LOVE LETTERS OF GENERAL PICKETT ARE FINE ROMANCE

Missives Written Mid Roar Of Cannon In Bloody Civil War.

He Tells of Battles and of Valor and High Ideals of Warriors.

UNDER the secrecy preserving caption of "The Love Letters of a Confederate General" a remarkable series of communications sent by a soldier to his beloved, under the most dangerous and desperate circumstances—letters written from the thick of war, ringing of love and of valor—has been running in the Pictorial Review. The letters have stirred up a controversy that has run with particular zest through the southern states, and now that the last of them is about to be printed the woman to whom they were written has consented that the anonymity be destroyed. They were written by General George Pickett to the girl who was first Lasalle Corbell, afterward Mrs. Pickett.

Mrs. Pickett is now living in Washington and has been the leader of the southern coterie there for many years. The "little general" to whom the letters refer came in after years to be a major in the United States army and died a year and a half ago, returning from service in the Philippines. His two little sons now live with their distinguished grandmother in Washington.

Allegiance to the South.

In the first one of the series General Pickett tells why his allegiance went to the Confederacy. He writes:

* * * No, my child, I had no conception of the intensity of feeling, the bitterness and hatred toward those who were so lately our friends and are now our enemies. I, of course, have always strenuously opposed disunion, not as doubting the right of secession, which was taught in our textbooks at West Point, but as gravely questioning its expediency. I believed that the revolutionary spirit which infected both north and south was but a passing phase of fanaticism which would perish under the rebuke of all good citizens, who would surely unite in upholding the constitution, but when that great assembly, composed of ministers, lawyers, judges, chancellors, statesmen, mostly white haired men of thought, met in South Carolina, and when their districts were called crept noiselessly to the table in the center of the room and affixed their signatures to the parchment on which the ordinance of secession was inscribed, and when in deathly silence, in spite of the gathered multitude, General Jamison arose and without preamble read, "The ordinance of secession has been signed and ratified; I proclaim the state of South Carolina an independent sovereignty," and, lastly when my old boyhood friend called for an invasion, it was evident that both the advocates and opponents of secession had read the portents aright.

You know, my little lady, some of those cross stitched mottoes on the cardboard samplers which used to hang on my nursery wall, such as "He who provides not for his own household is worse than an infidel," "Charity begins at home," etc., made lasting impression upon me, and, while I love my neighbor—that is, my country—I love my household—that is, my state—more, and I could not be an infidel and lift my sword against my own kith and kin even though I do believe, my most wise little counselor and confidant, that the measure of American greatness can be achieved only under one flag, and I fear, alas, there can never again reign for either of us the true spirit of national unity, whether divided and under two flags or united under one.

The subject is pursued in a later letter, which runs:

Why, Chulita mia, all that we ask is a separation from people of contending interests, who love us as a nation as little as we love them; the dissolution of a union that has lost its holiness, to be let alone and permitted to sit under our own vine and fig tree and eat our figs peeled or dried or fresh or pickled, just as we choose. The enemy is our enemy because he neither knows nor understands us and yet will not let us part in peace and be neighbors, but insists on fighting us to make us one with him, forgetting that both slavery and secession were his own institutions. The north is fighting for the Union and we for home and fireside. All the men I know and love in the world—comrades and friends, both north and south—are exposed to hardships and dangers and are fighting on one side or the other and each for that which he knows to be right. * * *

Will you come, my darling, and have some coffee with your soldier? It is some we captured, and it is real coffee. Come! The tin cup is clean and shining, but the corn bread is greasy and smoked. And the bacon—that is greasy, too, but it is good and tastes all right if it will only hold out till our stars and bars wave over our land of the free and our home of the brave and we have our own home. Nevermore we'll hear of wars, but only love and life with its eternal joys.

On the night before General Pickett was wounded at Gaines' Mills he wrote the following note:

* * * This was never contemplated in earnest. I believe that if either the north or the south had expected that its differences would result in this obstinate, cruel war the cold blooded Puritan and the cock hatted Huguenot and cavalier would have made a compromise. Poor old Virginia came oftener than Noah's dove with her olive branch. Though she desired to be loyal to the union of states, she did not believe in the right of coercion, and when called upon to furnish troops to restrain her sister states she refused and would not even permit the passage of an armed force through her domain for that purpose. With no thought of cost, no consideration of disparity of relative strength or condition, she rolled up her sleeves, ready to risk all in defense of a principle consecrated by the blood of her fathers. And now, alas, it is too late! We must carry through this bitter task unto the end. May the end be soon.

