

NAPER POST AT GETTYSBURG

LOCAL VETERANS SURVIVORS OF THAT DECISIVE BATTLE

When General Robert E. Lee, commander in chief of the armies of the Confederacy, decided on an offensive campaign and launched his squadrons into the hitherto unmolested farm lands of the north he was met by the Union forces at Gettysburg, and there was fought the tremendous battle which sent the tide of war southward, never to return.

The roster of Naper Post, Grand Army of the Republic, at Downers Grove contains the names of several who fought on the Union side in those July days fifty years ago, and the Gettysburg battlefield now bears monuments to those Illinois regiments which took part in the battle.

To the Eighth Illinois Volunteer Cavalry belongs the honor of firing the first shot in that memorable conflict at daybreak on the morning of July 1, 1863, when the Confederate right wing advanced across the Marsh Creek bridge.

The Illinois troops in the battle were the Eighth Cavalry, the Twelfth Cavalry and the Eighty-second Illinois Infantry. Comrades Frank A. Rogers and Allan Wheeler were in the Eighth Cavalry and Comrade Martin E. Stanger, for many years village postmaster, was in the Eighty-second Illinois Infantry. Major George N. Jones, then an officer in the Thirty-seventh Massachusetts Volunteer Infantry, with his command was on Little Round Top when the gallant but fruitless charge of the gray legions under the brave Pickett was made.

The firing of the first shot is recorded on everlasting granite on the side of Eighth Illinois Cavalry monument. The story duly attested in the state archives reads as follows:

"In the early morn our pickets on the ridge east of Marsh Creek observed a cloud of dust rising at the foot of the mountains over Cashtown, seven miles away. This cloud came nearer, and nearer, and nearer, as Heth division, Hill's corps, six thousand strong in gray, marched down the pike to Gettysburg town.

"As the enemy neared the stone bridge across Marsh Creek, an officer riding at the head of the column halted by the stone coping, to allow his men to pass. Lieutenant Marcellus E. Jones, now postmaster at Wheaton, in command of the Eighth Illinois picket line standing in the pike, took the carbine of Sergeant Shafer, raised it to his shoulder, aimed at the officer sitting on the horse, and fired the first shot at the battle of Gettysburg.

"Just over the fence from the Chambersburg pike, in a private doorway on the summit of the ridge, about seven hundred feet east of Marsh Creek, and three miles from Gettysburg, stands a simple stone, quarried and cut at Naperville, Illinois, five feet high, eighteen inches square at the base and nine inches square at the top, which speaks for itself. On one face is inscribed, 'First shot at Gettysburg, July 1, 1863, 7:30 a. m.' On another, 'Fired by Captain M. E. Jones with Sergeant Shafer's Carbine, Company E, Eighth Regiment Illinois Cavalry.' On the third, 'Erected by Captain Jones, Lieutenant Riddler and Sergeant Shafer.' And on the fourth, 'Erected 1886.'

"To indicate the spot where the first gun was fired in the battle of Gettysburg, these three veterans, actors and eyewitnesses of the events written in the rock, nearly a quarter of a century after the events happened, purchased the ground and thereon erected their memorial. This stone beyond the domain of the Gettysburg Battle Field Memorial Association, far removed from the many monuments on the Gettysburg field stands alone, a solitary and silent witness to tell the true story of the opening of the great decisive battle of the world, on the morning of July 1, 1863."

Post Facto Wish.

Helen, five, and grandma grasped ends of the chicken wishbone, and made wishes. The bone flew apart, and Helen danced around the room crying: "I'll get my wish! I'll get my wish!" "What did you wish, Helen?" asked her father. With great glee she answered: "I wished our dog hadn't died!"

His Future Assured.

"Does my boy," inquired the parent, "seem to have a natural bent in any one direction?" "Yes, sir," said the teacher. "He gives every indication of being a captain of industry some day. He gets the other boys to do all his work for him."

Protection Against Bore.

Faley, the theologian, had an ingenious method of warding off the time waster. When thinking out a problem he betook himself to the river bank with a fishing rod. He never really fished, but he found that people who thought nothing of disturbing his thoughts would keep at a distance so as not to disturb the fish. To give color to the ruse he had his portrait painted with fishing rod in hand.

Ungallant Chinese Proverb.

"A woman's heart," says the Chinese proverb, "is like the moon. It shines continually, but it always has a man in it."

