatch was a guest.

Right here I may as well describe the condition of our house at the close of the siege. It was purely luck that it wasn't demolished, for the house next door, the residence of Mrs. Prosser, a widow, was literally torn to pieces. Our back yard was strewn with bits of the Prosser furniture, broken crockery, and ornaments. Not

that our house escaped damage. Our dining-room chimney was all knocked in. A piece of a mortar shell that exploded above the house crashed through the roof with such force that it came down into the bedroom below, through the bed, down through the parlor beneath, and still on to the basement, where it buried itself, its force pretty well spent. So, when we returned home at last, we could gaze up at the sky as we stood in our plaster-littered parlor. And what was that bit of dark blue something, hanging through the hole above us? A few ravelings, evidently. A bit of the dark blue coverlet which was on the bed above. What a tear that piece of shell had made in it! Yes, it was better to have been uncomfortable in an old chair in the cave than lying in that bed. The coverlet was one thing that didn't ever have to be mended. It's the kind of hole that one preserves to show to one's grandchildren.

Another of my souvenirs is our clock. Such a beautiful French clock, with its ornate pendulum and alabaster pillars! It "carried on" during the siege, because probably it was wound occasionally, on our hurried trips to the house, but the glass globe covering it was shattered. Its alabaster pillars suffered accident long after the war, but the clock will still go. It is a hundred and twenty-five years old now, I think.

In our yard the Minié balls could have been gathered up literally by the peck. But far more impressive as souvenirs were the big shells that one might pick up around the city—a Hotchkiss, a "lamp-post," a James shell—one could easily collect them. The Hotchkiss shell was beautiful, and I carried one with me when, after the death of my parents, I went North to live with my grandmother. The dangerous element had been all taken out, of course—a soldier had done that at my request. But grandmother was decidedly afraid of it. "It may explode yet!" she evidently reasoned, and solemnly buried it "way in the back part of her vegetable garden. Will anyone ever find it, I wonder, and imagine a bombardment of that peaceful Northern village?

But now let me return to the cave, and the end of the siege.

At length one day there came a lull in the storm. It was the third of July, 1863. We were ready to bear all dangers to get a breath of fresh air and stretch our cramped limbs, and with my mother I started for our home, to find it pierced with shells and shattered, but still habitable.

A quartermaster came riding down the street. "You can stay there if you wish to-night," he said; "there will be no firing."

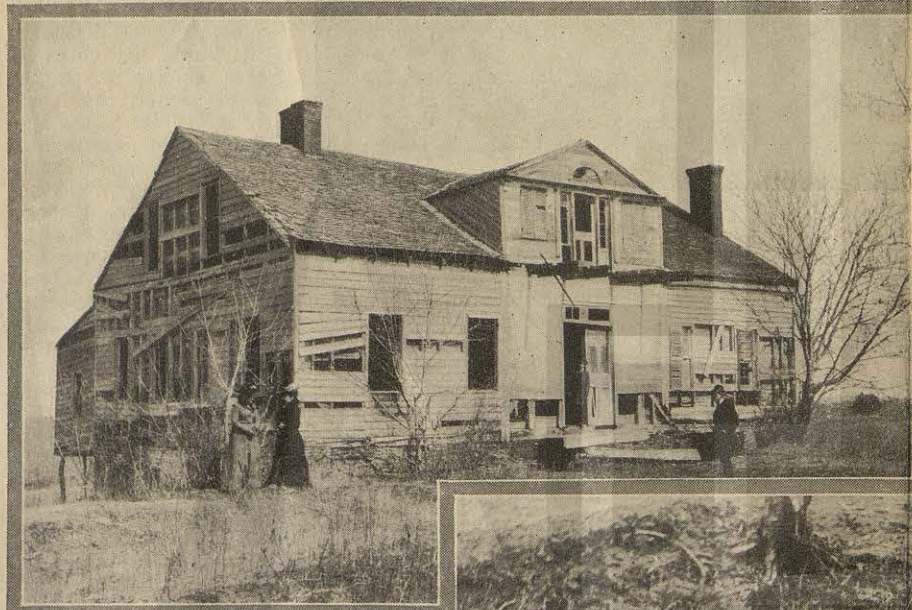
What did it mean? We climbed a hill and looked toward the army in the rear of the city. The smoke had cleared away; the guns were silent. The silence seemed intense and ominous and unnatural after the days of battle. A long line of white flags was waving between the armies. A truce was declared. Out from the caves poured the people, wan, emaciated, and some near death. A surrender was rumored and received with sullen denial. Death was preferable.

"I would rather have lived on rose leaves and held out," declared Mrs. S.

