

**TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.**  
**Chesapeake & Ohio Ry.**  
 Fast Trains to Richmond and the West.  
 Leave Newport News 10:04 a. m. and 5:05 p. m. daily.  
 Local Trains to Richmond  
 6:00 a. m.; 5:20 p. m. daily.  
 Trains arrive Newport News 10:00 a. m., 10:30 a. m., 5:30 p. m. and 7:20 p. m.  
 Steamer Service for Norfolk.  
 Leave Newport News 10:35 a. m. and 5:35 p. m. daily.

**OLD DOMINION LINE**  
 Daily Service  
**FOR NEW YORK**  
 From "Company's" Wharf, Norfolk, foot of Church street every week day at 7:00 P. M.  
 FARE—First-class, one way, \$8.00  
 Round trip, limit thirty days, \$14.00—meals and berth in stateroom included.  
 Steerage, without subsistence, \$5.00  
 TICKETS on sale at C. & O. Railway Ticket Office.

**NIGHT LINE BETWEEN NEWPORT NEWS AND RICHMOND, VA.**  
 Steamers Brandon and Berkeley leave Pier "A" 8:20 every evening passengers only.  
**VIRGINIA NAVIGATION COMPANY.** James River Day Line for Richmond and all James River landings. Steamer Pocahontas leaves Newport News, Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays at 8:15 a. m. Leave Newport News Monday, Wednesday, and Friday at 5 p. m., for Norfolk and Old Point.  
 Steamer Hampton will leave Pier "A" daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m. going to Norfolk, and at 4:30 p. m. going to Smithfield. Steamer "Ac Comac" will leave Pier "A" daily except Sunday at 9 a. m., going to Smithfield and 3 p. m., going to Norfolk.  
 All business between New York and Newport News transacted at pier No. 6.  
 All business between Newport News, Norfolk, Smithfield and local points transacted at Pier "A" foot of Twenty fifth st., W. H. LANDON Agent.

**Schedule**  
**Norfolk & Atlantic Terminal Co.**  
 "SEWALLS POINT ROUTE"  
 IN EFFECT MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 21, 1909.  
 Subject to change without notice.  
**Leave Norfolk**  
 7:15 a. m., 9:45, 12:15 p. m. 1:30 p. m., 4:0 5:15, 6:30 p. m. Sundays only 9 p. m.  
**Leave Newport News**  
 6:00 a. m., 8:05, 9:20, 11:50, 1:05 p. m., 2:45, 4:0 5:15, 6:30 p. m. Sunday only 9:20 p. m.

**To Norfolk & Washington Steamboat Co.**  
 (Schedule Effective Nov. 1, 1909.)  
 The New and Powerful Iron Palaces NEWPORT NEWS, WASHINGTON and NORFOLK will leave as follows.  
**Northbound.**  
 Lv. Portsmouth ..... \*5:00 p. m.  
 Lv. Norfolk ..... \*6:00 p. m.  
 Lv. Old Point ..... \*7:00 p. m.  
 Ar. Washington ..... \*7:00 a. m.  
**Lv. Wash. B. & O. Ry. ....\*\*9:00 a. n.**  
**Ar. Phil. B. & O. Ry. ....\*\*11:50 a. n.**  
**Ar. N. Y. R. & O. Ry. ....\*\*2:10 p. m.**  
**Southbound.**  
 Lv. N. Y. Penn. Ry. ....\*\*12:55 p. m.  
**Ar. Wash. Penn. Ry. ....\*\*6:15 p. m.**  
**Ar. Wash. Penn. Ry. ....\*\*6:22 p. m.**  
**Lv. Phila. Penn. Ry. ....\*\*3:20 p. m.**  
**Ar. Wash. Penn. Ry. ....\*\*6:22 p. m.**  
**Lv. Washington .....\*\*5:45 p. m.**  
**Ar. Old Pt. Comfort. ....\*\*7:00 a. m.**  
**Ar. Norfolk .....\*\*8:00 a. m.**  
 \*Daily. \*\*Daily except Sunday and only.  
 For information apply to J. N. SMITH, Agent, Union Ticket Office, Chamberlain Hotel, Old Point, Virginia.  
 P. M. FRITCHARD, Gen. Agent, JNO. L. WILLIAMS, City Passenger Agent, corner Grassy and Plum streets, Norfolk.

