CRANEY ISLAND TO BE RETAINED

The Order Issued By the Government for Vacating Has Been Suspended.

CRIPPLED VESSEL TOWED IN

Probable That the Dismasted Avery Collided With the George May.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NORFOLK, VA., June 1.—The order issued by the Federal government for the vacating of Craney Island, in this harbor, as a detention camp for contagious diseases, has been suspended and the local health authorities hope that it will be rescinded entirely. Mayor James G. Riddick, Colonel George C. Cabell, Mr. Joseph G. Fiveash and Mr. R. A. Doble, of this city, who were in Washington yesterday in connection with the matter, returned here to-day They were assured in Washington that the matter would be held in abeyance pending further investigation. The Norfolk commissioners found that Attorney George N. Wise, of Newport News, representing the West Norfolk property owners, who want the island vacated and sold, had done a great deal of work. They also found that Senator Daniel had introduced a bill in the Senate providing for the sale of the island simultaneously with the introduction of the bill in the House by Mr. Maynard.

Both Senator Daniel and Representative Maynard introduced the bill without a full knowledge of its meaning, and both introduced it by request. Senator Daniel stated that the sale of the island was generally desired here. Officials at Washington were of the same opinion.

The whole matter will now be referred to Admiral Harrington, commandant of the Norfolk navy-yard, who will investigate and report back to Washington.

Three-masted schooner George May, of 554 tons, Davis, master, from Jacksonville to Philadelphia, lumber laden, was towed into this port to-day leaking and with boysprit and head gear all gone. The May was in collision at 3 o'clock Monday morning with a three-masted schooner supposed to be the Edward P. Avery, forty miles southeast of Winter Quarter light. The other schooner was completely dismasted in the collision.

The pilot boat Pilot first sighted the May this morning ten miles east of Cape Henry and offered assistance, but which was refused at that time. The May sailed from Jacksonville on May 18th.

It is regarded as certain that the schooner with which the May was in collision was the three-masted vessel Edward P. Avery, Captain Philbrook, which sailed from New York for Brunswick, Ga., in ballast, as the Avery was reported yesterday to have been spoken by the Munson Line steamer Olinda sixty miles off Virginia Capes, with masts all gone. The crew refused to abandon that vessel and was trying to sail her in port under jury rig. Nothing further has yet been heard from the Avery.

When the collision of the schoners occurred the May was beating north against a heavy gale and the Avery, if that vessel it was, was sailing south before a full sail. The shock when the heavy vessels came together is described by Captain Davis as having been terrific.

No one was hurt aboard either vessel.

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY.

New Alumni Building to Be Opened at Commencement.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

HAMPDEN-SIDNEY COLLEGE, June 1.—The one hundred and thirtieth session of the college ends on Wednesday, the 13th day of June. This has been one of the most successful and satisfactory sessions the college has passed for a number of years, and the whole place is filled with new hope and confidence in the future.

If the indications do not err, the coming commencement will be a memorable one. It being the occasion of the formal inauguration of Mr. J. Gray McAllister as president, much interest attaches to it on that account, and a large number of alumni and other visitors are looked for. Then, too, the alumni building will be formally opened at this commencement.

Besides the exercises in the nature of the celebrations of the two literary societies, the commencement addresses, made by distinguished speakers, and the features of commencement day, there will be a number of social events which will appeal strongly to the young people.

On Monday night the Comity Club will tender its annual reception to the board of trustees, the faculty, the student body and the visitors. There will be refreshments, and an orchestra will provide music throughout the evening.

On Tuesday night the alumni banquet will take place, and on the same night the Comity Club will give a german at the club-house, which will be an elaborate affair.

On Wednesday night the German Club will give a dance, and extensive preparations are being made by its officers for this occasion.

As a great many alumni are expected to be present, no special invitations are being issued, but rooms for seventy-five have been arranged for in the seminary and alumni buildings, with a restaurant run in connection therewith. All alumni desiring to have a place reserved for them are directed to communicate with Mr. Robert K. Brock, Farmville, Va.

