

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH

BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY.

CORNER OF MAIN AND NINTH STREETS, RICHMOND, VA.

Up-Town Office, No. 519 east Broad street, Manchester Office, No. 1103 Hill 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 to the carrier weekly or monthly; the SUNDAY DISPATCH, \$1.50 per annum; 75 cents for six months.

MAIL SUBSCRIPTIONS.

Payable in Advance Invariably. Daily, one year, \$13.00; 6 months, \$7.50; 3 months, \$4.50. Daily, three months, \$1.50. Sunday only, one year, \$1.75.

THE WEEKLY DISPATCH.

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Letters recommending candidates for office and resolutions of respect inserted only as paid matter.

TELEPHONES.

Business Office, New 404, Old 1564. City Editor, New 1253, Old 1518.

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 26, 1902.

A DESPERATE SITUATION.

The to-morrow on which, according to certain political and other quidnances, the strike in the anthracite coal regions of Pennsylvania was to have been settled has come and gone several times, yet settlement appears as far off as ever. Meaningless matters are far off from bad to worse. The public interests in various directions continue to be ground between the upper and nether mill stones, as represented in the two parties to the trouble, and the indications are that the process is to become infinitely more insufferable.

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So we have it that the strike is deorganizing industries dependent upon the anthracite coal supply; is demoralizing the domestic regime, and increasing the cost of living; is threatening to retard for months the progress of education in some quarters, and holds in it a menace to law and order and the security of life and property in a large area of territory.

Indeed is the situation a most serious one—the most serious that ever developed out of a similar conflict in this country. It affects more interests than were ever before affected by a struggle between labor and capital in the United States. As we see it, and as we think it has been clearly demonstrated, the greater responsibility for the coal famine, and consequently the suffering and inconvenience caused the public thereby rests upon the mine-owners and operators.

However, rest where the greater responsibility may, and be the rights of the original parties to the controversy what they may, these have been rendered subordinate considerations by the present situation and outlook. The issue is now only secondarily one between the capital and the labor represented in the Pennsylvania coal fields. It has resolved itself into an issue, a vital, a most momentous issue, between the owners and operators and the miners on the one hand, and the American public on the other.

What is the matter, Mr. Editor, with our mail system? The Semi-weekly Dispatch, for instance, which we should get on Tuesdays and Fridays, reaches this office (Wet), ordinarily about four days late. The writer recently had two letters from Richmond, both of which bore evidence of being very roughly handled, or of being tampered with, and like the newspapers, they were three or four days late. If it is practicable to have the rural free delivery extended thus far from the railroad, we would be glad to have it—Letter in the Appomattox Times.

We wish the postoffice authorities would investigate these complaints.

ALBEMARLE PIPPINS.

A Charlottesville (Va.) correspondent of the Philadelphia Record writes as follows: "Captain J. Killebrew has just visited Albemarle county to see about the apples the Queen of England eats, which are not to be obtained anywhere except in Albemarle and Nelson counties. Fifteen years ago an English gentleman traveling in Virginia had his attention directed to the Albemarle pippin, and was so pleased that he sent a barrel of them to Queen Victoria. Every year since, an order for six barrels comes from the grower, who has his orchards between Charlottesville and Arton, on top of the Blue Ridge mountains. The apples for the Queen are specially packed in polished barrels, with a small United States flag and an English Jack painted on the top."

The foregoing item has been afloat in our exchanges for a good while. Is the story true about the Queen's ordering six barrels of those apples every year? We have seen it questioned, when told of Queen Victoria specifically. There was a somewhat similar story to the New-Town, N. Y., pippins. However, we believe there is no question that Mr. Andrew Stevenson, of Virginia, when minister to the Court of St. James, 1826-31, sent to the royal family several barrels of Albemarle pippins and received a letter thanking him very much, and praising the apples highly.

We do not know whether it is so or not now, but for a long time Virginia pippins were sold in Liverpool and London under the general name of "Newtown pippins." The Mr. Stevenson aforementioned, was born in Culpeper, in 1784, and died at Blenheim, his home in Albemarle, in 1857. He served in Congress and was Speaker of the House from 1827 to 1834. Then he was sent as minister to England. Upon his return he became rector of the University of Virginia and devoted the rest of his life to that office and to agricultural pursuits. His son, John White Stevenson, who was born in this city in 1829, after being graduated from Hampden-Sidney College and the University of Virginia removed to Kentucky, where he rose to distinction as a lawyer and politician. He died in 1888.

"Old Joe" Cannon, the well-known Congressman from Illinois, is a native of North Carolina. It seems, and so the Raleigh Post holds that if the Republicans of the next House of Representatives should have the matter of the choice of speaker in their hands, which we trust they won't, they will elect Cannon, the Post's ground being that he cannot entirely "go back on his raising." But was he "raised" in the Old North State? He was an office-holder in Illinois at an early age.

