

FOR THE LADS AND THE LASSES

Read the Editor's Story and Read His Parentheses.

WHEN GREAT WE'RE MODEST.

Let's All Be Great—Joke or Two—Kate's Nice Letter—Thomas the First, and All the Second—Wanted Horatio Lord Nelson, So Find Him.

Jack's Ploughing.

Out in the field in the sunny weather Jack and the farm boy are ploughing to- gether. The dandelions in bloom by the wall Twinkle gayly at Jack; and the robins From the apple-tree boughs, "Ho, Jack! Look here!" While the chipmunks are chattering, "Come, Jack, my dear!" But Jack keeps on with his ploughing. The plough is high, and the dimpled hands Must reach for the handles, "twixt which the sun's wind lifts the loose brown rings. "Neath the sailor hat with its flying strings, And kisses the lips pressed tightly to- gether. When out in the fields in the sunny weather Jack lends a hand with the ploughing. Up and down the long furrows brown He manfully treads a tiny frown On the smooth broad brow, so earnest in his. "We have such lots of work to do, Jim, If I didn't help you, now what would you do?" Says Jim, "Master Jack, if it wasn't for you I'd never be done with the ploughing."

The sun grows hot, the lazy breeze Scarce stirs the boughs of the apple-trees. The soft earth clings to the moist little hands. When, at last, at the end of a furrow, he stands And looks toward home. "My mamma, I'm afraid I'm about a man in the house here, I did come home from ploughing." This means old Misses Allene and Dorothy Maloney, of Chesapeake, Va., who have done so by this time. Thomas the First. Which, interpreted, means that Master Thomas Bodine Powell, who lives at 313 West Main street, and is one of our favorite writers, sent in the first list of twenty people to supply the editor with subjects for a series of sketches. As we have always said, Thomas is a brick, and will have gotten up before breakfast to mail his letter. Up to the present, the list of others sending names looked something like this: Bernard Gates, 267 east Broad; Kate Ross Hunt, Milton, N. C.; W. Emily Sheenk, Oak Tree, Va.; Katherine Vaughan, Greer, Va.; Our "affectionate friend," Miss Blanche M. Bass, Mechanicsville Turnpike, Henrico County, Va., sends us a very nice letter, but O Blanche! did you think we'd ever care to let the grand old name go? Your clever story and poem were mailed to you "long, long ago" because we hadn't room for them. Soild Uncle Sam's mails. But perhaps it would be best kind to let the grand old name alone, he has his hands so full of Spain. Many lists were received too late for notice this Sunday, but names will be in next Sunday. Keep a look out for them.

Kate Makes Her Bow.

Princess Edw. Co., Va., April 8, 1898. Editor Times: I want to be enrolled among the contestants for the prize this month and begin the contest by sending you a list of twenty (20) famous men and women. I am rather late in sending in my list, as I did not see the paper until this morning. I hope that I will get one of the prizes this month, if you do not ask for news items but am sure I could never send in such interesting and well written news as the winners of last month's prizes. I enclose my list of famous people, and hope it will meet with your approval. Your little friend, KATHERINE VAUGHAN.

IT'S THAT GIRL'S FAULT.

She Asked the Editor to Write Something, So Here Goes. True greatness is always modest. Look here. One day, a long time ago, before any of you were born, two men were travelling in a railway coach in the pleasant land of France. They were talking very loudly, and talking about the great battle of Waterloo. (Hello! do you know what the battle of Waterloo was? Hunt it up, date and all, and send them in to "The Times.") Well, these two men were arguing (what do we mean by arguing? find that out too) about some detail of the wonderful day, when a quiet and unostentatious stranger sitting apart in the car with a travelling cap drawn down over his eyes, apparently dozing, remarked to the two men, "Excuse me, gentlemen, but that is a mistake," then proceeded to picture the true case. "And what the deuce do you mean by mustering deuces, you know, we're just quoting this bad young man" "and what the deuce do you know about it?" asked one of the men imperiously. Then the white-haired old gentleman pushed his cap back, and remarking merely, "I am the Duke of Wellington" (Whew!) went off and dozed again. The two ill-bred simpletons left the train at the next station. Now don't you forget that story, and whenever you do anything great like writing a story for your page or winning the battle of Waterloo, don't get vain. Heroes are always modest. How do you like this story by Yours truly, THE TIMES.

Joe Corner.

