

Richmond Times-Dispatch

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Subscription in Great Britain will not be necessary if there is a drop of chivalric blood in the veins of its people.

Judge Keith's Retirement. VIRGINIANS read with regret the announcement that Judge James Keith, president of the Supreme Court of Appeals, would retire from the bench at the conclusion of his present term, which expires February 1, 1917.

All Light on New Haven Connation to Be Admitted. Wall Street Journal headline. If it is they will have to put blinders on the boys.

Lights Under the Bushel. FREDERICK W. HEDGECOCK, who had done a work in every department of the Government, except the mechanical, for forty years, was dead. The following lines were an editorial tribute to his worth and memory.

He was a man of a nation that tramples under foot the laws of civility. He is the Bishop of London on the execution of Edith Cavell. And God's blessing on Brand Whitlock who upheld the right, unsuccessful though it was, and who sustained the shiver of this country. He is an American.

That way should be found. The city would be well repaid if it imported an expert to make a rigorous examination of the department's methods and expenditures and report how the work could be improved and money saved.

Mr. Cohn is improving his department even now. There are far fewer complaints to-day than there were a year ago, and the complaints made are by no means so well justified. The Times-Dispatch, which has been generous with its criticism, makes this acknowledgment in all frankness, sincerity and gratitude.

However, there is still plenty of room for improvement. The city streets could be, and should be, much cleaner than they are. Garbage collection could be, and should be, more regular and frequent. With improved methods all this could be accomplished at no additional cost.

Marika Stenstadt, a Swedish author, is the first woman to visit a French battle front on invitation of the general staff. She says that the French have not lost their polish. But they have lost a lot of powder.

Another Republican Trick. THAT affecting plaint of the high protectionists—that American capital cannot be induced to make extensive investments in the dusts industry under the "present" tariff, because of the fear of German competition after the war—induces the Springfield Republican to remark that "the present tariff affords the industry as much protection as the former Republican tariffs."

Our Springfield contemporary recalls also the reason for the failure of Republican Congresses to place a prohibitive duty on such dyes. That reason, briefly, was the opposition of the textile manufacturers, which was inveterate and powerful. New England, under Aldrich, was framing the tariff, and New England ruled.

It is a characteristic trick of the Grand Old Party to take the credit of every favorable circumstance in industry and trade and to blame every misfortune on the Democrats. This time the trick is hardly likely to work.

European spas are not as popular as formerly, and many Americans who contributed largely to their wealth will "take the waters" in the United States, even if they have to order the fluid on the side.

It is reported that the United States will turn Huerta over to Carranza to be tried for the murder of Madero. That won't be a circumstance to the turnover Huerta will get from Mexico.

It's a merry war, just the same. German guns hammer instead of shoot, and the Serbs go to the field singing. There is some singing that is more fatal than shrapnel.

New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania suffragists should lose no time in organizing anti-Ananias Clubs.

sons who refused to be bound by the decision of a primary when it was contrary to their wish, but we never heard before of a man of standing in his community—and Mr. Cull enjoys high standing—who, having helped select his party candidate, loudly proclaims a purpose to help defeat him.

In Maryland each voter, at the time of registration, must declare his affiliation, and until he changes that affiliation on the books of the registrars, which he is allowed opportunity to do, may participate only in the primaries of the party of his avowed choice.

There is no question, of course, of the legality of his action, and the corresponding morality may not be denied dwellers in peculiarly rarefied moral atmospheres, but it would not do for ordinary humanity. Most of us require a less complicated and more binding sanction to keep us in the straight and narrow path.

They are talking about reducing the electric lights on Fifth Avenue, in New York, inasmuch as there has been a howl about cutting the pay roll of city employees. It will not make any difference to the paraders of that thoroughfare, so long as they can get in the glare of the sunlight.

Waste—That's All! Administrative Board as to the propriety or impropriety of the actions of Assistant Superintendent Creery, of the Street-Cleaning Department, in having garbage and manure hauled eleven miles to a farm of which he is joint owner, there will be no public dissent from the conclusion that this method of disposal involves a careless waste of city funds.

Such wastage is not exceptional, however, in the operations of this department. Another characteristic example of it is the custom of placing three men on the ordinary one-horse garbage cart. It goes without saying that this practice is unnecessary and extravagant. In most, if not all, American cities one man takes charge of such a cart and manages collections without apparent difficulty.

