

VETERANS HEAR THE PRESIDENT

Mr. Wilson Delivers Address at Gettysburg Celebration.

DRAWN LESSON FROM BATTLE

Declares Great Army of the People Must Fight Peacefully to Perfect the Nation All Love.

Gettysburg, Pa., July 4.—National day in the semi-centennial celebration of the battle of Gettysburg was made especially notable by an address delivered by President Woodrow Wilson. In his audience were many thousands of the veterans who fought in the great battle, as well as a great throng of other visitors.

The president's address follows: Friends and Fellow Citizens: I need not tell you what the battle of Gettysburg meant. These gallant men in blue and gray sit all about us here. Many of them met here upon this ground in grim and deadly struggle. Upon these famous fields and hillsides their comrades died about them. In their presence it were an impertinence to discourse upon how the battle went, how it ended, what it signified! But 50 years have gone by since then and I crave the privilege of speaking to you for a few minutes of what those 50 years have meant.

What have they meant? They have meant peace and union and vigor, and the maturity and might of a great nation. How wholesome and healing the peace has been! We have found one another again as brothers and comrades in arms, enemies no longer, generous friends rather, our battles long past, the quarrel forgotten—except that we shall not forget the splendid valor, the manly devotion of the men who arrayed against one another, now grasping hands and smiling into each other's eyes. How complete the union has become and how dear to all of us, how unquestioned, how benign and majestic, as state after state has been added to this great family of free men! How handsome the vigor, the maturity, the might of the great nation we love with undivided hearts; how full of large and confident promise that a life will be wrought out that will crown its strength with gracious justice and a happy welfare that will touch all alike with deep contentment! We are debtors to those 50 crowded years; they have made us heirs to a mighty heritage.

Nation Not Finished.

But do we deem the nation complete and finished? These venerable men crowding here to this famous field have set us a great example of devotion and utter sacrifice. They were willing to die that the people might live. But their task is done. Their day is turned into evening. They look to us to perfect what they established. Their work is handed on to us, to be done in another way but not in another spirit. Our day is not over; it is upon us in full tide.

Have affairs passed? Does the nation stand still? Is it what the 50 years have wrought since those days of battle finished, rounded out, and completed? Here is a great people, great with every force that has ever beaten in the life blood of mankind. And it is secure. There is no one within its borders, there is no power among the nations of the earth, to make it afraid. But has it yet squared itself with its own great standards set up at its birth, when it made that first noble, naive appeal to the moral judgment of mankind to take notice that a government had now at last been established which was to serve men, not masters? It is secure in everything except the satisfaction that its life is right, adjusted to the uttermost to the standards of righteousness and humanity. The days of sacrifice and cleansing are not closed. We have harder things to do than were done in the heroic days of war, because harder to see clearly, requiring more vision, more calm balance of judgment, a more candid searching of the very springs of right.

Tribute to Their Valor.

Look around you upon the field of Gettysburg! Picture the array, the fierce heats and agony of battle, column hurled against column, battery following to battery! Valor? Yes! Greater no man shall see in war; self-sacrifice, and loss to the uttermost; the high recklessness of exalted devotion which does not count the cost. We are made by these tragic, epic things to know what it costs to make a nation—the blood and sacrifice of multitudes of unknown men lifted to a great stature in the view of all generations by knowing no limit to their manly willingness to serve. In armies thus marshaled from the ranks of free men you will see, as it were, a nation embattled, the leaders and the led, and may know, if you will, how little except in form its action differs in days of peace from its action in days of war.

May we break camp now and be at ease? Are the forces that fight for the Nation dispersed, disbanded, gone to their homes forgetful of the common cause? Are our forces disorganized, without constituted leaders and the might of men consciously united because we contend, not with armies, but with principalities and powers and wickedness in high places. Are we content to lie still? Does our union mean sympathy, our peace contentment, our vigor right action, our maturity self-comprehension and a clear

Daredevil Photography.

