

ELOQUENT ADDRESS TO U. C. V. BY GEN. A. J. WEST OF GEORGIA

Tells of the South in Her Great Struggle—Gallant Wilkes of Anderson Fell At Manassas—A Tribute To Jefferson Davis

My Friends and Confederate Comrades—No higher compliment can come to any man than that of being accorded the privilege and pleasure of participating today in these sacred, interesting exercises.

South Carolina, cooling her brow in the pure air of her lofty mountains, and having her feet in the warm waters of the Atlantic, and utilizing the brains of her sons and daughters, will yet realize the dream of her maternal greatness.

And the splendid people of this beautiful growing city of Anderson, and of this historic old county, tell us in unmistakable tones that in honoring the presence of Confederate soldiers here today, no token of esteem can be too profuse, no mark of respect can be too emphatic, and no rendering of honor can be too conspicuous.

The hand upon the dial cannot be seen as it moves, but it does move nevertheless and so surely, as it keeps pace with the circling sun, so surely is the fame and glory of these Confederate Soldiers safe in the hands of these patriotic daughters of the Confederacy.

All good people respect and admire South Carolina for her glorious memories, her gallant sons and her fair daughters. We love South Carolina too, for her fertile fields, and her desolate battle scarred old hills; we love South Carolina for the rights she has maintained, and for the suffering she has endured; we love her for all of her brave men whose blood stained almost every battle field, but we love her best of all for the sacred dust she holds of General Wade Hampton, and thousands of others who suffered and endured for us.

Reverts to Stirring Days. Reverting today to that period in your country's history when this fair land was submerged in war and bloodshed and recalling its dangers and discomforts, and its toils and its trials, oftentimes with naught in harvest, we would not, if we could, blot out one day's record from the memory. Over its somber shadows fell then, and falls now, that light that comes to every heart in the path of duty. There comes, too, across the waste of years, a vision of that knightly soldier, Samuel M. Wilkes, adjutant of the 4th South Carolina Regiment, who yielded up his young and promising life on the altar of his country in the first battle of Manassas. Methinks we see him now as he rode the lines with the light of battle in his eyes and the thunderous charge upon his lips. He rode into our hearts, the impersonation of chivalry, and he rides there still. These cuff buttons in my cuffs, with the patriotic rose and the coat of arms of South Carolina on their face, are valued far beyond the computer of dollars and cents because they are the buttons that were taken from the Confederate grey coat worn by Adjutant Wilkes. His deeds and virtues are being perpetuated and sacredly guarded by his worthy son, Colonel Samuel W. Wilkes of Atlanta. The body of Adjutant Wilkes was buried in your cemetery here, and rests today beside that of his beloved wife, one of the sweetest and noblest women I have ever known.

As long as lookout mountain rears its head above the bloody plains of Chickamauga like the Chimborazo of the Andes, so long will the sacrifices of such men remain bright upon the pages of history.

Confederate Army Superior. The world's histories fail to give an account of any army under and general, on any field, that equals the Confederate Army. It was that army whose first shot, fired at Fort Sumter, in your State, in 1861, that echoed at the throne of royalty the world over, and was muffled into freedom's song in every household where the precursor's heels were felt, and you, my comrades, who composed that army, you gave Manassas to Beauregard; you wove the music of the battle of Seven Pines into laurel wreaths for Joseph E. Johnston, and you caused the waters of the Chickamauga to murmur eternally the name of Braxton Bragg. It is beyond the reach of either brush or chisel to render to the imagination such scenes and such men as shine forth in the history of the 2500 battles and combats of the Southern war, and not until some new-born Homer shall touch the harp can mankind be penetrated by a sense of their heroic deeds, and then come in their grand majestic mistletoe of opulence.

