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SATURDAY, APRIL 7, 1906.

He is no wise man that will quit a certainty for an uncertainty.
—Dr. Johnson.

Tariff Reform Should Be Uniform

There is a bill in Congress providing for the removal of the present tax of $2.20 per gallon on denaturized alcohol, and Congressman John Lamb has been severely criticised by the Richmond Evening Journal, the Danville Register and other Virginia newspapers for opposing the bill. They claim that as Captain Lamb is a Democrat, he should oppose all forms of protection and favor all measures having in view a reform of the tariff. As a general proposition that is true, but there are qualifications. Democrats oppose the principle of protection on the ground that taxation, in whatever form it may be, should be levied for revenue only, but the tariff tax is levied not primarily for revenue but to protect American manufactures against foreign competition. Democrats oppose that form of taxation because it is fundamentally wrong and because it is the worst form of class legislation, taxing the many for the benefit of the few. Therefore, all who believe in this basic principle of Democracy are in favor of complete reform and revision of the tariff, that every species of protection per se may be eliminated and the tariff reduced to a revenue basis. If such a bill were pending in Congress and Captain Lamb or any other Democrat should oppose it he would be a fit subject for criticism and reprimand by the Democratic press. But there is no such measure before Congress. The Republicans do not propose any general revision of the tariff, so that this bill to remove the tariff from denaturized alcohol must be considered as an individual measure.

There is an industry in Richmond which was built up by home capital and home talent under the protective tariff system. It has been in existence for several years, but paid no dividends until a few months ago. If the tariff on denaturized alcohol be removed this industry will be destroyed forthwith. Now, says Captain Lamb, to the Republicans, if you are willing to reform and revise the tariff in general I will vote for your bill, though the Richmond industry should go to the wall, but if you are going to continue your protective tariff system under which Northern manufacturing concerns have grown rich and are growing richer, I protest against this measure which will destroy a flourishing factory down in my district. Your hat factories which are clamoring for free alcohol are protected in all departments of their industry and will still further profit by free alcohol, as will also the whiskey trust, and I am unwilling to sacrifice a flourishing industry in my district for their benefit.

That, as we understand it, is Captain Lamb's position and he is supported by other distinguished Democratic members from Virginia.

No one can be more opposed than The Times-Dispatch to the Reublican tariff. We have fought it in the past and we shall fight it so long as there is a vestige of it left. But so long as it is in force, we insist that its benefits shall be equally distributed, that they shall not go to one section and be withheld from another. There is no sense in sacrificing a Richmond industry when nothing is gained thereby for the great cause of tariff reform.

Which Are You?

Mr. Gelett Burgess contributes to a magazine a clever exposition of the so-called "Sulphitic Theory," by the inalterable laws of which all mankind, conversational and social, is divided as with a butcher's Cleaver into two sharply marked classes, labelled "Bromides" and "Sulphites." A Sulphite is what we all think we are, while a bromide is what most of us are really. Concise differentiation is not easy. The sulphite is original, highly individual, unclassifiable other than as a Sulphite. The Bromide is commonplace, Philistine, orthodox, strictly adhesive to the law of his kind. You can tell exactly what a Bromide will do or say under any given circumstances, and the procedure of every Bromide will be precisely the same. How different with a Sulphite! About him you can tell absolutely nothing except that whatever he says or does will be "a direct and spontaneous manifestation of his own personality." He is far fuller of surprises than the latter-day egg is of meat. He may shock you, but he will never, never bore.

The Bromide's rule of life is precisely the reverse. He would rather bore you to death than fail to do exactly what public opinion expects of him. Therefore, naturally enough, we find that his conversation travels always upon the smooth and beaten high-road and deals in the familiar phrases of his grandsires. Here are a few typic Bromide remarks, called from Mr. Burgess' select list.

"Of course if you leave your umbrella at home it's sure to rain!"

"I don't know much about Art, but I know what I like."

"My mother is seventy years old, but she doesn't look a day over fifty."

"It isn't the money, it's the principle of the thing I object to."

"Why aren't there any good stories in the magazines, nowadays?"

"The Japanese are such an interesting little people!"

"I don't care for money—it's what I can do with it."

"I really oughtn't to tell this, but I know you understand."

"The Salvation Army reaches a class of people that churches never do."

"It's a mistake for a woman to marry a man younger than herself—women age so much faster than men. Think what she'll be, when he's fifty!"