Of course, in such cities householders are required to use modern metal ash and garbage cans and to place them at the side of the street or alley where the collections are made. With such a regulation, strictly enforced, the cart driver's task certainly is not too hard for a strong and healthy man. He walks beside his cart, lifting and dumping the cans as he reaches them. Go to Washington or Baltimore and you may see dozens of these men at work any day. Seemingly, they thrive on it.

According to the evidence at the Creery hearing it cost the city between \$1.50 and \$1.75 to dispose of each load of garbage, in addition to the value of the manure by which each load was topped. This cost, which does not include the cost of collection, is excessive—to say the least of it—and for the city to continue to bear this extravagant charge would be mighty bad business.

Superintendent Cohn hantons constantly—and with justice, we believe—the inadequacy of the men and equipment devoted to the cleaning of Richmond's streets. If, with the assistance of the Administrative Board, he could find a way to collect and dispose of garbage more economically, he would have a larger part of his appropriation to devote to street cleaning.

That way should be found. The city would be well repaid if it imported an expert to make a rigorous examination of the department's methods and expenditures and report how the work could be improved and money saved. There are plenty of such experts in this country, and their services are obtainable. Whatever the cost, it would be saved many times over in the course of a single year.

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SEEN ON THE SIDE

Thrice Cruel. Suppose you were an Elephant And had it neatly planned To raise an outcry resonant All over this broad land. Whereby you'd make the people pant To give you back command: Suppose you'd picked an issue fine— Like national defense— And were quite sure you'd placed a mine Beneath your foe's man dense. You could explode just by a sign And send him hurtling hence:

Suppose you'd done all this, with glee, Then got caught in the ruck And found your graceless enemy Declined to run or duck, But sprung that mine most wickedly Below where you were stuck— Would you not lose a maddened roar Of grief and rage and pain? Would you not feel extremely sore And weep with might and main? List! Hear the Elephant deplore His vanished chance to reign!

Guide Exhibits Another Family Skeleton. As the guide of Capitol Square threw a peanut to a squirrel he chuckled to Newcomer: "Wife ain't got over bit'n' yit. One ov them travelin' shanks got in the house an' showed a trap to make a hen lay a egg. The scheme is to coax the hen into a trap, so she can't git out till she's dropped one. Then a door opens an' she struts out. If she don't drop, the door stays shut an' she's a prisoner, the hen is. Wife's weakness next to a auction sale is eggs an' chickens. So she yielded up some of her savin's an' set the trap. The first chicken to git across was a rooster. Wife sez now that the man wuz a fraud."

The Psalmist Says: Lots of men are so fond of talking about fighting they are too busy with their oratory to get in the game "when the drums begin to roll."

Hoax to Artistic Sufferers. "Litebrax says he has perfected an article he feels sure he can sell to all the dear chappies in the country. "What is it?" "An enameled ankle watch to harmonize with all shades of hosiery, and so light that it wears it causes no real inconvenience."

Outputs by Poets. Like Dian's kiss, unasked, unthought, Love gives itself, but is not bought. —Longfellow.

I tell thee, God is in that man's right hand. Whose heart knows when to strike and when to stay. —Swinburne.

When Daddy Scattered. "Daddy, what's an old hen?" "Don't bother me, I'm busy. Run along to your maw."

Exceptiona. "Do you believe that all things come to him who waits?" "Not exactly. For example, there is the man who waits for the owl car after it has already passed."

Somewhat Dangerous. Grubbs—Blinks says he is the absolute ruler of his household. Stubbs—He had better not let his wife hear him say that. He might be deprived of the share of his income he is allowed now for pocket money.

The New Pupil. "Do you remember the story of the Prodigal Son, Robert?" "Yes, I asked the feller that heat it from home and had riots with the hogs?" "You have the idea, but you should phrase it a little differently." "Yessum. But, say, he knowed how to work his father for a veal-pot-pie dinner, all right, didn't he?"

Arrested for Stealing Seventy-Five Fords—Headline. And the story doesn't say how many more were found on his person when the thief was searched at the police station.—Wex Jones in New York Evening Journal.

A Layman's Sermon. "Get out and mix with people and you won't be so narrow in your opinions." Touching elbows with the world is a good proposition, generally. But it doesn't always leave a barrel of sweet milk. If you can select your mixers it will help a whole lot, but a general mix will show so many weaknesses and meannesses, that it is a question in my mind as to whether ignorance doesn't contain more bliss than knowing too much.—A Layman to "Seen on the Side."

The True Mentor. The man who tries to do his best, Although he miss the world's applause, Knows always, in his sturdy breast, That he has fought a winning cause.

