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FRIDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1915.

Victory Is Assured

THERE is no more encouraging sign of the times in Richmond than the determination of the Civic Association, at once expressed and evident, to continue its work for better city government. With such a spirit there can be no such thing as failure. Success may be delayed for a year or two, but it is inevitable, for Richmond voters cannot fail to understand the advantages of simplicity and efficiency in the conduct of public affairs. The campaign of education goes on and wins new adherents every day. The good time will surely come.

Villa continues to be the seizer of Mexico.

Chinese Meat for the Philippines

UNTIL the war in Europe, Australia supplied our troops in the Philippines with all the beef and mutton needed. England having requisitioned all cargoes, and this country having no ships on the Pacific to carry food to its soldiers, our possessions are compelled to look elsewhere. China has the goods. So China is to be the beneficiary of a trade which this country is entitled to—a trade which belongs to it.

It will be news to many that China has provinces in which are extensive cattle ranges. Especially is this true in Manchuria and Shantung. The country has already established trade relations in this line with Russia. Great herds are shipped on the hoof to Vladivostok. The animals are smaller than those of Australia or than our own, but what they lack in size is said to be made up for in quality.

The germ of this whole situation is, however, that China is to get a trade which is ours, and which could be handled if we had the ships.

More Sectors in Champagne Captured.—Headline. There are as many sectors in the war Champagne as there are bubbles in the peace brand.

Weehawken

WEEHAWKEN, where two Germans have just been arrested in connection with the plot to blow up whatever is supposed to be in the way of Germany's interests in or about New York, has the unfortunate habit of never coming into notoriety except through trouble of an unusual brand. In times of peace Weehawken is seldom in print. If anything does occur there worth printing, it is more likely to be located in Hoboken than in the bailiwick where it happened. Another settlement, just across the street from Weehawken, Union Hill, gets into the papers more frequently.

Weehawken was the talk of the country when on its bluff overhanging the Hudson River, Hamilton was shot in a duel with Aaron Burr, and died from the effects a few hours later. Before Hamilton was shot there, his son was killed on nearly the identical spot where his father fell. The same field was frequently used by the bloods of early days to settle their feuds. When there isn't a row or something unusual, Weehawken isn't even a way station.

Miss Margaret B. Owen, champion typist of the world, maintained in the contest an average of 136 words a minute. This speed, however, will not be sufficient to enable Miss Owen to take the speeches of some politicians in this country.

Should Gorizia Fall

IF Gorizia should fall before the artillery bombardment and infantry attacks of the Italian armies, as dispatches from Rome now declare to be imminent, the capture would be of tremendous consequence, and the allied cause would take on a much more favorable aspect. Gorizia is not only the key to Trieste, but the bar that blocks Italian advance into Austria-Hungary.

Gorizia, as a fortress, owes as much to its situation as it does to the armament with which it has been supplied by the Austrian engineers. The city nestles in a pocket of the Isonzo, but on the steep hills by which it is surrounded are the forts, equipped with heavy ordnance, that have thundered defiance to the Italian hosts. In the natural trenches of the Corso, dug in the chalky rock by the rains of centuries, the Austrian infantry has found a favorable resting place, from which it could be dislodged only with difficulty and by large expenditures of ammunition and life.

Gorizia once taken, however, the road to Trieste lies open, and the capture of that seaport would give Italy unquestioned control of the Adriatic. The Austrian naval base at Pola could scarcely be defended against attacks from the land, and with the Italian fleet in the offing much shipping would fall into Italian hands.

Nor is this all. Because of the natural advantages of the situation at Gorizia, Austria has been able to check the Italian advance for five months with a relatively small force. Much larger forces would be needed to withstand that advance should Gorizia fall, for northward and eastward lies Vienna and to the southeast Fiume and the road to Serbia and Greece. In such an event, Austria must recall troops from the Russian and Serbian fronts to defend its own territory.

