

MEMORIAL DAY ADDRESS BY REV. JAMES H. BATTEN

The Following Impressive and Eloquent Address Was Delivered Memorial Day in This City by Rev. Batten.

Decisive Conflict of Ages
 Republic, Fellow Citizens, and Mothers, Wives and Sweethearts (who should be citizens, and will be when once the chivalry of American manhood is fully aroused): I count myself happy in being privileged to address you upon this, the Memorial Day of our national salvation. In all times, among all peoples, the grave of an ancestor, a hero, or a soldier, has been a sacred and awe-inspiring spot. Ages ago Alexander paused for a moment in his career of victories to pay tribute at the grave of Ulysses. With bare head and humble mien he walked seven times around the grave, paying his respects to the valor of the mighty Greek warrior. Sir Walter Scott described Old Mortality going through the cemeteries of Scotland chiding anew upon the tombstones that well-nigh obliterated. Asked to explain his zeal for the memorial of these worthless, the old man replied that he wished to see the heroes of the past march forward side by side with the youth of the present. This noble sentiment reminds us that the nation has suffered a great calamity whose youth have separated themselves from the battle fields of yesterday. That nation which forgets to celebrate the statesmen, sages and heroes from whom its priceless heritage has been received, enters upon an epoch of national decadence. When Philip threatened Greece, the people of Athens came together in the amphitheatre to conspire against the tyrant and his army. In that hour an orator said: "We urge this course of action in the solemn presence of our ancestors and posterity. For we should test each institution by the approval of the heroes of yesterday, whose statues there tell us they have been; and we should also test each law by these empty niches, which tell us that great men of another generation soon shall be." Thus our age will achieve the best results for itself by enshrining in memory the battle fields of liberty and the victories of peace, that we may preserve unaltered for future generations the great principles and ideals which they achieved for their time and bequeathed to the ages. For it is only by communing with the heroes of yesterday, by pondering long the lives of Washington, Jefferson and Hamilton; of Lincoln, Grant and Lee; only by meditating upon their character and emulating their example; by brooding over their sorrows and sympathizing with their griefs; by rejoicing in their victories and exulting in their triumphs, that we rise to the heights on which they dwell and receive from their hands the sacred fire which God alone kindled. Pericles exhorted Athenians remember Marathon, for that victory made Athens the greatest city in Greece. Mr. Gladstone once said that America was to become the world's educator in free institutions. It is ours to remember that our fathers made possible the great Englishman's prophecy, and we can fulfill it only as we incarnate their spirit in the national life of today. These national Memorial days foster and develop that spirit in American life. This it was that produced the unselfish patriotism that leaped to the rescue of oppressed Cuba. This it was that in that conflict made possible the marvelous victories of our army and navy, compressing the struggle of a hundred years of the overthrow of Spanish colonial tyranny into a hundred days of victory, and begetting within us that spiritual fire of brain and blood which came of the Greeks after Marathon, to the English after Agincourt, and to the Americans after Santiago.

But, my fellow citizens, glorious as is this present, it would have been impossible but for the glory of the past. The Spanish conflict was the third great war-epoch of American history. For an explanation of its spirit we must tread backward the century and a quarter of progress that lay behind it, until we stand with the patriots of Concord, when,

"By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
 Their flag to April's breeze unfurled
 Here once the embattled farmers stood,
 And fired the shot heard round the world.
 Then for nearly a century we listen to the bells of independence ringing out the sweet notes of freedom, but the harmony marred continually by the moans and groans of the living life of slavery. Another war-epoch dawns—this time the horrors of internecine conflict—but still the spirit of liberty broods over the chaos of national life, and when the flag of unity waves over the land, no bondman's cry is heard in the nation. By the side of the Declaration of Independence the American people have placed its perpetual guarantee, sealed in martyr blood—the proclamation of emancipation.

