

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY.

CORNER OF MAIN AND NINTH STREETS RICHMOND, VA.

Up-Town Office, 540 East Broad Street, Manchester Office, 1103 1/2 Street, New York Office, J. E. Van Doren Agency, Tribune Building.

CITY SUBSCRIPTIONS. THE DAILY DISPATCH delivered to subscribers in Richmond and Manchester at 50 cents per month, payable in advance...

MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS. Payable in Advance Invariably: Daily, one year \$5.00; Daily, six months \$3.00; Daily, three months \$1.50; Sunday, one year \$1.50.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH. THE WEEKLY DISPATCH is issued in two parts each week, on Mondays and Wednesdays at ONE DOLLAR per year, payable in advance...

HOW TO REMIT. Remittances can be made by post-office money order (the safest way), check, or registered letter. Currency sent by mail at the risk of the sender.

ADVERTISING RATES ON APPLICATION. Address all communications "The Dispatch Company, Richmond, Va." Rejected manuscripts will not be returned.

TELEPHONES. New 404 Business Office; Old 1860 Business Office; Old 158 City Editor; New 1258 City Editor.

FRIDAY, JULY 18, 1902.

STREET-CAR STRIKE. Richmond's street-car strike seems to have been a ten-strike. It gathered in every single one of the workmen and conductors...

While the Rev. George Brown, colored, was discoursing on "Hell-fire and damnation" in a Wilmington, Del., chapel, Wednesday night, a swinging lamp exploded, setting fire to the place.

Some of the Chicago grain experts are of the opinion that the Gates pool made no money out of the corn corner, and, moreover, that on the 4,000,000 bushels of cash corn they have they may lose heavily.

APPOINT A COMMISSION. The proposition to appoint a commission to conform the statute law to the new Constitution—said commission to report at the fall meeting of the General Assembly...

ONE'S PHOTOGRAPH. Few, if any people will be able to appreciate the wisdom of the decision handed down by the New York Court of Appeals in connection with that recently adjudicated case involving the "right of privacy."

THE CAVILLERS. With due respect to the gentlemen who are attaching conditions to or halting about taking the oath to support the new Constitution, we would say that they are straining out a gnat where a generation ago Virginians swallowed a camel, and a very mangy camel at that.

THE ARCHITECT WHO WAS IN CHARGE OF THE Campanile of St. Mark's Cathedral, Venice, was removed from office four weeks ago because of the repeated warnings that he had given out that the tower was unsafe!

John W. Mackay, the telegraph magnate, is reported ill abroad, having been prostrated by the recent abnormal heat in London.

THE PLAINTIF IN THE litigation was a young girl of 18, who sued a manufacturing concern which had used her photograph for advertising purposes without obtaining the consent of her guardian.

On the bench was one jurist who took the common-sense view of the matter, and in his dissenting opinion he expressed himself in no uncertain terms. He said: "The proposition is to me an inconceivable one that these defendants, may, unthoughtfully, use the likeness of this young woman upon their advertisements as a method of attracting widespread public attention to their wares and that she must submit to the mortifying notoriety without right to invoke the preventive power of a court of equity."

There is only one hypothesis on which the majority opinion of the court can be explained, and that is—woman's vanity. This theory presupposes that only the pictures of pretty women are used for advertising purposes, and that such comely types of the fair sex would consider themselves deeply wronged if there were any inaccuracy in the delineation of their features. And assuredly such a theory is very far-fetched, for who ever saw a vain woman?

It is to be hoped that judges of other States will not accept the New York decision as a precedent. Certainly, if it is followed, some of the newspapers will get themselves in very hot water, for it can not be said that they always print striking likenesses in their illustrations.

Stony Point, on the Hudson, where "Mad Anthony" Wayne, 123 years ago, captured the British fortifications, has been made a State park, through the efforts of the American Scenic and Preservation Society, and was formally dedicated to public use on Wednesday last.

The Don Marcellio group of sculpture antiques, which Harry Waiters, of Baltimore, has brought from Rome, will cost him, it appears, about \$60,000 in duty. We are fast becoming an artistic nation, without regard to what it comes to.

It appears that the immediate causes of the collapse of the Campanile at Venice were cutting a fireplace inside and a trench on the roof of the loggia, to remove rain-baiten stones. Thus do small beginnings not infrequently result in the most disastrous ends.

The recent extremely warm weather has been very uncomfortable to human beings, but it has been the making of the corn crop, so to speak. The hot wave, following heavy rains over wide areas, has made the growing crop almost jump, and farmers in the leading corn States are happy accordingly. So, while we will under the sun's rays, let us remember that the effect of the heat, with the other existing conditions, is the reverse of wilying so far as an important crop is concerned, and bear with equanimity the discomfort that is ours. The farmer, with his full corn-cris, was the factor that prevented the consummation of the recently attempted corn corner. Let us hope that he will always be able to foil such nefarious plans.

Now that olive green is to be the color of our army uniform, the "boys in blue" will become "Oliviers," we suppose.