When Italy entered the war, its strategy had two immediate objects: first, to defend its own long northern frontier, especially along the Austrian salient, and, second, to take Trieste. The first object has been attained long since, but it was always recognized that to the attainment of the second the capture of Gorizia was essential. It has been a hard fight, but apparently success is near, and success means much more influential and valuable participation by Italy in Europe's resistance to the Prussian menace.

The diplomatic document concerning the relations of Austria-Hungary with Italy, just published, concerning the negotiations between the two powers beginning before Austria's ultimatum to Serbia, excites the hope that by the time the war is over we shall know what started it.

Helping Negro Consumptives

DR. DAVID R. LYMAN'S emphasis of the importance of combating tuberculosis among the negro race with all means at the disposal of the State and city draws new attention to a phase of the campaign that has been discussed frequently in The Times-Dispatch. Helping the negroes to combat the scourge is of vital importance to the white people of the South.

One of the grimmest jests in current circulation is to the effect that the best way for a tuberculous negro in Virginia to obtain proper treatment is to commit a crime and have himself sent to the penitentiary. Negro criminals receive skilled medical attention and careful nursing. Their diet is regulated, their exercise supervised and controlled. They are kept, so far as possible, in the open air. Many negroes go to the penitentiary with the hand of death on them and emerge comparatively well men.

For the honest negro, there stands open no such door of hope, unless his circumstances are greatly above the average of the members of his race. He does not know how to care for himself, and his family and friends are equally ignorant. He lives, probably, in a squalid tenement, and avoids the air as he would a pestilence. Ignorance and poverty combine to forbid him the diet his condition demands and that is a fixed prerequisite to all real chance of recovery.

But he does not live to himself, nor die. His disregard of every precaution is emulated by the dozen or twenty other inhabitants of his dwelling place—men, women and children. In the early stages of his disease he is employed probably as a servant in some white family, or else delivers the meat or groceries for that family, or washes its windows, or lays its carpets. He rides on the same street cars as his employers and their friends, and the seat he occupies on one trip is occupied by a white man or woman on the next trip. He rubs elbows with the white race every day of his life.

So, of course, do the other dwellers in the place he calls his home. The men are butlers and chauffeurs; the women cooks, maids, laundresses and—worst of all—nurses. Is there any cause for wonder, really, that the seeds of disease and death should be scattered on every hand?

There should be in Virginia a sanatorium for the treatment of negro consumptives. It should be open not only to those who are absolute paupers and can pay nothing, but to those as well who are able to pay all or part of the expense of their subsistence and treatment. This is a duty Virginia should not neglect, and that Richmond and other important cities should not permit the State to neglect. It is a duty owed not to the black race alone, but to the white race. It is a measure of self-preservation. It is enlightened self-interest, as well as benevolence. It is absolutely essential to any wise and comprehensive plan for checking the ravages of the plague.

The "dry" Sunday movement in Chicago is said by the police of that city to be working out satisfactorily. The trade interested in bottled goods has not been heard from.

A Strong Man for France

RESIGNATION of the French Cabinet had been expected for several days. Popular dissatisfaction with the progress of affairs in the Balkans had an early manifestation in the resignation of Foreign Minister Delcasse and the assumption of the duties of that portfolio by Premier Viviani. The change did not produce what the influential elements of the republic had come to regard as the necessary vigor, and the resignation of the whole Cabinet now follows.

Aristide Briand, to whom President Poincare has confided the selection of a new ministry, is one of the strongest men in French public life. He has himself been Prime Minister. To him, as much as to any other one individual, is due the preparedness of France to meet the German invasion, for largely to his influence the increased term of service with the colors, from two to three years, is to be ascribed.

Briand, after protracted efforts to negotiate an entente with Germany, all of which proved entirely unsuccessful, came to the conclusion that the Kaiser's purpose was war, and that he only awaited the favorable opportunity. Then it was that Briand threw himself heart and soul into the longer service campaign—a movement so unpopular with large elements of the people that many of its sponsors were defeated for office. However, he and his associates had their way, the three-year term immediately increased the size and efficiency of the army, and when Germany struck, France was enabled to withstand the blow, and, rallying at the Marne, to hurl back the invader.