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

During different practices I have taken my position in these masts in

confidence in choosing what we shall do? War fitted us for action, and action never ceases.

Our Laws the Orders of the Day.

I have been chosen the leader of the Nation. I cannot justify the choice by any qualities of my own, but so it has come about, and here I stand. Whom do I command? The ghostly hosts who fought upon these battlefields long ago and are gone? These gallant gentlemen stricken in years whose fighting days are over, their glory won? What are the orders for them, who rally to me? I have in my mind another host, whom these set free of civil strife in order that they might work in days of peace and settled order the life of a great nation. That host is the people themselves, the great and the small, without class or difference of kind or race or origin; and undivided in interest. If we have but the vision to guide and direct them and order their lives aright in what we do. Our constitutions are their articles of enlistment. The orders of the day are the laws upon our statute books. What we strive for is their freedom, their right to lift themselves from day to day and behold the things they have hoped for, and so make way for still better days for those whom they love who are to come after them. The recruits are the little children crowding in. The quartermaster's stores are in the mines and forests and fields, in the shops and factories. Every day something must be done to push the campaign forward; and it must be done by plan and with an eye to some great destiny.

How shall we hold such thoughts in our hearts and not be moved? I would not have you live even today wholly in the past, but would wish to stand with you in the light that streams upon us now out of that great day gone by. Here is the nation God has builded by our hands. What shall we do with it? Who stands ready to act again and always in the spirit of this day of reunion and hope and patriotic fervor? The day of our country's life has but broadened into morning. Do not put uniforms by. Put the harness of the present on. Lift your eyes to the great tracts of life yet to be conquered in the interest of righteous peace, of that property which lies in a people's hearts and outlasts all wars and errors of men. Come, let us be comrades and soldiers yet to serve our fellow men in quiet counsel, where the blast of trumpets is neither heard nor heeded and where the things are done which make blessed the nations of the world in peace and righteousness and love.

LOOK TO RUSSIAN OIL FIELDS

Are Certain to Play an Important Part in Furnishing Power for Battleships.

In discussing the fact that the use of oil instead of coal as fuel in the English navy is under consideration it is time Russia should pay serious attention to this question. If England is replacing its own cheap coal by the more expensive foreign product, there must be important advantages on the side of naphtha, and in the future Russian fleet the part to be played by this fuel will be a most important one, the Novoe Vremya says. Many mills and factories have gone over to naphtha as fuel and the consumption is increasing every year.

Russia owns immense oil fields and it could be the chief supplier of the world. The need of organization in the business is recognized by the government and a number of special meetings have been held for discussing the subject. New conditions have been laid down for the exploitation of government territories, and the regulations for investigations have been changed. Some territories known as being rich in oil have been closed to private enterprise, such as the Apsheron peninsula, near Baku, and various islands of the Caspian sea, as well as some territories in the Transcaucasian Ural and Gerghana districts, and others in the north of Russia and Siberia, amounting to millions of acres. The reason for this action is the wish to preserve these districts from exhaustion.

Another question concerns the matter of investigation. It is quite necessary that the right of investigation be granted on a large scale, and not only for comparatively small lots of ground, where the investigation might not pay. The government is aware of this fact, and, according to the new regulations the plots of ground allotted for investigation are to be increased tenfold. The most advisable system is to grant concessions that would induce capitalists to place their money in such undertakings. Under the new regulations regarding the investigation of naphtha districts, the government proposes to publish geological descriptions of the various districts.

Ready Wit Saved Situation.

A very laughable incident once occurred in the house of commons. An Irish member having risen was assailed by loud cries of "Spoke! Spoke!" meaning that having spoken once already he had no right to do so a second time. He had evidently a second speech struggling in his breast for an introduction into the world, when seeing after remaining for some time on his legs, that there was not the slightest chance of being suffered to deliver a sentence of it, he observed with imperturbable gravity and in rich Tipperary brogue: "If the honorable gentleman suppose that I was going to speak again they are quite mistaken. I merely rose for the purpose of saying that I had nothing more to say on the subject." The house was convulsed with laughter for a few seconds afterward at the ready wit of the Hibernian M. P.