**M. & M. TRANS. CO.**  
 STEAMSHIP LINES.  
 Passenger and Freight.  
 Newport News to Baltimore.  
 Daily Except Monday and Tuesday 6 p. m.  
 Fare \$2.00 One Way. \$5.00 Round Trip—Including Stateroom Berth. Tickets to all points.  
 Newport News to Boston every Mon. Wed. and Sat. 9 a. m.  
 Norfolk to Boston.  
 Every Sun., Tues. and Fri. 6 p. m.  
 Norfolk to Providence.  
 Every Mon., Thurs. and Sat. 6 p. m.  
 \*Freight only.  
 For tickets and further information apply to F. B. BRAGG, Agent, Newport News, Va.

**TRANSPORTATION GUIDE.**  
**CLYDE LINE**  
**TO PHILADELPHIA**  
 Steamers leave Mondays a. m., Thursdays and Saturdays.  
 Leave Philadelphia Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.  
 Freight received and delivered daily at C. & O. Pier 6. Office, River Road, CLYDE STEAMSHIP COMPANY, James W. McCarrick, General Southern Agent.

**and WOOD**  
 Cord Pine Wood \$1.75  
 Cord Mixed Wood \$1.80  
 Cord Oak Wood \$1.85  
 No extra charge for splitting.  
 All coal well screened and kept under sheds, both wood and coal belts delivered perfectly dry.

**Distilled Ice Co.**  
 35th St. and C. & O. Ry.  
 Bell Phone 98. City Phone 328

**To Cook with Gas and Heat with Gas and Light with Gas**  
**Is Truly Happiness.**  
**Newport News Gas Co.**  
 3025 Washington Avenue. PHONES 34

**J. W. COURTNEY**  
**COAL and WOOD**  
 Cord Pine Wood.....\$1.75  
 Cord Mixed Wood.....\$1.80  
 Cord Oak Wood.....\$1.85  
 Also job lot of Wood, Oil, Pine, at \$1.50 for quarter of cord.  
 No extra charge for splitting. TV's best grades of coal at the lowest net price.  
 427 Twent-second St.  
 Both Phones 50

**HAULING PROMPTLY DONE**  
**From a PARCEL to An ENGINE**  
 FREIGHT, BAGGAGE, FURNITURE AND SAFES, CAREFULLY AND PROMPTLY MOVED.  
**VIRGINIA TRANSPORTATION COMPANY**  
 STORAGE WAREHOUSE  
 514-520 27th St.  
**REASONABLE RATES**

**COAL**  
 Sole agents for Hard Wood Charcoal and Otto Cokes. Your patronage solicited.  
**Benson, Phillips & Co**  
 24th & Virginia Ave. Both Phones, 7.

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**THANKSGIVING**  
 From The Christian Science Journal  
**ETERNAL God of Life and Truth and Love,**  
**I thank Thee who hast to my soul conveyed**  
**A consciousness of spiritual birth.**  
**To see Thy face, mine eye is turned above**  
**That I may catch a clear, diviner sense**  
**To use in aid of mortals on the earth.**  
 Carl Poole