CAUSES OF SECESSION EXPLAINED TO VETERANS

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

PETERSBURG, VA., June 1.—An admirable address on "The Causes of Secession," clearly explaining the Southern position and maintaining the consistency of the Southern course, was delivered by Captain Carter R. Bishop to-night before A. P. Hill Camp, Sons of Confederate Veterans, at the camp hall. Captain Bishop is adjutant of A. P. Hill Camp, Confederte Veterans. The camp of Sons extended a rising vote of thanks to Capt. Bishop and passed a resolution inviting Niehmeyer-Shaw Camp, of Berkeley, to participate with it in the Confederate Memorial services June 8th.

Rev. Robert W. Barwell, commander of the cap, will deliver the address.

Old Offender Caught.

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

LEXINGTON, VA., June 1.—Givens Drummond (colored) was before Mayor Walker yesterday, charged with selling liquor without license in Lexington, which is a local option town. A fine of $500 was imposed upon him and a sentence of twelve months in jail. Drummond is an old offender, and has given much trouble on the whiskey score.

TERRIBLE ECZEMA ON LITTLE BOY

Mouth and Eyes Covered With Crusts—Face Itched Most Fearfully—Hands Pinned Down to Prevent Scratching

MIRACULOUS CURE BY CUTICURA REMEDIES

"When my little boy was six months old, he had eczema. The sores extended so quickly over the whole body that we at once called in the doctor. We then went to another doctor, but he could not help him, and in our despair we went to a third one. Matters became so bad that he had regular holes in his cheeks, large enough to put a finger into. The food had to be given with a spoon, for his mouth was covered with crusts as thick as a finger, and whenever he opened the mouth they began to bleed and suppurate, as did also his eyes. Hands, arms, chest, and back, in short the whole body, was covered over and over. We had no rest by day or night. Whenever he was laid in his bed, we had to pin his hands down: otherwise he would scratch his face, and make an open sore. I think his face must have itched most fearfully.

ALFONSO HOHRATH.

"We finally thought nothing could help, and I had made up my mind to send my wife with the child to Europe, hoping that the sea air might cure him, otherwise he was to be put under good medical care there. But, Lord be blessed, matters came differently, and we soon saw a miracle. A friend of ours spoke about Cuticura. We made a trial with Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Resolvent, and within ten days or two weeks we noticed a decided improvement. Just as quickly as the sickness had appeared it also began to disappear, and within ten weeks the child was absolutely well, and his skin was smooth and white as never before." F. Hohrath, President of the C. L. Hohrath Company, Manufacturers of Silk Ribbons, 4 to 20 Rink Alley, South Bethlehem, Pa. June 5, 1905.

Cuticura Soap, Ointment, and Pills are sold throughout the world. Potter Drug & Chem. Corp., Sole Props., Boston.

Mailed Free, "How to Care for the Skin."

RISKED HIS LIFE FOR COLORED BOY

Seven Hours in the Water Clinging to Boat Holding Unconscious Companion.

RESCUED BY BAY LINE BOAT

(Special to The Times-Dispatch.)

NORFOLK, VA., June 1.—After having been in the water of the lower Potomac for seven hours clinging desperately to a capsized dory and buffeted by big waves that were raised by a squall, James Edward Bunch, twenty years of age and stalwart, of St. Mary's, Md., and Garfield Adams, a negro boy, fourteen years of age, of the same place, were last night rescued by the Norfolk and Washington steamer Washington, on her way from Washington to this city.

To Bunch the negro boy owes his life, because for three hours before the coming of the steamer he was absolutely helpless, limp and unconscious, and was kept afloat by Bunch, who held him with one hand while he held to the boat with the other, expecting that every minute would be the last of both of them. Bunch could have let the negro go and clung to the boat with much greater ease and safety, but that he would not do. He made up his mind that if one of them had to be lost, both would be.

Bunch himself was pretty near played out when reached. Fighting the waves as he had been doing, he could not move his legs when he got aboard the Washington, and he had but little strength left for anything.

It was beyond physical endurance for Bunch to have held out much longer, and he and the boy whom he held must have soon been lost, had not the Washington arrived when it did.

Bunch and the boy went from St. Mary's to Yocomico, Westmoreland county, Va., yesterday afternoon to get some gasoline. It was on their return trip, at 5:30 o'clock, that the dory was capsized. A squall with a velocity of sixty miles an hour struck it, and before the sail could be reefed, over it went. From that time until they were rescued, at 12:30, Bunch and Adams were at the mercy of the waves. Squalls following each other in rapid succession kept them rolling.