Fast Diminishing
 It is of this second epochal conflict that I am particularly to speak today, as again we meet to wreath the heads of those, who dying, live forever, with the imperishable chaplets of memory's laureled green. The muster roll of the Grand Army of the Republic is fast diminishing in length. The grand army of veterans is marching into the beyond. The steps of the survivors are faltering, and in another generation only here and there will be a lonely man, in the tremulous accents of great age, talk of the days of the misty past when millions of men were under arms in the blood-stained southland. "We were in peril; they breathed the danger. The republic called; they answered with their blood. We here highly resolve that the dead

shall have died in vain. Forget them? Never!
 "They're thinning out—the old boys—they're few now on the sod;
 They're crossin'—crossin' over to the campin' grounds of God;
 I see the young boys marchin' on hills and fields and glades
 But we won't forget the old boys who made the old brigades."
 I often wonder why men so young as myself should be invited to speak upon occasions such as this. Doubtless we all agree that the best orator is experimental, in that he unfolds from the pages of memory the stirring events with which he was contemporary, and in whose solution he was an active factor. If this be so, then much more appropriate would it be, if I might change places with many who are before me, and sit as a rapt listener to the eloquent recital of the story of patriotism that was burned into your souls amid the whistling of the bullet, the bursting of the shell, the groaning of the wounded, and the praying of the dying. For your speaker was not born until for two years the smoke of battle had lifted from the nation's fields of conflict. And yet, I am constrained to believe that often a better perspective is to be obtained from the summit of historic survey, than is possible amid the strife and carnage of present action. To the participants the awful scenes of battle and the great figures of the drama of death must ever be vividly present. So to the student of history, above these stand in gigantic outline the eternal principles for which they battled to the death. It is of these I would more particularly speak today. And yet, I would not forget those who made possible their perpetuation. As I look into your faces, comrades—for though I never was baptized into your sufferings, I comrade with you in spirit—I note that the faces are furrowed, and the heads hoary. Your march today is down the side of the hill, that shows golden in the light of the western sun. We are told that before the old gladiators enter into deadly conflict in the Roman arena, they faced the emperor, saluted, and chieft, "Sesaur, we are about to die, salute you!" But we of the new generation, who believe in death only as the covered archway that opens into the larger life, how our heads before you today, each stationed upon the high throne of a nation's gratitude, and cry: "We who are about to live, salute you!" You stand upon the summit of your years; we, who slowly scale, in struggle, the ascending heights, would mark your course, and faith, our own. But that course led glorying in your triumph, hall, in faith, our own. But that course led not through the "green pastures and still waters," of peaceful and pastoral life. In the very springtime of life your young blood was offered upon the altar of national sacrifice. Our country was revealed in the fires of conflict, into an inseparable union, by the young manhood of the nation—"the boys in blue." Well wrote Emerson.

"Not gold, but only men can make
 A people great and strong;
 Men who for truth and honor's sake,
 Stand fast and suffer long."
 But, oh! the great cost, for "there fell down many slain." And every year adds to the number who have fallen from the ranks. We hail them conquerors all!

"On fame's eternal camping-ground
 Their silent tents are spread,
 And glory guards with solemn round
 The bivouac of the dead."
 "Nor wreck, nor change, nor winter's blight,
 Nor Time's remorseless doom,
 Shall dim one ray of holy light
 That glids their glorious tomb."
 "The patriot's heart shall warmer glow.
 When standing by their grave;
 And deader still shall be the flag,
 They welcomed death to save."
Great Foundation Principles
 And of the livin' what shall I say? You are not the men to deside fulsome adulation, and will therefore agree with me, when I say, that in emphasizing the eternal principles for which this great conflict was waged, we do best honor those who fought its battles. In the Civil war was involved two great foundation principles of nation's being—individual liberty, and indivisible national unity. To comprehend the conflict waged over these great truths, we must go back to the very settlement of our country. The south largely settled, and dominated the Cavalied element, naturally tended toward aristocracy and the subjection of the masses; the north settled principally and developed by the Puritan element, as logically tended toward democracy and the reign of the common people. This divergence of view and purpose was for awhile forgotten in the common struggle of the colonies against the oppression of the "mother country," ending in their independence and apparent unification. But every decade after the formation of the government based upon the Declaration of independence, but several to emphasize the widely differing interpretations placed upon it by the north and south. The south reared a structure of economic prosperity upon the unstable foundation of forced labor. The north built upon the rock foundation of mutual industrial interests, speedily attaining a marked commercial supremacy. The south founded its structure of spiritual life upon a foundation of faulty morals, declaring, in the language of Alexander H. Stephens, its belief in, "The great physical, philosophical and moral truth, that the negro, by nature of the curse of Canaan, is not equal to the white man; that slavery,