"After I've shampooed my hair I can't do a thing with it!"

"Of course if you happen to want a policeman, there's never one within miles of you."

And the worst of it is, according to Mr. Burgess, that the Bromide, in passing over one of these tried and true old favorites, believes that he is getting off something rather clever and apt. He can use the same phrase a hundred times with no diminution of complacence.

But, after all, there is some consolation in being a Bromide. Cranks, anarchists and monomaniac reformers are always Sulphites. So are the unfortunates who crowd the asylums. If a glance at the above list, therefore, fills you with a new and horrid suspicion, it is not necessary to despair. To be a living and breathing apotheosis of the trite is not the worst thing in the world. It is far better to be commonplace than crazy.

The Ways of the Fanatic.

At the Tuskegee celebration on Thursday last, President Cyrus Northrop, of the University of Minnesota, greatly offended Mr. William Lloyd Garrison by expressing the opinion that the enfranchisement of the mass of negroes at the close of the Civil War was a colossal blunder. The Associated Press tells us that sharp issue was taken by Mr. Garrison in a dramatic ten-minute address, in which he contended that the way to teach a man to vote was to put the ballot box in his hand.

Was there ever a better illustration of the one-sidedness of the fanatic? The negro side of the question only is considered by Mr. Garrison. He has no thought for the whites of the South who suffered from black-and-tan rule. In his address at Tuskegee on the previous day, Secretary Taft said:

"The negro was brought to this country against his will and subjected to a bondage which, while it improved him in many ways, when ended, left him in a condition of dense ignorance, of utter irresponsibility, with a sense of helpless dependence on some one else."

Yet Mr. Garrison thinks it was right to put the ballot into the hands of these ignorant, irresponsible, dependent creatures and let them be used by unscrupulous carpetbaggers in order to teach them how to vote! It may be said that the way to teach a boy to shoot is to put a gun into his hands. But does Mr. Garrison think it would be wise and kind to arm all the lads of New England and send them forth to practice on human targets?

More Immigration.

In a single day last week more than 11,000 immigrants were disembarked at Ellis Island. If the past may be taken as any criterion, New York, which doesn't want them, will draw and hold the vast majority of these new comers. They may be expected to go in swarms to the metropolis and squeeze in there to augment still further the congestion of an overcrowded city.

How foolish to allow this sort of thing to go on year after year! What an unnecessary waste of good population! The South, for example, is in a very different position from New York city in regard to population. She is as undersettled as New York is the reverse. It is mere folly to permit this contrast to be emphasized with the passing years, rather than corrected, to the advantage of both, by simple and obvious measures.

If some Southern business association had had a capable agent at the docks last Thursday, he might have secured with no particular trouble or expense a thousand or more good workmen for our fields and mills, and settlers for our great stretches of thinly peopled land. If the same organization had active and well-paid agents regularly at work in the three or four great immigration grounds of Europe, there is no reasonable doubt that this section of the country could get all the desirable new population it desires. For various evident reasons immigrants do not come here of their own accord in anything like adequate numbers, and under the present absence of systematic campaigning a few large centres are being steadily overstocked to our loss.

The time has come when new inhabitants appear to be a matter of vital necessity to the growth of the South. It is not fitting that we should depend for a need of this sort upon the accidents of transportation or the chance legislation of Congress.

Cruel Jokes.

It was stated in our news columns a day or so back that an Atlanta man had slashed his throat with a razor because his wife had played a joke upon him on All Fool's Day. As the doctors were stitching the man's neck, he remarked, "I have been a good husband to her for years and she ought not to have played an April fool joke on me."

To most of us it is past understanding that any man should want to take his life for such a trifling cause, but there are in the world men and women who cannot take a joke, and any sort of ridicule is to them unbearable. They may be foolishly sensitive, but they cannot help it, and their feelings should be respected. True politeness always has consideration for the feelings of others, yet there are men and women of average politeness and even of kind heart who seem to take an especial pleasure in perpetrating jokes upon those who are of a sensitive disposition. They will tell you that it is no fun to joke a "thick-skinned" person, because a "thick skinned" person does not mind, but there is great fun in joking a sensitive person, because the sensitive person does not mind, and takes a joke so seriously.

Every man to his taste, but we have never been able to understand how any civilized man or woman could have fun in causing pain or distress! It is at best a brutal sort of fun and akin to the delight which the savage feels in torturing his victim to death.