In my imagination I have seen Napoleon putting down the mob in Paris; I have seen him at the head of his army in Italy; I have seen him on the Alps, mingling the eagles of France with the eagles of the crag; I have seen him at Marongio and Australia; I have seen him in the shadow of the pyramids, when he told his soldiers for centuries would look down upon them; I have seen him crossing the bridge at Lodi with a tricolor in his hand; I have seen him building up an empire out of the ruins of Europe by means of his own ingenuity, but with all that, I would rather have the record of my lovely friend, General C. A. Reed, who left his fighting arm in Virginia fighting for the Southern people—I repeat, I would rather have the record of Gen. Reed as a Confederate Soldier, than to have that of Napoleon, with his selfish, vaulting ambition!

Surely then, my friends, there is no flower so fair, no lily so pure, no white, no ivy leaf so pure, no leaf so red, and no fastoon, plucked from the garden or woodland, but taken

on a balmy breath, a softer sweetness, a richer coloring, and a more exquisite purity when woven into garlands of respect and honor, for our Confederate Soldiers!

What Truth Will Write. When truth presented justice to the world, the munificent gift was adorned with flowers of love and sentiment. Since that period patriotic sentiment has been the ruling spirit with the liberal-loving people of all the nations. Sentiment was the force that directed the liberated bird of the ark to return with a tender sprig in witness of a receding flood, giving notice to the long imprisoned family that the time was at hand for the tremendous work of rehabilitation. Sentiment provided a shield of bull runner for the babe of destiny, and gave to Moses, the deliverer, the magic power to save his people through the divided waters of the Red Sea. Sentiment gave to Damon his unyielding devotion for Pythias, and led Joan of Arc to sacrifice the life of a heroine on the altar of her country's love; sentiment nerved the noble manhood of the South to sacrifice life and fortune in defense of a cause righteous as heaven is just! It

causes the heart-springs to play hide and seek around the sweet memories of the old oaken bucket, and sentiment, coupled with the pleasant duty, quickens our footsteps in hastening to accept the kind invitation to be here today, enables us again to look into the eyes of these brave men whose rifles rung alike on the green hills of Kentucky and the historic heights of Gettysburg! These men here, my friends, wearing the Confederate crosses, and their associates, are the men who stood between your homes and the enemy at a time when the same hunger that clutched at their throats plunged its dagger into their hearts, as they thought of loved ones famishing at home!

Gifts Token of War. Memory turns backward today to that period in your country's history when the tocsin of war first sounded its dread alarm! And when your fathers and brothers buckled on their armor, bade loved ones goodbye, received a mother's blessing, or a wife's warm kiss, and unwound, perhaps, tiny arms from around necks, closed the doors of their homes behind them and reported to their country for duty.

Soon opened the carnival of gore! First, the picket's signal gun was heard, then the rattle of muskets along the lines, followed by the booming cannon, and the great Southern yell, which you, and you so well remember, and which no man will ever forget! Shall the deeds and victories of our fathers be ever neglected, or forgotten? Go out all over this land and ask that dear old mother, who has tolled day in and day out, with sore hands and bleeding heart to raise to honorable manhood and womanhood her war-made orphans, and she will tell you, no! Ask that poor old woman who has lived in poverty and sorrow for the want of a father or brother who fell at the front, and who is weary and anxious to join the loved ones at rest, and she will tell you, no! Ask that decrepit old soldier, who sits upon the shore of time, and is anxious to cross the river and rest with Jackson in the shade of the trees, and as the tears trickle down his wrinkled face, he will tell you, no! Look up, and ask the spirits of Ben, and Barlow, and Bragg, and Breckenridge, and Lee and Johnston, and thousands of others who died for us, and Heaven itself will tremble with a responsive NO!

Honor for the Brave. Come then, today, Confederate Soldiers, with your wounds and your scars; come fair ladies, with your smiles and your flowers; come young men and fair maidens, from every nook and corner in this grand old County of Anderson, and honor yourselves in honoring the presence of the men who carried their country's flag amid the earthquake throes of Shiloh, where Albert Sidney Johnson died!