**The Prodigal's Wife**

**A**  
 SLIGHT rap at the outer door drew the attention of the gray-haired woman. "Come in," she called. The door suddenly opened. A trim young woman stood at the threshold. She looked around and smiled and nodded. "Good morning," she said, and her voice was clear and pleasant. "May I come in?" The elderly woman stepped forward. "Why, yes," she answered. Take this chair. Have you walked far?" "Only from the village. The hill is a little steep. I am not used to hills lately." She smiled and nodded again. "You are very good," said the stranger. "I am not really so tired. It was the dear old house that drew me in. I thought I would like to come." "Our home is an old one," she said, with a little sigh. "It needs many improvements. But we haven't the means to make them." "So?" said the girl with a touch of sympathy in her voice. "Perhaps these improvements would take away the dear old home's niceness. You do not live alone?" "No, there are two of us—my husband and I." "And the children—they are away, then?" The gray haired woman turned back to the table. "We have a child—a son. He is away." The girl arose quickly. "Let me help you, madam." She drew off her jacket and hung it on a hook behind the door. "Ah, you will see what a fine bringing up I have. Is there not an apron I may wear?" The gray haired woman smiling hesitated. "There isn't much to do," she said. "And we have no money to pay for help." "Let us not talk of it," cried the girl. "I am not so very poor. You will let me stay a few days. Perhaps you will not like me at all." The gray haired woman smiled. "I think I like you already," she said. The girl pinned up her sleeves on her fair round arms. "Now you will tell me what to do, and while we work we will talk. You have said something about your son—has he gone far away?" The woman looked at her with troubled eyes. "It is an unhappy story," said the mother. "My son quarreled with his father. It was about a girl. Our boy had gone away to the city. There was so little for him on the farm. His father thought he was wrong to go. But John was ambitious and there was no chance for him here. And one day he came home and said he was going to marry. And it came out that the girl was foreign and on the stage. And when John's father heard this he was very angry. To him the theater is a wicked place. It was in the way he was brought up. Perhaps he is too hard. Anyway, he told John that the must give up the girl or he would disown him. And John is proud, too, and they had words and John went away, and since that day his father has never spoken his name." She suddenly put her apron to her eyes. "My dear, dear son," she sobbed. The girl's face flushed. She went to the weeping mother and touched her hand. "Don't cry," she gently said. "Perhaps there is good news. Look at me. What do you see?" She drew back a little and her laughing eyes grew serious and she held up her pretty head. "A young woman, a strong and healthy and useful young woman—a good young woman, believe me." The mother's wet eyes stared at the girl. "Why do you tell me this?" she asked. The mother took a step nearer. "You!" she whispered. "I see you know," cried the girl. "Yes, I am your son's wife!" The girl gently pushed the gray-haired woman into a chair.

"Let me tell it all in my own way, madame mother. It is like this. John married me one—two—three years ago. Who was I? A poor girl trying to earn a living, madame mother. On the stage, yes. I will tell you how that was. When we came to this country my father was a carver of wood and stone, had a fine business. Then he was killed in an accident and we were very poor, my mother and I. And so, because we were so poor I sang for a manager and he gave me a place on the stage. "And so because I loved John we were married and went away, far away into the desert and into the wilderness. John had the fever and there was only me—I was doctor and nurse and all—and, please God, he did not die." The hand of the older woman stole into the girl's and held it close. "Then the luck changed. John is made manager. And pretty soon my big, hopeful, always patient, always loving John—I kiss his mother's hand—is rich, quite rich." The mother arose. "My boy is coming home," she cried. Then her face clouded. "But his father—he is so hard and unyielding—I'm afraid he has not forgiven him." "Leave him to me, madam," cried the girl. "Hush, I think he is coming. Not a word, madam. Leave him to me." The bent form of the tall old man appeared in the doorway. "Hiram," said the gray haired woman, "I have a visitor here. She will stay with us for a day or two." The old man looked at the girl curiously. "You are quite welcome," he said.



"Why I ask a reward to give him the news?" The girl had left a bag at the station and the old man drove with her to get it. And when she came back she waved her hand to John's mother on the porch and there was something more than a graceful greeting in the gesture. "Wait, good sir, if you please," she said to the old man before he could drive away. "Tomorrow is Thanksgiving day. May I ask a friend to dine with me here? The good mother is willing." The old man nodded. "Your friend will be welcome for your sake, little lady," he said, and drove to the barn. "It goes well, madam mother," said the girl. It certainly was a fine Thanksgiving spread. The turkey was the tenderest, and all its train of accessory dishes the most palatable that culinary art could offer. And presently, when the girl had cast a final glance at the clock and another through the window, the old man was hidden to the feast. He looked at the trim young woman inquiringly as he seated himself. "You spoke of a friend," he said. "Yes, sir," she quickly answered. "He will be here. Soot yourself, madam. Hark, he is here." The outer door suddenly opened, a tall young man stepped into the room and looked quickly about him. With a swift movement he stepped to his mother's side and kissed her cheek, and then drew back. "John," the mother whispered, but her eyes were on the stern face of the old man. "Father," she bravely said, "this is my friend, my dearest friend—will you bid him welcome?" The old man's face was dark, he hesitated, his troubled look rested on the girl's sunny face. Then he spoke, but his voice was hoarse and scarcely audible. "Your friend is welcome for your sake," he slowly said. At that the young woman cried out and ran around the table and put her arm about his neck and kissed his wrinkled cheek. "Ah, such a Thanksgiving," she murmured—W. R. Rose, in Cleveland Plain Dealer.