Richmond a Railroad Centre.

The destruction of the Seaboard Air Line Railway offices in Portsmouth, and the consequent agitation of the question where they shall be rebuilt, brings to the front the claims of Richmond as the place for the location of these offices.

Not only is the convenience of the railroad officials for the operation of the property an important consideration, but the interests of the stockholders point to the selection of Richmond as the place for the principal operating offices of this company.

All the railroads meeting in Richmond have charters from the State of Virginia, and only three of them have recognized their obligation to the State by having their principal offices in the State, and only two of these have their offices in Richmond. The Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac and the Chesapeake and Ohio are the only railroads in Virginia that have their principal offices in Richmond.

No one can doubt that if the Seaboard Air Line Railway should establish its principal operating office in Richmond it would enure greatly to its advantage in every way. It would draw business from its less considerate rivals; it would show the people of the State its appreciation of what the State has done for the company. We do not mean to indicate that the Seaboard is not as much a Virginian corporation at Portsmouth or Norfolk as it is at Richmond, but it would have an advantage over the Coast Line and the Southern in Richmond, which it does not enjoy in Norfolk or Portsmouth, where all are on an equal footing.

The Atlantic Coast Line, a Virginia corporation, has settled in Wilmington, N. C. The Southern Railway, a Virginia corporation, has settled in Washington, D. C. Now let the Seaboard Air Line join the Chesapeake and Ohio and the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac in Richmond, and its action will be appreciated by our people in a way that will not only justify its course, but will delight its managers. The advantages to those railroad managers of propinquity in the conduct of the operations of their companies is obvious. If all the railroads centering in Richmond had their offices here, the convenience of management would be greatly increased.

Richmond, as a trade center—a freight-producing place—is steadily growing and will continue to grow. There will never be a better time to make the move than right now. The course of the Seaboard is plain. We only regret that the Coast Line and the Southern do not see their interest and duty in the same way.

The Sultan is to be requested to say how he likes the proposed reforms in Morocco. Suppose he were to reply that he didn't like them for a hang? In this connection it should be borne closely in mind that it's a queer world, and that even the best Sultans have to die some time.

Senator Dolliver, whose remarks caused a stir in the Senate the other day, can create even more excitement any time by simply beginning to spell it Dalliaferro.

Don't be too alarmed over the news that the insurgent party has broken out anew in old Domingo. He may be merely drunk again.

As for that Venezuelan filibuster, it appears that Castro means to ring its knell with a few peals from our own Sherman bell.

To the credit of the miners let it be said that they appear disposed to work, rather than merely work the public.

The laugh with which Dowie started for Zion City, however, may have been on the other side of his face.

The new revolution which has just broken out in Santo Domingo is, we believe, the first this month.

Among the spring pastimes, not much followed in Central America just now, is boating on the Panama Canal.

Some maintain that our immigration does not need regulation so much as irrigation—including soap.

After all, the Easter hatter is a good deal more likely to be mad than a mere March hare.

It never rains but it bores.

THE EASY OIL.

Scott's Emulsion is "the easy oil"—easy to take, easy in action. Its use insures deliverance from the griping and nauseating sensation peculiar to the raw oil. Nobody who has any regard for the stomach thinks of taking cod liver oil in the old way when Scott's Emulsion is to be had. It is equally certain that no one whose health is properly regarded will accept a cheap emulsion or alcoholic substitute for Scott's Emulsion. It fulfills every mission of cod liver oil and more.

SCOTT & BOWNE, 409 Pearl Street, New York

Book News and Reviews

In our opinion Mr. George Barr McCutcheon is a very lucky young man. He has admiring publishers who believe his "style" to be "inimitable and dashing," and who delight to get out his compositions in the most charming of dresses. His royalties, we take it, are highly satisfactory. In short, as we have intimated, his lines appear to have fallen in glorious places. "Cowardice Court" (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), is the third of his short stories that have appeared in pretty covers within the past year or two. It isn't much. It tells of a feud between two neighboring Adirondack estates, one of which is owned by a British Lord, or rather by the rich young American lady who bought him, and the other by a wealthy, handsome and athletic young bachelor. Experienced readers will not be surprised to learn that the Englishman has a beautiful young sister, noble, high-spirited and unmarried. The action moves along familiar lines and the bethrothal is only a matter of time. The plot is conventional and the characterization, particularly of the Bazelhurst smart set, an echo of most of the fiction we have read in recent years. Not even Mr. McCutcheon's publishers, we believe, claim marked originality for him, and we are certainly not disposed to outdo them in this connection. "Cowardice Court" is better than either "The Day of the Dog" or "The Purple Parasol," but further than that in praise it is difficult to go.