On Labor-Day, says the New York Sun, a man was brought to Bellevue from the Hudson-street hospital suffering from malaria. He was evidently a foreigner, but no one was able to get him to speak a word or tell his name. From that day till yesterday he has never opened his mouth except to eat. Yesterday he was discharged as cured, and as he had no money he was sent to Superintendent Merwin of the Outdoor Poor Bureau. There he was exhorted in fifty different languages and dialects, but without avail. His vocal organs are all right, the doctors say, and his hearing is good, for he listens attentively to all that goes on around him, and shakes his head to all questions.

He is about 30 years old, short, of olive complexion and has a small mustache and a pointed beard. He has been examined while in the hospital by the insanity experts, who say his mind is apparently all right. When paper and pen were given him he scribbled marks without any semblance to writing.

Why didn't they try him with laughing gas? There was a King William county man, a good many years ago, who was convicted of forgery, and pending his removal from jail to the Penitentiary pretended to have lost his voice, and begged the Governor (by letter) for mercy. The prisoner was speechless for months and months, and until the jail physician plied him with laughing gas. Then he talked volubly. His petition for executive clemency was rejected, and he was sent to the penitentiary, a sadder and a sadder man.

The Appomattox and Buckingham Times welcomes the prospect of opposition in the district, to the Democratic candidate for Congress. So does the Dispatch. We could wish to see a Republican candidate for Congress in every district in the State. That condition would not decrease the chances of returning a solid Democratic delegation. But it would result in putting our candidates on their mettle. It would leave our nominees no excuse for not posting themselves upon and discussing the great issues that are destined to play such an important part in national politics from now on until including the presidential campaign of 1904. Our public men must show their ability to grasp comprehensively and discuss intelligently these issues if the State is ever to attain again to leadership in national affairs, and regain her influence in shaping the destinies of the country.

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Referring to the fact that American builders have just finished two warships for Mexico, having already built two for Russia, and two for Japan, the New York Journal of Commerce says: "It would be interesting to know whether the principle of a lower price for export than for domestic sale applies to war vessels as well as to wire mills."

THE CLAY PIPE.

A London paper notes the disappearance almost of the clay pipe, particularly the long stemmed pipe, and accounts for it on the ground that the cigarette has furnished the public with a substitute therefor.

The clay pipe of which our esteemed contemporary speaks is not the Powhatan pipe, or any of its kindred, but that which is, or was, known here as "the chalk pipe"—now rarely seen in this country. Once it was popular here. Especially was it a favorite with our Irish fellow-citizens a generation or two ago.

Recently we had something to say about the corn cob pipe, an ideal pipe, in theory, at least, but the pipe that finds the readiest sale nowadays in Europe and America is what is called the "brier-root" pipe. Yet many sorts of wood are palmed off under that name. During the Civil War the roots of the ivy and of various other shrubs and trees, were utilized for that purpose. And soldiers in convalescent wards of hospitals, or in military prisons, spent a vast deal of time in carving them.

We wonder what has become of all those pipes? On some of them were carvings that represented the labor of months and years. Not only the bowl, but often the stem, and sometimes the mouthpiece, contained elaborate carvings—labor done to "kill time," and incidentally to fend off that terrible malady, home-sickness. There ought to be made a collection of these pipes, also, canes and finger rings, etc., of like workmanship, for preservation in the Jefferson Davis Museum here. To many of this generation they would be great curiosities; in the future they will be looked on as rare, if not precious relics.

Our information is that the real brier-root of commerce—or at least the best—comes from France or Corsica. It is the root of the white heath, erica arborea, which often grows to a large size. Its roots are painstakingly gathered by the peasantry, cleared of diseased parts and then, and then placed in boiling water for the space of half a day. This process gives the wood that rich, yellowish brown, for which the best pipes are noted. But, as we have said, many sorts of wood are nowadays employed in the manufacture of pipes, and are colored in more or less clever imitation of brier roots.

"Meerschmum" means sea foam, but really it is a silicate of magnesium, occurring in fine white clay, which, when dry, will float on water. The name, meerschmum, is suggestive of its lightness and color. It is found chiefly in Asia Minor. After this pipe is shaped, it is burned, then boiled in milk, or oil, and wax.

The chalk pipe, in the British Isles called the clay pipe, is white, and some specimens of it have stems two feet long, tipped with wax. That it is disappearing in competition with the cigarette and the brier root pipe does not surprise us, for it is not as handy as the former, nor as lasting or sweet to the smoker's lips as the latter.