While the Rev. George Brown, colored, was discoursing on "Hell-fire and damnation" in a Wilmington, Del., chapel, Wednesday night, a swinging lamp exploded, setting fire to the place. It may well be believed that the darkey congregation thought the old boy had 'em, sure enough.

Unless some such plan as this be pursued we stand in danger of seeing at Norfolk a finer State exhibit from North Carolina than from Virginia! That would be a pretty howdy-do for us, wouldn't it?

Under the circumstances, Hobson couldn't have acted otherwise than he did, and on the whole his conduct was really gallant; but it is to be hoped that Miss Cerf has a mother who will scold her for a month to come and forbid the thoughtless girl to use sugar in her coffee until she is thoroughly contrite. It might be well, too, for old man Cerf to take Hobson to a tailoring establishment and a men's furnishing store and give him a new outfit. This thing of jumping into the water without due preparation is not good for clothes.

The British-American Society, of Colorado, is getting up a monster petition to King Edward, it is reported, for the pardon of Mrs. Maybrick. It seems not improbable that this pardon will now be obtained.

With this issue we hoist our flag under the new Constitution. This action on our part is for better or worse, for richer or poorer. We are full of hope for the future; we have no regrets for the past. Old Virginia, the new Constitution, can drink from the fountain of prosperity; she could not do so under the old. Under the new, she had reached attenuated age.

Now, with all her old-time spirit rejuvenated, with all her energies on the qui vive, let her daughters on the East and the West, the North and the South, stand from under, because their Old Mother is going to cut a swath, and is going to make a new respect and admiration at the hands of her daughters.

It is not markedly manifest that the "Eickers" against taking the oath to support the new Constitution are evoking either applause or sympathy.

Says the Appomattox and Buckingham Times: "We have heard of no resignations in the Appomattox or in Buckingham. Even the Constitution Convention does not disturb the equanimity of our public servants." Don't you mean "tenacity"?

The wages of Pullman car employees, with the exception of porters, have been increased.

The company doubtless thinks the wages of the other employees should approximate more closely the revenue the public pays the porters.

It is to be hoped, says the Newport News Press, that the project to double-track the Chesapeake and Ohio to Morristown is part of a general scheme contemplating doubling the line all the way from Newport News to Richmond.

The traffic on the Peninsula Division, adds the Press, has increased enormously during recent years and the need of a double track is badly felt.

And we doubt not will be supplied in the not very distant future.

King Edward will receive at the coronation, at his own special command, the triple anointing, which was dispensed with by William IV and Queen Victoria. King Edward is a good fellow, for a King—tactful, careful, and democratic in many ways—but if he had not been born to a throne, he ought to have been an actor. He is a constant watcher for stage effects—Springfield Republican.

Just so. But seeing that the British people want stage effects he could not do a more politic thing than to indulge in them.

Hastening the End. (Philadelphia Press.) "I am glad to discourage," said the rejected suitor, melodramatically. "Some day I'll make you say you love me, and then—and not until then—I shall die happy."

"I'll say it now," said she, promptly. "I don't mind telling a lie for a good end."

Temptation. (Chicago Record-Herald.) "You have such a cozy home here," her caller said.

"Yes," she replied, "sometimes I almost feel like giving up my club work and living in it for a while."

Two Definitions. (Chicago Evening Post.) "What is ability?" "Ability is that to which a man owes his own success."

"And what is luck?" "Luck is that to which all others owe their success."

Netting for Himself. (Baltimore News.) Customer—I want fifteen yards of netting. Clerk—For mosquitos?

Customer—Naw, 'r idiot! For myself. The mosquitos have got enough comforts already.

As He Called It. (Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.) "But why," asked the man who always wanted to know "why do you call that little jump you make from a tower into the water a 'leap for life'?" They tell me it is all in the name of 'artistic.' "Well," replied the "artist," "don't I make my livin' by it?"

He Knew. (Judge.) "There is a good deal of illiteracy around here, isn't there?" asked the man from the north, who had journeyed through the wilds of Arkansas.

"Used to be, stranger," replied the native to whom the inquiry was addressed, "but them confounded revenue officers have done busted the business plumb up."

A Direct Query. (Washington Star.) "I never went to a circus when I was a little boy," said the rather austere parent.

"Was that because your father wouldn't let you go unless you would be good," asked the youngster, in entire innocence.

Architect of Tower Cashiered Four Weeks Ago for Repeated Warnings. (New York Herald.) VENICE, Wednesday.—The causes of the collapse of the Campanile are said to be the age of the structure and the bad lime used. The tower was ten times struck by lightning before 1776, when a lightning conductor was put up. It was the new one that failed by earthquakes.

Other causes adduced are the ringing of bells and firing of muskets in the piazza on June 24th, in commemoration of the death of St. Martin.

The immediate causes of the tower's fall were the cutting of a fireplace and chimney inside to enable the custodian to have a fire, and the cutting of a trench along the east wall, above the roof of the loggia of Sansovino, to remove rain-baiten stones and put in zinc.