Gossip From "Down Home" The Mountain Scout is not at all modest in its demands when it says "More cattle, a good creamery and improved land is what Alexander County needs to make our farmers fat and saucy."

The Charlotte Observer takes this shot at the capital city: "Raleigh points with pride to her new courthous, but where the 'great white way' ought to be there is still just enough light to keep people from bumping into each other."

The following squelch comes from the Greensboro News: "The Virginia cities are entirely willing for North Carolina to have all the rate reductions she can get as long as the Virginia cities get a little more reduction, as to maintain their commercial tyranny. Aren't the Virginia cities generous?"

The Newbern Sun says: "The News and Observer nips in the bud all aspirations that 'tired' ones of that city may have in regard to cluttering up the restaurant with a new courthouse by announcing that they are for the laies only. The charter members of the ancient and accepted order of the Sons of Rest must, necessarily, seek new quarters."

Fairbrother's Everything feels joyful over the State's financial outlook. It says: "Commenting on the outlook for tax revenues this year, State Treasurer Lacy says that there is not the slightest possibility of there being any deficit this year in the State finances, either as to revenue for current expenses or for appropriations that were made by the last Legislature. Last year there was a \$250,000 shortage in funds for appropriations, although the revenue for the general funds was sufficient."

"The Charlotte Chamber of Commerce," according to the Lexington Herald, "is considering the advisability of leased wires from the Stock Exchange for the benefit of its business men and the farmers of the surrounding country. This is a very advanced step, but is one that would abundantly repay all cone nea. Every facility should be given all for the con-

duct of business in terms of the market. The farmer needs this information as much as the dealer in stocks and bonds."

The Lexington Dispatch is down on toll bridges. It says: "Since we are building good roads in Davidson County, it is a shame that two great, big, rich counties like Davidson and Rowan have a toll bridge across the Yadkin River, where the charges to cross the bridge are as much as the railroad fare between the two towns. There was a time when the toll bridge and the toll roads were all right, but they do not fit in this day of civilization and progress. The county commissioners of Davidson and Rowan should get together and either buy this toll bridge from the corporation that owns it or build a new bridge."

Chats With Virginia Editors

"It seems hard for Richmond to get its milk cows straight," says the Blackstone Courier. "It was the foot-and-mouth disease, which caused them to be slaughtered; now tubercula trouble comes to the front. Now next?" Condensed milk perhaps.

The Harrisonburg News-Record has this comment: "Election day is only a dozen days in the distance. Plenty of time for the Democrats and Republicans to decide whether old John Barleycorn is alive or dead." Is that a hint to candidates to have "John" on tap election day?

The Staunton News says: "The President is in love. He is so infatuated that he has voted a suffrage ticket. Well, he knows the influence of the feminine sex—very well." But how about the report that has gone forth to the effect that the future mistress of the White House is "agin" the President on the suffrage proposition?

The Louisa Virginian limits this: "Did it ever occur to you to ask yourself what you would do if somebody broke into your home or committed a murder on your premises? You would naturally want to have the criminal arrested." If given choice, some people, with a gun and buckshot handy, would save all the trouble and uncertainty of arrest.

"Only about thirteen years have passed," says the Fredericksburg Star, "since the Virginia Constitution was promulgated. There are evidences that before long we will have a new one. The framers of our last Constitution didn't possess, to say the least, the foresight of our Revolutionary fathers." Don't do it, forty years from now will be soon enough to be afflicted with a Capitol full of Constitution tinkers.

This question escapes from the Richmond Times-Dispatch in almost pleading tones: "A fellow named Smith," says the Charlottesville Progress, "did nine loops in an airship at the Richmond Fair last week. The Richmond City Council can do that many without an airship, any time." What will the rural press do for bright paragraphs when the Richmond Council goes out of business, if it ever does? Thanks for that word "bright," neighbor. The rural press will find plenty of urban versatility to comment on, all right. When the Richmond Council meets its doom we may call attention to some of the loops the T.-D. has a reputation for performing.—Charlottesville Progress.

The Voice of the People Unpreparedness of Our Country. To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir,—The success of nations depends upon the ability to discern the truth and to utilize it to the best advantage.

We are to-day the greatest nation on the globe, from a standpoint of industry and wealth; yet we are deficient in many things that make the nation great. Our hand of security, our progress has made us forget our national security. We do not look upon our navy and army from a standpoint of safety and protection, but we are ready to spend money to fill out the program in all national parks and gala days. History teaches us that the most secure nations are those that are all nations depended upon their military strength. Rome soon lost her prowess when she ceased to have an acute military alertness.