Tom Platt is not the all-powerful man in New York State politics that he was a while back. He did not desire that the Saratoga Convention should endorse Mr. Roosevelt for the presidency in 1901, but he was forced to yield his position. Nor was it his wish that any other person than Mr. Sheldon should be nominated for Lieutenant-Governor, but Governor Odell hurried down from Albany and took control of the situation. The result was that Platt was compelled to withdraw Mr. Sheldon from the field. Sheldon consented to the arrangement, but with bad grace. He made no effort to conceal his disappointment. His numerous trust connections were the chief thing urged against his candidacy, and decided his fate. Senator Higgins was nominated by acclamation. Odell was renominated for Governor.

One of the most valuable assets a man can have is an ability to take a joke. The man who cannot take a joke is neither ornamental nor happy. He may be useful—all men have their uses; but he doesn't have a good time, and neither do his neighbors.—Newport News Press.

True, and this suggests that usually the man who cannot take a joke is always trying to perpetrate one on somebody.

Just after declaring unequivocally in favor of high protection, the New York Republican platform condemns "all combinations and monopolies in whatever form, having for their purpose the destruction of competition in legitimate enterprises, the limitation of production in any field of labor, or the increase of cost to the consumer of the necessities of life."

MR. STUART'S LANGUAGE.

A Liquor-Dealer Protests Against the Denunciation of His Class. To the Editor of the Dispatch: As a reputable and law-abiding citizen of Richmond, and a liquor dealer, I desire to express my utter detestation and abhorrence of the language used by the Rev. George R. Stuart, at the Broad-Street Methodist Episcopal church, Tuesday evening last, and which is displayed so prominently at the head of your columns, as follows:

"Those men who sell liquor, who debauch the people, and those who vote for the sale of liquor, their sons should lie in drunkards' graves and their daughters should marry drunkards, who will stamp their hearts out of 'em beneath their feet!"

Such words, Mr. Editor, it seems to me, are wholly inconsistent with the character of a Christian and a minister of the gospel.

Those of us who remember the beautiful lives of the revered and beloved J. B. Jeter; the meek and saintly Joshua Peterkin; and the pure and scholarly Moses Hoge, would hardly consider that we have prostituted their honored graves bedewed by the tears of all alike, and trust that the religion they taught and the example they left will continue to be a religion good enough for our people, and a example for those who have succeeded them in the ministerial office. Yours truly, A. W. ROSENE.

No "Majority for Miles." To the Editor of the Dispatch: In your paper of yesterday appeared an article headed "Majority for Miles." The statement in that article that it was apparent that a majority of those present at a meeting of some members of the Richmond Alumni Association of the University of Virginia, held at the Commonwealth Club favored the selection of Colonel George W. Miles for chairman of the faculty of the University is absolutely incorrect.

WYNDHAM R. MEREDITH, EUGENE C. MASSIE, CALVIN WHITELEY, JR., E. C. MINOR, FREDSTON COCKE, BEVERLEY T. CRUMP.

I regard the meeting as meant to be non-committal—merely a free talk on the subject of chairmanship. My impression was that a majority favored a guarded chairmanship. The question of a preference for Miles was hardly considered, though he had strong friends in the meeting.

JOHN L. WILLIAMS.

The account of the meeting referred to, printed in the Dispatch yesterday morning, was obtained from a gentleman who was present, and who, I believe, had talked with those who were there. He was not informed, or did not understand, that there was an agreement that nothing should be given to the newspapers.

From those with whom the gentleman talked, he gathered a strong impression that the majority of the alumni present favored Colonel Miles for chairman of the faculty. As a matter of fact, as was learned yesterday, no poll was taken, and the meeting was not intended to determine the feeling of those present except by general impression.

The "Tipping" System. (Harper's Weekly.) Summer travellers who have not escaped the institution of the tip, wherever they have been, return to New York and find it still in vogue here. It seems to be on the increase—not at all on the wane. Not only is the waiter invariably tipped, except by very brave men and women, but the barber is tipped, the professional large-scale bootblack is tipped, the attendant at the baggage and express and railroad stations are tipped, and there is even a story abroad that salesmen and saleswomen in stores are expecting a small gratuity when they have been attentive and courteous.

MILLIONS OF WOMEN.

"Is there no way," he exclaimed angrily, "of making the man fight with you as he would fight with an arbitrator," suggested one of his generals. Soon after Cannae was fought and the Roman forces destroyed.

The Explanation. (Chicago News.) Diggs—Smilkins gets a good salary, yet he is nearly always broke. Diggs—What does he do with his money? Diggs—Spends the most of it in trying to get something for nothing.

Cheering Incidents. (Syracuse Herald.) "Don't you think the Fall in an awfully sad season?" asked the sentimental young woman of the long-haired collegian who was walking at her side. "Oh, I don't know," replied the latter, doubtfully. "Of course, it depends a good deal. Now last year we won every game we played."

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JOHN L. WILLIAMS.

SILK CULTURE.