We honor ourselves in honoring the men who held aloft the stars and bars amid the floods of living fire at Chancellorsville, where Stonewall Jackson fell. I speak today for the men whose lips are sealed in death, but who saw the Southern cross flutter in the gloom of the wilderness where the angry divisions and corps rushed upon each other, clinched and fell, and rolled in the bloody mirth! I speak for the men who sustained the immortal Lee, who for four long years and stood as a wall of living fire between the capital of the Confederacy and the mighty legions of the North; I speak for the men who fought and flanked and maneuvered and marched with that thunderbolt of war, Stonewall Jackson, who, in one month's time defeated and drove the Union army from four long years and stood as a wall of living fire between the capital of the Confederacy and the mighty legions of the North; I speak for the men who followed their coun-

try's flag until its faded colors flaunted defiance for the last time at Appomattox and Greensboro, where it went down amid a flood of tears forever!

Do our people in this day of anxiety to earn the mighty dollar ever stop to consider the condition of this country at the end of that struggle? Your fields were laid waste; your wealth consumed, your cities battered, burned and ruined; your thousands of once happy homes were made desolate and mournful by the rage and wrath of armies and the cruelties of war. The Angel of death had crossed almost every household. More than 200,000 of the flower of this land were filling bloody graves; every sighing breeze that swept over the waste places, from the bloody grounds of the wilderness, to the smouldering embers of the ruined Columbia and Atlanta, bore upon its wings the walls of weeping women!

This was at that time a land filled with griefs sharper than sword that made them; it was a country filled with heartbroken, mothers, widows and orphan children. Our people sat disconsolate upon the new-made graves of all that was sweetest and dearest on earth, and there, in silence and in tears, expressed a sorrow too mighty for the poverty of words. It was at that time that these splendid mothers and sisters came again to our rescue, illustrating then, as she does now, the highest type of self-sacrifice and patriotism. Go to the sacred temples of worship all over this land, and you will find her bent in adoration there. Go to the Sabbath schools of your hamlets and villages, and you will hear her saintly voice there; go to the cottages of the poor and needy, and you will find her precious gifts there; go to the disconsolate and troubled, and you will find her cheering smiles there; go to the altar of liberty, and you will find her sacrifice there. See the babe in the manger and its honored mother is there; see him in the troubles of life, and she follows him there; see him at the court of Pilate and her troubled heart in there; see his tomb after he had left it in triumph, and woman was the first there, and first to proclaim the glad tidings. Woman is scarcely ever wrong, my friends, when she has an even chance with reason. That she was with us in that great struggle is doubly convincing that your cause was just. She inspired a new hope, and these big, brave, brawny armed, bronzed veterans of a hundred battles saw it did not become a brave people to thus yield up their courage, and passively await the finishing stroke of adverse fate. It was then, my comrades, that you exclaimed "the storm is passed and we survive; as long as life lasts we will not give up the star of hope, though oftentimes obscured by the passing shadows."

When The Bands Bell by. You brushed away the tears of our weeping women, and promised them a brighter day, when the shadows should vanish and the clouds roll by. You have no cause to regret for the part that you took in that struggle, and no stain attached to those who conducted it. But it is best for all that the war was fought to a finish that gave finality to its result, and came near extinguishing the combatant therein. No drop of blood from Fort Donaldson to Appomattox and Greensboro—not one in the last charge was shed in vain! Peace with honor must pay its price, even though that price should be life itself, and it is because the South paid that price with no man's hand, that her surviving soldiers brought home with them the consciousness of duty faithfully performed.

Defeat Doesn't Disgrace. Defeat always implies disaster, but need not imply disgrace. Leonidas, and his three hundred, have been rock-

ed as a sated wheat of the harvest, but the gallant men who fought and fell in the Confederate Army, and those who fought and suffered and returned, are as immortal as the invincible 10th legion of Roman history, or the victorious Iron-clad of Cromwell. In war no danger daunted them, no force appalled them, and no defeat disheartened them, and no suffering subdued them. Poland was wiped from the roll of nations by the iron hand of despotism, but freedom did not die with Cosluzco. Emmett died upon the scaffold, but his name is enshrined in the hearts, woven in the songs of all true Irishmen. These young people should be taught to remember the historical fact that when Jefferson Davis was fighting and bleeding under the stars and stripes at Molino de Rey and Cerro Gordo, Abraham Lincoln was denouncing the war with Mexico as unconstitutional; when Jefferson Davis was leading the gallant Mississippians in the bloody charge of Buena Vista, the Northern multitudes were applauding the eloquence of the Statesman from Ohio, who had declared in the halls of the Congress of the United States that the Mexicans should receive the Americans with bloody hands, and welcome them to hospitable graves.