It was Willie's first experience in prayer meeting. During the service his father was asked to offer prayer, and in the midst of his petition a good brother responded with a hoarse amen. Willie suffered this to pass without remark; but when it was repeated, thinking it was said to draw his father's prayer to a close, he could stand it no longer, and, rising in his seat, he exclaimed in his clear, childish voice: "Don't you mind him, papa; you pray just 's long 's you want to." "Well, my child," said a strict parent to his daughter on returning from church, "what do you expect of all the preacher said?" "Nothing," was the timid reply. "Nothing" said he gravely. "Now, remember, the next time you go to church you must tell me something he says, or you'll have to stay indoors and

study your catechism." Next Sunday the little girl came home all excited. "I remember something, papa," said she. "Well, what did the preacher say?" "He said," she cried, delightedly, "Now a collection will be taken up." Ethel is small but extremely good-minded, and she is to be trusted to run on household errands. The other day her mother called her from her play and said: "Ethel I want you to run over to the grocer's and get me a quart of vinegar." Ethel looked thoughtful and hesitated. "I'd rather get a pint, mamma," she answered. "Why, Ethel, dear," exclaimed her astonished parent, "I need a quart, which you must get." Again the little girl paused. "No," she said, "I'll get you a pint." "I'm surprised at you! Why should you buy a pint when I wish a quart?" insisted the mother. "Because," answered Ethel, the tears beginning to come, "I can say pint, and I can't say krotz!"

GREAT BOYS MAKE GREAT MEN.

So See That You Don't Forget It—Let's All Be Great. A Swedish boy fell out of a window and was badly hurt, but, with clenched lips, he kept back the cry of pain. The king, Gustav Adolphus, who saw the boy fall, prophesied that the boy would make a man for an emergency. And so he did, for he became the famous General Bauer. A boy used to crush the flowers to get their color, and painted the white side of his father's cottage in Tyrol with all sorts of pictures, which the mountaineers gazed at as wonderful. He was the great artist Titian. An old painter watched a little fellow who amused himself making drawings of his pot, brushes, and easel stool, and said: "That boy will beat me one day." And he did, for he was Michael Angelo. A German boy was reading a blood-and-thunder novel. Right in the midst he said to himself, "Now this will never do. I'm too much excited over it. I can't study so well after it. So here it goes!" and he hung the book into the river. Jim



NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.

was Phibe, the great German philosopher—Forward. Will be the subject of the next sketch for the children, and will appear next Sunday. Wanted—Every boy and girl who sees this to drop us a line and tell why Lord Nelson is famous, and the date and place of his death. Any history of England will tell you. If you haven't one at home, why not get one? The History, if you live in Richmond, and if not just call upon the nearest history to you. Good bye. Don't forget! To make a real good day, For better by your deeds the white French children greet you with "Bon jour." "Guten giorno," Italians say. "Buon tag" say the German maids demurely; The English say "Good day." Now, children, if you wear a smile, No matter which you say.—Outlook.

A Pretty Good World.

This world's a pretty good sort of world, Taking it altogether. In spite of the grief and sorrow we meet, In spite of the gloomy weather, There are friends to love and hopes to see, And plenty of compensation For every ache for those who make The best of the situation. There are quiet nooks for lovers of books With nature in happy union; There are cool retreats from the noon-day heat, Where souls may have sweet communion; And there's a spot where the sun shines not, And there's always a lamp to light it, And if there's a wrong we know ere long That the God above will right it. So it is not for us to make a fuss Because of life's sad mischances, Nor to wear ourselves out to bring about A change in our circumstances; For this world's a pretty good sort of world. And He to whom we are debtor Appoints our place and supplies the grace To help us make it better. JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

LIFE INSURANCE IN WAR.

Defenders of their Country Have Few Preliminaries to See To. With war talk rife, it is a matter of interest to the holders of insurance policies to know that in the event of their being called upon to shoulder a rifle and get in the game. A talk with an insurance agent yesterday disclosed an easy method that is followed by nearly all insurance companies. When a policy holder is about to go forth with a rifle, with a good chance of being brought back in the way the Spartan mother advised her son to make his reappearance, all he has to do is to apply through his local agent or directly to headquarters for a permit. The policy holder can then go forth to battle assured that his beneficiaries will not suffer if he is killed. There is a slight expense attached to the permits being granted. This is to cover the additional risk and to keep the policy holder, in the event of his being shot, from being off getting themselves compensated above what the policy is for. The permits specify that these conditions to the premiums must be charged up and kept as liens against the policies. They are charged against the face of the policies and are deducted therefrom if the war experience of the holders sends them on the long journey. The holders are advised those to whom they are issued to serve in the army in a declared war, the privilege being always allowed them to serve in the suppression of insurrection or in the suppression of the rebellion. The rate in time of war is not burdensome to the soldier who is aware of the yearly charges he made in war without interest. There is no difficulty about securing the permits. They are readily furnished as, upon application, they do not ever have to wait until the permit comes, as its application is recorded at the office of the local agent. The permit is issued with his hand at rest in so far as the knowledge that shot through the hold or heart will not cut his wife and children out of their insurance money. One of the companies recently issued a permit to a man who had applied for it. He would not have to apply for it if he goes to war. It will make no increased charge in its rates.—Savannah News.

A PRESBYTERIAN HOUSE OF PRAYER

Elegant Church Just Completed in Charlottesville.

AT A COST OF THIRTY THOUSAND

The Building is One of the Handsomest in the State and a Credit to the Denomination and the City—History of the Congregation.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., April 9.—Special.—The Presbyterians have just completed a handsome church edifice, which cost about \$30,000. The building was designed by Mr. Charles W. Read, Jr., of Richmond, Va., and is situated upon a corner lot measuring 250 feet by 100 feet, just west of the old church on Market and north Second streets, which is one of the most beautiful parts of the city. The dedication will take place at an early day with appropriate ceremonies.

