

VETERAN'S WARTIME STORY THAT WON IN THE STAR'S FLAG CONTEST

(Below is printed the winning wartime story in The Star's contest, in which many Seattle veterans of the G. A. R. participated. The prize awarded to the winner, Judge Carroll, is a beautiful double flag, mounted on a seven-foot staff, appropriately decorated. The presentation was made on behalf of The Star by General Hastie, at the Memorial exercises at the Coliseum today.)

On the night of May 5, 1864, the Ninth army corps was camped on the Chancellorville field of historic memory. A cold, drizzling rain was falling, making the night uncomfortable for the tired soldiers; but in those days we were accustomed to the hardships of the march and camp.

This was the night preceding the great battle of the Wilderness. Camp fires and lights of all kinds were prohibited. The soldiers stacked arms for rest, so far as rest could be had, while waiting for dawn, that the battle might begin.

I was then a staff officer and I was busy in the saddle, delivering orders and directing affairs for the coming morn. Knowing the order in regard to lights and fires, it was my duty to see that it was scrupulously obeyed.

While leaving the commander of one of the divisions of the Ninth corps, I saw at a distance what appeared to be a light, and, as I approached, I heard the sound of music. Had I not been on horseback I could not have seen the light, for when I dismounted the light was not observable. I left the horse in charge of my orderly, while I approached the light. It was a single candle light held in the stock of a bayonet, the point of the weapon being stuck in the ground. Around it were assembled probably a dozen soldiers.

I wore a slouch hat and was wrapped in a rubber coat, so

there was no sign of rank exposed. I elbowed my way into the front of the group of soldiers, who were surrounding two musicians, one playing a violin, the other a flute, and joined in the song they were singing.

It was the first time I had ever heard it. I learned from the words that it was "Just Before the Battle, Mother."

It was my plain duty as an officer to order the light out and the song ended—but I didn't. In the circumstances it was the sweetest—and the saddest—music I ever heard. The soldiers had made a canopy by hoisting a rubber blanket on muskets over the musicians. They played and sang softly, and I confess that that sympathetic melody brought the tears to my eyes. For I knew—we all knew—that the morning sun would shine on many a body from which the soul had fled.

When the song was ended, I felt no pricks of conscience at having let the candle burn in the Wilderness to light the prayer to heaven.

Ere the sun went down on that sixth of May, that group of soldiers lay in death upon the battlefield. Yes, 60 percent of that division were killed or wounded in the battle in the Wilderness.

Many a mother's boy failed to answer to his name at the next roll call. Many a mother after that engagement pointed to the vacant chair, and, though she grieved, must have gloried in the cause for which he died, the defense of the flag of the greatest republic the world has ever known.

I am glad I let them sing that song.

P. P. CARROLL, Stevens Post.

MILES
General Nelson A. Miles tells story of "Bloody '62" for The Star on page 4.

The Seattle Star

ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN SEATTLE

VOL. 14. NO. 77. SEATTLE, WASH., THURSDAY, MAY 30, 1912. ONE CENT

AT ORTING
How veterans are spending the day at their big home told in story on page 8.

SEATTLE IS OBSERVING MEMORIAL DAY IN TRUE FASHION

Veterans In Line for Annual Parade



WILBUR WRIGHT, PIONEER OF AIR NAVIGATION DEAD

DAYTON, Ohio, May 30.—Wilbur Wright, famous aviator and builder of the first airplane, died of typhoid fever here at 3:15 o'clock this morning. Death followed a long illness, during which he took much treatment. The end came peacefully with all the members of his family at the bedside.

Wilbur, brother of Orville, his partner, died at Dayton, Ohio, on May 30, 1912, at the age of 35. He was born on Jan. 17, 1867, in Millville, Ind. He was educated in the public and high schools of Richmond, Ind., and Dayton, O. Since 1903 Wilbur Wright, with his brother, Orville, devoted their time principally to building heavier-than-air flying machines, patented by them. They were considered among the foremost aviators in the world.

The first successful test of their airplane was made at Kittyhawk, N. C., and a second successful long distance test was made near here in 1905.

The N. P. special trip arranged for the Seattle business men to see some of the improvements of the city will take place Saturday. It is expected that a thousand will be the railroad's guests that day. Visits will be made to the site of the Ford automobile factory, the new canal docks, the new line around Lake Union and the Fisher flouring mills.