"Yes, but at least you have the rose leaves—we haven't!" someone reminded her, recollecting her charming old garden with roses white, pink, crimson, and yellow, in Southern luxuriance.

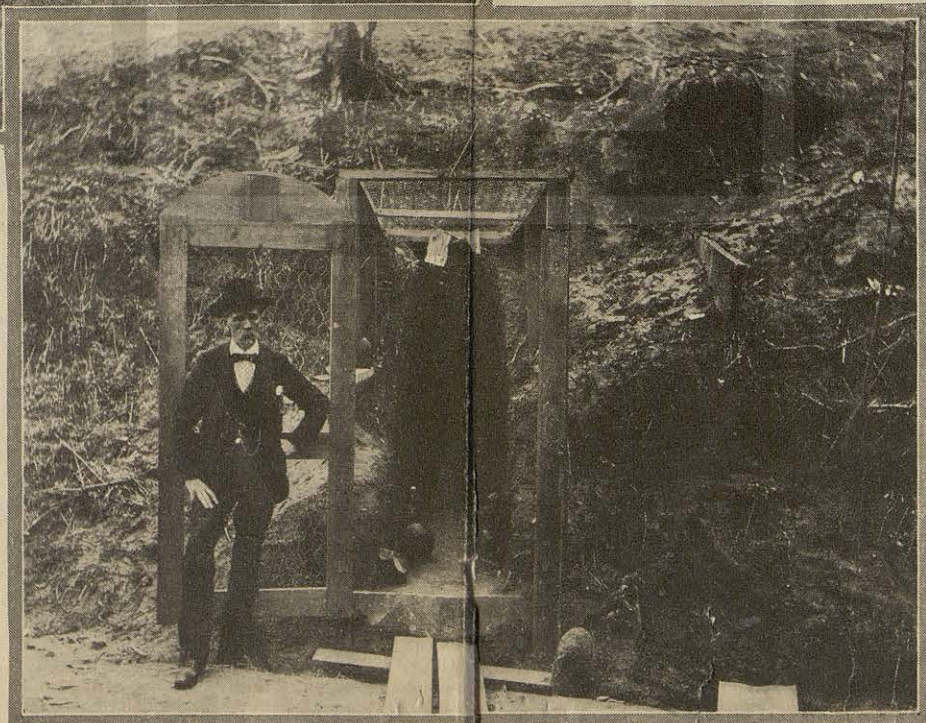
So, my mother and I had one less night of cave life than the rest of the family. In spite of the assurance of the quartermaster, and the white flags, we wondered if the strange silence really meant safety. Were the besiegers getting ready to blow up the town with liquid fire next day? We had heard vague hints of it. But we were so very, very tired! So, we stretched a mosquito bar over four chairs and slept on the floor. My

(Continued on page 51)



The Shirley home as it appeared after the siege of Vicksburg. It has since been repaired for the use of the National Park superintendent

plantation home, lived our friends, the Shirleys. My family and another family shared a negro cabin in the yard of the big white house. I, however, stayed in the house with the daughter, Alice Shirley. Little did I dream that later on this stately residence was to become a target, a landmark for both armies, honey-combed with bullets during the siege, and that finally, some forty years later, it would be considered important enough to be bought by the Government and restored perfectly. "The white house" was referred to again and again in official orders and reports during and after the siege. Comrades of both armies greatly desired its restoration. Now it is a highly important feature of the Vicksburg National Military Park. So, if I cannot inspire awe by show-



The Lewis Cave. The only cave now remaining. Needless to say it was often crowded with others. In the Lewis family

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SOMEWHERE in the drifts up-piled along the valley a reckless hand had tossed a lighted match. Jennie Benson, at the window of the public library, reflected that there was no danger to the town, for Waycliffe was high on the bluffs with a rim of intervening hills. But she wondered whimsically what the sound of rain would be like, for the summer's drought had been prolonged past autumn. Beneath the dull heavens the river surged turbid, coppery; the current flowed with neither sound nor sparkle.

There was no wind astir, and the air was thick and hot. The mellow sweetness of October in Kentucky was turned acrid and bitter by the whirling dust and the scent and sting of the burning forest in eyes and nostrils. The little library was empty now of club women and school children, but the corners were filled with the smoke fog that one could taste and smell. Jennie, stifed and gasping, flung up the window and, loosening the screen, looked down into the street.

A few cars were parked as usual about the courthouse square. A negro nurse girl pushed a perambulator leisurely along the pavement. Gish Brenner, limping down the street, looked up and doffed his cap to the friendly wave of Jennie's hand.