**Peleg's Idea as to Thanksgiving**

**THANKSGIVING** is going to be the bangup affair at our house that'll be known in Squashville town, Judgin' from the way Mary has been makin' me trot around for supplies. "Mary Ann is one of them restless critters that can't wait a minute once she has set her mind on a thing. "Peleg," she says to me, a week come next Wednesday, 'Peleg, you better get started on 'Thanksgivin'' or it'll be here and we will be in a fix like Mis' Jenkins was the time she had us all over for dinner six years ago. I shall never forget that dinner to my dyin' day," she says, and it'll be a warning for me, I hope. Mis' Jenkins was ashamed to show her face to the ladies' aid, and she one of the leaders. You got me to agree to have half the town over here, and it'll worry me, Peleg, until the turkey's bein' carved. I'm afraid yet the pie crust'll be tough as all git out." "When Mary Ann talks that way, knowin' her the way I do, bein' married a good 20 year, I give in. And I don't dawdle around doin' it, either. "Jay Home says to me one day, 'Peleg,' he says, 'you're plain henpecked, that's what you be.' "Thursday mornin', when I got through with the chores, and seen that the woodbox was filled and the water pail brimmin' over, them bein' things that gets on a woman's nerves, I gits loaded up with jugs and things and was down to Jay Home's store before he had the floor sprinkled. "Jay," I says, 'if you have got anything in this shanty that's needed for a bang-up 'Thanksgivin'' dinner, trot 'er out, and don't stop to figger it up till the whole caboodle is wrapped up. Expense is nothin' to me, I says, 'if it costs a load of my best mowday hay.' Jay set down his sprinkler and went out to the back shed for the broom. "Don't you git riled up, Peleg," he says, 'or excited. Comin' in on me at this time of the mornin', he says, 'when my mind's set on gettin' the prune pits and other dabree of the event' debauch of some of these Squashville sports, as the feller says, he says, 'cleaned up. I ain't fit to figger up a 'Thanksgivin'' dinner. But if you'll set down and hold your horses,' he says, 'we'll git to it, we'll git to it.' "Long and short of it was, Jay didn't have half the things Mary Ann had set down. We figgered out pretty well, from what he had. But danged if he had any cider or even elder vinegar. "Jay," I says, 'I'm a believer in truth, and I trusted you. But when I read, I says, 'in the Squashville Bugle, as I did yes'day, them items which says 'Jay Home has the fullest, most complete and general stock of groceries in the northwest, prices right and good treatment,' and I come here, as I hev, and find no cider, or even elder vinegar. I find that I have been misled. After this I will read the Squashville paper with some caution, let alone orderin' you as postmaster to quit deliverin' it to box 198.' "Peleg," says Jay, 'you're about the dandiest fool that ever set foot inside my store. I had that cider, as advertised, and I had that good treatment, and no one ever said my prices wasn't fair. But because a lot of others has been trottin' in here for supplies, let alone them that buys it by the glass, you git on your high horse. I like your trade, Peleg,' he says, 'but dang if I ain't a notion to tell you to find another place.' "Jay," I says, seein' I was harsh, 'we bein' members of the Modern Woodmen ain't goin' to hev no words. But I am thinkin' of Mary Ann. She's set her heart on real cider for them mince pies, and you know Mary Ann.' "And I was right. Mary Ann put her foot down when I come into the kitchen and she see I didn't hev the cider. "I can't help it, Peleg," she says. "I must hev it. You'll hev to go to Podunk for it, and to-day's as good a time as I know. I won't sleep now till I git that cider. I remember poor Mis' Jenkins, and it's a warnin'." "And danged if I didn't hev to walk over to Podunk, me that ain't been there since I got beat for constable. And Mary Ann set down some other little things she thought of, bein' as I was goin' to make the trip. When I got home I set down the jug a little hard on the kitchen table. "Mary Ann," I says, 'this idea of hev'in' the whole dum town a-trumpin' in here on 'Thanksgivin'' may be all right. I ain't sayin' nothin' against it. You'll hev your way. But they's got to be reform in this town. Jay Home'll keep cider and every other article. I says, 'for 'Thanksgivin'' or Podunk'll git my trade.' "Shet up, Peleg," she says, 'and git some water in this pail. You never filled it, and I hev been skimpin' ever since you started for Podunk. "They ain't never been no trouble in our family for 20 years, as I was sayin', but if they is, it'll come from one of these 'Thanksgivin'' dinners, longed if it won't."—R. B. Piley, in Milwaukee Free Press.