Begged For Immediate Marriage.

In April, 1863, General Pickett, so distraught with the fear that death in battle would overtake him before he could make "Little Miss Sallie" his wife, wrote her to come to him at once and be married, if need be, by a road side. In this letter he says:

This morning I awakened from a beautiful dream, and, while its glory still overshadows the waking and fills my soul with radiance, I write to make an earnest request—entreating, praying, that you will grant it. You know, my darling, we have no prophets in these days to tell us how near or how far is the end of this awful struggle. If the "battle is not to the strong" then we may win, but when all our ports are closed and the world is against us, when for us a man killed is a man lost, while Grant may have twenty-five of every nation to replace one of his, it seems that the battle is to the strong. So often already has hope been dashed to the winds. * * *

As you know, it is imperative that I remain at my post and absolutely impossible for me to go to you. So you will have to come to me. Will you, dear? Will you come? Can't your beautiful eyes see beyond the mist of my eagerness and anxiety that in the bewilderment of my worship—worshiping, as I do, one so divinely right and feeling that my love is returned—how hard it is for me to ask you to overlook old time customs, remembering only that you are to be a soldier's wife? A week, a day, an hour, as your husband would engulf in its great joy all my past woes and ameliorate all future fears!

So, my Chulita, don't let's wait. Send me a line by Jackerie saying you will come. Come at once, my darling, into this valley of the shadow of uncertainty and make certain the comfort that if I fall I shall fall as your husband; that you will bear my name, will have been my wife and will have all the rights of a wife.

You know that I love you with a devotion that envelops, absorbs all else—a devotion so divine that when in dreams I see you it is as something too pure and sacred for mortal touch. And if you only knew the heavenly life that thrills through me when I make it real to myself that you love me you would understand. Think, my dear little one, of the uncertainty and dangers of even a day of separation and don't let the time come when either of us will look back and say, "It might have been."

If I am spared all my life shall be devoted to making you happy, to keeping all that would hurt you far from you, to making all that is good come near you. Heaven will help me to be ever helpful to you and will bless me to bless you. If you knew how every hour I kneel at your altar, if you could hear the prayers I offer to you and to our Heavenly Father for you, if you knew the incessant thought and longing and desire to make you blessed, you would know how much your answer will mean to me and how, while I plead, I am held back by a reverence and a sensitive adoration for you, for, Chulita mia, you are my goddess, and I am only your devoted, loving

SOLDIER.

On Road to Gettysburg.

The following exquisitely lyrical and spiritual passage was written on the road to Gettysburg:

Our whole army is now in Pennsylvania, north of the river. There were rumors that Richmond was threatened from all sides—Dix from Old Point, Getty from Hanover, Keyes from Bottom's Ridge, and so on—and that we might be recalled. It turned out to be a Munchausen, and we are still to march forward. Every tramp, tramp, tramp is a thought, thought, thought of my darling, every halt a blessing invoked, every command a loving caress, and the thought of you and prayer for you make me strong, make me better, give me courage, give me faith. Now, my Carissima, let my soul speak to yours. Listen—listen—listen! You hear—I am answered!

This was written the night before the charge of Gettysburg:

Well, my sweetheart, at 1 o'clock the awful silence was broken by a cannon shot and then another, and then more than 100 guns shook the hills from crest to base, answered by more than another 100—the whole world a blazing volcano, the whole of heaven a thunderbolt, then darkness and absolute silence, then the grim and grewsome, low spoken commands, then the forming of the attacking columns, the hurrying of the men to the position assigned to them. My brave Virginians are to attack in front. Oh, may God in mercy help me as he never helped me before!

I have ridden up to report to old Peter. I shall give him this letter to mail to you and a package to give you if— Oh, my darling, do you feel the love of my heart, the prayer, as I write that fatal word "if?"