subordination to the superior race, is by ordination of Providence, his natural and normal condition."
 The north built an impregnable structure of spiritual life upon the firm foundation of the common "Fatherhood of God and brotherhood of man." The south exploited a political system that enabled untitled and uneducated lords, "more intelligent than educated, brave but irascible, proud but overbearing," to control over wide sections, all voting and office-holding in the interests of their "peculiar institution of slavery." The north exploited a political policy that aimed to confine the system of slavery within the narrow lines it already cursed by its baleful influence. The south, with an intense state-consciousness, exalted the sovereignty of the individual state, declaring the union a mere compact that could be broken at will. The north believed the "paramount authority" to be vested in the totality of the nation, and admitted no possibility of the secession of an individual state. As the anti-slavery sentiment in the north grew stronger, the separation sentiment in the south increased, until, with the election to the presidency of Abraham Lincoln, the yawning gulf of sectionalism grew so wide that the buttresses upholding the bridge of unity which spanned it were undermined, and the nation fell into the depths of the awful chasm of civil war. The differing evolution of social, economic and moral forces, producing two radically divergent civilizations, rendered this outcome unavoidable. It was the last resort in an "irrepressible conflict" of principle, in the struggle for and against the genius of the world's advance. Single decisive battles in the world's history have been—but the war between the American states, taken as a whole, was the decisive conflict of the ages. In its outcome was wrapped the future of both civil and religious freedom. By the die it cast was to be decided whether a civilization founded upon the divine rights of freedom, was to stand or fall; whether "government of the people, by the people, and for the people," was or was not to perish from the earth. Never did a conflict more fully appose the words of James Russell Lowell, when in his "Hosanna Biglow" papers, he wrote:
 "I'm not denyin' that abstract war is horrid,
 But civilization does get forrid,
 Sometimes upon a powder-cart."
 The two great principles involved in this contest were vital to the future of freedom and the progress of civilization. First, I mention that of individual liberty. The Declaration of Independence was inoperative, until as the result of God-given victories for the Union, Abraham Lincoln issued the emancipation proclamation, enabling all the people to come to their birthright. Then out of the shadows which had swathed it, the sun of American liberty rose full-orbed, "with healing in its beams," to fling to the furthest confines of oppression and despair, the gleamings of hope. Thus was our national glory the triumph of right.
 "The glory of war, my comrades,
 Is not in the battles fought;
 'Tis not in all titled greatness
 Which men by valor have bought.
 'Tis not in the strongholds taken—
 Nay, not in the conquerer's plan;
 The glory of war is the triumph of right
 In the onward march of man."
 God is Greatest Tactician
 God is the greatest tactician of the ages. Men, whether in the restful pursuits of peace, or amid the bloody tumult of war, constitute the mighty forces which ever follow, consciously or unconsciously, His orders upon the wide field of Time. Through channels opposite to Him, His purposes have been consummated, until "the wrath of man has been made to praise Him." History has been written by a hand unseen of human vision, and the careful student, opening its pages, beholds that—
 "No action, whether foul or fair,
 Is ever done, but it leaves somewhere,
 A record written by fingers ghostly,
 As a blessing or a curse; but mostly
 In the greater weakness of greater strength."
 Of the acts which follow it, till at length,
 The wrongs of ages are redressed,
 And the justice of God made manifest."
Indivisible National Unity
 The second great principle for which you fought was that of indivisible national unity—the supremacy of the registered will of the allied commonwealths over the isolated purpose of any individual state's rights. The maintenance of that position was fundamental. In it was wrapped not only individual freedom, but the very life of national freedom. It was the axle around which revolved the principle of representative government. Had it not been sustained, God's great experiment of trusting the common people in governmental affairs would have been stamped, "Failure." Had the south carried its point, establishing the supremacy of state's rights, no power could have prevented the ultimate breaking up of this great nation into small independent governments, with conflicting interests, and the inevitable distrust, suspicion and consequent militarism that characterizes Europe today. For this the kings and monarchs of the east were praying and working. From this, soldiers of the republic, you saved us, and today, over the entire world, this nation stands clothed in the armor of freedom, and aureoled with the blazing halo of brotherly love—the eternal protest of humanity against greed, injustice and oppression—against everything that stands not with God, humanity and right.
 Our brethren of the south have themselves long since recognized this fact, and we stand together—men, freemen, Americans all. Largely this has been due to the generous spirit and brotherly treatment accorded the southerners by the "boys in blue." The clouds of conflict had scarcely lifted from the fields where the blue and the gray lay together in blood until heart had again touched heart. Naught so becomes the victor as the spirit of forgiveness. The example of our great commander when offered the sword of Lee, but illustrated the spirit of the north. When asked, "Did