The republic remembers what Briand did, and his selection to head a new Cabinet is certain to be popular.

It is not improbable that there will be similar changes in England. The present Cabinet numbers twenty-two members, too unwieldy a body, certainly, for the effective conduct of the war. Asquith appears to be breaking under the strain, and his associates, for the most part, are men not of action, but of reflection and discussion. One personality lifts itself above the ruck—Lloyd George. It will be strange if he is not called on, sooner or later, to organize and lead Britain in the great struggle by which the nation is faced.

It should be understood when Porter Charlton, who will soon regain his freedom from Como, returns to his native country that no one over here is interested in hearing his story from any lecture platform, and that if he gets an offer to go on the screen he will be sent back.

Don't forget in making lays to good, old October days that Indian summer is not due until nutty November.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

A Clean Sweep.

There dwelt a maid in Arcady
Who for the vote ne'er pined;
She'd never heard of woman's rights,
But she knew her own mind.

So when the youth of Arcady
Refused to own her sway
This gentle maid refused her smiles
Or turned them t'other way.

Thus she acquired woman's rights,
Unwittingly, and then,
As she was not quite satisfied,
Annexed the rights of men.

Three of a Kind.

White wings never grow weary.
" socks " " "
" shoes " " "

Another Skeleton at the Guide's.

"Things getting any better at your house?" asked Newcomer of the guide of Capitol Square.

"Don't seem to be much improvement. Never know what wife's goin' to spring. Sez she thinks it's funny thet I can't get ennythin' on the side, occashunly, like other men. Tole her it tuck money these times to make money. She sez why didn't I get a job ov standin' in a Broad Street winder as a hobgoblin; thet thet wouldn't hev' cost me anythin' and thet the house thet hired me wouldn't hev' had to spend ennythin' fixin' me up. Wife never did encourage me enny."

Puzzling.

"Dr. Slicem can't make up his mind exactly what is the matter with old Closefist."

"What seems to be the difficulty?"

"Why, ordinarily, Closefist appears to be afflicted with indigestion and rheumatism, but when it comes to signing a check for the doctor's little bill he has all the symptoms of total paralysis."

The Pessimist Says:

Don't let yourself become too incredulous. The man who believes nothing is nearly as objectionable and quite as foolish as the man who believes everything.

Not the Kind That Mother Used.

Clerk in Broad Street Store to Boy—What sort of slippers do you want, felt?

The Boy—Well, I should say not.

Where is the good, old mammy who used to tell the chillun to look out for the buggers?

Maud Overworked.

Maud Muller on an autumn day
Was very busy raking hay.
"I hate to work a girl," said pop.
"But, gee! we had a bumper crop!"
—Kansas City Journal.

Deficiencies.

Grubbs—Do you think politicians, when they discuss candidates and issues, mean what they say?

Stubbs—Not much. Why, three-fourths of those lads are not even capable of saying what they mean.

Belated Advice.

"That lawyer I hired told me frankly that I didn't have the ghost of a show to win the case."

"He must be a pretty honest sort of lawyer."

"Oh, I don't know. You see, he didn't tell me that until after the jury had brought in its verdict."

"Skaggs has a good deal of get-up to him, hasn't he?"

"Yes, especially if the car is crowded when a pretty woman gets in."

He Knew What to Say.

"Would you love me as well," she breathed, softly, "if I were hideous and cross?"

"You bet I wouldn't," he answered. "I love you as I do because you are the most beautiful, as well as the dearest and sweetest, girl in all the world."

And she was perfectly satisfied.

Shakespeare for Everybody.

For all of us:

"And so, from hour to hour, we ripe and ripe,
And then, from hour to hour, we rot and rot,
And thereby hangs a tale."
—As You Like It, ii. 7.

For the hypochondriac:

"I would that I were low laid in my grave;
I am not worth this coil that's made for me."
—King John, ii. 1.