Now, my darling, I go, but remember always that I love you with all my heart and soul, with every fiber of my being; that now and forever I am yours—yours, my beloved. It is almost 3 o'clock. My soul reaches out to yours—my prayers.

The following is part of the dramatic narrative of the battle of Gettysburg:

Ah, if I had only had my other two brigades a different story would have been flashed to the world! Poor old Dick Garnett did not dismount, as did the others of us, and he was killed instantly, falling from his horse. Kemper was desperately wounded, was brought from the field and subsequently taken prisoner. Poor old Lewis Armistead—God bless him!—was mortally wounded at the head of his command after planting the flag of Virginia within the enemy's lines. Seven of my colonels were killed, and one was mortally wounded. Nine of my lieutenant colonels were wounded, and three lieutenant colonels were killed. Only one field officer of my whole command, Colonel Cabel, was unhurt, and the loss of my company officers was in proportion.

I wonder, my dear, if in the light of the great eternity we shall any of us feel this was for the best and shall have learned to say, "Thy will be done?" No castles today, sweetheart. No; the bricks of happiness and the mortar of love must lie untouched in this lowering gloom. Pray, dear, for the sorrowing ones.

Writes on Birth of Son.

This letter was written upon the news to General Pickett of the birth of his son, "the Little General," as he was known in the whole Confederate army:

God bless you, little mother of our boy—bless and keep you! Heaven in all its glory shine upon you! Eden's flowers bloom eternal for you! Almost with every breath since the message came relieving my anxiety and telling me that my darling lived and that a little baby had been born to us I have been a baby myself. Though I have known all these months that from across love's enchanted land this little child was on its way to our twin souls, now that God's promise is fulfilled and it has come I can't believe it. As I think of it I feel the stir of paradise in my senses, and my spirit goes up in thankfulness to God for this, his highest and best, the one perfect flower in the garden of life—love.

Blinding tears rolled down my cheeks, my sweetheart, as I read the glad tidings, and a feeling so new, so strange, came over me that I asked of the angels what it could be and whence came the strains of celestial music which filled my soul, and what were the great, grand, stirring hosannas and the soft, tender, sweet adagios that circle around and around, warmed my every vein, beat my every pulse. And, O little mother of my boy, the echoing answer came, "A little baby has been born to you, and he and the new made mother live."

Following the failure of the peace conference which preceded General Lee's surrender General Pickett wrote:

On every side gloom, dissatisfaction and disappointment seem to have settled over all, men and officers alike, because of the unsuccessful termination of the peace conference on board the River Queen on the fatal 3d. The anxious, despairing faces I see everywhere bespeak heavy hearts. Our commissioners knew that we were gasping our last gasp and that the peace conference was a forlorn hope. Because of the informality of the conference and my knowledge of Mr. Lincoln, his humanity, his broad nature, his warm heart, I did believe he would take advantage of this very informality and spring some wise, superhuman surprise which would somehow restore peace and in time insure unity. Now, heaven help us, it will be war to the knife with a knife no longer keen, the thrust of an arm no longer strong, the certainty that when peace comes it will follow the tread of the conqueror.

Again in the same strain he writes:

Ah, Chulita mia, the triumphs of might are transient, but the sufferings and crucifixions for the right can never be forgotten. The sorrow and song of my glory crowned divisions nears its doxology. May God pity those who wait at home for the soldier who has reported to the Great Commander. God pity them as the days go by and the sad nights follow. The soldier is done with tears and time, and to him a thousand years are as one.

The End In Sight.

The final letter of the series was written a few hours before the surrender of General Lee at Appomattox. It follows in part:

Tomorrow, my darling, may see our flag furled forever. Jackerie, our faithful old mail carrier, sobs behind me as I write. He bears tonight this—his last—message from me as "Our Cupid." First he is commissioned with three orders, which I know you will obey as fearlessly as the bravest of your brother soldiers. Keep up a stout heart. Believe that I shall come back to you and know that God reigns. After tonight you will be my whole command—staff, field officers, men—all. The second commission is only given as a precaution lest I should not return or lest for some time I should not be with you. Lee's surrender is imminent. It is finished. Through the suggestion of their commanding officers as many of the men as desire are permitted to cut through and join Johnston's army.