They were almost in the path of the Washington when that steamer appeared and were missed by it only by sixty feet. R. D. Ross, second mate of the Washington, was on watch. When the steamer got abreast of Bunch and Adams, Bunch cried out—louder, he said, than he ever hollored before. Mr. Ross heard him and signalled to the engineer to stop the ship.

Bunch and his helpless companion, with the assistance of Captain Casson, Mates Ross and Geogehan, were soon on board. Adams, to be restored to life, was treated as if for drowning. He was brought to, after severe treatment. To revive Bunch he was made to drink quantities of black coffee. He would drink nothing else.

Mayor James G. Riddick, of Norfolk, was a passenger on the boat. He and all other passengers turned out in the excitement to the rescue of the men. The mayor directed the resuscitating of Adams and started a subscription for the benefit of the rescued among the passengers of the ship. Seventeen dollars was raised. Bunch and Adams were brought to Norfolk on the steamer. They will be taken to Washington to-night, and sent from there home.

Missionaries Are Safe.

The Baptist Foreign Mission Board which has headquarters in this city, has late advices from China to the effect that the conditions there, so far as the missionaries are concerned, are not so bad as one might be led to believe from the reports published about the antagonism to "hated foreigners."

It is true that there has been some trouble and there is likely to be more of it, but the missionaries have not been molested and their work has not been hindered.

THE HEAVENS IN JUNE.

By PROFESSOR DOOLITTLE,

Astronomer of the University of Pennsylvania.

Of all the bright constellations of winter, the Lion alone remains with us, and this is rapidly sinking toward the ground in the West. The great group Boots, or the Drives, with the northern crown, is now directly overhead, while in the northeast the magnificent summer star Vega has climbed more than half way up the sky, and its beautiful followers, the Swan and the Eagles, appear in the early evening for the first time this year.

The peculiar group Scorpio, which bears so striking a resemblance to the animal from which it is named, is well above the ground in the south, its upstretched claws reaching almost to the meridian and its curving tail extending downward into the milky way. The summer half of the Galaxy is now with us, and on a clear night it may be traced all the way from Perseus in the northwest, through Cassiopeia, the Swan, and the Eagle, to below Scorpio in the south. This half of the milky way is far more broken up and irregular than the part seen in winter. Between Scorpio and the Swan it is especially interesting; bright areas alternate with lanes and vacant spaces as if the great universe of stars which compose it was subject to forces which move, not worlds only, nor suns, but whole multitudes of suns together.

The observer can now trace out the long constellation of the Serpent. This begins near the northern Crown, passes southward and eastward through the Serpent Bearer, and finally runs along the center of the milky way until it almost meets to the Eagle. It was here that the early Arabian located their group called the Pasture. The boundaries of this constellation were the stars of Fig. 1, lettered from A to J, while K and L were the shepherd and his dog, the enclosed stars being the sheep. The star M in the serpent's tail, which lies between the two branches of the milky way, is a double easily seen in a small glass. The star at D is a more difficult double, while that at F has a minute twelfth magnitude comopanion. It is from the direction of the star F that the shooting stars which are seen about the middle of February appear to come.

The magnificent group Scorpio with its fiery red star Antores, at P, is one of the most ancient of all constellations. It probably originated in the early Euphratean astronomy of six thousand years ago, when the zodias contained but six signs instead of twelve. Even when the number of divisions was increased to twelve, Scorpio was kept undivided as a double sign. In later times the two stars which marked the claws were separated into a little group named Sibra, or the Balances, thus mutilating and destroying the interesting and ancient figure.

Scorpio was the slayer of the giant Brion, who still sinks below the horizon in fear just as the Scorpion begins to rise. In the very earliest times it was the symbol of darkness, probably because the sun's power declines when it enters this constellation after the autumnal equinox.

To astrologers the group was known as the accused constellation, pretending war and discord. The appearance of a comet here was supposed to promise a plague of reptiles and insects. This malign character may have been ascribed to it from the fiery Autares, or from association with the qualities of its poisonous earthly namo-sake. As several new stars have here blazed out in early times, some have thought it might be to these that its evil reputation is due.

