

The Times-Dispatch

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HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

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MONDAY, SEPTEMBER 16, 1937.

Going Out of Town?

Subscribers who leave the city temporarily should have The Times-Dispatch mailed them. Addresses will be changed as often as requested.

Ab, young heroes, safe in immortal youth as those of Homer, you at least carried your ideal hence untroubled! It is locked for you beyond death or ruin in the treasure chamber of Death-Lovelil.

WHY THE NORTH POLE STILL WAITS FOR WALTER.

Walter Wellman's abandonment of his so-called dash for the Pole is rapidly reaching the distinction of an annual feature. Along about May the proceedings begin. In that pleasant season of the year, Walter hops up on some port with a horrid, Scandinavianish name, Tromsøe and Tromhøim, we believe, being among his favorites.

Everything is going magnificently. Preparations are being rushed forward at astonishing speed. The start is to be made in six weeks. No expedition was ever better fitted out or more certain of success.

Then in July—and this, maybe, is where Spitzbergen comes in—appears the first rift within the lute. Something goes wrong. The ton of pemican fails to show up; the Arctic dogs sicken and die; the food for the cache is embezzled in transit; the ship's doctor elopes with the ship's cook.

Then in August—the "troubles"—all duly cabed at great expense—largely increase. There is, nearly always, "a long run of misfortunes." Serious things happen. The third assistant scullion falls overboard and is eaten by whales; the pemican, arrived by this time, turns out to be the notorious '98 model, unfit for Arctic work.

Then in September comes the sharp, sudden and disastrous climax which we had all been anticipating since May. The airship, sent up on her trial trip, behaves scandalously, turns four somersaults at an elevation (hastily computed by Walter) of 691 metres, and blows her fibrous six miles deep into Spitzbergen. All, of course, is over. Mr. Wellman, lies himself back to Tromsøe and solemnly announces, as we read in the daily press of September 13th, that his annual almost-trip to the Pole has been "definitely abandoned for this year."

A single-minded, earnest and intelligent attempt at exploration is worthy of all serious men's respect. But, really, have Mr. Wellman's performances the right to be considered as such? Could he not profit, even a little, by his rather spectacular fiasco of a past year? Could he not make perfect his plans and his preparations before he fell so eagerly to blowing his horn? Must a "dash for the Pole" inevitably be a slapdash?

BRITISH SUBSIDIES.

The news from London is that the maiden trip of the Lusitania was a distinct disappointment to the British government; for it is known to our American readers that the government is a partner with the Cunard Steamship Company, in order to encourage the building of an English ship that would break the world's best record.

Several days have now elapsed since Mr. Longworth gave the cue for somebody to come forward and for another nomination for his always popular father-in-law, Perchance John Temple Graves sleepeth.

"Prunes are worth \$30 a ton in California," says the Nashville American. Star-boarders will trust that this high all self-respecting prunes to remain in California.

Charleston has got a baseball penant, and the News and Courier of that

York Tribune, according to plans and specifications prepared, or, at least, revised and approved by it, and with a fund of \$1,000,000 appropriated for the purpose out of the British exchequer in the form of a nominal loan at 2-3-4 per cent. interest, to be repaid in twenty yearly portions and secured by a mortgage on the entire Cunard fleet. The loan is, however, practically a gift, for the ships are so heavily subsidized that the yearly subsidy will more than cover the payments on the loan and will, in addition, go far toward paying the interest on it at the outset when it is largest. Thus, while the yearly installment on the loan will be \$550,000, the two ships are to have a yearly subsidy of \$750,000. In addition, they are to receive from "the government the lump sum of \$3,000,000 for carrying the mails.

Under the compact, the government has the option of hiring or purchasing at any time any or all vessels of the Cunard fleet. The company cannot charter its ships to others without the government's permission, nor raise freight rates unduly. All directors and important officers of the company must be British subjects, and all shares of the company's stock must be held and controlled by British subjects. Moreover, three-fourths of the crews on all Cunard steamers must be British subjects, and on the four big ships all the officers and at least half the men must be members of the Naval Reserve, under penalty of \$50 a head for the deficiency.