Jefferson Davis was the hero of Buena Vista, and Buena Vista made General Taylor President. Disfranchised, and in chains, Jefferson Davis was nobler than Caesar, with a senate at his heels. He created a nation; he followed his star; he wrote its epitaph, and died the son of his people. But we rejoice today that time has smelted the hostile guns and furled the battle flags; we rejoice, too, that time has torn down the forts and leveled the trenches on the bloody fields of glory. We are thankful to an all-wise Providence that time hath adorned the ruined South, and robbed her fields in richer harvest, and glided

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her skies with brighter stars of hope! The smoke from the chimneys of these increasing factories will continue to blacken the skies; these great railroads, whose trains go rushing through this prosperous country, will continue to bear their burdens of freight and precious lives; the hills and valleys in old South Carolina will glow in the garment of a richer harvest. The remnant of lives spared from the battle have been interwoven in the texture of the Union. New stars are clustering upon the flag, and the sons of South Carolina are bearing it in their far off Philippine Islands, as their fathers bore it at Vera Cruz and the city of Mexico, that the bounds of freedom may be wider still! Our great race will meet and solve every question, however dark, that confronts it and a mighty people, strong and reconciled, will stretch forth their arms to stay those of the oppressor! But no grander spirits will rise than those who found rest beneath the Southern Sod from Sumter's battered walls, to the trailing vines and ivy leaves of Hollywood!

Dixie Still Good to Live In. I rejoice to day that your homes have been cast beneath these soft southern skies, where summer pours out her floods of sunshine and showers, and where the grateful earth smiles with plenty. I congratulate you too, that your lots have been cast in this southland of Dixie, where the cotton fields wave back their banners of gold! I am glad that you live in this land of song and story, where the mocking birds flutter and sing in the shadowy coves, and where the bright waters ripple in eternal melody thru the fields where our heroes are buried. I rejoice with you that we live in this favored land, where every breath of air that reaches us comes filtered through jungles of roses, and where every true man is king, and every good woman a queen!

I bring you glad greetings today from your comrades in the capital City of Georgia; that City whose household ornaments and utensils were broken and moulded into medals of war; that City whose church bells that called her people to the sacred temples of worship, were melted, and resounded in the grim thunder of artillery; that City where Hood fought, and Sherman contended; that City on whose fields McPherson fell, and William Henry T. Walker died; that City in whose trenches your fathers and brothers died, and triplings from the play-ground rushed to take their places; that City on whose fields fate decreed that I should fight side by side by the gallant 10th South Carolina Regiment, commanded by that brave hero, General C. Irvine Walker.

I bring you greetings from that City on whose battle fields children still rake off bullets as they pick berries, with the assurance that the South is standing today, proudly erect, with the flush of prosperity upon her cheeks, and the light of hope in her eyes; that the stars and stripes in her right hand, an emblem of an invincible Union, waving a friendly notice to our brethren in the east, and west, and north, that we challenge them to a friendly, but determined rivalry in building up the resources of this great country!

We have much to be thankful for; we have a country that arches the continent, and against whose sides the waves of both oceans beat, and on whose dome rests the clouds, and beneath whose canopies is to be found this great State of South Carolina, whose sons at the outbreak of the war, answered—"Here!" Yes, in the language of the great Ben Hill—"we can say to generations yet unborn—"come on and be glad; there is room enough for all. This vast domain, from the ocean that is wild to the ocean that sleeps, with the States all equal, the people all free, the homes all peaceful, shall be yours, and yours forever."