A Poser.

If a man is buying a home, has borrowed the money to pay on it from a man, and he owes the man, and the man dies before he gets his money back or pays it, can his people get the home if he has no children? K.

Suppose you try to make the question a little plainer.

A Layman's Sermon.

What I offer to-day is not one of my own. I was where I overheard. The minister asked the lady on whom he was calling how they were getting on. She replied that it was the same old struggle.

"Still," the dominie retorted, "you have your health?"

"Still," she groaned. "Everything with us is still. We still have the same furniture we had when we were married. We still have the same clothes."

"But your husband still holds his job."

"Yes, the one he got ten years ago, and still at the same sort of work, and at the same pay still."

Here, certainly, is a case where it isn't right to let well enough alone.

The Statesman's Task.

"I suppose your chief effort," said the loyal follower, "is to make the public understand difficult public questions."

"Not exactly," replied Congressman Hammfatt. "My chief effort—and chief difficulty, as well—is to keep the public from understanding that I don't know anything about such questions."

Ode to a Martyr.

The oyster of the Chesapeake
May never win a prize for beauty,
Yet no one need go far to seek
Proof that the oyster does its duty.

Indeed, this humble oyster is
In more than one way quite a treasure;
Just sample it and find—gee whiz!—
How eating may become a pleasure.

Chats With Virginia Editors

It has really reached Bristol. Here it is from the Herald-Courier: "On the last lap of October. Time to begin to think about doing your Christmas shopping early."

There is hope yet for Pulaski. The Southwest Times, published in that town, announces: "And now the ladies of the Civic League have openly declared against the freedom of the town cow. Beware kine."

At last one man has come to the rescue of the poor, persecuted millionaires of Virginia. The Clifton Forge Review says: "We hold no brief for this millionaire citizen, though it is fair to say that he has been exceedingly liberal with his money in the building of roads, the upkeep of the public schools and the erection of churches in Nelson County and other sections of the State. Are we in this State to belittle the men who have the means and who are ever ready to loose their purse strings for the advancement of its every interest? This newspaper will never be a party to any such policy."

The Halifax Gazette, which is always finding something new in the town of South Boston, exhibits its latest discovery in the editorial column thus: "Who says the world isn't growing better? We met a young lady the other night who actually didn't know one card from another!"

The sporting editor (presumably) of the Harrisonburg News-Record says: "With only six days left before election, the candidates are going to the bat for the last half of the ninth inning." And ten thousand rooters on the bleacheries, no doubt.

"Some of President Wilson's Virginia college chums," says the Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch, "have been freely admitting it, but none of them have yet pleaded guilty to singing in that students' quartet with him." Modesty is the average Virginian's long suit. Or maybe it is discretion.

"Richmond," remarks the Newport News Press, "is now in the hands of the doctors, and, from all that the local newspapers say, we should judge that she needs all the doctoring she can get." Richmond is convalescing, thank you, and can spare Newport News remedies for that city's numerous ailments, political, commercial and otherwise.

News of Fifty Years Ago

(From Newspaper Files, October 29, 1865.)

Frederick Volck, the artist who has been appointed to execute a statue of General Stonewall Jackson, has arrived in the city from Munich, Germany, and is stopping at the Exchange Hotel.

The next session of the Virginia Methodist Conference will open in Danville on the 22d of November, and will probably be in session two weeks or more, as there is a vast deal of long-delayed business to transact.

A number of Irish emigrants, direct from Cork, arrived in Petersburg day before yesterday. They embrace persons of all ages and both sexes. Some of them came on to Richmond yesterday in search of employment, and others are to follow in a few days.

The Secretary of War has ordered the Quartermasters' Department to issue to freedmen, on requisition from General Howard, chief of the Freedmen's Bureau, all articles of government clothing declared unfit for distribution to the army.

Governor Pierpont and aids, General Strother and Colonel Wade, on their way to Southwest Virginia for inspection purposes, stopped over two days at Lynchburg, and were quartered at the Piedmont Hotel.