There be those in America who advocate a similar policy for the United States, and we may come to ship subsidies after we are older and more settled, but we could not do so now without jobbery and favoritism.

ROTHA'S GIFT TO KING EDWARD. Gratiified by the flattering cordiality with which the British nation not long ago received him, General Botha has reciprocated with a little present of a diamond to King Edward. It is not an ordinary diamond at all. It is a gem with a name, the Cullinan, accidentally picked up two years ago in the Rand. It is also a gem with certain claims to distinction.

The Koh-i-Noor, doubtless the most famous stone in the world, weighs a rare 105 carats. The Regent, of the crown jewels of France, weighs but 126. The Orloff, the magnificent diamond of the Czars and Czarinas, weighs no more than 193. In point of size, none of these is to be mentioned in the same week with the Cullinan, which weighs one and three-quarter pounds, and is therefore nine times as large as the other three put together.

The Cullinan is worth around \$1,000,000. A three-fifths interest in it belongs to the Transvaal government, who were separated from it, apparently, with some reluctance. They seemed to feel that some \$500,000 or \$700,000 worth of diamond was worth keeping. The Johannesburg newspapers felt much the same way about it. It was all well enough for Botha to want to give his friend, His Majesty, a present, but it did seem that he ought to do it out of his own private till. Botha had been to London. He had had stovetops hats tossed skyward in his honor, had clasped the hands of England's great, had stretched his limbs under noble mahogany, had tucked, we hazard, the champagne of royalty beneath his leathern belt. But the taxpayers had only stayed at home and read about the doings in the daily papers. What did they have to do with it? However, Botha was eloquent, the government declared for the gift, seven for and five against, and Edward is to have the Cullinan.

Some day, it may be, he will appear with it, at some affair of state, set with the others in his historic crown; and then, as the moments drag themselves away, his royal head will grow aweary, his kingly scalp will cry out beneath its burden, his royal neck will bow like a reed under those pounds of diamonds, his imperial brain will wish that the Cullinan had never been born. When these things occur, the unwillingly generous tax-payers of South Africa may feel, at least, that they have not been as those without vengeance.

Newspapers would be able to work more reforms if their readers would lend a helping hand. Suppose that whenever a newspaper proposed something for the public welfare, a hundred influential citizens would each write a ten-word letter expressing their approval; and the next day a hundred more would write and keep up the bombardment for a week or more. There would be no such thing as resisting a force like that, and that is one of the chief functions of a newspaper—to crystallize and focalize public sentiment. It should be a channel of communication for all the people—the medium through which citizens speak to each other and speak as one man. If the people would but use their newspapers in this way they could have a mass-meeting and adopt resolutions every day in the year, without going to the town hall.

Publisher Seely, of the Atlanta Georgian, writes to the Birmingham News, a neat prohibition: "We trust that you will fight the fight as valiantly or more so than did the Georgian." part, we trust that the Georgian's publisher may some day master English grammar as perfectly than its distinguished editor.

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When William M. Chase was in Florence, Italy, recently he was invited by Director Feil, of the Royal Villa Gallery, to present his portrait to the famous collection of portraits of ancient and modern painters painted by themselves. He will do the work this season. The first American to be so honored was the late G. P. A. Healy, and the second was John S. Sargent.

One of the best known and most highly respected men in our Hawaiian possessions is the Rev. Henry B. Restarick, the first American Protestant Episcopal bishop of Honolulu. The esteem in which he is held was attested recently by a brilliant and largely attended reception given him and his wife on the occasion of their silver wedding anniversary.

Poor Material. Farmer Hay—Make much out of your summer boarder? Farmer Skimb—No-o-o, can't brag that I did. Skimb from certain remarks I overheard "em make on different occasions. All I made out of 'em was thirty-three cents' snuff, and about twenty nervous wrecks—Duck.

The Albany. Bill—Before launching into matrimony a man should always count the cost. Jill—But how can he tell how much matrimony is going to allow?—Yonkers Statesman.