you take Lee's sword at Appomattox?" he replied, "No, I did not. Lee came there wearing the magnificent sword which the state of Virginia had given him, but I did not want him to surrender it to me. I sat down at once and busied myself writing terms of surrender. When I had finished I handed them to General Lee. He read them and remarked, 'They are certainly very generous indeed.' He then told me the cavalrymen owned their own horses, and if they were deprived of them they could not put in their crops. Then I gave the order, 'Take the horses home with you, for you'll need them in the spring plowing.' That is the simple story of Lee's surrender. Alexander would have grasped that sword; Caesar would have had it; Napoleon would not have been satisfied without it; but Ulysses Simpson Grant was too great to take it.
 But, Oh, the fearful cost that this consummation might be attained. Not in ruined industries, nor yet financially, though its cost has recently been computed by the New York Sun at nearly \$9,000,000,000, exceeding by over \$5,000,000,000, the total census of the eleven seceding states at that time. But all this material loss dwindles into insignificance, when placed beside the awful slaughter of the noblest sons of both sections of our country. In the terrible four years that followed that eventful day, 2,750,000 of the flower of ours and other lands gave themselves to the cause of our common country. Of that vast army, 304,000 returned no more. They fell amidst blinding fires of musketry, or at the bursting of the mortar, gashed and mutilated by shot and shell, mown by the sabre, or down ridden in the ruthless charge of cavalry; they died, many of them, in the child of night, amid the carnage of the battlefield, their war-worn faces ghastly in the moonlight. They lay in morass and swamp while the demons of delirium mocked their last hours. Prisoned like beasts in slaughter pens, death's sable wings gleamed white, an angel of release. The prey of famine, pestilence and sword, they "Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, or night of waking."
 When the war began thousands of young men, the flower of American youth, were looking out of college halls upon a future bright with professional honors. They flung books aside, seized rifles, and became history's graduates. Hundreds of thousands of young Americans were anticipating the rewards of business genius and integrity. Straightway they abandoned cherished life-plans, in order to defend free institutions. How they came! With what swift zeal, the rank and file—a great host—sprang to arms. They gathered from near and far. "The earth trembled under their tread like a floor beaten with fraills." "All the avenues of our great cities ran with rivers of burnished steel." Can we not almost hear again their measured tramp, tramp, tramp, and their lusty song, "We Are Coming Father Abraham, Three Hundred Thousand More." Upon this Memorial day, old veterans will again hear their comrades singing around the flickering campfires, which light up their noble faces. We are Tenting tonight on the Old Camp Ground. Forever we listen to the strains of the "Battle Hymn of the Republic," echoed down the corridors of the years, until time shall be no more, for—
 "He has sounded forth the trumpet
 That shall never call retreat;
 He is sifting out the hearts of men
 Before His judgment-seat;
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him!
 Be jubilant, my feet!
 Our God is marching on.
 "In the beauty of the lillies, Christ
 Was born across the sea,
 With a glory in His bosom, that transfigures you and me;
 As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free;
 While God is marching on."
 What devastation of homes was wrought! The reverberating thunders of war that crashed over Antietam, Vicksburg and Gettysburg, shook the foundations of American homes. The forked lightning that played amid the clouds of conflict, pierced the heart of American womanhood. As the death-angel unsheathed his sword, there was a great cry in the land, for there was not a home among half a million, where there was not one dead. The tender heart of mother, wife and sweetheart was crushed, and when the dread tidings came, in many a distant northern and southern home, loved faces would "grow white instantly, as if sprinkled with the dust of ashes by an unseen hand." But the loyal woman of our land stand ready today, as then, "to send husbands, sons and brothers forth to battle, to hear the old flag in triumph as victors, or be wrapped in its folds a winding-sheet."
Every Emergency Met
 How magnificent was the Divinely endowed leadership of the Civil war! God meets every emergency. No movement having within it Divine purpose, that make for the uplifting of the race, is kept waiting for a leader. At the right time a Moses stands before Pharaoh. In the fullness of time, the Christ is born into the world. When the voice of freedom is heard crying in the wilderness of a new world, a Washington replies. When a disrupted nation stretches forth her hand in the dark chaos of rebellion, a Lincoln grasps it. Only a little while before this, an eloquent orator of the southland, speaking of the loss sustained by the nation in the death of Clay and Webster, had said:
 "Ulysses is gone, and there is left no one strong enough to bend his bow; Otis has disappeared, and there is left none strong enough to support the falling skies."
 But at this very time, in a tan-yard was training a veritable Ulysses, who at Galena, Illinois, the Almighty God should bend to the full the bow of patriotism, and speed the arrows of indomitable courage to the heart of treason in the nation forever—a Tamerlane without Tamerlane's ferocity; an Alexander without Alexander's debauchery; a Caesar without Caesar's thirst for blood; a Napoleon without Napoleon's unholy ambition—that matchless military genius of the west,