The bright star Autares has a greenish companion but slightly more than three seconds away. In a small telescope this is lost in the over-powering brightness of the larger star. It is said that this little attendant was first discovered during an occulation of these stars by the moon. As the moon swept over the pair, the small star, was uncovered first and remained visible for an instant before the large star appeared. This phenomenon has been seen since; the green color of the companion in contrast with the silvery whiteness of the moon is very striking.

The stars at Q and R are both doubles. Half way between Q and P there is a cluster of stars which Herschel described as the richest and most condensed cluster in the heavens. It is visible in a small telescope, but a large glass is necessary to fully show its beauty. Forty-four years ago a new star blazed out in this cluster.

The beautiful cluster of the Bee-hive is in Cancer at T, Fig. 1, and with a good opera glass the observer may detect a far more difficult little cluster at J. But the most beautiful of all the clusters now visible in the one shown at S, Fig. 1, in the constellation Hercules. On a dark night this is visible to the naked eye. In a small telescope it appears to be a little cloud, but under a high magnifying power it is seen to be made up of thousands of stars, packed closely together.

What inconceivably vast causes have been at work to group these thousands of stars into such compact masses we can only conjecture. The particles of a drop of water are not more surely in mutual dependence than the parts of these clusters. Many of the groups have radiating streams of stars extending out in every direction from the condensed center; it has therefore been conjectured that the material of the clusters is slowly streaming away from or toward the center.

Each of the star clusters is of inconceivably great extent. It is only when a star is comparatively near to us that we can measure its distance, and none of the clusters, so far as is known, come within the limiting distance. If we suppose that the cluster of Hercules is only sixty-eight years away, we find that the distance through this cluster is one and one-half million million miles. Sight occupies but eight minutes in traversing the ninety-three million miles which separate our earth from the sun, but it woulr require ninety-seven days to pass through this enormous group.

Were the stars of the cluster uniformly distributed throughout its extent, they would be seven hundred times as distant from one another as the earth is from the sun. The little stars which seem to be so packed together as almost to touch one another when viewed in the telescope are, therefore, in reality very remote from one another. So far are they apart that the general light throughout the cluster cannot greatly exceed the giant illumination of a star-light night on the earth. It may be of interest to add that our sun as viewed from the group would be just too giant to be seen except through a telescope. It is probable that the cluster is in reality far more distant than we have supposed it to be, and that all of its parts are, therefore, on a correspondingly vaster scale.

THE PLANETS.

Jupiter may be seen for a short time after sunset in the northwest, but it has now practically disappeared from the evening sky.

Venus will throughout the month be the brightest star in the heavens. In its eastward motion it will move entirely across the constellations Gemini and Cancer, passing above the Praesepe on June 24th. As it mounts higher in the sky it will set continually at a later and later hour, and increase very greatly in brightness. Throughout the entire month it will, therefore, be a very satisfactory object for observation with the telescope.

Wee Macgreegor Goes to a Party

By J. J. BELL.

(Copyright, 1905, by Joseph B. Bowles.)

"Och, woman, I'm not carin' about Mrs. McOstrich an' her party," said John, as he folded a strip of newspaper with which to light his pipe.

"Aw, but ye'll go, John?" said Lizzie, persuasively.

"Are ye wantin' to go yerself?"

"Well, ye see, it's not as if I was out every other night an'—"

"Dod, then, we'll just go. I'm afraid I sometimes forget ye're in the house all day; an'e ye've had a pretty hard time with wee Jeannie for two or three weeks. Ay, we'll just go."

Lizzie looked pleased. "When Mrs. McOstrich was in this mornin' to get the lend o' my blue vazes, an' the mauve tidy with the yellow parrot on it, an' a lot of other things, she says to me, says she: 'Mrs. Robinson, ye're well off with yer man;' and then she says—"

"Hoots!" interrupted John. "I'm thinkin' Mrs. McOstrich is an auld flatterer."

"Auld natterers sometimes say a true word," observed his wife. Then, fearing perhaps she was expressing too much in the way of sentiment, she became suddenly practical. "I've a fine shirt ready for ye. I done it up to-day."

"Am I to put on my good clothes?"

"Oh, yes, John."

"But not a stand-up collar?"