LADY RUBY ELLIOT, WHO WILL WED LORD ERRINGTON



LONDON, September 15.—Society is greatly interested in the coming marriage of Lady Ruby Elliot, the second daughter of Lord Minto, and Viscount Errington, son and heir of Lord Cromer. The two fathers are among the most famous peers in England.

Lady Ruby has been very popular in Canada, where Lord Minto was Governor-General; he had seen her in a Viceroys, and in home society. She is twenty-one years old and a great beauty. Her father is just thirty years old. Viscount Errington is a son of Lord Cromer by his first wife. He has been much with the famous father in Egypt, where the enormous irrigation projects along the Nile were begun under Lord Cromer's direction. For some time the young nobleman was attache at the British embassy at Teheran.

POEMS YOU OUGHT TO KNOW

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

To Meadows

BY ROBERT HERRICK. Ye have been fresh and green, Ye have been filled with flowers, And ye the walks have been Where maids have spent their hours.

This series began in The Times-Dispatch Oct. 11, 1933. One is published each day.

I Weren't No Slave. (Written for The Times-Dispatch.) I didn't even no what slavery meant Till arter you had cum an' went An' sot me free.

I wasn't no slave; I was jes free ter go or cum. His yer might be in yer own hum. An' so yer see. Hit weren't no use ter turn me loose An' mek er slave uv me.

I wasn't no slave; I was er chile, playin' in de sun. I wid no cares; when mur wuk was dun, I was er free. Luk er me squar; hey, yer bin far' Mekin' er slave uv me?

I wasn't no slave; Till arter de grass was dum turned red. Wid de blue my folks proudly shed. An' den I seed dat bein' freed Hed me er mek er slave uv me. H. T. HARRISON

Merely Joking. Nautical. Winks—That medical gentleman hovering over the bar reminds me so of my nautical experience. Dinks—Because he is half nose over? Winks—No, no; not so crude as that. Because the bartender is putting the soberer into the dry dock.—Judge.

The Money. "Don't I give you all the money you need?" her husband complained. "Yes," she replied, "but you told me before we were married that you would give me all I wanted."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Happy Boy. Kindly Old—Don't all those papers make you tired, my boy? Little Boy—No, I doesn't read 'em, out—Punch.

British Joke. "What was it the sabbie stole?" inquired a darning correspondent. It comes to that. "What did the fur collar?"—London Opinion.

Second Sight. "Tom—It was a case of love at first sight with me. Jack—Then why didn't you marry her? Tom—Oh, I saw her again on several occasions."—Chicago Daily News.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

ANNOUNCEMENT has just been made of the engagement of Mrs. Jeanne McDaniel Welch to Mr. William Robertson Johnston, the wedding to take place early in October. Mrs. Welch is one of the most popular young matrons of Richmond, and Mr. Johnston is prominent in the business and social life of the city.

Mr. Johnston was born in Charlotte, N. C., and is the son of the late Colonel William Johnston, at whose house in Charlotte President Jefferson Davis took refuge after the evacuation of Richmond.

While there President Davis learned of the assassination of President Lincoln, and expressed his horror and grief to the President. Mrs. Welch is connected with many of the prominent families of Virginia. Mrs. Swanson Returns.

Mrs. Swanson has returned from Norfolk, and will enjoy a few days of rest at the McDaniel mansion before fresh social duties call her and the Governor again to Jamestown.

Mrs. Swanson reports the September season as filled with gaiety at the exposition, and considers the receptions of last week among the handsomest and most attractive yet given.

At the last entertainment, given on Thursday evening, September 12th, at the Virginia Building, decorations in roses were exquisite, the hall having American Beauties, the drawing-rooms pink, and the white of the dining-room being relieved by the glowing red of Richmond roses.

Beautiful hand-painted shields draped over the Governor's flags were festooned with ropes of Southern smilax, and the delicate tracery of asparagus ferns brought out to full advantage the La France tints which they framed.

The building was brilliantly illuminated, and the company assembled to do honor to Maryland Day was representative to a degree. Saunders—Hughes.

Mr. and Mrs. F. M. White announce the approaching marriage of their daughter, Naunne Lee Hughes, to Mr. C. Gibson Saunders, the wedding to be celebrated Wednesday, September 15th, at Waynesboro, Va.