Mr. James Ball Naylor has written in "The Kentuckian" (C. M. Clark Publishing Company, Boston), a good story of life in Ohio in the early sixties. Vance Chatham is the gentleman mentioned in the title, and he is a hero without fear and without reproach. We first make his acquaintance on a dark night when Marsh Colby, the iron-fisted village bully was in a bad humor and not at all inclined to be civil to strangers. There was something doing right away and Marsh, as the phrase runs, got all that coming to him. But Vance got Marsh's lasting enmity and that involved him in no end of misadventure, from all of which, however, we are glad to note that he emerged triumphantly. The story is told by Tom Gaston, who was a lad of tender years at the time. Horse stealing by an organized band of robbers forms a background for much of the incident, and in this predatory pastime Tom's father, John Gaston, plays a prominent part. The noble horse, Kaintuck, is also much in evidence. The book is better written than many whose merits are more insistently advertised and the interest is well sustained throughout.

"The Edge of Hazard" (Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis,) is a typical George Horton novel. It will be read enthusiastically by those who hold out for an adventure to every page and are not too particular as to artistic symmetry and the reasonableness of it all. The story starts promisingly with the appointment of Frederick Courtland Hardy, "ex-member of Mrs. Johnny Folkstone's smart set, of Boston, ex-cotillion leader, yachtsman and clubman," to the managership of the American Trading Company's stores at Stryotensk. Hardy had lost his money, which accounts both for his descent to commerce and for the use of the predix "ex-" in the quotation above. The first chapter recounts how he formed a friendship with a Russian spy, disguised as an Englishman of leisure, and relates the seizure of his camera by the Japanese police. The second chapter searches him and finds damning drawings and plans of the Japanese fortifications. The third introduces his to a pretty Oriental maiden, whose lips were "intended by an all-wise and merciful Providence for kissing," and the fourth awards him a kiss from her, which proves to be all he could have expected. And so it goes. The last chapter finds him in a sleigh which is being chased across Russia by a party of thin and tolerable rapacious wolves. In the sleigh, besides our hero, are a beautiful Russian princess, who loves him, and the little Japanese girl, who, though disguised as a boy, feels the same way towards him. The climax, or to speak more accurately, this closing climax, is of the sort that will disappoint no one. Mr. Horton has no especial literary skill, but it cannot be denied that he hands out happenings with a lavish hand.

The reception by the English press of Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill's biography of his father, the late "Lord Randolph Churchill," was of so remarkable a character that the publishers took the trouble to count the amount of newspaper space occupied by the first reviews. The total reached proved to be well over two hundred and twenty columns; a striking illustration of the interest which this work has aroused.

An extraordinary renewal of interest in Lord Byron is being manifested at the present time. Two editions of his poetical works, both carefully edited, have recently been issued and a new Byron novel is being widely discussed. The latter, entitled "Maid of Athens," is the work of Lafayette McLaws, whom some readers believe to be a man, until her picture is shown them to prove their mistake. In Thyrza Rign, the heroine, Miss McLaws gives identity to the beautiful Greek girl to whom Byron wrote one of his sweetest love songs. Taking an author's privileged liberties with what purports to be history, the Thyrza in "Maid of Athens" dies in a convent, whereas the alleged real Thyrza (or Theresa) is said to have died in poverty at the age of eighty. Whether the appearance of the "Maid of Athens" in Byron's home after his marriage to Miss Milbanke, as related in this novel, was the real reason for Lady Byron's separation from her husband, is a mooted question. The Byron in "Maid of Athens" is a far different character from the caricature of Mrs. Humphrey Ward's creation.

"The District Attorney" is the title of a timely new novel by William Sage, dealing with present-day political and financial life, announced for early publication by Little, Brown & Co. It is the story of a son with high ideals and a father of the modern financier type, and the inevitable clash with its dire consequences. Mr. Sage is the author of "Robert Tournay," a story of the French Revolution; "The Claybornes," a story of the Civil War, and "Frenchy, the Story of a Gentleman."