A preparation for war is not what I used to think—a challenge to other powers for battle. In preparedness is safety, and, besides, it adds strength to a nation's influence when we are ready to deal with an unchristianized world. Strength of arm in a sense is a harbinger of peace. We stand a great deal upon our enormous wealth and our resources, but we are as a matter of fact, they furnish a strong reason for preparedness and armament.

The fact of the world proves that it is an inevitable fact that the poor have always resisted on the rich. It is a recognized fact that luxury and opulence lead to degeneracy and weakness. The great nations of the world, the destruction of every great empire preceded by history. Consequently, we will make a great effort to rely upon our wealth and resources for protection. The old line of guns and powder will not suffice to protect us from danger. We should have a more comprehensive defense, but less of part of our wealth, suddenly appear along our seacoast. Wars are inevitable, and nothing but the approach of the great day of the Lord will stay the hand of the thief war. Let us feel the hand of the old adage, "Prepare for war in times of peace." Wm. M. RICKBIS, Richmond, Va., October 20, 1915.

Unconquerable Woman Suffrage. To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Sometimes a so-called victory is turned into a defeat, and a great and not infrequently paved the way to success. The result of the election in New Jersey yesterday will not only be a victory for the woman suffrage cause, but the general sentiment of the nation unsavory elements to defeat the inherent rights of women at the polls will go far in the future to arouse the patriotic conscience of the republic to the importance of woman's issue. The antisuffragists have never been able to shake the basic argument of their opponents, which lies in the manifest need of the unfeeling female conscience in our social life. We as laymen—and with no political aspirations whatsoever—have recognized the rightness of granting the franchise to women, and it is gratifying that our statesmen and educators are so generally manifesting interest in the manly success of the cause is assured, and the interesting question now is whether its national success will confer the rights of national or national constitutional amendment route.

It would be a very narrow and vain imagination to deny that many intelligent people consistently oppose woman suffrage, but it is safe to say that at no polling place in New Jersey yesterday was there an advocate of the inherent rights of woman who hailed from any national institution or who presented any socially degenerate propaganda or interests.

The noble sons of women whose fame is world-wide for building and preserving the great American habitation of liberty, and the "sons of their mothers" will not fear to inaugurate American manhood with her rightful and needful participation in the affairs of our great composite household. And herein lies the success of the cause. W. M. RICKBIS, Richmond, Va., October 20, 1915.

Queries and Answers

Sequence of Relative. Although I believe I once saw the matter clearly stated in the column, I should like to ask what sequence the English relative should have when the antecedent is first or second person. T. E. WILSON.

The classical uses are pretty well fixed. The English relative is a somewhat more variable. If there be no predicate nominative between the antecedent and the relative, the case is clear and the relative follows the person of the antecedent as "I, who love," "Thou, who lovest," etc. When there is a predicate nominative, there would seem to be no objection to either in general or sense, to either of the forms, "I am a man who love my friends" or "I am a man who loves his friends." We are much inclined to prefer the former. Following such forms as Mark Antony's "I am a plain blunt man that love my friend," (Julius Caesar, III, 2); and Luke's, "Art not thou that Egyptian which madest an uproar?" etc. (Acts xxi, 38).

Sit Still, Mr. Farmer, and Let Him Climb Up To You One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



ARTIFICIAL LEGS BOOMED BY THE WAR

No industry, considered relatively to its importance, seems likely to profit more by the war than the manufacture of false arms and legs. One American concern is said to have already received orders from the British and French governments for \$15,000,000 worth of artificial limbs. The normal producing capacity of this establishment is 250 legs a month, but its output is expected soon to be multiplied by five.

Another American manufacturer, who has a factory in France, has just returned to this country to secure additional machinery and workmen. To obtain the latter is not easy, for false legs and arms, especially the former, are complex pieces of mechanism and to construct them properly requires much practice and long training.

The cork leg is as familiar in works of fiction. In real life, such a thing is not, and never has been, cork being just about the most unsuitable material for the purpose that could be imagined. Artificial limbs are made of bamboo or willow, supplemented to some extent with leather.

The lumber for them is carefully selected, and the first step in the making of a false leg is to cut from the raw material plates of this, higher square and of the requisite length. Through it a hole is bored lengthwise with a large auger, and then the block is put aside in a dry place and allowed to season. It ought to season for three years.