The President has been memorialized to order a speedy trial for Clement C. Clay, now held as a prisoner of state at Fortress Monroe. A delegation from the Alabama Constitutional Convention presented the memorial.

Colonel Thomas M. Crossan, formerly of Pittsburgh, but for many years a citizen of North Carolina, died at his home, in Warrenton, a few days ago. He was an officer in the United States Navy before the war, but commanded an artillery company in the Confederate service and subsequently commanded the North Carolina blockade-runner Advance. He made several successful trips with this ship.

The military commission to try Captain Wirz has adjourned for good. The result of their work was handed to the President several days ago. While the result will not be absolutely known until it is officially promulgated by the President, no one doubts but that the verdict is guilty.

A dispatch from Charleston says there is no doubt of the election of General Wade Hampton to the governorship of South Carolina, but no one thinks he will be allowed to take the seat.

Ex-Postmaster-General J. H. Reagan yesterday had a long and very pleasant interview with President Johnson, but declined to speak of it when he left the White House.

The Voice of the People

Queries by a Socialist.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I would be glad to know from your correspondent, J. O. L., in Sunday's paper, if the people in Fincastle know that there is a war going on in Europe, and that between nations who are prepared, what argument there can be in preparedness.

Also, from what period in the world's history does he get the evidence of the poor existing on the rich. I will guess that J. O. L. is rich, and that he exists on the backs of the poor. SOCIALIST.

Richmond, Va., October 28, 1915.

Edith Cavell and Others.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The letter of Alexis Jones in The Times-Dispatch of to-day does credit to his heart, but does not accord with historical fact. The inhuman execution of Edith Cavell, confessing that she was guilty of all with which she was charged and saying that she was glad to die for her country, resembles in no one thing the martyrdom of Joan of Arc. Sold by a Frenchman, Count John of Luxembourg, to the enemy of his country, Henry VI. of England, who gave the gold for the purchase "in golden coin, English money, the sum of 10,000 livres," Joan was sent to Rouen, the real capital of the English, in France, and there, on May 30, 1431, she was burned, attesting to the last her innocence, and with her dying gaze fixed on the cross, the Christian symbol. Not satisfied with this, in the play of "Henry VI," Shakespeare sought to tarnish her unsullied name.

Mrs. Surratt, another innocent victim, was hanged by the United States authorities. Edith Cavell, whose cruel execution is not defended, was at least accorded the death of a soldier. "Fiat justitia, ruat coelum." E.

Richmond, Va., October 28, 1915.

Queries and Answers

German Royalty.

Was the Kaiser's father ever on the throne? E. P. PARKER.

For about three months in 1888 as Frederick III.

Verses Wanted.

Can you send me copy of Alfred Noyes's verses, "The Highwayman"? MISS F. D.

We shall be pleased to do so if some reader will kindly send copy.

Ohio Election.

Whom should I write to for information about the local option feature of the coming election in Ohio? R. B. W.

The Anti-Saloon League of Virginia can give you information by letter or phone.

A Date.

Please tell me what day of the week was June 1, 1880. MISS E. E. M.

Tuesday.

Confederate Diary.

Is there published any book consisting of a diary kept in Richmond during the War? I have heard of such a publication, and should be glad to get it. F. J. HILL.

"A Rebel War Clerk's Diary," J. B. Jones, is probably the thing you mean. It runs almost daily entries from April 8, 1861 to April 19, 1865. Mrs. McGuire's "Diary of a Refugee" might also fit your description. Your bookseller can get the books for you.

Dark Horse.

Please tell me who was the first political "dark horse." N. N. LOWNDES.

James K. Polk, in the Democratic convention of 1844. Van Buren, who had served as President, had been defeated by Harrison in 1840, and was the leading candidate for the nomination, with a majority of twenty-six votes. But the two-thirds rule defeated Van Buren's chance, and on the eighth ballot a Pennsylvania delegate broke away and voted for Polk, who received forty-four votes in that ballot and every vote in the next.