In the restaurant on the corner, Hi Talley was frying fish for supper; the odor floated up, commingled with the ever-present scent of burning leaves. Hi stood in the doorway, fork in hand, gazing up the street. Jennie could read the letters boldly encircling his projecting front: "Use Silver Mine Flour for Your Waffles. None Better." Jennie was mildly amused; she thought she would have a catfish steak for supper for a change—only she wished Hi's apron were cleaner.

"Goshamighty!" she heard him say in his booming voice. Stark astonishment, perhaps consternation, intoned its prophecy to Jennie's startled ear.

"Oh, what's happened?" she thought.

She leaned farther out over the sill, staring too, in the direction in which Hi's gaze seemed to cling. And as she stared, suddenly her face was like a May apple's flower, waxen and white, and her blue eyes darkened like the deep ponds under the willows before the storm breaks. The blood rushed into her heart, a cold and terrible clot that was like a stone laid there to stifle her breath.

For Jennie knew, as Hi Talley had instantly known, that the tall figure plowing its way up the street was no stranger. She knew that under the broad hat tilted familiarly at a rakish angle, straight black hair waited release to fall across eyes filled with satiric laughter—the eyes of Gabriel Drain.

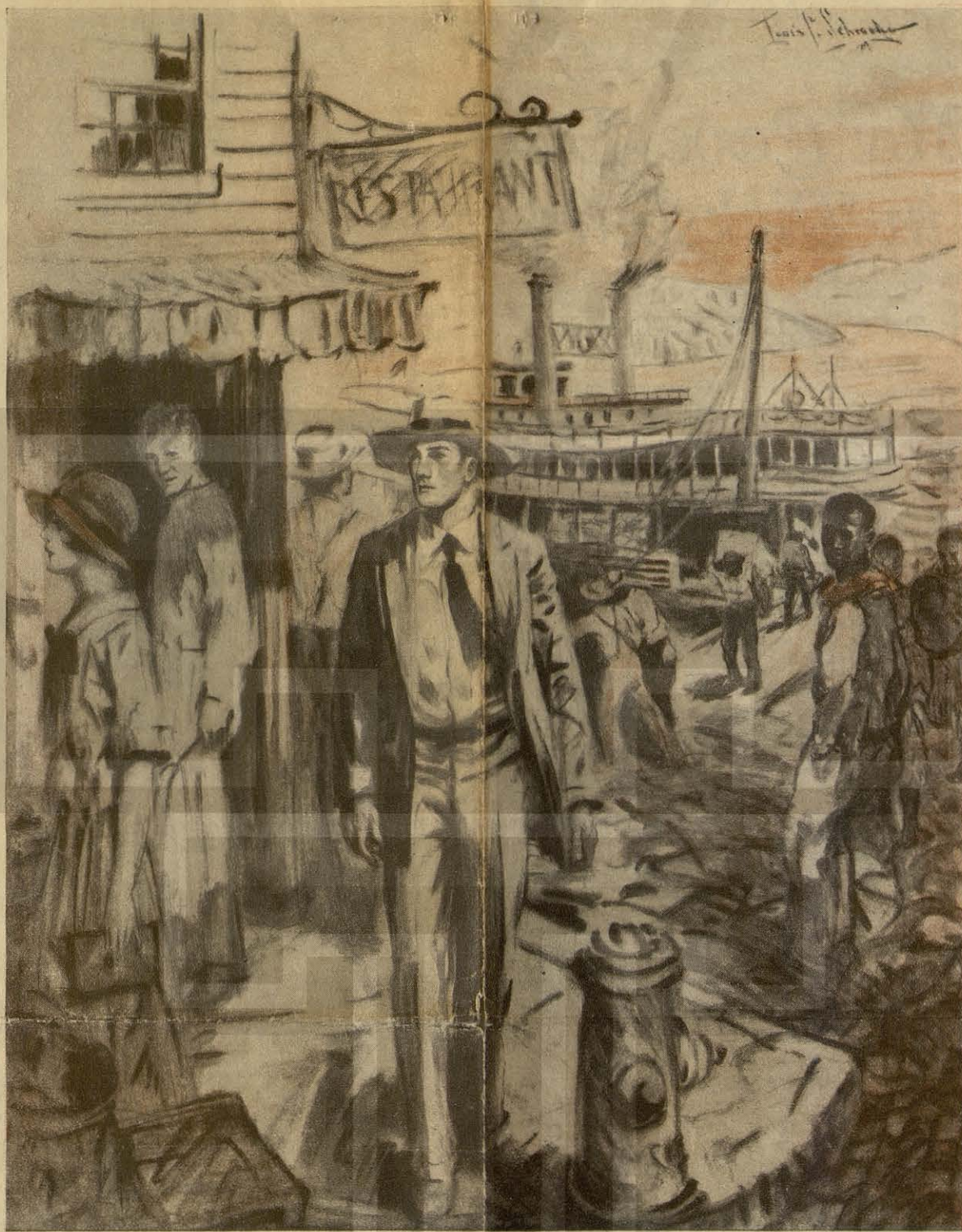
Gabriel—back in the old town after fifteen years of silence. In those fifteen years Jennie had seen her youth slip by and life drift into a dull, monotonous round. In those years she had kept counsel with herself, after the way of gentle women, and nobody had ever known her secret, least of all Gabriel himself.