It is finished! Ah, my beloved division! Thousands of men have gone to their eternal home, having given up their lives for the cause which they knew to be just. The others, alas, heartbroken, crushed in spirit, are left to mourn its loss! Well, it is practically all over now. We have poured our our blood and suffered untold hardships and privations, all in vain. And now—well, I must not forget either that God reigns. Life is given us for the performance of duty, and duty performed is happiness.

It is finished—the suffering, the horrors, the anguish of these last hours of struggle, of these men, baptized in battle at Bull Run, in the lines at Yorktown, at Williamsburg, where they, with the Alabama brigade of Wilcox, withstood the advance of the whole of McClellan's army, driving them back at Seven Pines, at Gaines' Mill, Frazier's Farm, Second Manassas, Boonsboro, Sharpsburg, Gettysburg, and the engagements in front of Bermuda Hundred, Fort Garrison, Five Forks and Sailors' Creek.

The glorious gift of your love will help me to bear the memory of these days. In this midnight hour I feel the caressing blessing of your pure spirit as it mingles with mine. Peace is born.

The Battle of Seven Pines.

There follows part of a vivid and stirring description of the battle of Seven Pines:

A violent storm was raging, flooding the level ground, as I wrote you last, followed the next day by one of fire and blood—the battle of Seven Pines.

I pray that you accepted the invitation of your mountain lassie chum and that your beautiful eyes and loving, tender heart have been spared the horrors of war which this battle must have poured into sad Richmond. Three hundred and fifty of your soldier's brigade, 1,700 strong, were killed or wounded, and all fought as Virginians should, fighting as they did for the right, for love, honor, home and state, principles which they had been taught from the mothers' knees, the schoolroom and the pulpit.

Under orders from Old Peter (General Longstreet) we marched at daylight and reported to D. H. Hill, near Seven Pines. Hill directed me to ride over and communicate with Hood. I started at once with Charlie and Archer of my staff to obey this order, but had gone only a short distance when we met a part of the Louisiana zouaves in panic. I managed to seize and detain one fellow mounted on a mule that seemed to have imbibed his rider's fear and haste. The man dropped his plunder and, seizing his carbine, threatened to kill me unless I released him at once, saying that the Yankees were upon his heels.

Make Want Advertising Your Banker

Journal want ads bring quick results

HE PASSES WINTER IN BED.

Railroad Man of Danbury, Conn., Is Like Groundhog.

John Hart of Danbury, Conn., a railroad man, has gone to bed to hibernate for the remainder of the winter.

Like some animals, he believes the winter should be devoted to continuous rest. He will not leave his bed until spring comes, and then whether he gets up will be guided by the groundhog's example.

Hart has followed the practice for five winters. He says it does him a lot of good. When he arises in the spring he is weak, but after a short time his strength returns.

Wireless Sent 4,400 Miles.

The wireless station at Nauen, near Berlin, reports that it was in wireless communication with New York recently. This, it is stated, is the first time direct wireless communication has been established between Germany and America. The distance from New York to the kaiser's capital is approximately 4,400 miles.

The cunning of a fox isn't in it with the cunning of a young widow who is in love.

One bad feature about liquor is the peculiar power it has to convince some men that they can sing.

Orchard Effects in Head-Gear

FRENCH MILLINERS CREATING SOME WEIRD CONFECTIONS—WOMEN'S HATS WILL LOOK LIKE HORTICULTRAL EXHIBIT.

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

Paris, Jan. 29.—Drawing their inspiration from the new and freakish "futurist cult of art," the milliners of Paris today are preparing for the spring market the weirdest confections in feminine headgear that have ever been attempted.

The Futurist hat is without any particular shape or form, but the color combinations are a bit noisy. For instance, one exceptionally modest creation, displayed in the Rue de la Paix show four colors in the trimming—red violet, green and yellow. Another favorite ensemble is Mandarin blue, emerald green, Spanish yellow and Bishops purple, with a dash of cerise.

Orchard effects give evidence of renewed popularity, with apples in all shades of green, red, and yellow predominating. One especially chic top piece is decorated with two peaches, half a dozen plums and a handful of cherries.