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

The first university in the German empire was at Prague, Bohemia, 1544.

WOMAN SURVIVOR OF BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG



That woman played a prominent part in the greatest battle of the Civil War that was fought fifty years ago, is apt to be forgotten until a mute reminder such as is seen in the photograph is brought to our attention. Fifty years back is a long time to remember, yet here one of those who fought under the stars and bars, five decades ago, is greeting one of the women nurses and one of the few remaining ones whose husband was the comrade in arms of the grizzled old veteran.

SIDELIGHTS OF GETTYSBURG REUNION

The great reunion of the blue and the gray on the battlefield of Gettysburg has passed into history. It was in all respects the most unique gathering of the soldiers of the 60's ever held. Men who fought each other fifty years ago this year fraternized as long-separated brothers. Naturally such a gathering would be productive of many incidents, both pathetic and humorous. As many stories were floating about as there were veterans at the reunion.

The camp is full of unexpected meetings. Every day brings forth numerous meetings between men who have not seen one another for many years. Many are commonplace, but some are extraordinary. For instance, here is one:

I. D. Munsee of Erie county, Pennsylvania, a soldier in the 11th Pennsylvania, was captured by the confederates at Peachtree Creek, Ga., when he was one of Sherman's army on the celebrated march to the sea. He was being conveyed to the rear by a confederate soldier when the union batteries opened fire upon the party among whom he was a prisoner. The man who was guarding Munsee was hit and fell, knocking Munsee down and lying on top of him.

Seeing his chance of escape, Munsee lay very still under the unconscious confederate while the battle raged around them. That night he slipped from under the body and escaped to the union lines. "I thought that fellow was dead," said Munsee. "But I saw him today. Poor fellow, his mind's bad, and he didn't recognize me, but I was sure of him. I couldn't even get his name, but I'm going over later to the Georgia camp and try to find out who he is."

Here is a story which was told by A. T. Dice, vice-president of the Reading railway:

Once upon a time there was a veteran in gray and a veteran in blue. They came to Gettysburg and in the course of events and visits to hotels they happened to meet. They looked over the sights of Gettysburg and the monuments of the field. But they found they must part.

The one in blue lived in Oregon; the one in gray in New Orleans. They went weeping together to their station and passed by train after train, deferring the parting that must come. Just what they said, just how they reached the final grand idea of the meeting, Mr. Dice did not know. But, however, yesterday they finally decided that the time for parting had come. The one from Oregon could not figure how to reach home via New Orleans and his gray comrade, while willing to see the west, didn't have the money for a ticket.

They lined upon the platform as their trains stood waiting and then before the crowd, they slowly stripped off their uniforms and exchanged them there while the curious looked to see them.

The Oregonian who came proudly to town with a coat of blue, went as proudly away with one of gray and the veteran from Louisiana who boasted the gray of the south sat with swelling chest in his new uniform of blue.

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

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

Fifty years to the hour from the time when the first shot preceding the battle was fired a reunion meeting of the blue and the gray was held in the big tent. The gray cavalry men who fought the skirmishes that led up to the three days' fight pledged themselves in the shadows of the stars and stripes to "forget" and their brothers in blue swore by the stars and bars that the fight was over for all time.

There were several women from the village in the tent and six one-time schoolgirls, gray-haired and aged now, sang "Rally 'Round the Flag, Boys," while the veterans wept like boys, but with pride. The six women who sang the battle song were among those who thronged the streets of Gettysburg after the advance guard of the southern army left it 50 years ago. On the night when Buford's men came riding into the village on the heels of Wheeler's men in gray, maidens strewed flowers along the streets and bells in the churches pealed out the news of the coming of the blue and the town went wild.