On a summer's night in that long ago Gabriel had gone from the old town, gone under cover of darkness, as night is the time for black deeds. Per-

haps he went in an open boat down the river, for the story of the town itself was inextricably linked with the story of the river. The two railroads that shoved diverging lines to the outlands far beyond the valley were invested with none of the romance that clung to the great current slipping past the bluffs, a mile wide at the recession of the drought tides, a world of fierce water when the spring and autumn floods were out. The boom of a steamer's whistle, as the craft rounded the bluffs, sent an electric thrill from the wharf boat, squatting on its piles, to the sacred purlieus of the Hill, where the aristocracy of the countryside entrenched itself in an arrogance untouched, unmodified by time or circumstance.

But none had been on the river shore the night Gabriel had put out across the dark water. The blood resurgent into her body, Jennie's face took on a glow of bitterness and shame. She had withdrawn to the dusk of her desk and leaned there, her palms across her eyes, as if to shut out the story that ran like a pageant out of the past.

Had Gabriel heard of Kate's marriage, not six months ago, to the sawmill boss from the Cache bottoms? There had always been that element of perplexity in the sordid story of Gabriel and Kate Brenner, for Gabriel had never been a woman's man. Jennie had so little vanity that she had long ago dismissed from any speculation those few shy



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attentions Gabriel had paid her in that summer of her girlhood when they had climbed the hill to the old fort together. For from the time his aunt, Kitty Drain, had brought him home with her from some God-forsaken plantation down river, Gabriel had been a boy's boy, the antitype of his cousin Stephen. Stephen, slim, elegant even in the awkward years of adolescence, was a parlor knight. His mother, like Hannah of old, had dedicated him to the Lord.

"If I could go to conference and see Stephen in the bishop's chair, I would be reconciled to pass on that minute to my reward." Her fervent declaration, oft repeated, never failed to move Gabriel to further worship of her stubborn, sweet placidity. He adored his aunt; her goodness was as visible as the halo around the heads of the saints in the Pre-Raphaelite paintings in the old books in the library. But he did not adore Stephen, although they got on. Early

Gabriel learned that they did not speak the same language of boyhood. Stephen did not care at all for moles comfortably dead nor the delights of a pocketful of live and scratchy crawfish. The wild ribaldry of Hallowe'en left him disgusted with the wit that could hoist Farmer Hicks's wagon to the top of his shed, and park cockleburs under the saddles of the unlucky steeds tied to the hitching racks about the courthouse square. Stephen got religion early and was elected Sunday-school superintendent at eighteen, thus establishing a record. Gabriel, on the other hand, more often than not sneaked out before the sermon to lie in the tall grass behind the Drain orchard and muse with his gaze remote and held fascinated by the cloudy glimpse of the far, high hills on the Missouri shore.

So the years went, and suddenly the shock-headed, muddy-booted Gabriel was a six-footer, thewied with steel wires for muscles, and come into his heritage of Drain arrogance worn to so thin a strain in the amiable, pleasant Stephen. His sloe-black eyes dismissed impertinence with a flashing glance; he staged no more rough-and-tumble fights, but his fists were big, and men stood from under his wrath. He became, indeed, very fastidious as to nails and shoes and trousers.

His Aunt Kitty beamed upon him with added grace. "All you lack now, precious boy, is religion—and a wife. There's little Jennie Benson, the prettiest girl in town—"

Gabriel had told her that as they climbed the long hill that day, his sidelong glance inscrutable as his handsome dark face.

And then, in a week's space, the incredible, the dreadful business with Kate Brenner!

Kitty Drain and Stephen retired behind their barricade of pride and silence and never spoke Gabriel's name in the hearing of any of the old town. Kitty sent the baby clothes—for it was a girl, and Kate called her Margaret. When the child began to run about the streets, it was inevitable that Kitty should meet her, but always she passed on, her face immobile as a mask. Waycliffe believed that because of the disgrace of Gabriel's flight and dereliction, Stephen gave up his studies at a theological

Fog

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