"Aw, John! An' I've a beauty jist waitin' for ye. Ye look that smart in a stand-up collar. I was thinkin' o' that when I was ironin' it, an' if ye had just seen how careful—"

"Ach, Lizzie, ye get over me every time! If ye was tellin' me to go to Mrs. McOstrich's party with one o' wee Jeannie's red flannel gowns on, I would just have to do 't!"

"Nonsense!" cried his wife, laughing the laugh of a woman who gains her point. "We'd best be gettin' ready soon."

"But what about the children?" asked John.

"Macgreegor's comin' with you an' me. Mrs. McOstrich said we was to bring him, for I told her I was afraid to leave him in the house."

"That's good!" said her husband, with a smile of satisfaction. "Macgreegor likes parties."

"I hope he'll not affront us, John."

"Aw, the boy's all right, Lizzie. An' what about wee Jeannie?"

"She'll sleep soon, an' Mrs. McFaurlan's comin' to sit in the house till we get back."

"I see you've arranged it all," he said, good-humoredly. "What would ye have done if I had said I wouldn't go?"

"Ah, but I knew you would go. * * * * Ye might run down the stairs now an' get a hold o' Macgreegor. He's outdoors playin' with Willie Thompson."

Later in the evening the trio set out for the abode of Mrs. McOstrich, who, as Lizzie was wont to remark, "hadna much in her house, poor thing, but was that fond o' comp'ny." Mrs. McOstrich, however, never had the least hesitation in borrowing from her friends any decorative article she did not possess, so that her little parlor on the occasion of one of her parties was decorated in quite gorgeous style. Her chief trouble was her husband, who, being a baker, retired to the kitchen bed early in the evening, and snored with such vigor and enthusiasm that the company in the other room heard him distinctly. Mrs. McOstrich had tried many devices, including that of a clothes-pin jammed on the snorer's proboscis, but all without avail. In the case of the clothes-pin, Mr. McOstrich, who had meekly submitted to its being fixed, had shortly after suffered from a sort of nightmare, and, half awake, had startled a party in the parlor by frantic beating on the wall and weird yellings to the effect that some one was trying to suffocate him. After that he was allowed to snore in peace, and Mrs. McOstrich had to explain to any new visitors the meaning of the disturbance. This she did to John and Lizzie immediately on their arrival.

They were the last of the guests to appear, the six others being already seated round the parlor, doing a little talking and a good deal of staring at the decorations, the number and glory of which seemed to have quite paralyzed a little woman who sat in the window.

"Maw," whispered Macgreegor, who had been accommodated with a hassock at his mother's feet, "those blue vases is awful like your ones."

"Whisht!" said Lizzie. * * * "As ye was sayin', Mrs. McOstrich—"

"Maw, there's a tidy wi' a yellow parrot on it—"

"Whisht, Macgreegor!" said Lizzie, giving her son a severe look.

"He's a sharp laddie," observed Mrs. McOstrich, who did not really mind, so long as her guests recognized only their own particular contributions to the grandeur of her surroundings.

"Away an' sit aside yer paw, Macgreegor," said Lizzie. * * * "John, see if you can keep Macgreegor quiet."

The boy dumped his hassock over the feet of two of the company, and squatted beside his father. He felt rather out of his element among so many adults, most of them elderly, and he was disturbed at seeing his father looking so stiff and solemn.

A dreary half-hour went by, at the end of which he could keep silence no longer.

"Paw," he said to his parent, who was listening conscientiously to the long story of a Mrs. Bowley concerning her husband's baldness—"paw, what's that noise?"

"Aw, never heed, my mannie," replied John, aware that the noise proceeded from the slumbering Mr. McOstrich. "It's just a noise."

"It's awful like a big grumphy, paw."

"Sh! You're not to speak now."

"If I had a big grumphy—"

"What's the laddie saying?" inquired Mrs. Bowley, smiling so kindly that Macgreegor accepted her as a friend there and then.

"It's a grumphy," he explained, confidentially. "Do you not hear it?"

Mrs. Bowley laughed and patted his head. "Ye mustn't speak about grumphies now, dearie," she whispered. "Here's a bit o' sweetie for ye."

Macgreegor put the dainty in his mouth, and drew the hassock a trifle nearer to Mrs. Bowley. "Ye're awful kind," he said, in a hoarse undertone, and he and the good lady entertained each other for quite a long time, much to John's relief.