To Lecture for Benefit of Commons

James Irving Crabbe, an old-time newspaper man and former inspector of British government schools in Burma, East India, will lecture at Salem Commons hall Friday, the proceeds of the lecture to go to the Salem Commons, and be devoted to the splendid work of that charitable institution. Mr. Crabbe is thoroughly conversant with his subject, a bright, fluent talker with strong descriptive powers, and his lecture will prove most interesting as well as being highly educational. At present Mr. Crabbe is devoting his time to raising a fund of $1000 by popular subscription for the benefit of the Salem Commons, and is meeting with good success. The Commons provides lodging for, and aids the destitute, and is worthy of generous support.

Six O'Clock Club.

The Salem Six O'Clock Club will be addressed Tuesday evening by Mr. E. T. Barnes, of Barnes' Cash Store, on "The Business Man in Intellectual Pursuits." Dr. White, of Portland, and Mr. Barnes have exchanged dates to accommodate Dr. White. Remember the place, First Methodist church.

CROSS FEVERISH HALF-SICK CHILDREN

IF TONGUE IS COATED, BREATH BAD, STOMACH SOUR IT MEANS A TORPID LIVER AND CLOGGED BOWELS.

Mother! Don't scold your cross, peevish child! Look at the tongue! See if it is white, yellow and coated! If your child is listless, drooping, isn't sleeping well, is restless, doesn't eat heartily or is cross, irritable, out of sorts with everybody, stomach sour, feverish, breath bad; has stomachache, diarrhoea, sore throat, or is full of cold, it means the little one's stomach, liver and 30 feet of bowels are filled with poisons and foul, constipated waste matter and need a gentle, thorough cleansing at once.

Give a teaspoonful of Syrup of Figs, and in a few hours all the clogged up waste, undigested food and sour bile will gently move on and out of its little waste clogged bowels without nausea, griping or weakness, and you will surely have a well, happy and smiling child again shortly.

With Syrup of Figs you are not drugging your children, being composed entirely of luscious figs, senna and aromatics it cannot be harmful, besides they dearly love its delicious taste.

Mothers should always keep Syrup of Figs handy. It is the only stomach, liver and bowel cleanser and regulator needed—a little given today will save a sick child tomorrow.

Full directions for children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly printed on the package.

Ask your druggist for the full name, "Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna," prepared by the California Fig Syrup Co. This is the delicious tasting, genuine old reliable. Refuse anything else offered.

Between two grafts, a regular politician is likely to try for both.

"CASCARETS" BEST FOR THE BOWELS

THE MILLIONS OF CASCARET USERS NEVER HAVE HEADACHE, CONSTIPATION, BILIOUSNESS OR SICK STOMACH.

It is more necessary that you keep your bowels, liver and stomach clean, pure and fresh than it is to keep the sewers and drainage of a large city free from obstruction.

Are you keeping clean inside with Cascarets—or merely forcing a passageway every few days with salts, cathartic pills or castor oil? This is important.

Cascarets immediately cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested and fermenting food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry out of the system the constipated waste matter and poison in the intestines and bowels.

No odds how badly and upset you feel, a Cascaret tonight will straighten you out by morning. They work while you sleep. A 10-cent box from your druggist will keep your head clear, stomach sweet and your liver and bowels regular for months. Don't forget the children—their little insides need a good, gentle cleansing too.

Compelled to Arrange New Merger

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

San Francisco, Jan. 29.—As a result of a conference between W. W. Cotton, general counsel for the Oregon Railroad & Navigation company, and R. P. Scherwin, local shipping magnate, transportation men here are of the belief today that the Portland & San Francisco Steamship company, of which Scherwin is vice-president, will be taken over by the northwestern road. The steamship line is controlled by the Pacific Mail Steamship company, and it is stated that the recent Harriman merger decisions of the supreme court necessitated the divorcing of the concerns.

The Portland & San Francisco company figured in the noted rate war, in which first-class rail transportation from Portland to San Francisco sold for $5, and water transportation for $2.50.