**PRICE and QUALITY!**  
 You are cordially invited to visit our store and compare the price and quality of the stock we carry; they speak for themselves. You can see our prices yourself—everything marked in plain figures. The quality and full weight guaranteed.

**LEADERS FOR THANKSGIVING WEEK!**  
**Fine Baltimore Hams, Pound 16c**  
 Norway Mackerel, each ..... 5c  
 Mixed Nuts, 2 lbs ..... 25c  
 Cranberries, qt. .... 10c  
 Oranges, doz. .... 30c  
 Sultana Raisins, lb. .... 15c  
 Figs, box ..... 10c  
 Figs, basket ..... 20c  
 Mince Meat, 3 pcks. for ..... 25c  
 Heinz's Mince Meat, lb. .... 18c  
 Almonds, lb. .... 18c  
 Paper Shell Almonds, lb ..... 22c  
 Pecans, lb ..... 18c  
 Hazel Nuts, lb ..... 18c  
 Raisins, 3 pkgs. .... 25c  
 Currants, 3 pkgs. .... 25c  
 Layer Raisins, lb. .... 12c  
 Lemons, dozen ..... 20c  
 Figs in Jars ..... 25c  
 Dates, pkg. .... 5c  
 Layer Figs, lb ..... 12 1/2c  
 5-lb Crock Mince Meat ..... 50c  
 Non-Such Mince Meat ..... 9c  
 Brazils, lb ..... 12c  
 Walnuts, lb ..... 15c  
 Best Walnuts (extra) ..... 18c

**BEST FAMILY FLOUR RE-TAILED AT WHOLESALE PRICES.**  
**FANCY ELGIN CREAMERY BUTTER, 35c per lb. NONE BETTER.**  
**Extra Checks With Tea, Coffee, Groceries**  
 2 with 7 cakes Soap ..... 25c  
 1 with 1 Yello Corn Flakes ..... 10c  
 2 with 3 pkgs. Mince Meat 25c  
 2 with 1 bottle Stuffed Olives ..... 25c  
 1 with 1 pk. Gold Dust ..... 19c  
 1 with 2 cans Evaporated Milk, each ..... 5c  
 1 with 1 can Evaporated Milk ..... 10c  
 1 with 1 pk. Rice ..... 10c  
 1 with 1 can Spinach ..... 10c  
 1 with 1 can Wax Beans ..... 10c  
 1 with 1 can String Beans ..... 10c  
 2 with 1 pkg. Prepared Flour ..... 15c  
 6 with 1 lb. Tea ..... 60c  
 2 with 1 lb. Coffee ..... 25c  
 4 with 1 Extract ..... 25c  
 2 with 1 can Spice ..... 15c

**Deliveries**  
 Phoebus & Buckroe Tuesday.  
 Hampton, Wednesday  
 Boulevard, Thursday.  
**THE GREAT ATLANTIC PACIFIC TEA CO INCORPORATED**  
 Phones  
 City, 63.  
 Belt 360y.  
 2603 Wash. Ave.

**Quick Long Distance Service**  
**Hampton, Norfolk and Portsmouth**  
 When the local operator answers ask her for the number you want in Hampton, Norfolk or Portsmouth by saying "Hampton one-two-three," "Norfolk four-five-six," or whatever number you want, and hold the telephone to your ear until you get a reply. Charge will begin as soon as the telephone called for is answered.  
 If you wish to talk to a particular person, to have the charge reversed, or to make an appointment to talk at some later time, call LONG DISTANCE.  
 Rate to Hampton 10 cents, to Norfolk and Portsmouth 25 cents for three minutes, timing to begin as soon as the telephone called for is answered. Overtime 5 cents per minute.  
 The rate to Hampton applies only when a pay station is used. Calls from subscribers' telephones are the same as heretofore.  
 Try this new service.

**Southern Bell Telephone & Telegraph Company of Virginia.**

**Newport News Furniture Co.,**  
 Goods sold on time at CASH PRICES.  
 \$50.00 worth of Furniture, One Dollar per week.  
 Make use of our dignified credit plan.  
**Your Credit is Good**  
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 3007-9 Washington Ave.