Ulysses Simpson Grant! And in the same state, at Springfield, His hand was already laid in ordination upon the head of an Atlas, who, bending his gaunt shoulders, should life the failing skies of national honor, while with one stroke of his pen, he should dash four million new stars into the galaxy of human freedom—that star of superb manhood, still in living deathless splendor shining on, freedom's Star, of Bethlehem for the oppressed of every clime and age—Abraham Lincoln!
 And who today will begrudge the honor due a Robert E. Lee, or a Stonewall Jackson, for the sincerity of their convictions and who will deny the kindly word spoken of the host of our brave but mistaken brothers, proving the sincerity of their contention by the readiness with which they accepted the issues of war, as the deviation of the God of battles? A southern mountaineer, in talking of the war, said to a northerner, "It wasn't that you'uns was braver than we'uns, or fought harder. God was with you'uns and again we'uns. Realising this fact, strife and enmity melted readily away, to be swiftly succeeded by the pursuits of peace and brotherly love. We may well believe that the Civil war has no welded in bonds of brotherhood the north and south, that another such internecine conflict would be impossible forever. Our heroes are no longer sectional, but that grim old rebel cavalry leader, Joe Wheeler, who, when asked during the Spanish war how he felt, now that he had donned the blue uniform again, replied, "I feel as if I had been on a furlough, and had just got back again. Believing that each fought for his honest convictions, the blue and the gray stand together, shoulder to shoulder—one flag, one country, one purpose for ever. They mourn alike at the mausoleum of a Grant, and at the tomb of a Lee, believing that could both rise from the sleep of death, they would clasp hands, saying "Let us have peace."
Memorial Day
 Long before the surrender of Appomattox, the women of Maryland put flowers on the graves of both the federal and confederate dead. The women of other states soon began following the custom, and so our Memorial day really was born of the tenderness of American womanhood. It finally became a national question to settle upon an annual day of observance when all citizens of the United States should assemble to do honor to the soldiers and sailors who fell in the Civil war. In 1868, Gen. John A. Logan, as commander-in-chief of the Grand Army of the Republic, appointed May 30 for that purpose. It was first called Memorial day, and later changed to Decoration day. May 30 is said to have been selected because it corresponds with the date of the last honorable discharge given a soldier in the Union army in the war between the states.
 This Decoration day, will layal hands stress lovingly the garlands, regarding not the color of the uniform the sleeping warrior wore. Let this be done, as Corporal James Tanner, then commander-in-chief, said in his Decoration day orders for 1906.
 "Not in honor of their cause, for that we opposed, fought and conquered; but because we who met them in the field of battle. Know that braver men or better soldiers have not been known since men were first marshaled in battle array. The old flag has been rebaptized since 1865 with the blood of the North and South alike, and the ship of state is securely anchored for all time."
Love Better Than Vengeance
 Soldiers of the republic, such triumphs of love surpass all victories of vengeance. Such are the new births of loyalty that burst from the womb of the Spanish-American conflict. "The characters of men," said James A. Garfield, "are moulded by what their fathers have done."
 "Treasured up in American souls are all the unconscious influences of the great deeds of the Anglo-Saxon race," as they have fought humanity's battles from Agincourt to Santiago. But while we honor all who have fought the battles of humanity, let it never be forgotten that to you, old soldiers of the republic, is due the supreme meed of praise, because only through the valor that preserved intact this Union, was it made possible that a united manhood should stand as the champion of the down trodden peoples of earth. To a dissevered nation, shackled with local prejudices, and in part dedicated to the maintenance of human slavery, Cuba and all the world's oppressed must have cried in vain forever.
 Two thousand years ago a flower Divine closed its petals upon the cross of Calvary, and today it bears its ripened fruit in that great spirit of human liberty that finds its highest and most unselfish manifestations in the American republic—a republic whose history announces to the world that the human race has broken the bonds of civil and religious servitude, and, escaping at last from its long imprisonment, has blazed a new pathway for all the ages. Forever-wave the twin ensigns of liberty—the banner of Christ, with its red cross of love upon the white field of hope, and the golden star of Bethlehem in the blue field of faith. With this, for ever