BEAVERS BEAT TIGERS IN THEIR MORNING GAME

A small crowd of fans turned out to witness the morning game between the Vancouver Beavers and the Seattle Tigers today. The Beavers started things early, scoring three runs on two doubles in the opening inning. The Beavers scored another run in the fifth. "Butch" Beiford, the former University of Washington pitcher, occupying the mound for the Beavers, has the Tigers eating out of his hand.

First Inning.
Maggio walks. Bennett forces Maggio at second. Brashear walks. Crittenden throws wild to second. Bennett taking third. Cates doubles to center, scoring Bennett. Kippert pops out to Yoho. James doubled to left, scoring Brashear and Cates. Three runs.

Yoho fans. Nil pops up to Scharnweber. Abbott flies to Cates.

Second Inning.
Lewis flies to Abbott. Agnew fans. Maggio fans.

Neighbors is hit by a pitched ball and takes his base. Neighbors forced out at second by Morse.

OLD AGE AND YOUTH UNITE IN SERVICES

Seattle honored her dead today. Not by pomp and circumstance alone were the dead remembered; not by martial music alone was her grief expressed; by a thousand graves, in ten thousand homes, in tens of thousands of silent hearts, the day was celebrated.

The skies smiled. The streets were gay with flags and bunting. It was all a thin veneer.

Though the air throbbed with the roll of drums, though hearts thrilled to the sounds of martial music, there was no joyousness in the event. Memorial day is not a gala day. Nor is it a day set aside for veterans alone. It is a day in which all may share—the old, the young, the middle-aged. It is the day when the old may review the past, rich in memories as sweet as lavender; the day when the youth is reminded that some day he, too, will be old, with the past behind him and the future short.

And the end is the grave.

It may be that somber thoughts similar to these dwell in the minds of the 15,000 who were banded on the four sides of "Dilling park" for the flag-raising. For it was a strange day.

Longer Than Route.

The parade today was longer than the route. It was like a giant rattler, half of whose body was coiled at the starting point while the head and the foremost of the body wound their serpentine way through the city streets.

When the advance guard of city police reached Dilling park, the "tail" of Parental school boys had not yet left Stewart at and First av., from which point the start was made.

In route there were a few efforts at fun making. The crowds along the way cheered. A veteran, too old and infirm, joyfully addressed the throngs from a carriage, but could not make himself heard. Men on the curbs hailed friends in the parade.

Silence at Flag Raising.

But when the park was reached the mood of the crowd changed. There was almost silence when the veterans and the Boy Scouts formed in the center of the plot. It was a moment of deep significance. For old age was bequeathing to youth the responsibilities which it has borne so long. It was more than a formal flag raising. It was a sacred, wordless ritual. And in it old age seemed to say to youth:

"Our day is done, our race is run. This is your country and this is your flag. Defend the one and reverence the other, as we have done. And remember us when we are gone, as you may hope to be remembered by future generations."

Then, when the Second regiment band struck up "The Star Spangled Banner" heads were bared. Men who on any other day would be loath to voice their patriotism now bowed their heads. The Stars and Stripes rose, fluttering, to the top of the pole.

It fell to half-mast—another reminder that the day was one of mourning.

When Commander F. H. Hurd spoke to the multitude of "Patriotism" as only an old soldier can speak, his words fell on fertile ground. Not a word was lost. It was, in effect, an explanation of youth's inheritance.

"We are old," he said. He scanned the sea of upturned, youthful faces. "And you are young. Defend, as we defended, that flag."

Exercises at Coliseum.

The Coliseum theatre was packed to the doors for the exercises which followed. The women of the auxiliary organization worked a miracle in the old playhouse, converting it into a floral bower.

The program opened with "America," sung by all standing, and the invocation was pronounced by Rev. E. E. Bergman. Heartfelt applause rewarded the Industrial school children for their song, "The Old Flag Never Fought in the Ground."

The ritual was performed by Stevens post, No. 1, and J. Worth Densmore rendered "Flag of the Free."

Star Flag Presented.

A class of girls, directed by Mrs. George Watson, executed an intricate flag drill.

The Star flag was presented by General Hastie to Commander Benson of Stevens post, of which Judge Carroll, the winner, is a member.

Commander Benson waved the flag and said: "On behalf of Stevens post and Judge Carroll and all the G. A. R. veterans I accept this flag and thank The Seattle Star for the beautiful and appropriate gift."