About half-past nine the company drew as near to the oval table as their numbers permitted, and did justice to the light refreshments which the hostess had provided. Macgreegor, ignoring his mother's glances, and evidently forgetting there was such a fluid in the world as castor-oil, punished the pastry with the utmost severity, and consumed two whole bottles of lemonade.

"It's an awful nice party, paw," he whispered, when the chairs had been put back to the walls. "Are we goin' home now?"

Before John could reply, Mrs. McOstrich requested the attention of the company to a song by Mr. Pumpherston. All eyes were turned on a large, middle-aged man in one corner of the room, who wiped his brow repeatedly, and appeared very uneasy.

"Come away, Mr. Pumpherston," said Mrs. McOstrich, encouragingly. "Just ony song ye like. Ye needn't be feart. We're none o' us musical crickets."

"Ay, come away, Mr. Pumpherston," murmured several of the guests, clapping their hands.

"Is he a comic, paw?" inquired Macgreegor.

"Whisht!" said Lizzie, sighting danger ahead, and giving John, beside whom she was now sitting, a nudge with her elbow.

Mr. Pumpherston shuffled his chair an inch forward, fixed his eyes on the ceiling, and hummed: 'Do, me, so, do, soh, me, do."

"Ay, he's a comic!" said Macgreegor, in a delighted whisper.

Some one sniggered, and John gently but firmly put his hand over his son's mouth.

"He's just lookin' for the key, as it were," observed Mrs. Pumpherston, the little lady who had been overcome by Mrs. McOstrich's parlor decorations. "He's always a little slow at catchin' the right key, but he'll be gettin' it in a wee," she added, as her husband continued his "Do, me, so, do, soh, me, do," to the intense enjoyment of Macgreegor, who quaked on the hassock in enforced silence.

At last Mr. Pumpherston started "Ye Banks and Braes," but when half through the first verse was compelled to stop and make search for a lower key.

"It's always the way with him," explained his wife. "But when once he gets the right key, he sings it well enough, if he doesn't forget the words. * * * * Have ye got the right key now, Geordie?"

"I was near it; but ye've put me off it. But I'll get it yet," quoth Mr. Pumpherston, determinedly. And he did get it eventually, and regaled the company in a voice surprisingly small for such a large man.

Macgreegor was much disappointed, if not indignant, at being deceived, as he believed, by Mr. Pumpherston; but presently, feeling drowsy, he climbed into his father's arms, and dropped into a peaceful little doze. So he rested while several guests contribu'ed songs, not all, by the way, such efforts as that of Mr. Pumpherston.

Lizzie and John were congratulating themselves upon their son's good behavior during the evening, and Mrs. Bowley and another lady had just finished telling them what a "brave laddie" they were so fortunate as to possess, when Macgreegor awoke, rubbed his eyes, and stared about him.

"Poor little fellow, he's just dead with sleep," remarked kindly Mrs. Bowley.

"He is that," assented the other lady. "Are ye tired, dearie?"

"There's not many children would behave theirselves like him," observed Mrs. McOstrich.

Mrs. Pumpherston said nothing, but smiled sourly. Probably the youngster's opinion that her husband was a "comic" still rankled.

"It's time ye was home, Macgreegor," said Lizzie, rising.

But Macgreegor heard none of the foregoing observations. With a dreamy look in his eyes, he was listening intently. "I heard it, I heard," he muttered.

"He's not half awake yet," said Mrs. McOstrich.

"Who do ye hear, darlin'?" inquired Mrs. Bowley.

Macgreegor rubbed his eyes again. "I hear it! * * * * It's in the house! * * * It's in the house! * * * Paw, the big grumphy!"

For a moment there was a dead silence, but laughter was inevitable. Poor Mrs. McOstrich, her face crimson, had to join in, but, as Mrs. Bowley remarked to a friend next day, she was evidently "sore put out."

As for Lizzie, after a hasty apology and good-bye, she hurried John from the house, and never opened her mouth till they were in their own kitchen. On the departure of Mrs. McFarlane, who had taken good care of wee Jeannie, Macgreegor, three parts asleep, was put to bed with scant ceremony, after which Lizzie collapsed into a chair and looked long at her husband.

"Well," she said at last.

"Well, Lizzie?" he returned, trying to smile. "Ye've had yer night out."