Intending gardeners will do well to make sure that their libraries contain copies of Mrs. Alfred Ely's two books, "A Woman's Hardy Garden" and "Another Hardy Garden Book." Out of her many years of notably successful experience in raising flowers, Mrs. Ely gives in these two volumes the fullest details of the preparation of the ground and the proper care of the flower-beds throughout the year; not confining herself to hardy plants, but setting forth the methods of securing the best results in the way of flowers of many different kinds.

A Minister's Affliction.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

ORANGE, VA., April 6.—The little son and only child of the Rev. W. R. Flannagan, who had only been sick a few days, died this morning at 9 o'clock. Mr. Flanagan is pastor of the Orange Baptist Church, and he and his wife are very much beloved by all of Orange people, and have the sympathy in this community.

The funeral will be preached by the Rev. E. W. Winfrey, of Culpeper, at 3 o'clock Sunday, the 8th instant.

Universal Card.

(By Associated Press.)

NORFOLK, VA., April 6.—The Structural Trades Alliance to-day decided to enforce from Monday next the universal working card.

Blown to Pieces.

(By Associated Press.)

ROANOKE, VA., April 6.—Two men employed on construction work on the Tidewater Railroad, near Roanoke, were blown to pieces to-day by the explosion of a large quantity of dynamite, which they were handling.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

ROYAL Baking Powder is indispensable to the preparation of the finest cake, hot-breads, rolls and muffins.

No other baking powder equals it in strength, purity and wholesomeness.

ROYAL HAS NO SUBSTITUTE

Makes the lightest most delicious and tasty hot biscuit

ROYAL BAKING POWDER CO., NEW YORK

NEWS GATHERED FROM SOUTHSIDE

Business Men and Citizens Wish Putney's Warehouse to Remain.

CARS BLOCKED BY FREIGHT

Passengers Wait While Train is Making Shift—Personals and Briefs.

Manchester Bureau, Times-Dispatch, 1102 Hull Street.

Business men and city officials of Manchester will strenuously oppose the moving of the Stephen Putney Shoe Company's large warehouse from this city to Richmond and with this end in view the officers of the company may be asked to reconsider their determination to locate on the north bank of the James.

There are many employes of the large establishment who are now residents of Manchester and the moving of the warehouse to Richmond would, if nothing else, necessitate all of these i npaying car fare in returning to and from their work.

The Same Old Trouble.

The same old trouble with which Manchesterians have for years worried manifested itself again last night at Seventh and Byrd Streets when a long string of Chesapeake and Ohio freight cars blocked the street car line for more than ten minutes. Backward and forth the train moved, while the street cars waited on either side of the crossing and the passengers who wanted to get to Richmond or to Manchester said bad words.

Conductors had to make out reports of the delay to turn into their office. After a wait of about twelve minutes a flagman or brakeman did uncouple the string of cars and allow the street cars to cross the track.

No Quorum Last Night.

There was no quorum of the Finance Committee last night and the meeting adjourned. The lack of a quorum was due to a confusion of the dates for the meeting of the assembly and of the committee and in consequence none of the members attended, or rather not enough members to constitute a quorum. Messrs. Abbott, Rudd, Reams and Perdue were in the council chamber.

The city assembly meets in regular session next Friday night.

For Sam Allen.

What promises to be a treat for Manchesterians is the entertainment to be given in Toney's Hall Tuesday night of the 24th, for the benefit of Mr. Sam Allen, one of the old-time minstrels. Hundreds of audiences of Richmond and Manchester have laughed at the jokes of Mr. Allen, and never in his life did he fail to lend a helping hand when a benefit entertainment was to be given. What talent he possessed was always directed in a manner that would do the most good.

Some of the best known entertainers of Manchester will be in the entertainment, and the hall is expected to be crowded to th doors.

Mr. Owen for Council.

Considerable interest is being created in the Fourth Ward by the announcement that Mr. R. V. Owen was a candidate for the seat in the City Assembly. Mr. W. D. Ferguson now holds the position, and has many friends who will seek to have him returned.

Mr. Owen was a member of the Council some time ago from the Third Ward, and resigned because he changed his residence. He is a man who has a host of friends throughout the city, and they are working for him at this time.

The race for the office will be a fast one in this ward, and may eclipse in interest the fights that are to be waged in any of the other three wards.

A Surprise Party.

