

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, MAY 19, 1903.

A CHILD'S MOVEMENTS.

One of the encouraging signs of the times is the work that is being done in the study of child life. This implies, of course, more scientific educational methods. The better we understand the child the better we shall be able to train the child. All children are not the same, but there are many qualities which children have in common and the study of these may in a measure be reduced to a science.

In this connection we are interested in an article which appeared in a recent issue of the "Independent," by Mr. Sanford Bell, Professor of Pedagogy, in Holyoke College, on "The Significance of Activity in Child Life." Mr. Bell has two girls children, one four and a half and the other three and a half years of age. He says that they are normal, healthy, representative children, and recently he and his wife undertook to find out by experiment how active a child naturally is in the course of a day. They made it convenient to be with the children all day, yet allowing them free course in their usual amusements, requiring them to take the usual afternoon nap and to retire at 8 o'clock. Without letting the little ones know what they were about, they made memoranda of every word uttered and their actions generally. The experiment showed that the elder child uttered during the day 11,566 words and the younger 15,280.

The movements of the children could not be accurately noted, but Mr. Bell says that in following them around he went through fewer than one-fifth of the number of movements of body, legs, arms, feet and head which the child under observation went through, yet he was completely tired out at night fall.

After mentioning these experiments he submits some sensible observations concerning the school life of the child, noting the necessary hardship upon the little one of such activity to keep silent and to keep still for several hours a day in the school-room. The long and short of his observations is that it is for parent and teacher to determine for themselves what they can do through talking advantage of the natural activity, the instincts and the interests of the child, in bringing about its education, thereby working in harmony with nature, instead of thwarting her purposes and doing violence to her laws in the child.

Of course we cannot lay down any hard-and-fast rules in this matter, but all must agree that educating the child should be as far as possible a natural process, and that the teacher should assist nature. Somebody has well said that education is "dynamic." Many people seem to think that education is a matter of stuffing. On the contrary it is a matter of development. Of course education is a process by which information is acquired, but that is only a part of education. More important than the information gained at school is the training which the child has in acquiring information.

THE TEMPERANCE MOVEMENT.

Commenting on the statement that a movement is on foot in Petersburg to have a local option election in that city, the Index-Appel says that such a movement would probably find but little support there if saloon-keepers would agree upon a reasonable hour of closing at night.

"There is some complaint," it proceeds, "that an opportunity is furnished young men to stay up late and to drink heavily, when they should be in bed refreshing themselves for the duties of the ensuing day. It is also said that house-keepers are seriously inconvenienced by all-night dancing and drinking houses where the colored help is tempted to pass the night in carousing and drunkenness, to its utter demoralization the next day. From what we can learn, the saloon-keepers have it in their own power to determine whether there shall be a temperance crusade in Petersburg or not. If they are wise, there will be none."

Our contemporary states the case well and saloon-keepers should read with care. There has been a great awakening in Virginia during the past several months on the subject of temperance, and prohibition was never so popular as it is to-day. The most significant feature of this movement is that the campaign is being conducted in the main by conservative men and conducted in a practical, business-like way. These men do not expect to work miracles. They do not expect to abolish liquor from the face of the earth. They admit that alcohol is necessary and that at least for medicinal purposes its sale is necessary. But there is a strong sentiment and a growing sentiment against the open saloon, and especially against the disorderly saloon. Even in those communities where prohibition has not been attempted, the sentiment against the disorderly saloon is none the less pronounced, and there is a righteous demand that all such saloons

be abolished. The saloons may well be on their good behavior if they expect to remain. At best they have every where in Virginia, and if the sentiment continues to grow as it has grown within twelve months, in our opinion, those who live for ten years will see the open saloon practically abolished, and the sale of intoxicating liquors confined to those establishments which sell by the measure in sealed packages.

The danger of all such movements, however, is that they are apt to fall into the hands of extreme men, who run into extremes, and cause an unhealthy reaction. If the true temperance men of the State will work on public sentiment and not try to push prohibition ahead of public sentiment, they will be able within the next few years to work a wonderful reform in the liquor traffic in Virginia. The Mann law is now in force. If it can be shown that it is a good law and that its operation is in the interest of public morals, it will be continued and by and by it will be extended. The friends of temperance have a fine opportunity to promote the cause. We sincerely hope that they will make the most of it and they will not let the extremists spoil it.