"Ay. An' it's the last!"

"Toots, nonsense!"

"John, I've been affronted before but never like to-night, Macgreegor—"

"Aw, the child didn't mean any harm. He should have been told about Mrs. McOstrich's man."

"But, dearie, what are we to do with the boy?" she asked.

"Goodness knows," said John.

And suddenly they both fell slaughing.

Two Art Scholarships FREE!

The Virginia Summer School of Art at University of Virginia, Charlottesville, third session will begin June 20th and close September 1, 1906, F. Graham Cootes Founder and Director.

In order to stimulate interest in Art, The Times-Dispatch will give two scholarships absolutely free to the two persons, either ladies or gentlemen, who show the greatest natural ability and who have not been students at this Summer School heretofore, and who will submit a drawing of any character not later than June 10th.

The value of the scholarships are for a full term, half day.

THE IDEA

THE COURSE is particularly designed for those desirous of making a profession of illustrating, cartooning, poster-work, portrait, landscape and decorative painting, and also for those who desire it as an aid in teaching, or who are interested in art for their own pleasure.

THE OBJECT will be to enable the students to learn to draw correctly from the living model and nature, and to use that knowledge in the expression of their ideas.

A MODEL in costume will pose every morning of the week, except Saturday, from 9:30 until 1 o'clock.

THERE WILL be poses especially arranged for illustrations and compositions of more than one figure.

THE METHODS embrace the best feature of the New York and Parisian schools with the additional great advantage of more personal attention and individual criticism than is given at any other art school.

The afternoons will be devoted to LANDSCAPE WORK.

DAILY CRITICISM will be given and personal assistance whenever needed.

ANY MEDIUM may be used according to the student's taste and advancement—pencil, pen and ink, charcoal, crayon, pastel, wash, and gouache, water color, oil, etc. The methods of use of these various mediums will be explained and demonstrated.

COMPOSITIONS will be criticised every Monday. Methods of reproduction and the advantage, or disadvantages of technical qualities will be dealt with. No previous experience will be required; the aim of the instructors will be to adapt the criticism in every case to the personal needs and advancement of the student.

MR. RAE SLOAN BREDIN, of New York, will again have charge of the classes. Mr. Bredin is a young illustrator and painter of ability, and has to an exceptional degree the faculty of imparting his knowledge which has made him most successful in this branch of his work and has won for him an enviable reputation as a teacher. Besides substituting for Wm. M. Chase at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, he has been an instructor at the Chase Shinnecock Summer School, the New York School of Art, (Chase's), the Va. School of Art, and for three years director of the New Jersey School of Art.

GOOD BOARD can be obtained as low as $15.00, the best at $25.00 per month. Table board $11.50 to $16.50; arrangements should be made as soon as possible. A list of houses will be sent upon application.

SPECIAL FEATURES

A SCHOLARSHIP for the season 1906-1907 is offered by the New York School of Art (Chase's) to the student doing the best of all 'round work during the summer. Only those students who are full members of the class for at least eight weeks will be eligible to compete for the Scholarship. The value of the Scholarship is $75.00.

A prize will be awarded by the school for the best drawing made during the term.

CONDITIONS

All drawings in this contest must be submitted by June 10th, and to Mr. Graham Coates's Studio, 604-1947, Broadway, New York.

Also all contestants must send with their drawing a certificate signed by the Business Manager of this paper.

If you are interested, fill out this coupon and a certificate will be mailed you. This offer is not limited to residents of Richmond; any one in Virginia, West Virginia, or North Carolina can enter.

To The Times-Dispatch, Richmond, Va.:

I desire to submit a drawing in the Art Scholarship Contest. Please send me a certificate. I have never attended the Va. Summer School of Art.

Sign .....

P. O. .....

State .....

COMPLETE MONUMENT.

Davis Memorial Will Be Sent North to Be Cast in Bronze.

The eight-foot figure of President Jefferson Davis has been practically completed by Mr. E. V. Valentine, and next week it will be shipped North to the foundry, where it will be cast into bronze. A seven-foot allegorical figure is to follow later.

The Davis Monument will be unveiled June 3, 1907. The ceremonies will take place in this city during the great Confederate Reunion, which will probably be the largest ever held.

Appearances are deceitful, because you never know how much it is going to cost to keep them up.