New Store New Goods New Prices

18 lbs granulated sugar	$1.00
1 lb best creamery butter	40c
Best valley flour, sack	$1.05
Best hard wheat flour, sk	$1.25
Large Cottolene	$1.45
Medium Cottolene	60c
3 lbs bulk crackers	25c
4 cans Jersey cream milk	25c
Corn meal, sack	25c
Buckwheat, sack	45c
4 pkgs Cornflakes	25c
10 bars laundry soap	25c
6 bars Morris best laundry soap	25c
6 bars Sunny Monday laundry soap	25c
6 bars Bob White laundry soap	25c
6 bars Royal white laundry soap	25c
6 bars Crystal White laundry soap	25c
6 bars A. B. Naptha laundry soap	25c
5 bars Fels Naptha laundry soap	25c

Free tickets Wexford and Ye Liberty shows.

MORRIS CASH GROCERY.

Free Delivery Phone Main 1497

SOME SNAP BUYS

Ideal suburban home, 30 acres, $8500

Several 5 and 10-acre tracts, cheap.

Four and 6-room houses, installment plan.

Several large stock ranches, cheap.

City lots, all parts of Salem.

250-acre improved farm, $25,000.

150 acres in Polk county, something good.

Small store building, new. Price $1000.

Several good business chances.

We Rent Houses and Furnished Rooms

What Have You to Trade

List Your Bargains With Us

We Sell Fire, Life and Accident Insurance

We want to meet you.

Acme Investment Co.

COOK & WHITNEY, MANAGERS.

Phone Main 477. 540 State Street

Opposite Court House.

This Would be Interesting as an Almanac

[UNITED PRESS LEASED WIRE.]

New York, Jan. 29.—A national weekly, to be published at the government's expense, and circulated in every American home, is advocated by Rudolph Spreckles, San Francisco millionaire, in a letter to President-elect Woodrow Wilson today. Spreckles says the general public does not understand numerous government situations because the attitude of officials is frequently misrepresented.

The function of the publication, as suggested by Spreckles, would give the news of all government departments and explain the acts of the president and his cabinet. The San Franciscan believes the weekly could be printed and distributed at a less cost than the Congressional Record.

To Cure a Cold in One Day.

Take LAXATIVE BROMO Quinine Tablets. Druggists refund money if it fails to cure. E. W. GROVE'S Signature is on each box. 25c.

The Salem Ministerial Union will be addressed by Dr. R. N. Avison on "Paul at Athens," and by Dr. Davis Errett on "Paul at Carriuth."

CASTORIA

For Infants and Children.

The Kind You Have Always Bought

Bears the Signature of Chas. H. Fletcher

January Clearance Sale

Unusual Buying Chances Don't Miss Them

MOTHERS, LOOK AT THIS

The price cutter has not overlooked the babies' department, and all sorts of things for the little tots are reduced—dresses, coats, hoods, outing flannel gowns, sacques, bootees, leggins, bands, vests.

ARNOLD'S KNIT GOODS FOR THE LITTLE FOLKS

towels, wash clothes, knickerbocker drawers, bibs, knit bath aprons, all at Clearance Prices. Just received new line of ruffling for sleeves and collars.

SUIT SPECIALS

I	$ 7.50
II	$10.00
III	$12.50
IV	$15.00

LAST WEEK OF SALE

QUALITY POPULAR

U. G. Shipley Company

MERCHANDISE LIBERTY STREET BETWEEN STATE & COURT PRICES

LADD & BUSH, BANKERS

Established 1868 Capital $500,000.00

Transact a General Banking Business.

We issue travelers' checks and letters of credit available in all parts of the world.

Automobile---Motor Cycle and Accessory Dealers of Salem

INDIAN MOTOR CYCLES

WATT SHIPP
Ammunition, Fishing Tackle, Etc.
North Commercial Street Phone 869

Valley Motor Car Co. Agents R. C. H. and Oakland 560 Ferry St. Phone Main 2298

"HELLO CENTRAL!" "GIVE ME 25 PLEASE," "HELLO SALEM LAUNDRY?" "YES"

"Why, I am sending a brand new shirtwaist with our laundry, and please be careful in cleaning it."

Our customer's intentions were good, but it was unnecessary advice. Every piece of laundry that comes here is handled carefully. We are told that is why our number of customers is increasing. That is the kind of attention we will give your laundry.

So send your GOOD clothes to this GOOD laundry.

SALEM LAUNDRY CO.

136-166 South Liberty *Phone 25*