Miss Ruth Epps was delightfully surprised by a number of her friends Thursday night. The evening was most pleasantly spent in games. Refreshments were served at a late hour.

Among those present were Misses Ruth Epps, Dolly Crowder, Beatrice Scroggins, Eula Martin, Annie Talbott, Mabel Wingo, Ina Tooding, Bessie and Estelle Wingo; Messrs. Benjamin Kitchen, Norman Maddrea, Leslie Thompson, Arthur Crowder, George Hall, Joe Mitchell, Blumy Peters, Herbert Hall, Allen Talbott, Ray Martin, Linward Booth, Frank Hal, Dick Caudle.

Entertained Her Friends.

Mrs. W. C. Gilliam entertained a number of her friends at her home Thursday night in honor of her birthday.

Among those present were Mr. and Mrs. D. Wright, Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Coleman, Miss Lelia Gilliam, Misses Lewis and the Misses Hamilton, of Manchester; Miss Stump and Miss Fortune; Messrs. Alec Reams, Dorset Daniel, Clinton Waymack, S. J. Walters, H. C. Coleman, Douglass Hague and Messrs. Davis and Robertson.

Personals and Briefs.

Messrs. Augustine Royall and Company will on Tuesday morning sell the butcher store fixtures at No. 1112 Hull Street. The butcher shop has been conducted by Mr. D. L. Toney, but he has decided to sell the place and devote all of his attention to his other interests.

Mr. Leo Ullman has purchased the store and fixtures in Swansboro, known as Bass's store, and will open a first-class grocery there at once.

Washington Camp, P. O. S. of A., met last night in Cersley's Hall.

The little daughter of Mrs. James Osterbind, of Chesterfield county, is ill at the home of her aunt, Mrs. Walter Smith, of East Tenth Street.

After an illness of several weeks, Mr. J. H. Gibbs, of Swansboro, has recovered and is able to be on the street.

Mr. A. P. Angle, of No. 219 East Eleventh Street, is reported as being ill.

Mrs. M. E. Foster, who has been visiting Mrs. J. R. Hubbard in the city, has returned to her home in Atlanta.

Mrs. Henry J. Tatum and daughter, Evelyn, who have been visiting Mrs. E. G. Tatum, No. 1122 Bainbridge Street, have returned to their home in Nashville, Tenn.

Several negro crap shooters were fined by Mayor Maurice in Police Court yesterday morning.

Mr. W. J. Carter, a well known horseman of the city, is in Calverton, Va., to attend the sale of several pedigreed horses.

ARRANGE FOR REUNION.

Lee Camp and Jeff Daxis Monument Association to Leave on 22d

At a joint meeting last night of Lee Camp, Confederate Veterans, and the Jefferson Davis Monument Association arrangements were made for the members to go to New Orleans to attend the Confederate reunion to be held on April 25-27, inclusive. About fifty members of Lee Camp, ten of Pickett Camp, several other citizens and about seventeen ladies will attend from Richmond, the party to leave on Sunday, April 22d.

Judge Gaunt, of the Supreme Court of Missouri, will be the orator at New Orleans. Judge Gaunt was educated at the University of Virginia, and has many friends in Virginia and Richmond. He is regarded as a gifted and eloquent speaker.

Mrs. Randolph stated last night that Mrs. S. Cabell Smith will be in Richmond next week on her way to Norfolk to confer with the Hope Maury Chapter in regard to the representation of the Daughters of the Confederacy at the Jamestown Exposition.

Judge George L. Christian, Dr. James Power Smith and Mr. David Richardson made eloquent speeches, which were enthusiastically received.

Sunday Concert Programme.

From the first Sunday afternoon free sacred concert by Corrado's Royal Italian Band in the big rink at the Reservoir. These concerts have grown steadily in public approval, and every Sunday sees thousands of music lovers attending these concerts. Professor Corrado, band leader and composer, has exerted his evey eneky to please the music-loving public of Richmond, and his many admirers have been quick to recognize this fact, as they show their interest and appreciation by numerous requests for the repetition of some one or more of their favorite airs. So numerous have these requests become that practically the whole of each Sunday's programme is made up of selections selected and requested by the patrons.