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WHEATON WINS H. S. TRACK MEET

Country High School Association which was held last Saturday. It was an occasion long to be remembered by those present. The program consisted of music and oratory and each contestant entered with a spirit to win. Five students, three girls and two boys, of the various schools, entered into the oratorical contest and much praise is due them for the splendid manner in which they acquitted themselves. The chorus work was presented by the high schools of Wheaton, Elmhurst and Downers Grove. The judges' decisions were unanimous in favor of our chorus and it certainly never appeared to better advantage than on this occasion. The points considered were time, expression, interpretation and grade of music. As a result of this contest a handsome silk banner, the prize for the best chorus, now adorns the walls of the Downers Grove High School. We desire to express a most sincere appreciation of the work of the musical director, Miss Clara Zollinger, who with much patience and untiring zeal has accomplished so much for our schools, and at the same time give credit to the students themselves, who seemed to be enthused with the thought that "meriting honor for ourselves brings honor to our schools."

County Superintendent Morgan in a few well chosen words addressed the large audience and expressed his appreciation of the efforts of the high school students, encouraged them to greater achievements and commented on the success of the day, declaring it to be "The Gala Day" of the DuPage county public schools. Then followed the awarding of prizes.

There was a fine spirit throughout the entire day's meet, and while all could not win, those who were defeated proved themselves to be true sportsmen.

Muffled Knocks.

The judges in the discuss throw should have been awarded a medal for their ingenuity in splicing together a sufficient number of tape lines to make the required distance, and for the intricacy of their mathematical calculations in computing the results. They had two problems to solve, involving the finding of two unknown quantities.

1st. How far did the winner hurl the platter?
2nd. Who in thunder was the winner, anyway?

We were not allowed to look in the back of the book to see if the answers given were correct, and consequently remain a bit skeptical.

The announcer of results was mainly conspicuous by his silence. The figures were as jealously guarded as the German Government guards the secrets of its latest war dirigible.

A few minutes' work with a spade would have rendered the efforts of the broad and high jumpers less dangerous to life and limb.

One feature of the occasion that was particularly gratifying was the loyal and hearty support given the team, not only by the young people, but by the older ones as well. The Downers Grove contingent was larger than that of any other town save Wheaton, and comparing very favorably with that.

All told, there were about 2,000 spectators.

Gave Away Formula.

About forty years ago there was advertised on London billboards a drink called Robur, said to be good for every ailment and, incidentally, the long sought after elixir of life. One was invited to send for free samples, and its marvelous properties were the subject of everybody's conversation. Robur might have been sold to this day had not some one, without the fear of a libel action before his eyes, divulged its secret formula—cold tea enlivened by rum. From that moment it fell as rapidly as it had risen, for people could make their own Robur if they wanted it.

Work.

The beauty of work depends upon the way we meet it—whether we arm ourselves each morning to attack it as an enemy that must be vanquished before night comes, or whether we open our eyes with the sunrise to welcome it as an approaching friend who will make us feel at evening that the day was well worth its fatigues.—Lucy Larcom.

That Was Art.