THE CONFEDERATE REUNION

The Confederate veterans will have a glorious time in New Orleans this week. It will be a glorious time because it was a glorious cause for which they fought. Never did men fight as they fought for a principle pure and simple. There have been wars of conquest, wars for spoils, wars for fame and exploitation, wars for revenge, but southerners fought for principle, for the right of self-government for what they knew to be their rights under God and under the Constitution. It is good and glorious, therefore, for the survivors to meet together once a year and exchange friendly greetings and talk over the glorious struggle that they made.

There are no regrets, except the regret that their armies did not triumph. Some people have been under the impression that the Confederate survivors were glad, in the light of latter day developments that the Confederacy did not triumph. But The Times-Dispatch recently smashed that delusion. In a recent article on the subject we declared our belief that it had been far better for the South if it had succeeded in setting up a separate and independent republic as contemplated in secession, and from resolutions adopted by Confederate camps and from the expressions of individual Confederates, we are sure that our opinion is the opinion of them all.

But that regret does not make the veterans unhappy. We mention it simply by way of emphasizing the fact that the old soldiers at New Orleans to-day are proud of their war record; proud that they fought for a cause that was both righteous and practical, and that deserved to succeed.

But these reunions have another significance. They are great social occasions. They are great social occasions, when the beauty and chivalry of the South, the young women and the young men of the present generation, gather with the fathers and mothers of Confederate times and make a great southern festival of friendship and hospitality. The southern idea is thus preserved, and it is in the interest of good government and patriotism.

THE COTTON MOVEMENT.

Most farmers doubtless feel that they have no interest in the sharp rise in cotton, seeing that their crop has been marketed. That is true of spot cotton, but not so of "futures." The advance in options gives the cotton planter an opportunity to sell his coming crop at a fine price.

Yesterday November cotton sold at \$3.95, December at \$3.85, and January at \$3.95. This means that the farmer could have gone on the market yesterday and sold his coming crop of cotton at nearly 9 cents a pound to be delivered during the months of November and December, 1903, and January, 1904. Ten farmers who ordinarily make ten bales of cotton each could have clubbed in and sold 100 bales to be delivered during any one of the months named and the "margin" required by the broker for such a transaction would have been very small in amount.

But some will say this is speculation. Not at all. It would be speculation if the former had to buy his cotton in November or January to make his delivery, but when he has a reasonable prospect of producing it, the case is different, and the element of speculation is very small—no greater than for him to purchase supplies to be paid out of the proceeds of his growing crop.

It is not yet too late for farmers to take advantage of this opportunity to sell their cotton crop at a good figure.

THE ART CLUB.

The exhibit of the Richmond Art Club this week promises to be one of the best that the club has made, and it will be greatly enjoyed by the many lovers of art in this community. The Richmond Art Club is one of our educational institutions, and it is doing a noble work. Like the love of music, the love of good pictures helps to make men and women better, and therefore is in the interest of public morals. All institutions in the community which tend to develop a taste for art in its broadest sense, and which tend to create in men and women a love for the beautiful, are educational in their way and deserve the encouragement and the liberal support of the people.

The Raleigh News-Observer says: "Guilford county is at the head of the class, having voted a \$20,000 bond issue for road improvement. Forsyth will soon do it at similar terms. The progressive people of that progressive county of all parties are working hard to carry it. They deserve to win. The investment will pay handsomely."

The Wilmington Messenger rises to remark: "The negro problem assumes a new phase when members of a negro church in a northern city dynamite the building because their preacher holds that this is the white man's country and that the white man is going to rule it."

The Greensboro Telegram looks over the field and reports: "The Lily Whites continue to meet regularly. Supporters of Roosevelt captured a meeting of the Republican State Executive Committee of Alabama recently. Republicans and the Lily White idea don't get along very well. The Lily Whites are about as dead in North Carolina as they are in Alabama."

Atlanta Journal: Taken as a whole, the press of the country seems to be opposed to Mr. Cleveland in point of numbers, but about evenly divided in point of aggregate influence. In one particular, however, there is a more general feeling. That is, Mr. Cleveland has returned to popularity because the Democratic party has abandoned old theories to which he was opposed, and is returning to the principles of which he is the most tangible embodiment.

Charleston News and Courier: The white people of the South are far stronger and better equipped to-day for the assertion and maintenance of white supremacy than they were at the time of the great political revolution against carpet-bag and negro domination twenty-seven years ago. They have an army of people following strange leadership just after the war. They cannot afford to make the same mistake again.

Atlanta Constitution: Some people are sure to see in Governor Pennington's liberal bill ample evidence of the unwisdom of taking a man from the bench and putting him in an executive office.