Of all the scores of girls who welcomed the vanguard of Meade, only a half dozen could be found, and they stood, white-haired with tears in their eyes on a platform in the big tent and sang to the weeping soldiers in the seats below.

"I'm afraid we can't sing like we sang 50 years ago," said the matronly woman who acted as leader as she led the way up the steps to the platform.

"We don't care; just sing again," shouted the veterans. As the first notes of the war-time melody came from them in quivering tones, the veterans both of the north and of the south sat quiet with eyes fixed upon the singers. The hum of the chorus came from every side, and the old men wept openly.

Aside from the old soldiers themselves, an interesting figure is Mrs. Longstreet, widow of the commander at the front of the Confederate lines in the third day's battle. Mrs. Longstreet walked a mile through the broiling sun out to the old Rogers house to interview General Sickles.

Some time ago Mrs. Longstreet sent a long telegram as representing the southern veterans in protest against the old Union veteran being thrown in jail in New York because of some financial affairs. It was said that Sickles misunderstood the spirit and his pride was so hurt that their meeting today would not be cordial.

"General, I have written an article about you for publication," said Mrs. Longstreet at the meeting, and she read several pages of the highest tribute to the old corps leader, whom she characterized as having come back and being once again in the saddle. Half a hundred old Sickles' men gathered on the lawn and the reading became dramatic. General Sickles leaned back in his big chair, closed his eyes, and looked back to meeting with Longstreet.

Here his widow was praising to the world the valor which she claimed had gone unrecognized by the government. Tears flowed down the Sickles cheeks now tanned by his ninety-third summer, and his old followers doffed their hats and mingled their tears with those of their old leader, wetting the ground upon which long ago had been soaked by their blood.

James H. Lansberry of St. Louis Mo., who enlisted in the Third Indiana cavalry from Madison, Ind., recited to his comrades the details of his capture in the town of Gettysburg by Confederates 50 years ago. Following the skirmish just outside of town which marked the opening of what was to be a world-famed engagement he had been detailed to assist in carrying a wounded officer to the old seminary in Gettysburg. While in town frantic women docked about him and begged that he tell of the battle. He remained to tell the story, with the result that he had to spend several days in following the Confederate army as a prisoner. After tramping 50 miles over rough country without shoes he succeeded in escaping and finally made his way back to Gettysburg, where he remained at Hill August, where he remained in the wound ed, which were housed in the seminary, churches, barns and public buildings.

One of the unadvertised reunions of the celebration occurred in the confederate section of the camp. A life and drum corps of men in blue tramp ed up and down the streets of the confederate part of the city of tents.

They stopped before the tents, played such a fanfare as only drums and fifes can make, summoned forth the occupants and shook hands, threw their arms about the gray shoulders and in a dozen other ways showed their feelings of friendship.

They kept it up for hours and visited practically every "reb" tent. Their reception was as warm as their greeting.

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

There were at least 100 crutches piled up in the bureau, dozen or so applicants having called for them. Those who come to redeem their lost crutches seldom can recognize them and most of them go away with somebody else's.

There was one wooden leg also lying unclaimed. It was brought in by a Boy Scout, who had found it under a tree.

Several sets of false teeth were found.

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

WALL STREET OPERATOR ADMITS IMPERSONATING 2 CONGRESSMEN

N. Y. STOCKBROKER DECLARES HE ACTED AT ALL-TIMES FOR EDWARD LAUTERBACH.

SOUGHT PERFECTLY LEGAL EMPLOYMENT FOR FRIEND

Ledyard Testifies Lauterbach Called Upon Him With Plan to "Make Wall Street Good." After Lamar, Posing as Palmer, Had Arranged Meeting—Confessor Digresses to Charge \$88,000,000 Forgeries Were Committed on Union Pacific Books and That Road Juggled Its Assets.