The Spirit of 1915

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.

—From the New York Evening Sun

THE THREE MUSKETEERS OF MISSOURI

An unusual story is in the life of Colonel John C. Moore, one of the founders of the Kansas City Times, who died in Missouri the other day. One of his associates in establishing the Times was Major John C. Edwards. Later, the proprietary interest in the paper passed into the hands of Dr. Morrison Munford. He and Moore were cousins. Each of the three was a Southerner; each had served the Confederacy. Munford became reconciled to the fate of the South. Moore and Edwards never did.

If Dumas had lived in their time he would have material for enlarging his celebrated novel, "The Three Musketeers." Moore, Edwards and Munford were the "Three Musketeers of Missouri." While they were associated there was rarely a time when they were not in some trouble of a dramatic character. Moore and Edwards, particularly, lived, as nearly as conditions permitted, an ideal existence. The undercurrent in Missouri was sullen. The Confederate element had come home dissatisfied, for they had been on the frontier during the war, and the contest there was radically different from what it was in Virginia or any of the Southern States. Moore never did surrender, and it is not certainly known that Edwards ever did. Both were trenchant writers. Moore was powerful in invective; Edwards was surcharged with the sort of sentiment that appealed to chivalry and made women associate the lives of their lovers with the fiction of Walter Scott. Edwards, also, was the friend of the hunted bandit, such as the James boys, and he was the historian of Quantrell. Both went to Mexico with Shelby in that romantic expedition which offered to Maximilian the unsurrendered contingent of the Confederates of the West and Southwest.

Moore and Edwards, of course, believed that in personal differences the only settlement was on "the field of honor." In a war duel Moore was the second of Marmaduke, high in the ranks, and Walker, also an officer. Walker was killed. Moore gloried in it. He had not been on the Times long when the editor of an afternoon paper in Kansas City criticized Moore; he challenged the offender. The latter had been in the cavalry service of the United States Army. He accepted and, as was his right, he named the weapons—swords. Moore never carried a sword in his life. Besides, his antagonist was a physical giant. Moore offered to fight with any other weapon, but the challenged refused to budge. There was no duel.

A few years later Major Foster, who had served in the Union Army, and who was a writer on a St. Louis paper, criticized an article by Edwards, and Edwards challenged him. Munford was Edwards's second. The meeting took place in Illinois, a day's travel from St. Louis and Kansas City. The duel was fought. Nobody was hurt. Edwards and his party returned to Chicago, and the particulars of the affair from start to end were printed, occupying more than a page of the Chicago Times.

Munford obtained complete control of the Kansas City Times, and Moore and Edwards retired to other fields. Munford made the paper the power of the party in the State, and also made enemies, for he was uncompromising when he set his course. One night he was shot in a street car by a man who had differed with his attitude. Munford recovered. He was a striking personality. He had the heart of a child, but the courage of a tiger. In spite of many lovable traits, in spite of his personal popularity, he was unfortunate in becoming frequently embroiled, and when he took a position he never gave quarter, nor did he ever seek any.

These three men in their days, when they were associated, controlled their party in the State, and nearly every question of local importance. Moore died at the age of eighty-four years. He was the last of the three to go.

Islands of Literature

How much the world owes to the masters of literature who have put upon the map the islands upon which some of the most stirring events in fiction have occurred can never be properly estimated, any more than the amount can be computed which the imaginations of authors have contributed to the wealth of delight found in their works. Foremost among the delectable spots wholly surrounded by a sea of words is the island home of Robinson Crusoe, dear alike to young and old readers of De Foe's immortal work.

Singularly, the popular conception which frequent reference to facts tails to correct is that the solitude, unbroken until the imprint of a naked foot on the sea sand was revealed to a wary eye, existed on the real island of Juan Fernandez, off the west coast of South America. That is because popularly the fictitious hero of perhaps the most widely read book in the world except the Bible is identified with Alexander Selkirk, who spent several years on that island and whose real narrative may have been the basis for the later work of fiction.