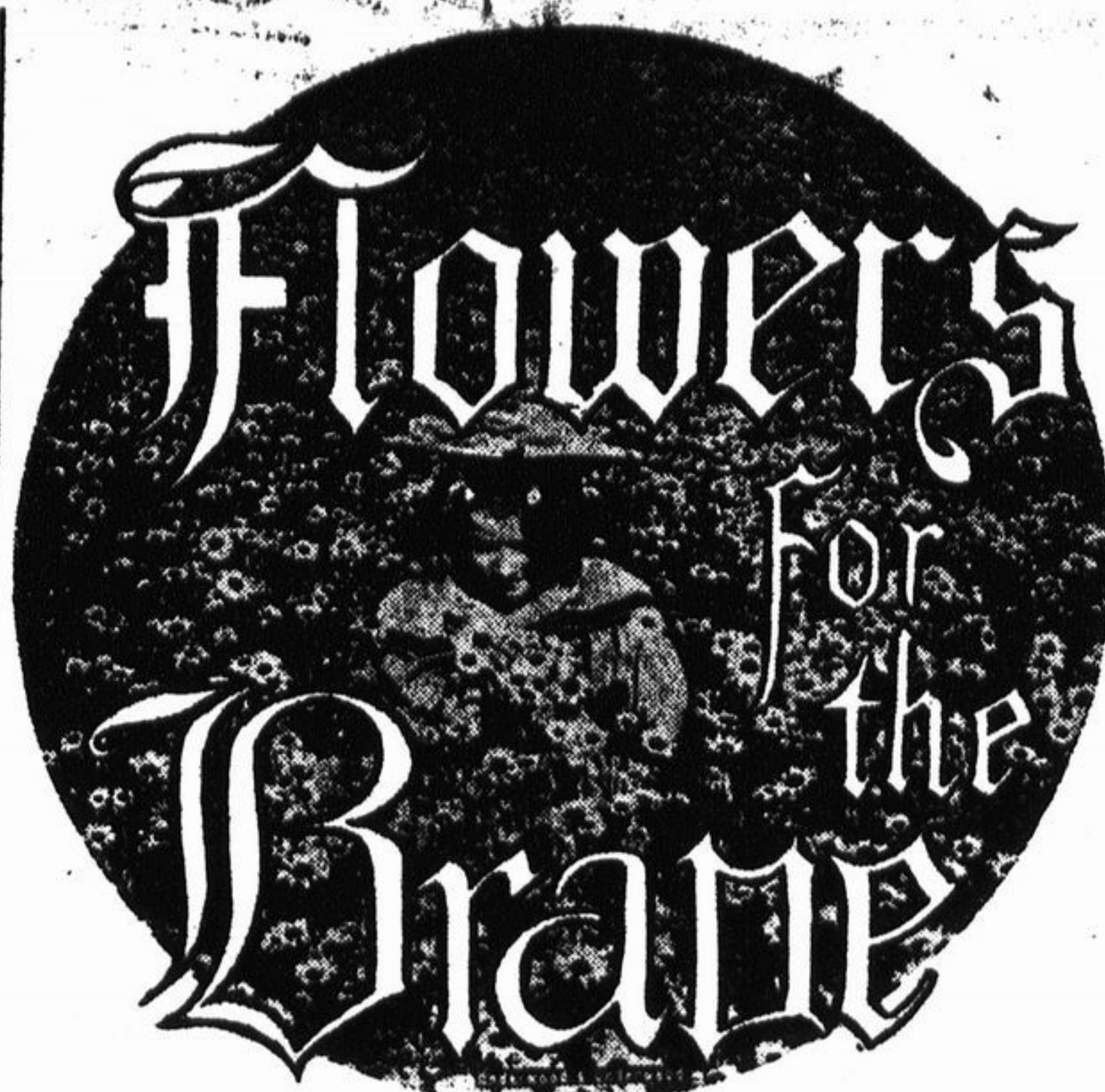
"Realistic?" repeated the critic. "well, I should say he was realistic. You just ought to have seen the excitement he created in his studio when he drew the corks in a dinner scene he was painting the other day."

Moral Lesson Wasted.

"Say, mother," asked a dreamy Edgar, "when I grow up I'll be a man, won't I?" "Yes, my son," seizing the opportunity to press home a needed moral, "but if you want to be a real man you must be very industrious at school and learn how to behave yourself. You must not be dull or lazy, if you want to be a man." "Why, mother," came the wondering query. "Do the lazy boys turn out to be women when they grow up?"

Family Debate.

The debaters of the family circle have before them this important resolve: "That the house should be painted, the ceilings whitewashed and the rooms papered." It is likely to pass and a committee appointed to try to jolly the landlord.



Flowers for the soldier dead today,
The lilac's purple plumes
From old New England's gardens afloat,
Where late the springtime blooms.
All jeweled with the morning dew
Or heavy with the rain,
For him who wore a coat of blue
When numbered with the slain.

Flowers for the heroes laid to rest,
From Dixie's heart aglow
With golden summer's burning sun,
Magnolia buds of snow,
To whisper to the dust below
In uniform of gray,
A message from the mocking-bird
That sings so far away.

Flowers for the nation's true and brave,
The gallant souls that bore
The stars and stripes to victory
Upon a foreign shore:
For them the red and fragrant rose
Of all the blossoms queen,
And from the west a spray of pine
To keep their memories green.

Flowers for the Union's cherished dead,
And over them unfurled
The glorious flag of liberty,
The fairest in the world,
For peace has turned to spades and hoes
The bayonets and guns,
And North and South as brothers, meet
Beside their buried sons.
—Minna Irving, in Leslie's Weekly.