A Few Foreign Facts. Volcanic disturbances have occurred recently in Chile and Guatemala. Protest against the London education bill is to take the form of a demonstration in Hyde Park on May 23d. Japanese florists have succeeded in cultivating a new kind of rose which blooms in the sunlight and white in the shade. The shilling import duty on corn established in Great Britain last year will be discontinued on July 1st. After serving seven years' penal servitude for murder, a French soldier, Voisin, has been found innocent. Prison life has made him a physical wreck, and he is awarded \$1,000 compensation by an Orleans court-martial. Two submarines made a sham attack on the French squadron at La Rochelle recently in the evening, and so smartly were they handled that it is said in actual warfare the whole division would have been annihilated. Some of the postage stamps shown at an international stamp exhibition at Muehlhausen, Alsace, are priced at \$20,000 each.

Mr. Carnegie has changed his postoffice address from London to Skibo Castle. All persons desiring to inquire about libraries will take due notice. Prince Henry will visit Richmond on his next trip to these shores, as he intends to come over this time as a private citizen and to have a good time. To fill up Lexington with good Presbyterians is something on the order of carrying coals to Newcastle or pippins to Albemarle. The back of the Piedmont Virginia farmer is almost broken, but his tobacco crop has been set out all the same. The backbone of spring has melted, and summer and the ice-man are with us again. Polk Miller and his quartette gave Danville one more smile, anyhow, profl. or no profl. The Brunswick Gazette says: "The effort to boom Mr. Cleveland as a candidate for the Democratic nomination in the coming year is a forlorn hope and a useless and unprofitable task. If the Democrats hope to win in the contest of 1904 they must select a man as their standard bearer who was not prominently identified with either faction of the party in the contests of 1896 and 1900." The Portsmouth Star is delighted to hear that the cruiser Galveston is to go to the navy yard, and says: "Navy yards are not subject to the delays incident to the delay of the Cuba and all respects an institution that should be well taken care of in time of peace that they may be ready for quick service when quick service means the public safety." Four Pointers for Lawyers. INSURANCE-DEATHS BY POISONING—Where an accident policy provides an accident resulting wholly or partially from "voluntary or involuntary" taking of poison, the term "involuntary," as so used, was not limited to an act forced upon the insured, but included death from the accidental taking of an overdose of a poisonous medicine, instead of a prescription left by a physician.—72 Southwestern Rep. (Texas, Judge Rainey), 602.

SLANDER—WHAT CONSTITUTES—Defendant a miller asked a customer what he wanted for his wheat, and on the latter's replying that he would not price it until he had seen plaintiff, also a miller, to whom he had given the refusal, defendant, at each time, told plaintiff he wanted to price it to him, but once, if he beats you out of much as he beat me out of. He just beat me out of \$1,100 in three months." Held, that the words constituted slander, and plaintiff could recover damages.—72 Southwestern Rep. (Kentucky, Judge Hobson), 763.

JUDICIAL NOTICE OF MULES THEATRE—The Western Missouri Court of Appeals recently held in the case of Borden vs. Paik Construction Company that a mule is a treacherous animal, and that so well known is this fact that if a workman is injured because of the mule's disposition in the mule, the employer cannot plead ignorance of the mule's nature as a defense. Borden, who it appears, worked for the company, went beneath a heavy mule which was latched to the machine, and while Borden was beneath it the driver of the mules was ordered by the superintendent to go beneath the machine to help Borden. Thereupon the mules started, and one of the machine's wheels ran over Borden's foot and crushed it. He sued the Paik company and obtained a judgment that was affirmed by the Court of Appeals.—Law Notes for April.

ARMY OFFICERS—JURISDICTION OF CIVIL COURTS—An officer of the United States Army committed for forgery while on duty, after his discharge from the army he was tried in a civil court. Held, that the civil court had jurisdiction although Congress had given jurisdiction over offenses committed by members of the army to the military authorities.—118 Federal Rep. 629 (Neall vs. United States).

Trend of Thought In Dixie Land

Birmingham News: Secretary Payne can swallow the camel of postal scandal with as much ease and strain as the goat of Southern interference with the mails with more apparent pain than any of the artists who have heretofore attempted to give exhibitions of this kind.

Nashville Banner: But the extreme sensitiveness of the Northern mills to fluctuations in the price of cotton, which is something new in the history of cotton goods manufacture in the United States, indicates the really growing advantage of Southern mills. The cotton manufacturing industry will eventually be transferred to the South.