The building is of ordinary red brick, and is faced by a handsome terra cotta. The main entrance is at the corner of the streets. A vestibule at the corner of the streets. A slate roof covers in a compact structure, the auditorium, Sunday school, Bible and infant class rooms, etc.

THE AUDITORIUM. The auditorium, 6500 feet, is neatly finished with harmonious design in natural wood, "sand-lignum" and plaster. The ceiling is varnished Virginia pine, covered to a central rectangle. A gallery on each side is, in part, supported by iron pillars, which are continued up to carry the



NEW PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH AT CHARLOTTESVILLE.

arches, which aid the support of the roof. The pulpit, at the middle of the western side, is faced by every seat on the main floor, which latter is gently bowed, so as to afford an equally good view of the speaker to all from their comfortable seats. The choir and organ are in a somewhat lower gallery back of the pulpit. The acoustic properties of the room are perfect. The lighting is diffused and abundant through the spacious windows on three sides, glazed in subdued tones of cathedral glass; and at night the beautiful central chandelier affords a flood of light from its fifty incandescent lamps. In addition to these, there are as many more electric lights and gas jets around the wall. The heating and ventilation are well arranged after the Peck, Snead system, providing for continual removal of two furnaces in the basement furnish a generous supply of gently heated fresh air to the space above. The Sunday school rooms, library and pastor's study are similarly well adapted to their several uses and all are carpeted and neatly finished, furnishing ample space even for so large a number.

GROWTH OF THE CHURCH.

There is no denomination of Christians in this city who have grown more rapidly than that of the Presbyterians. Sixty years ago the first roll was less than twenty in 1838 it had grown to one hundred and seventy-one, and to-day the membership is over four hundred, and growing rapidly. The membership of the church embraces many of the leading citizens and business men of the city, and the University of Virginia, and the prospects for an increase in numbers and usefulness could not be more promising. Within the past forty years the Charlottesville Presbyterian church has been blessed with able, earnest and saintly men as pastors, among them were such men as the Rev. James P. Baxter, Dr. White, B. M. Wallis, J. Henry Smith, W. J. Hoge, and that great philosopher and wonderful preacher and stalwart Christian, Dr. William H. McGuffey, whose memory still dwells in the hearts of men who honored him, and whose work has made an impression which time will delight to preserve. The Rev. G. S. Petrie, who succeeded the Rev. Edgar Woods, some twenty years ago, is still serving the church with great acceptability. Dr. Petrie is a man of such men as the Rev. James P. Baxter, Dr. White, B. M. Wallis, J. Henry Smith, W. J. Hoge, and that great philosopher and wonderful preacher and stalwart Christian, Dr. William H. McGuffey, whose memory still dwells in the hearts of men who honored him, and whose work has made an impression which time will delight to preserve.

A TRUE AMERICAN GIRL.

How Miss Venable Manifested Her Sympathy for Maine Victims. Miss Elizabeth R. Venable will never be forgotten by the brave, wounded survivors of the Maine who have been inmates of the hospital at Key West, Fla., since the terrible disaster in the harbor of Havana. Miss Venable is a beautiful society girl of Atlanta, Ga., the sister of Messrs. E. H. and W. W. Venable, granite contractors, who are at present in charge of Government contracts in Key West. She has been spending the winter here with her mother, and in the midst of a charming Florida winter she was suddenly aroused by the awful calamity which burdened many other hearts at the same time. With tearful eyes she watched from her home the pitiful procession of wounded men and baggage men on their way to the hospital. All the patriotic and womanliness in her being cried out for the chance to give some cheer or comfort to these suffering men, and she went to the hospital and offered her services. Her proffered help was gratefully accepted. Since that time Miss Venable has unflinchingly given all her waking moments to this mission for sweet charity's sake. She has spent her time in the kitchen of her home, assisting a typical "black mammy" in preparing delicacies with which to tempt the appetites of the feverish inmates of the hospital. Miss Venable is a spirituelle in the blonde, with eyes as blue as the summer sky, and her face is its gentle, soulful expression. This is so noticeable that several years ago when she was in Paris, where her education was completed, she acted went upon the streets that some

one in the language of that city did not cry out in an audible whisper as she passed. The Madonna. Miss Venable's personal experience with the wounded sailors of the Maine is told in her own words in an Atlanta friend, in which she says: "Isn't this calamity that has befallen our nation dreadful? We think, talk and dream of nothing else. While you, as all loyal Americans, feel it, you would think it was your own personal loss were you even near the scene of disaster as I am. I cannot overdo even now the impression made upon me by that slow funeral carriage whose tramp, tramp, tramp of horses' hoofs as they slowly passed, bearing the wounded and mangled men to the hospital. In the still midnight hours I awake and hear it all over again, and I can never forget it, those haggard, ghastly faces and the woe looking, earrowed brows. We think, talk and dream of nothing else. 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