To Take Northern Trip. Mr. and Mrs. William L. Royall will leave for a Northern trip of several weeks. They will go to Philadelphia and Atlantic City, later to New York City, and thence up the Hudson River to West Point.

En Route to Saranac. Mr. and Mrs. Edward McCornick Green of Vano, Va., stopped in Baltimore last week en route to Saranac Lake, Niagara and other Northern points of interest.

Mr. and Mrs. Eugene will visit the Jamestown Exposition before returning to their country home in the mountains of Virginia. Birthday Entertainment.

Mrs. Alma E. Dillon gave a charming birthday entertainment last week in honor of her daughter Grace. The parlors and dining-room were beautifully decorated with palms and cut flowers.

Vocal and instrumental selections were greatly enjoyed by all present, and after indulging in various games and other amusements, the entire party repaired to the dining-room, where refreshments were served. The popularity of Miss Grace was attested by the large number of beautiful presents she received. Each guest returned "many happy returns" of the day.

Miss Duke Complimented. Miss Mary Duke, the daughter of Judge Duke, of Charlottesville, Va., who has been visiting Miss DeWitt, of Erie, Pa., was the guest of honor at an entertainment given by Miss DeWitt at the Kanawha Country Club last week.

A luncheon was followed by a large bridge party, at which handsome prizes were given. The decorations at the luncheon and all the details rendered this a very smart affair, indeed. Miss Duke is well known in Richmond.

Personal Mention. Mrs. Ellen Perrin has returned to her home, No. 318 East Grace Street, after a delightful summer spent at the country home of Colonel and Mrs. Eugene Massie, in Albemarle county.

Mrs. William Gray has been the guest in Lexington, Va., of Miss Maude Gunther, her cousin. Dr. Manfred Call, who has been absent from the city for the past three weeks, has returned.

Mrs. William E. Wood, Mrs. H. M. Godfrey, Miss Mrs. Godfrey and Mrs. H. H. Godfrey, spending the week at the Jamestown Exposition. They are accompanied by Misses Mamie and Mabel Rock, of East Radford, Va.

The Flowers and Maxine

By C. N. and A. M. Williamson Copyright 1907 by the Authors

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.

Lisa Drummond, an unlovely American, practically declares her love to Ivor Dundas, only to learn that he is in love with her half-sister, Diana Forrest. Without being seen Lisa overheard a conversation in which the Foreign Secretary offers Dundas a mission to Paris to carry an important package to Mademoiselle Maxine de Renzies, a noted French actress, who is a British political spy. As Maxine had a flirtation with Maxine it was supposed that the true object of his visit would not be guessed.

Acting under the advice of Lisa, Diana goes to the depot and meets Dundas as he is about to take the train. Dundas feels that he cannot explain why he is going to Paris, but admits that he will see Maxine in Paris, and that he tells him that if he sees Maxine he need never return to her. Dundas forces his way into a reserved apartment with three strangers, and paid little attention to them, for his thoughts were with Diana. As the train pulled out, Dundas was being held to keep away from the crowd and to watch his fellow travelers. In the hurry to get aboard the small man threw his bag around Dundas. But the case seems still safe in his breast pocket.

Proceedings at once to his hotel in Paris. There he was almost with his selfish pride in me—my big handsome lover, looking more like the Apollo Belvedere come alive and dressed in modern clothes than like an ordinary diplomatic young man from the Foreign Office. There he was almost with his selfish pride in me—my big handsome lover, looking more like the Apollo Belvedere come alive and dressed in modern clothes than like an ordinary diplomatic young man from the Foreign Office.

There were people about, and we spoke like mere acquaintances until I'd got Raoul into the I've boudoir which I had reserved for myself. Then—well, we spoke no longer like mere acquaintances. That is enough to say. And we had five minutes together, before I was obliged to send him away, and go to dress for the evening.