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THE MAN ABOUT TOWN

By Harry Tucker

DAILY CALENDAR. June—Richmond drops back into its calm, peaceful way. November—Noise and confusion again rampant. N. B.—In the meantime the Legislature goes off to the woods to think up a few thoughts.

When are those good times coming that we hear so much about? We want to know so we can go out in the street and shout. We want to be prepared, because we have the heart disease; Now, will the man who knows it all, come up and tell us, please?

(From the Butchertown Gazette.) We have just received a letter from one of our readers, asking if post holes are property or not. He says, also, that he dug six post holes last week and there came a rain which caused a landslide, and washed his post holes over on the other man's lot. We try to answer all queries in this column, and we have made a great effort in this case. We even sent the office boy up to the nearest coopershop after a couple of bung holes (which we believe are built on the same lines with post holes), and made a thorough examination, but we will have to defer the question to the next issue, which will be as soon as the Manchester election campaign starts up.

In the meantime will Mr. Jim Botts tell us something about it? Another correspondent asks us what the tenth point, if possession is nine points of the law, he signs his name "Bill," and does it with a flourish. Our advice to Bill is to cut out that flourish, and get to Harry Glenn. He makes a specialty of the tenth point; we are not in the business.

PRETTY MARY JANE. (A story in the tenth chapter and a moral, written expressly for the subscribers to the Butchertown Gazette.) CHAPTER I. The sun was hot. But far out on the bridge that spans old Shockoe Creek, there was a cool and shady spot, where the weeping willows shed their tears, and where the alligators clam up and rested beneath the buttercup leaves on their mossy banks. Out to'd this spot Pretty Mary Jane tried.

Her beautiful blue hair and yellow eyes and red nose were most charming, as she swung her big Kate Greenway in her hands at the jolly crew who fash among the lilies on the other shore. "How many fash have you got?" she asked big Mike Roork; and her muscled arms were raised to show that she hadn't been gree for many months. But before the answer could come a dead-end war whoop of the dead-end red-skin from the depths of the Gredaded forest.

And Pretty Mary Jane, what of her? Mike Roork is still running. (The continuation of this beautiful story will be found in No. 3 of the Butchertown Gazette, for sale at all newsstands.)

One another monthly pay-day comes around, we hope to go on more around in trying to kill time on our vacation. We look forward to these vacations for they fill us with sunburn and chiggers and mosquitoes. And if there is anything we like it is those.

Anyhow, we hope to find a few watermelons and clams on our travels. We know where to find some lobsters.

We don't care who says to the contrary, a fellow can't sit down and write poetry and attend to his sweet heart when he has a vivid picture in his mind of the drawn shutters of a sick room where a bright little fellow lies with the fever consuming him and thoughts of base-ball and country rambles in his little breast.

Whose love of flowers brings them to him by the bunch, but who cannot himself run among the rose bushes and chase the butterfly and roll about in the clover. Who can't get his playmates with his chubby little fists and who cannot go down to the river side to catch a string of minnows for his breakfast.

Who cannot go to school and sit next to the fellow who has his sweet heart in the bed and lie on the bed of fever until an angel comes along with beautiful wings and carries him off to his playmates and his ball games or to the great beyond.

With all this before him a fellow can't talk about the moon and the seashore or the babbling brook.

Another communication has just reached us, which may be considered of some note and worth mentioning. It is dated in the backwoods of Mathematics county, signed by James Munn and says: "We reached this beautiful spot as per O. K. and have had a fine week of it. The first thing we did was to go through the woods to do with them, but we got out the potato bugs from the persimmon trees.

"Then we took a stroll down in the peanut patch and found that the late spring had retarded their growth in the least. The trees were in full bud, and we expect to have enough left to feed the squirrels in Capitol Square for a long time and to give Gov. Davis for his children.

"The watermelons are already falling from the trees and are just good to eat. The crop of field crabs and soft-shell crabs was not so large, so we have been obliged to do with them, but Mr. Campbell says he will take a stop off in Portsmouth and get Charlie Bond to show him where to get some.

"We hope you and our friend Pure Food are enjoying the fine weather and allow us to remain, yours truly."

We are glad to hear from these gentlemen. They left here last week, and sank into oblivion and this letter is the first written by them from the front.

We sigh for snow, we long for ice, We want the winds to blow, For summer trips we lack the price, To mountains cannot go.