But De Foe distinctly places the scene of the castaway adventures of his hero on the other side of the South American continent, near the mouth of the great River Oronoque, or Orinoco, as now spelled. The land most nearly corresponding to it is the island of Tobago.

Next, perhaps, to the island home of the immortal Crusoe is that purely invented scene of romance where the chief incidents of "Treasure Island" go forward. A recent writer says that Robert Louis Stevenson, among whose most lasting contributions to the world of letters he so largely enriched is this story of pure adventure, was led forward to its composition by making a map of an imaginary island, out of which grew his first great story, of which it has been said: "Doubtless man may write a better book for boys than 'Treasure Island,' but doubtless man never has, and probably never will."

Imaginary haunts of imaginary men and women on islands, real or unreal, have added much to the charms of both prose and poetry from pens more or less famous. From the island home of the "Swiss Family Robinson," "The Coral Island" of R. M. Ballantyne, the seagirt spot described in Captain Marryatt's "Masterman Ready," to the islands depicted in the latest novels of Cyrus Townsend Brady and Miss Mary Johnston there is an ever-growing list of regions "beautiful for situation and the joy of the whole earth," which have been wrought from the minds of genius and embodied in words for the enjoyment of the world. These man-made regions frequently surpass in interest the real ones known to readers and are invested with the charm of the "remote, unfriended and alone." To their creators are due the thanks of all who have ever enjoyed reading or being read to about them.—Brooklyn Standard-Union.

A Hard Proposition.

A movement is on foot in New York to make the laws intelligible to men without legal training, but it might help some if they were made intelligible enough to men with legal training to enable two lawyers to agree as to what they mean.—Florida Times-Union.

War-Time Dinner

The following story is one that will be read with what is called "mixed feelings," but it is an actual incident, and I may leave it for the use of the social reformer—or farce writer—of happier times: A lady who has a title and a house in Mayfair has joined the ranks of the munition workers, and the other evening she gave a dinner party to celebrate the completion of her first month productive industry. Her guests were a duchess, the wife of a Cabinet minister, a Red Cross nurse and a woman of the working classes, whom her hostess introduced to the others as "Mabel, my mate in the shop." The hostess and her "mate" wore print dresses and had red handkerchiefs swathed about their heads—their working uniform. They sat down at a table covered not with linen, but with white oilcloth, and the hostess explained: "Mabel put me up to this. It is a war saving. You just sponge it over and it doesn't need to go to the laundry." The dinner was joint, vegetables, sweets and cheese. A maidservant carried in the dishes and then disappeared. The hostess carved and the guests helped each other to vegetables. "The simple life," the hostess explained. "Mabel and I only get fifteen bob a week, and it won't run to more." The little party had a jolly meal, and the hostess and her "mate" talked "shop," to the delight of the others. The duchess, taking her departure, ventured an inquiry: "Has Griggs enlisted?" "Oh, dear, no," said the hostess; "I sent him to a theater to get him out of the way." Griggs (though that is not his real name) is the butler.—Manchester Guardian.

"At Eventime It Shall Be Light."

We are too tired to work—put up the tools;
Too tired for music—let the old harp rest!
Once, for such idleness, we had been fools,
Now it is wisdom—now 'tis only best!

Give us a little spot—out there in th' sun;
A corner, where the fire is warm and bright;
A bit of bread and broth—and we are done,
And ready for our journey in the night.

No, no, we do not miss the labor now;
'Tis strange, perhaps, but all the music's naught;
We do not feel the snow that's on the brow,
The trembling hand brings not a trembling thought.

We like the little quiet, sunny spot;
We chat and doze; we sometimes doze and dream;
The fireside's good—we never get too hot—
And very good our bread and lentils seem!

And—no—we do not dread the trip to come;
One will go first and see it—how it is;
Then wait near-by, to call the other home,
And lead along the darker passages!
—Margaret Steel Anderson, in Southern Woman's Magazine.