OUR COUNTRY AND OUR FLAG

Margaret E. Sangster.

THE flag itself is only a bit of bunting or a bit of silk. In what it stands for, what it covers and what it means to our country it is more precious than mines of gold and silver, and rivals the steadfast stars of heaven in its brilliant galaxy. Originally our flag floated over a few struggling colonies newly federated into states of a union. The daring courage of the men who lived under the flag when first the United States were separated by a stubborn and successfully fought war, from the motherland across the sea, awakens our enthusiasm when we look back on the historic page. This country was destined to grow as rapidly as Jack's famous beanstalk, with an immense territory stretching north, south, east and west. With inexhaustible resources of the soil, and ores of price in the caverns underground, its wealth was assured from the beginning. Small wonder it is that the nations of the globe have turned to it with eager longing, and that vast tides of immigration have continually swept upon our shores.

ONE stands at the entrance of a seaport and gazes at peasant folk carrying their small household gear in bundles and bags, and watches them as they take a train that shall carry them to a distant point where their life on the continent shall commence. In three generations the children of the immigrant shall be in the forefront of American civilization. Thus it has been in the past, and thus it shall be in the future. This great country means home under a free flag with thousands and tens of thousands who are crowded out by poverty and want from the older lands. The flag as the children in the public schools daily salute it is the pledge and symbol of room to grow, of health and hope, education and plenty.

YEARS hurried on through varying scenes, and in a comparatively short space of the nation's existence it was all too frequently engaged in conflict. The children in school studying American history learn that we had a war in 1812, another in 1848, and yet another, this time between

ourselves, in 1861. Our Civil war continuing during four stirring and memorable years resulted practically in the firmer welding of the nation. The men who wore the blue of the federal army and those who wore the gray of the Confederate service were led on either side by officers who had been trained at West Point. When the war was over, the men who had faced each other in battle dropped their enmity and became friends.

MRS. ROGER A. PRYOR, a beautiful and gifted southern woman who made New York her home after the Civil war, said in one of her books, "We came into the arms of the enemy, and the enemy received us with love." Her husband had fought throughout the war on the side of the south.

Memorial day, at first observed in only a few of our states, is today almost universally celebrated. There are few veterans on either side remaining to march in the ranks, for death has been busy and the old soldiers are passing away. There are already veterans of our later war, that Spanish-American flurry that came up like a gale from the south, raged like a hurricane, was soon over and left the nation richer in territory and stronger in position in the councils of the world.

WE deprecate war and grieve for the losses it makes, the mourning it causes and the blood that flows on fields of carnage. Yet, when all is said, war is sometimes a blessing in the end, clearing the atmosphere and making broad and stable the way of peace. Mars is always more heroic than Mammon. The women of our country should be in favor of peace, and throw the weight of their influence into the scale in its behalf, yet peace at any price is not what we should crave. Peace at the sacrifice of principle and the desecration of conscience may be bought too dearly.

We scatter flowers on the graves of our heroes on Memorial day, decorating impartially the mounds of friend and foe. In the field of the grounded arms all sleep peacefully and, therefore, all are friends. Whoever has visited a national cemetery and, north or south, has seen the inscription "Unknown" on many a stone, must have felt a heartache at the thought of the men who never returned to their dear ones. How the wives and mothers and children watched and waited, hoping against hope as time went slowly by, that some day there would be a remembered voice at the door, a remembered step, a bronzed and weary soldier, coming home at last. They never came home, these unknown men, and when they were laid away in the grave all that any could tell concerning their careers was that they had died for their country. This was true, whether they fought under one flag or another, if they were honest and patriotic and willing to die for what they held most dear.

Nature sympathizes with our effort to decorate the soldiers' graves. Her grass is green above them and her wild flowers are countless in the latter days of May; the gardens are a-bloom with the rose and everywhere we see color and brightness and beauty broad-spread as if the angels of light and love were invisibly busy to help the children of men.

This is a beautiful country in which we live. Our relations with the motherland across the sea are reciprocal and intimate, and children are no longer by way of exhibiting resentment against England when they read the story of 1776. George Washington is forever a name to conjure, because in the Hall of Fame no name is whiter than his. We claim all that England holds most precious as our own. Her literature, her laurels and her glory are part of our inheritance. The great authors belong to us as to her and her traditions have entered into our national life.

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