The Navy and Canal. President Roosevelt says that the Monroe Doctrine includes American control of the Panama Canal. Captain Hobson says the present United States navy is only little better as a bluff than the doctrine itself. By making the navy adequate, Congress will make the bluff good.—Seattle Times.

Are you a sufferer from Loss of Appetite, Sour Stomach, Indigestion, Constipation, Insomniac Mal-aria, Fever and Ague and want to be cured? Then only one name to take—the Bitters at once. It positively cures these ailments. A trial will convince you.

HOSTETTER'S CELEBRATED BITTERS

STOMACH BITTERS

ALL STRAIGHT FRONT MODELS

By WILLIAM MURRAY GRAYDON. Copyright, 1903.

CHAPTER VIII. THE MAGIC EMBROID. For five or ten minutes Jack waited in suspense, with a growing feeling of uneasiness. No person came near him, and he was satisfied that the rajah had given orders to that effect. What was he to do? Was it possible that he was a prisoner?

His weapons had been removed, he suddenly discovered, and this seemed to indicate that Chandra Singh had been playing a treacherous part from the start. And the letter of instruction—10 to 1 it had been taken from him and read while he lay insensible. He was angry and indignant.

"I'll get out of this somehow!" he vowed. "They shan't keep me—there is too much at stake. Once clear of the palace I can at least gain the shelter of the residency. But there is the difficulty—the buildings are probably a maze. I might as well be in jail. There would be a fair chance if I had the means of disguising myself as a native."

The sound of footsteps, falling softly on his ear, broke the train of his reflections. Listening, he heard them padding out and fro, up and down monotonously, outside the apartment.

He crept to the curtains and peered there. A long mustached havildar of the rajah's bodyguard, with a plume in his turban, a scabbard at his waist and a rifle on his shoulder, was keeping vigil in the corridor.

He saw the Feringhee's peering face, and with a mocking grin he paused and brought the butt of his gun to the marble floor.

"The sahib must come no farther," he said in a threatening tone. Jack scowled and withdrew his head. "The scoundrel!" he muttered. "Well, that settles it—I'm a prisoner."

He gazed noisily at the latticed window and looked down into a high-walled garden of deep, cool shade, a garden where fountains murmured and played and orange blossoms and tube roses and the petals of the purple hibiscus splashed the green with a shimmer of color. "I'll tramp!" tramp! on the gravel walk. Another havildar of the guard came within the range of vision, a swaggering, dandified fellow, who disdainfully threw more than a passing glance at the window, but who nevertheless rattled the stock of his carbine menacingly.

"By Jove, I'm done for!" thought Jack. "A gilded cage—that's what it is." He turned away with a sinking feeling at his heart and sat on the floor, with his head buried in his hands, and a vague light in the clutches of a cruel and unscrupulous enemy who knew all that there was to know.

An hour went by, Jack's head began to throb and drum. He sank wearily back on the pillow, and a shiver of transparent Indian gauze, with a delicate and heard the distant gurgle changing the hour of 6.

Again he closed his eyes and drifted away, and when he next woke, free from pain and greatly refreshed, the purple twilight was filling the room, with a vague light. Cool, sweet night had come with its welcome mantle of darkness, and the bulbous was thrilling in the leafy avenues of the garden.

The prisoner crept to the window, hoping against hope, and saw the dim outline of the sentry standing beneath. With a smothered curse he turned, approached the corridor, and listened. Was the havildar gone from his post? But no—a light footstep, a sound suspiciously like a heavy arm, and a shiver of transparent Indian gauze, bringing a fragrant breath of sandalwood and perfume. It was Zora. In the purple gloom the gemmed circlet on her raven hair sparkled like a serpent of fire, and rubies and sapphires flashed on her wrists and ankles.

"Sahib!" she said in a low voice, after the lighted corridor that she had just left the apartment was dark to her eyes. "I am here," Jack whispered, uneasily, as he touched her.

"Yes, I can see you now." "This is most imprudent of you Zora." "Fush!" the girl replied, drawing closer to him. "Wait but a moment and make no sound."

She tripped across to the window and a brief glance satisfied her. "You know that you are a prisoner?" she asked when she returned. "I could not well be ignorant of that," Jack answered bitterly. "And you are in danger—even of your life."

"But why? It is all a mystery to me. How have I turned your father from a friend into an enemy, Zora? I believe that occurred by mistake."

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She tripped across to the window and a brief glance satisfied her. "You know that you are a prisoner?" she asked when she returned. "I could not well be ignorant of that," Jack answered bitterly. "And you are in danger—even of your life."

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