It is then carved in imitation of a real leg, sandpapered to smoothness, hollowed out so as to convert it into a mere shell, and rendered waterproof by a coating of a special kind of varnish. It may be covered with kid, but methods of manufacture vary.

The leg is made hollow for the sake of lightness and also to provide room for the introduction of a strong spring and other elements of the mechanism that is to render the limb a useful and comfortable counterfeit of a real one. An artificial leg of up-to-date pattern is an ingenious piece of apparatus, and there is many a man to-day who wears one without betraying the fact to the casual observer.

Of course, if the natural limb has been cut off high up the artificial one must be in two parts, connected by a knee joint. If one must lose a portion of one's ambulatory machinery the most desirable plan is to provide a joint between the knee and the ankle. Under such circumstances a false member may enable one to walk without limping, or one may even tango satyriacally, but less of part of the foot or of the whole foot at the ankle joint means that one must go halting through life.

Foot and Arm Attachment. The foot of an artificial limb is in itself an exceedingly clever contrivance. Its core is part of the same piece of wood that makes the body of the leg. Enveloping this core is rubber, vulcanized in a series of thin layers, the result being to give the foot a lively springiness, rendering it comfortable for walking.

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LEE'S STATUE--AND JACKSON'S

(By George Ross, M. D., former Captain and Assistant Surgeon, C. S. A.) I visited the studio of F. William Slevers, in Forest Hill Park, to-day, to take a last look at the clay-completed equestrian statue of General R. E. Lee before its casting into plaster on Monday next. I had already seen the artist's figures representing all arms of the Confederate service—now in bronze and designed to encircle the base of that statue on the field of Gettysburg.

I have not been a stranger to the museum and galleries of the Old and New Worlds, where real art attracts silent worshippers, and where the products of the very highest type of that divine gift have left witnesses of their merit. I could not fail, when standing in reverence before the statue of the mightiest "man on horseback" and purest Christian character who has ever marshaled armies on fields of civilized warfare, to think that the hand of genius has given expression to his master's soul-sense of the majesty of the man that he had there portrayed; and I stood with bared head before the artist and completed figure, as an honor due to the creator of so perfect a work.

I saw in fancy in the far-off future the multitudes of travelers investing the crest of that hill on Gettysburg field, where will stand throughout the ages this colossal statue as a witness to unborn generations of the valor of American soldiery.

And, too, I wondered why men with such a world-recognized, heaven-born share of the gift of sculpture as has been bestowed on our own Virginia genius, Sir Moses Ezekiel, now a resident of Rome, and the no less gifted artist standing in my presence, though he has been debarr'd by youth an opportunity for proving it, should be thought too obscure to be commissioned with the task of creating a "Confederate" equestrian "Stonewall" Jackson.

Sir Moses Ezekiel was educated at the Virginia Military Institute; was marched by Major Thomas J. Jackson at a member of the corps of cadets to the State Fair Grounds, in this city, in 1861, and was a cadet in the battle of New Market, May 15, 1864, where Cavalry.

det Jefferson was mortally wounded and died in his arms. Mr. Slevers is an adopted native-born Virginian, but an adopted son of the South. He is a master artist in wood carving, better than the "Wood Carver of Olympus," will, when this work shall be brightened by the midday sun on "Cemetery Hill," look up as an artist toward whom all art lovers in this land may justly and proudly point.

Autumn. [For The Times-Dispatch.] Dar is frost now in de air, mah boy, De wind's done turned round, From South to North it's whipped about, An' de leaves is turnin' brown, De tater bug he is done gone, De firefly is no mo', De tumble bug's rolled 'way his ball, His year's work's gone boy.

De catbird, he's done gone South, De jaybird's bolter's flew, De ole Bob White hides out o' sight, De ole pig squeals round de' round, De dogwood is a flamin' fish, De poplar's burrished, De oak gits bronze an' de gum is red, An' de groun' hawg's near his hole, De mist it hangs close ter de branch, De sun's rays spits de sky, De 'silmonus soft an' de wahnuts fall, Ter summertime, good-by!

De rap's all naved, de cawn crib's full, De killin' hawg's in his pen, De turkey struts befo' his fall, An' de bar's gone to his den, De 'possum walks in de bright moon-light, Wid a grin all roun' his face, De squirrel's laid away his sto', An' time jits sets de pace, De hyah' box set, de cown grapes ripe, De crows dey flies in flocks, De houn' he sou'n's his bugle notes, An' de hunter runs de fox, H. O. LYNNE, Willow Grove, October 18, 1915.