Washington, D. C.—David M. Lamar, New York stock broker, on the witness stand before the senate lobby committee, frankly admitted that he had impersonated representatives and other big public men in calling upon officials of the Harriman lines in behalf of Edward Lauterbach, New York attorney. Lamar insisted that he acted at all times through friendship for Lauterbach, and said he only wanted to secure him "perfect legal employment."

That Edward Lauterbach called on Louis Cass Ledyard, claiming to be the accredited representative of the Democratic leaders, and demanded that he approve a comprehensive program pledging Wall street to "be good," was also a sensational allegation made to the senate lobby committee by Ledyard.

Lauterbach called, Ledyard swore, following a telephone appointment arranged by David Lamar, the "Wolf of Wall Street," who had represented himself as Representative A. Mitchell Palmer, one of the Wilson leaders in the house. Lamar, as Palmer, had quoted Speaker Clark and a dozen other Democratic leaders on questions of policy.

Charges Assets Were "Juggled." Lamar said that he called both Judge Lovett of the Harriman lines and Paul D. Cravath, saying each time that he was Representative Rioridan of New York. His testimony caused a sensation among the members of the committee.

"Lovett's statement was true, as he said that Lauterbach tried to 'blackmail' him," asserted Lamar emphatically. Lamar called Lauterbach "the little man with the big heart, the man who can't keep a dollar in his pocket because he can't bear suffering."

Lamar also directly charged that the late E. H. Harriman and his associates in 1901, at a time when the Union Pacific was in serious financial difficulties, manipulated the accounts of the railroad system so that they secured \$82,000,000,000, which they used to finance the deals which later gave Harriman his position as the railway wizard.

The committee refused to permit Lamar to go into the details of this alleged manipulation, and later the attorneys for the Harriman interests and Kuhn, Loeb & Co. read into the record a declaration that this story was planned in connection with a contemplated bear raid on the Harriman shares. The statement characterized Lamar as "the greatest liar of modern times."

Later, Lamar alleged, the principals in the transaction went to Kuhn, Loeb & Co. and secretly got nearly \$200,000,000, which he believed, was for their own use.

Name "Just Came to Me." Coming back to the Rioridan-Lovett conversation, Lamar said that he called Lovett, using Rioridan's name.

"How did you happen to mention his name?" asked Nelson. "Oh, it just came to me," he said. Lamar readily admitted that he had used Representative Palmer's name in talking to Lewis Cass Ledyard.

"Did you intimate that Lauterbach had influence in Washington?" asked Nelson.

"I explain in substance. Then you can form your own judgment," replied Lamar.

"Answer the question," demanded Overman.

"I am strongly of the opinion," said the witness, "that I went strongly toward the affirmative in my conversation with Mr. Ledyard, but I'll get down to it, senator. I'll get down to it."

"How did you happen to use Palmer's name?" asked Nelson.

"I saw him once at the Baltimore convention," the witness said, "and Palmer just then was much in the public eye and prominent in the administration."

Lamar related the first unsuccessful effort of President Roosevelt to end the 1901 and 1902 Pennsylvania coal strike. Following this, he said, Roosevelt asked Lauterbach to arrange a conference with Gov. Odell of New York, Senator Platt and Senators Quay and Penrose of Pennsylvania.

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domain. "After this," the witness added, "Morgan told me that he was criticized for letting me come to his office. Then the Morgan interests' enmity to Lauterbach became as overt as that of other interests. "I resolved to find out about it, and I knew Ledyard could tell me." Thinking he was talking to Palmer, the witness said, Ledyard told him over the phone what a blackmailer Lamar was. "He said he had started the opposition to Lauterbach, and told me his opinion of myself, thinking I was Palmer. I realized at once that Ledyard had fallen into an error, and knew that acting as Palmer I could force him to do anything I desired. So I told him to call Lauterbach and let him explain everything. "Lauterbach then made the famous visit."