Some Recollections of the Morris Multicaulis Craze in Virginia. To the Editor of the Dispatch: I notice that there is a disposition among some farmers to enter upon the production of silk.

I will remember the disaster that befel the people in 1838-39 in attempting a business which they did not understand. Thousands of prosperous farmers became bankrupt by unreservedly giving themselves up to this one industry, or by speculating in buds or plants of the *Morus Multicaulis* to such an extent that all the property of some was swept away, and men who were in the beginning of the craze in affluence, in a few months became very poor; indeed, having not where to lay their heads.

The conditions as to climate are the same now as they were then, and as to the elimination of slavery from the body politic the conditions now are no better for embarking into the enterprise than silk culture was then. It is properly conducted, but a warning should be taken from the past, and this is simply written as a warning.

Our people, if they are called sedate and level-headed, suffer themselves to imagine vain things as they did not many years ago, when the boom in real estate swept over Virginia from one end of the State to the other, and men are repenting to this day of their folly.

In 1839 when *Morus Multicaulis* buds rose to 3 cents apiece, and 100 or more buds could be raised from one seed in one year, it was an easy matter to figure that with 100,000 of them a million of buds. And if the object was to raise silk worms and sell cocoons from which the silk is made, still greater lured the profits of the new enterprise.

Farms were mortgaged for buds or young trees to be delivered in the future, say on twelve months or two years' time. Men made money by selling stock before it was delivered to them at an enormous advance. It was when the industry failed, which was of short duration, that the last men to whom delivery was to be made "caught it" and "caught it bad."

THOMAS J. GARDEN. Gardonia, Prince Edward county, Va., September 13, 1902.

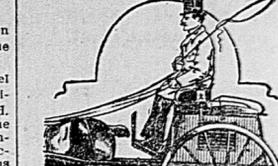
The Ballad of the Bansec. Back thro' the hills I hurried home, Ever my hoding soul would say, "Mother and sister bid thee come Long, too long, has been thy stay."

Stars shone out, but the moon was pale, Touched by a black cloud's ragged rim; Sudden I heard the Bansec's wail Where Malmor's war tower rises grim.

Quickly I strode across the slope, Passed the grove and the Fairy Mound (Gloomy the moat where blind owls hoot), Scarcely breathing, I glanced around. Mother of mercy! there she sat, A woman clad in a snow-white shroud, Streamed her hair to the damp mosses that, White the face on her bosom bowed.

"Spirit of Woe," I eager cried, "Tell me none that I love has gone." "Cold is the grave my accents died— The Bansec lifted her face so wan.

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WESTERN UNION AND PENNSY. The Telegraph Company Must Remove Its Instruments and Offices. PHILADELPHIA, September 25.—The Western Union has until September 30 to remove all its instruments and offices which are now located on the line of the Pennsylvania.

SITUATION ON THE ISTHMUS. American Force Can't Safely Be Withdrawn or Diminished. WASHINGTON, September 25.—The Navy Department has received the following cablegrams from Commander McLean, of the Cincinnati: "Colon, September 25th. 'Wednesday afternoon three insurgents attempted to board the train about leaving Empire Station, and capture Colombian officer, passenger Colon to Panama. Marines beat insurgents off car with bullets of muskets. Guards trained Colombian on them, but did not fire, as they fled.'"

Clarence Wyatt, PROPRIETOR, 1316 EAST CARY STREET, Phones New, 226; Old, 579. (By 30-W.F. & S.M.)



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DR. STUART STRUCK PATIENT. For This Reason He Was Dismissed from a Washington Hospital. A special to the Baltimore Star, dated September 24th, says: Because he struck a patient, Dr. D. T. Stuart, senior resident physician of the Central Dispensary and Emergency Hospital, was summarily dismissed to-night.

How to Pronounce "Roosevelt" (New York News.) Just how to pronounce the name of our President is a matter that puzzles a great many people. His name has given rise to a greater variety of pronunciation than that of any other statesman who has ever occupied the front rank.

ROSA-FELT, ROSEN-FELT, RUZY-VELL, ROOZA-VELT, RUZE-FELT, RUZY-VELL, ROOZE-VELL, ROSE-VELT, ROSEN-VELT, ROOSA-VELL, ROOSP-FELT, RUVA-FELT.

Old Folks' Day. Sunday will be an interesting day at Immanuel Baptist church, Fifth and Leigh streets. The morning service will be given to the old folks, at which time all the young people will unite in doing honor to old age.

Other Big Firms are Expected to Join the Big Packing Trust. CHICAGO, September 25.—The merger of the Armour Packing Company, and Swift & Co., will probably date from September 27th. Details of the plan of consolidation have been completed, it is said, and all that remains is to get the papers, legal and financial, and stock men that the other big firms will soon join.

ARMOUR-SWIFT COMBINE.