intertwined in inseparable unity of purpose and meaning—"Old Glory"—its stripes forever symbolizing the martyr-blood that made possible the white purity of its spotless truth, and in its blue field of Christian faith, the ever-growing family of freedom's golden stars.
 Soldiers of the republic, yours has been a high part in this glorious consummation. Forever shall you be counted among the towering sons of freedom. I hail you here, trusting that in the great republic of heaven, I may hail you hereafter.

ODD BITS OF NEWS
 Canfield, Ore.—Mrs. John Moore, of this place, has a ton of children. Mrs. Laird weighs only 135 pounds, but her heaviest son, 20, weighs 295 pounds. Three others weight 245 lbs each. There are 10 children and their combined is 2085 pounds.
 Devils Lake, N. D.—K. O. Anderson, about to leave town for his marriage, depended upon the town clock. The timepiece was slow, Anderson missed his train, was late for the wedding and was rejected by the angry "bride." Anderson has sued the city for \$25,000 damages.
 Huntville, O.—The boys in the graduating class here appeared at the exercises clad in overalls while the girls all wore gingham gowns. Prof. Pierson, of the Ohio University, who delivered the address complimented the young people.
 Center Point, Tenn.—J. F. Craves, mail carrier between this place and Nashville, has a gray mare, Grace, who is a veteran in the service. She has made 3,370 round trips to Nashville and has covered 67,460 miles. She appears to be good for many more years of service.
 Grand Rapids, Mich.—Joseph Bendell, of this city celebrated his 97th birthday last week and says he wants to live to be an even hundred. He would not make a very good subject for an anti-bosses lecturer, for he smokes like a house afire and has done so since he was 14. Moreover, much to the regret of many good ladies, he takes a daily nip of brandy, a habit he contracted while an officer on the British navy. He rises at 5 each morning.
 St. Louis Mo.—Miss Katherine Besse, 18 years old, ate her first breakfast, dinner and supper one day last week. When a child an accident caused the closing of the channel to the stomach. Last week a surgeon, who had become interested in her case restored her to almost normal condition. She had little idea of the taste of various foods until after the operation.

HAVE YOU ANY?
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