The touch of Raoul's hands, and those lips of his that are not cold, gave me strength to go through all that was yet to come. There's something almost magical in the touch—just a little, little touch—of the one we love. It's a touch that makes us forget everything else, even if it were death itself waiting just round the corner. I've flirted with more than one man, sometimes because I liked him and it amused me—as with Ivor Dundas—sometimes because I had to win him for my father's sake. But never was that blessed feeling until I met Raoul du Laurier. It was a heavenly rest now to lay my head for a minute on his shoulder, just shutting my eyes without speaking a word.

"Collapsing" is an exaggeration perhaps, laughed Lady Mountstuart. "But instead of looking as standing here, come up to our sitting room, have a little talk—and whiskey and soda." "Yes, do come, Dundas," her husband added.

"Thank you both," I stammered, trying not to look embarrassed. "But I know you're all tired, and—" "And perhaps you have some nice engagement," piped Lisa.

"It's too late for respectable British young men to have engagements in August," said Lady Mountstuart, laughing again (she looked so handsome when she laughs, and knows it). "Isn't that true, Mr. Dundas?" "It depends upon the engagement," I managed to smile calmly. But then, as Diana suddenly turned and looked straight at me with an earnest, almost the blood sprang up to my face. I began to stammer again like a young ass of a schoolboy. "I'm afraid that I—er—the fact is I am engaged. A matter of business, I wish I could get out of it, but I can't. I must have to run off, or I will be late. Good-by—good-by." Then I mumbled something about hoping to see them again before they left Paris, and escaped, knowing that I had made a horrid mess of it.

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Now was Lord Robert's time to propose—now, when she believed me faithless and unworthy—if he but knew it. And I was afraid that he would know it.

I got out into the open air, feeling half dazed as one of the under porters called me a cab. I gave the name of a street in the direction, but at some distance from Maxine's, lest ears should hear which ought not to hear; and it was only when we were well away from the hotel that I amended my first instructions. Even then, I mentioned the street leading into the one where I was due, not the street itself.

"Depechevous," I added, for I had delayed a night or two in making up my mind, and I had wasted the exactness of my calculations. The man obeyed; nevertheless, instead of reaching the top of Maxine's street at two or three minutes before twelve, as I had intended, it was nearly ten minutes past when I got out of my cab at the corner; and when I came to the gate of the house, a clock somewhere was striking the quarter hour after midnight.

Maxine De Renzies' Part. CHAPTER VIII. Maxine Acts On the Stage and Off. How I got through the play on that awful night, I don't know.

When I went onto the stage to take up my cue, soon after the beginning of the first act, my brain was blank. I could not remember a single line that I had to say. I couldn't even see through the dazzling mist which I had before my eyes, to recognize Raoul in the box where I knew he would be sitting. Unless—something had happened. But presently I was conscious of one pair of hands clapping more than all the rest. Yes, Raoul was there. I felt his love reaching out to me and warming my chilled nerves like a sun through shadows. I must not fail, for his sake, I must not fail. I never had failed, and I would not now—above all, not now.

It was the thought of Raoul that gave me back my courage, and though I couldn't have said one word of my part before I came on the stage to answer that first cue, by the time the applause had died down enough to let me speak, each line seemed to spring into my mind as it was needed. Then I got out of myself and into the part as I always do, but had feared not to do tonight. The audience was lined to play with as I liked, to make laugh.

What can be more terrible for a woman than the secret knowledge that to man that in her respect, she must always keep one black spot covered from his eyes? Such a woman needs no future punishment. She has all she deserves in this world. My punishment had begun, and it took me away from Raoul, and it took me away from Raoul. I knew that if no great disaster came into the heart of my happiness would come the thought of that black hidden spot; how often, oh how often, would I feel it still!

It was true, I knew. I could see it in his eyes, hear it in his voice. Since his dreadful misfortune in losing his diamonds, since I had consented to marry him, he had been in me the angel of his salvation. To-night his heart was almost breaking with love for me, who so ill deserved it. Now, if I would take a single step away from him, he would make him who so ill deserved it. Now, if I would take a single step away from him, he would make him who so ill deserved it. Now, if I would take a single step away from him, he would make him who so ill deserved it.

(To be Continued to-morrow.)