The programme for to-morrow afternoon is as follows: "Amorosa March," Corrado; La Croix de Jerusalem, Pot Pourri, M. Bieger; Fleuretto, Intermezzo, Thorne; Poet and Peasant, Overture, Fr. V. Suppe; Alla Stella Confidente, Serenade, V. Robandi; Fantasia Originale, for baritone solo, Lombardo; Huguenots Selections, Meyerbeer; The Holy City, cornet solo, Corrado, Adams; Bohemian Girl, Pot Pourri, Balfe, and Star Spangled Banner, March, E. Brooks.

These concerts start promptly at 3 o'clock and close at 5 o'clock.

A FACT ABOUT THE "BLUES"

What is known as the "Blues" is seldom occasioned by actual existing external conditions, but in the great majority of cases by a disordered LIVER.

THIS IS A FACT which may be demonstrated by trying a course of

Tutt's Pills

They control and regulate the LIVER. They bring hope and bouyancy to the mind. They bring health and elasticity to the body.

TAKE NO SUBSTITUTE.

Rhymes for To-Day.

Careless

Oh, it's hard to scribble verses when the
sun is shining bright
And the spring is blowing mildly in the
air!
How you hate to go on writing and
composing and inditing
When the fact is that you
Just don't care.

It's hard to fill a column with a yard
of Thomas-rot
When the earth is lying sweet and very
fair;
When to hear all nature calling for a
man to chuck his scrawling
Brings the feeling that you
Just don't care.

What have I to do with poems when the
spring is in my blood
And the flower-scent is blowing every-
where?
When the azure dome is speckless, writ-
ing chaps get rather reckless
With the feeling that they
Just don't care.
So a fig for idle verses and a pish for
paltry pomes,
And a shrug for him who boggles at a
dare;
I will drop this composition for a fishe-
ing expedition—
And I'm certain that YOU
Just don't care.

H. S. H.

Merely Joking.

The Inconstant Things!—Her: "Men are all flirts; you can't trust one of them." Him: "More so than women?" Her: "Well, I should say so. I'm engaged to three of the nicest men I ever knew, and I've found out that every one of them is flirting with some other girl."—Cleveland Leader.

Suspense Relieved.—"You were worried about the health of your rich uncle." "That anxiety's past, thank goodness." "Ah—better?" "No; dead."—Cleveland Leader.

Its Good Point.—Sillicus: "Say what you will, marriage has its good points." Cynicus: "Yes, I suppose it keeps a man from brooding over his other troubles."—Philadelphia Record.

An Old One.—Pjones: "Do you believe that cures can be wrought by the laying on of hands?" Ksmith: "Yep; that's the way I cured my boy of the cigarette habit."—Cleveland Leader.

Rude.—"Why do you prefer professional singers and elocutionists to amateurs?" "Because," answered the disagreeable person, "professionals never take you unawares."—Washington Star.

Boston Again.—Church: "I was in a Boston restaurant the other day and ordered a plate of hash." Gotham: "Well, did you get it?" Church: "Yes, I got it, but the waitress called it 'rearranged viands.'"—Yonkers Statesman.

Horrors.—"Still engaged in literary work?" "Yep; I'm getting up a literary puzzle now." "What do you mean? Sort of 'Lady or Tiger'?" "No; I'm making a column of Henry James over into this new deformed spelling."—Philadelphia Ledger.

THIS DAY IN HISTORY

April 7th.

Church Day, Hegesippus. Sun rises at 5:37, sets at 6:23.

1797—Suspension of arms between Napoleon and the Archduke Charles.

1830—The first omnibus used as a public conveyance in New York began its trip through the city.

1854—All English and French vessels ordered out of the port of Odessa.

1854—A terrible fire at Salonica, Greece, destroyed more than 600 buildings, with serious loss of life.

1856—The Adriatic, the largest steamship afloat, launched at New York.

1861—All intercourse between Fort Sumter and Charleston stopped by order of General Beauregard.

The steamer Atlantic sailed from New York with troops and supplies.

1862—The battle of Shiloh renewed. The battle lasted throughout the day with varied success, but the Confederates were finally defeated. The Federal loss was 1,614 killed, 7,721 wounded and 3,956 missing. General Johnson was killed.

1863—Attack on Charleston. The Federal fleet was composed of nine ironclad vessels, under the command of Commodore Dupont. The fight at Charleston began in the afternoon and lasted about two hours. The Keokuk was so badly damaged that she sunk in a few hours. Several other vessels were temporarily disabled. The fleet was then withdrawn.