Signor Ruppolo, official engineer in charge of the work, cut a trench on Monday, June 7th. He perceived the danger and warned the public, but nothing was done until Thursday, and the public was assured there was no cause for alarm.

Signor Vendrasco, an architect, was the only man who realized that the Campanile was in danger. He was reported to have written to the government expressing his fears. A special commission, then appointed, reported that there was no danger, and Signor Vendrasco was officially reproved.

In 1883 Signor Vendrasco again warned the government that the Campanile was in danger, and again a commission reported that it was not in danger.

Signor Vendrasco was cashiered four weeks ago because he repeatedly reported that the tower was falling.

On Monday last Signor Vendrasco examined the tower at 5 o'clock in the morning. He then said: "It will fall in a few hours."

Nobody believed him, and the broken-hearted old man left Venice the same morning.

Signor Nasi, Minister of Public Works, has telegraphed to him to return. He is expected this evening.

A royal commission, now sitting, comprises Signor Nasi, Commendatore Pioletti, Signor Caulderini, Signor Bollo Ocardini and Signor Catena.

The New Constitution. (Clarke Courier.) With this issue we hoist our flag under the new Constitution. This action on our part is for better or worse, for richer or poorer. We are full of hope for the future; we have no regrets for the past. Old Virginia, the new Constitution, can drink from the fountain of prosperity; she could not do so under the old. Under the new, she had reached attenuated age.

Now, with all her old-time spirit rejuvenated, with all her energies on the qui vive, let her daughters on the East and the West, the North and the South, stand from under, because their Old Mother is going to cut a swath, and is going to make a new respect and admiration at the hands of her daughters.

She is going to raze over her fires and set the foundries in blast. She is going to dig up her hills and see what is in them, and what can be done with their contents. She is going to build, manufacture, and cultivate. Corporations shall have a good place and must keep it, and not transgress beyond their legitimate limits. The man who follows the plow shall have a better chance than before. The young men of the State will no longer have to go beyond the borders to find work and honest pay. Children will be educated toward a better future, and away from the old Virginia. The new Constitution will bring itself here. So may it be.

EXPERIENCES OF GOOD MEN. That Symposium of Extraordinary Egg and Snake Stories. (Virginia Citizen.) As Editor W. McDonald Lee, of the Virginia Citizen, was too shy to face the Virginia Press Association with the egg story with which he has become identified, and as we have recently come across the number of the Citizen which contained the famous tale, we take pleasure in publishing the classic to our readers for ratification or rejection. It is proper to explain that Irvington is a moral town and that Editor Lee runs a thoroughly reliable paper. Now brace yourself up and read:

"But we just don't care to here reproduce our original and reliable account of the quadruple egg—Editor Citizen." The Southside Sentinel, having considered this narrative, deposes as follows: "But for the knowledge we have of Editor Lee's veracity, we should certainly doubt the above statement—see whiz, but isn't it a lump to swallow. If we had a dozen of that hen's eggs we'd never look inside of a printing shop again."

We can not comment. The burden of doubt is to let the party concerned in it more than we can bear, and we should not assume it. Editor Lee is a good man. We do not know whether the egg was good or not—we hardly think it was—but let that pass. What we want just now is the judgment of the Irvington Citizen, as an expert, on the following lines wrenched from the Richmond Dispatch of Monday:

"A countryman called at the store of Polk Miller yesterday morning with a pail of milk in which were about six inches long curled and wriggled."

"The countryman declared that the snake had made its appearance in the milk pail that morning, being passed from him to the very place about six inches long curled and wriggled."

"The truth of his story was vouched for by his daughter, who was in the act of milking when the snake made its weird appearance."

"Agent Taylor of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, who was in the store at the time the milk and snake were exhibited, declares that the latter is without a doubt a common garden snake, and every one is wondering how it came upon its strange odyssey."

It is to be hoped that the prejudice of the Citizen against all kinds of snakes will not prevent it from approaching this well-authenticated anecdote in a judicial frame of mind—Norfolk Landmark.

It comes in very nice part of our brother of the Landmark to accuse us of shyness when he himself proved too timid to face the Press Association with that excellent paper he was down on the programme to read; though it might have been got in asking that we were going to make him an officer of the association, and felt that he could not "face the music" and furnish the second speech expected of him. But let that pass, as it is neither here nor there. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

In producing this wonderful narrative the Dispatch falls back on Polk Miller. We know Polk, and it is with poor grace that he comes in taking the case and throwing a snake in our way in revenge for our egg story. If Polk Miller does not tell a bad egg story we do not know the difference between poached and scrambled eggs.

Some things are certain (if we are to believe these yarners), the cow had snakes, and the countryman saw them. So did Polk, and to make the yarn appear real he took into confidence a Dispatch reporter and Agent Taylor. For the sake of our judgment on a typical snake story, emanating from another contemporary and evidently the product of the incomparable Polk Miller. It is true that we are not familiar with "snakes," and our prejudice is kindly, but we have a chance to get square.

&lt;