Decorate Graves.

While thousands watched the parade and witnessed the exercises in the theatre, other thousands journeyed to the various cemeteries to decorate the graves of the departed ones.

THE GRAND ARMY MAN
Art and Verse by J. Campbell Cory



He answered Lincoln's call to arms,
When drums beat out the roll;
He came from cities and from farms
To render Death his toll.

Now, stooped with hardships and with years,
In readiness he stands,
As bravely free from craven fears,
To answer God's commands.

BIRDMEN GIVE A VERY DISMAL SHOW AT THE MEADOWS

"The king of France
And forty thousand men,
Marched up a hill—
And then marched down again."

Twenty-five hundred Seattle people journeyed out to the Meadows yesterday afternoon—and then came back again.

They went to see Phil Parmelee and Cliff Turpin, the "dare-devil aviators," perform their much-advertised feat, such as the "dip of death," "the ocean roll," the "figure 8," the "spiral glide," and so on.

What they really saw was about the dreariest fizzle ever perpetrated on an amiable and long-suffering public.

Thrills Were Missing.

They were to see two machines. There was but one; the other being in the hospital. The show was advertised to begin at 2:30. Parmelee made the first flight after 3. It was nice, safe flying, with nary a thrill in it.

Then, after an interminable while, during which the thrill-seekers yawned and growled, and the mechanicians tinkered with the aeroplane, Turpin also flew. The crowd looked in vain for "dips of death" and "figure 8s."

Turpin's effort was as featureless as a fake wrestling match. He was up about a minute.

Another long wait.

Refused to Carry Girl.

The announcer bellowed through his megaphone that Miss Genevieve Buckner, The Star birdgirl, would fly with Parmelee. Then he announced that Miss Buckner would not fly with Parmelee. Hundreds of people had gone to the Meadows to see that feature in particular.

Miss Buckner was on hand and anxious to go up. But Parmelee backed down on his promise. The motor was working badly, he said. Also, the wind was high. The leaves hung listless and motionless on the trees, and the air was

FINE MAY FETE
The May fete held yesterday in Woodland Park by the girls from Lincoln high was delightfully picturesque and charming. The prettily white dresses of the girls against the dark green background of lawns and trees made a pleasing picture. The entertainment of was the idea of a Lincoln girl and was put on by Miss Glass, one of the teachers.

PURSE STOLEN FROM WOMAN
A purse containing \$40 in gold, certificates of deposit to the value of \$900 and several deeds and documents was stolen from Mrs. Eva O'Donnell, of the Vernon hotel, yesterday.

DO YOU KNOW
That there are 10 students at the University of Washington who are only 16 years old?
That the Indian empire extends over a territory larger than the continent of Europe?
That six democratic conventions in 1910, and the republican state convention of Illinois, adopted initiative and referendum planks in their platforms?
That Sweden was the first country to grant suffrage to women?
That Governor Harmon of Ohio, who is 66, is the oldest of the presidential candidates now in the field?
That Representative Underwood is the youngest of the presidential candidates, and Col. Roosevelt comes next?

YALE GETS \$600,000
(By United Press Special Wire)
MADISON, Conn., May 30.—Yale is enriched today by the value of the estate of Mrs. Mary Hotchkiss of Deep River, just filed for probate. The estate is left to the Sheffield Scientific school of Yale university, to be used toward increasing the salaries of professors. It is subject to a life use by a daughter, Miss Marie Hotchkiss.

The Foes

By BERTON BRALEY

And Lemuel Jones to Lionel Moore:
"I remember that time in sixty-four,
When we were pickets—an' how we tried
To puncture each other in the hide?
You at you an' you at me
Remember a single chance we'd see."
Lemuel: "Where I got this creak in my bones,"
Lemuel Moore to Lemuel Jones.

And Lemuel Jones said Lionel Moore:
"I remember that little truce we swore,
When we swapped tobacco an' built a fire,
And talked of our folks at home, an' then
You said that we was plain fightin' men—
You went back to our pits that day—
You for the blue an' me for the gray—
An' our rifles spoke in spiteful tones,
An' I staggered your hat off, Mr. Jones?"

And Lemuel Jones to Lionel Moore:
"That big gun made an awful roar,
An' you follows came through the woods pell-mell,