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MILITARY INSTRUCTION CAMP Will Be Held at Asheville This Summer—Exceptional opportunity to Young Men. Asheville, N. C., May 27.—The United States Government Student's Military Instruction Camp, which is to be held at Asheville July 6th to August 7th, is expected to draw a large number of young men to Asheville this summer to take advantage of this exceptional opportunity to get a month's vacation in the mountains of North Carolina with the added advantages of practical military instruction under U. S. army officers.

Only three of these camps are to be established and Asheville was chosen on account of its cool and healthy climate and excellent transportation facilities. The camp site is on a spur of Sunset mountain, closely adjacent to the Grove Park Inn and at the terminus of a street car line giving frequent service to all other hotels. Asheville people are much interested in the success of camp and intend to do everything possible to make the stay of the student soldiers as pleasant as possible as well as instructive. The city has contributed city water connections and electric lights to the camp and both the Greater Western North Carolina Association and the Asheville Board of Trade are lending every assistance and will furnish any information desired.

The camp will be in charge of U. S. army officers who will conduct all drills and instruction work and will give their personal attention at all times. The government will furnish tents, bedding, cooking utensils, and necessary equipment and all meals will be prepared by army cooks under the supervision of officers. For the purpose of explaining the advantages of the camp to students in Southern colleges and universities, Col. Sanford H. Cohen, manager of the Greater Western North Carolina Association, is now making a tour of the leading institutions, making addresses to students at each.

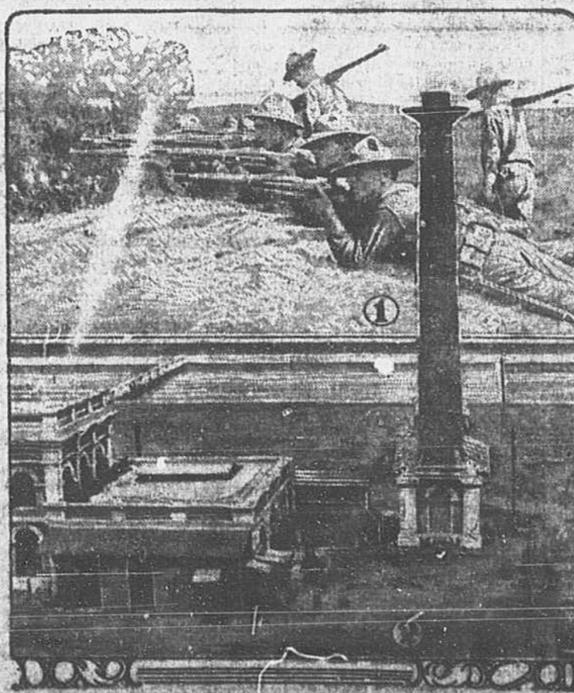
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Arrivals	Departures
No. 31 7:35 AM	No. 30 6:30 AM
No. 33 9:35 AM	No. 32 8:25 AM
No. 35 11:40 AM	No. 34 10:30 AM
No. 37 1:20 PM	No. 36 12:20 PM
No. 39 3:25 PM	No. 38 2:15 PM
No. 41 4:40 PM	No. 40 3:35 PM
No. 43 5:50 PM	No. 42 4:50 PM
No. 45 7:10 PM	No. 44 5:50 PM
No. 47 10:50 PM	No. 46 9:45 PM

Vera Cruz Waterworks, a Storm Center; Our Men on Guard



THE complications arising from the capture of the waterworks at Vera Cruz by the American forces caused the federal troops loyal to President Huerta to threaten to attack our army. The Mexicans demanded control of the waterworks, but General Funston, realizing their importance, stated that under no consideration would he yield them. The illustration shows the main pumping station at the waterworks and a detachment of American infantrymen guarding them. It is stated that the Mexicans tried to poison the water supply of the American soldiers. FILE 1 shows the spring line and the waterworks.



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