Acting for Lauterbach. Lamar said that in all his telephonic conversations he was actuated solely by a desire to help Lauterbach. "If Lauterbach could bring the Morgan interests into harmony with the Democracy it would have been a great feather in his cap," he explained. "I saw that the proposed juggle of the Union Pacific-Southern Pacific, Baltimore & Ohio and the Pennsylvania was a farce," Lamar continued. "I realized that it would rouse indignation country-wide. I say it now. Here is a government conferring with a great concern over a dissolution. The government is not sure. It doubts the law. The attorney general doesn't know about this. Finally he sends A. G. Carroll Todd to St. Paul to conduct this great battle, and he butchered him in five minutes, I think."

Lamar testified he used the name of Representative Daniel J. Rioridan of New York telephoning to Chairman Lovett of the Union Pacific. On another occasion, Lamar testified, he called upon Paul D. Cravath of counsel for the Union Pacific, suggesting Lauterbach would be a valuable adviser. On another occasion he talked over the telephone to Lewis Cass Ledyard, using Representative Palmer's name, and with Maxwell Everts, using Representative Rioridan's name. In both conversations he spoke about Lauterbach's services. Senator Nelson insisted that Lamar testify explicitly whether he stated in these conversations that Lauterbach had influence in Washington with officials, senators or representatives. "I am inclined to believe that in my conversation with Mr. Ledyard I went very far in that direction on the affirmative side," returned Lamar. "Why did you change to Palmer's name, instead of sticking to Rioridan's?" demanded Senator Nelson. "Well, Mr. Palmer was very much in the public eye then, as one who would have great influence at Washington with the incoming Democratic administration," replied Lamar. He added he did not know Palmer and had no authority to use his name. Lamar said the late J. P. Morgan's opposition to Lauterbach caused him to telephone Ledyard, using the name of Representative Palmer, to try to win his confidence and find out who had ostracized Lauterbach. "I found out it was Ledyard himself," said Lamar. He added he knew Ledyard had a stenographer on the line making a record of the talk. "I read everything into it I could," said Lamar. "I think I offered him the entire government. I may have left the president out."

Lamar set the committee into laughter with his story of how he impersonated Palmer; lectured Ledyard because he did not go to church, and told what remarkable things Lauterbach could do at Washington for the Morgan firm. "I told him that the defiant attitude of the Morgan firm toward the Democratic administration in congress had much to do with the decline in the value of Morgan securities," continued Lamar. "I called attention to the money trust and other investigations and urged Mr. Ledyard to employ Lauterbach."

Wanted to Do No Injury. "You were trying to convince Ledyard that Lauterbach was a sort of John the Baptist for the Morgan firm?" suggested Senator Nelson. "That's it exactly," returned Lamar. "Then I called upon Mr. Palmer's office in Washington," said Lamar with a smile, "and found he would be in Bethlehem, Pa., the next Sunday. Then I called Mr. Ledyard and told him to call Palmer there. I had done all I wanted to—gotten an interview for Lauterbach with Ledyard—and I didn't want Mr. Palmer injured. I wanted to clear the atmosphere and prevent a possible scandal for Palmer."

The deception was revealed to Palmer and Ledyard that Sunday. Senator Overman insisted on knowing if Lamar ever impersonated any other congressmen. "Oh, Lord, I may have," said Lamar. Lamar said that the attorney general had been "derelict in his duty," and that if the Union Pacific had had Lauterbach as counsel they would have secured "a plan that would have been advantageous to everyone concerned." Lamar admitted he had changed his name several times, but refused to give his true name or say whether or not he was a Hebrew.

Welcome Delusion. Doctor (to sick man's wife)—"Does your husband suffer from delusions, Mrs. Jones?" Mrs. Jones—"I hope so, doctor. He's been worrying for a week over what he thinks your bill will be."

The Crank. "Is Jinks a confirmed pessimist?" "Yes; he will never try to talk over a telephone because he says that the one of the 9,000,000 in the United States which would be of service to him is sure to be in use."