The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office .....916 E. Main Street.
Washington Bureau..326-7 Munsey Building.
Manchester Bureau .....1102 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau .....40 N. Sycamore St.
Lynchburg Bureau .....215 Eighth St.

BY MAIL, POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo.
Daily with Sunday...$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	55	
Daily without Sunday 4.00	2.00	1.00	.35	
Sunday edition only.. 2.00	1.00	.50	.25	
Weekly (Wednesday), 1.00	.50	.25	..	

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—

	One Week.	One Year.
Daily with Sunday.....14 cents	$6.50	
Daily without Sunday..10 cents	4.50	
Sunday only ..... 5 cents	2.30	

(Yearly subscriptions payable in advance.)

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va. as second-class matter, under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

HOW TO CALL TIMES-DISPATCH.

Persons wishing to communicate with The Times-Dispatch by telephone will ask central for "4041," and on being answered from the office switchboard, will indicate the department or person with whom they wish to speak.

When calling between 6 A. M. and 9 A. M., call to central office direct for 4041 composing-room; 4042, business office; 4043, for mailing and press-rooms.

THURSDAY, JANUARY 2, 1908.

A human heart can never grow old, if it takes a lively interest in the pairing of birds, the reproduction of flowers and the changing tints of autumn. Nature, unlike other friends, has an exhaustless meaning, which one sees and hears more distinctly the more he is enamored of her. Blessed are they who hear it; for through tones come the most inward perceptions of the spirit. Into the ear of the soul which reverently listens Nature whispers, speaks or warbles, most heavenly arcana.—Lydia Maria Child.

WHY LET HIM RESIGN?

Why should Inspector William F. Ruskell be allowed to resign? Serious charges have been brought against him, and his resignation should not be accepted until the committee shall have completed its investigation.

Mr. Ruskell may be innocent of any intentional wrongdoing, but if so he owes it to himself to remain at his post, assist the committee in its inquiries and place the blame where it belongs. He has already said, according to a published report, that some of the contractors had "done him." If so, he should hold his place and expose them. He can certainly do his cause no good by retiring under fire, and if he insists on resigning, the committee should restrain him.

There is something wrong, radically wrong, in these transactions. If the several measurements had varied only 5 per cent., one way and the other, there would be no ground for suspicion. But when the discrepancies run up to 50 per cent. and more, and are all in favor of the contractors, the conclusion that there has been crooked work somewhere is irresistible.

And just here it seems pertinent to inquire why these false measurements were never discovered until a member of the Council took the task upon himself?

Go down deeper, gentlemen of the committee, and dig out all the facts. In the meantime, hold on to Mr. Ruskell, for he is a most important witness.

HELP VIRGINIA TROOPS.

The Times-Dispatch is gratified to note the interest that has been awakened by its article in last Monday's paper on the request of the Virginia military for a larger appropriation. The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot has taken up this question, and in a very able and instructive editorial has set out the obvious advantages, and indeed the absolute necessity, of encouraging and protecting our military. The News Leader has followed the Virginian-Pilot's editorial to much the same effect, and likewise lays stress on the invaluable services rendered by the military. Says the News Leader: "The value of a well-equipped, well-drilled and well-officered citizen soldiery cannot be overestimated, and indeed must be blind and the prey of a consuming selfishness those who oppose the stimulation of the military spirit." Neither of these able journals, however, have referred to the striking comparison made by The Times-Dispatch of last Monday between the allowances made the militia of Virginia and those made in other States. Virginia only gives her citizen soldiery $15,000, while Connecticut gives $150,000, Georgia $25,000, Illinois $328,000, Louisiana $31,900, Maryland $60,000, Massachusetts $468,000, little Rhode Island $62,000 and Tennessee $20,000. Without giving further examples, it is sufficient to say that for twenty-five States, which include every State on the Atlantic seaboard, on the Gulf, and most of the Central Western States, the annual average is $126,930 per State, which is $111,930 above the amount given by Virginia.

As Dr. Alderman has so well said, "money is the measure of power," and when we apply this measure, it is seen how relatively weak is the militia of Virginia. Despite this lack of support, however, the citizen soldiers of Virginia have accomplished wonders. In all except three or four cities the companies have been without armories, and have, therefore, been forced to rent such rooms as they could for drilling. They have also furnished their uniforms at their own expense, have not had the opportunity of practice on a State rifle range, and have had none of the advantages or inducements held out to them which have gone so far towards the stimulating interest among the citizens of other States in military service. Despite all this, whenever there has been need of men to quell riots, to uphold the law and to protect property, our State militia has been found ready, willing, self-sacrificing and sufficient.

Such spirit is an asset that the State should at all hazards foster and conserve. As both the News Leader and the Virginian-Pilot very wisely point out, there will be no lack of worthy objects demanding part of the expected surplus; but when the amount asked is considered, there is perhaps none that is more deserving than that of the militia of this State for means to fit themselves to better serve their fellow-citizens.

A WORD FROM NORFOLK.

In another column The Times-Dispatch reproduces and calls special attention to a striking article from the Virginian-Pilot on government by commission. This article is of unusual value, because it comes from a city that has tried the hybrid form of government which it is now proposed to give Richmond. From the outset The Times-Dispatch has insisted upon the inherent inadequacy of councilmanic government for modern municipalities. Every day the citizens of Richmond have brought to their attention the radical weakness of our present system of administration. The Times-Dispatch has not failed to point out for some years these defects, and to urge upon the citizens of Richmond the need of securing at the earliest possible moment a harmonious, co-ordinated, efficient and responsible government, such, for example, as is now in force in Galveston and Dallas, Texas, and Des Moines, Iowa. The obstacle in the way of this very obvious and desirable change is the Constitution of the State of Virginia, which gives certain inalienable rights to city councils, and requires that cities be divided into wards, and in a large measure governed by councilmen elected from these wards. This provision of the Constitution is an absolute prohibition on the simple, clear-cut and effective methods of city government that have been tried elsewhere.

Furthermore, the difficulties in the way of getting a constitutional amendment are so great that it will require a long and tedious course to gain for Richmond permission to have a government on the Texas plan, even if it was desired. In the meantime every thoughtful citizen will do well to consider how far and to what extent the real interest of this city will be furthered by adding a wheel to machinery that is already complicated beyond all reason. The proposed ordinance for a Board of Control would doubtless be an excellent suggestion if the Council were out of the way, but, as the Council is here and cannot be moved, it is by no means clear that the creation of more red tape will settle the difficulties which now hamper proper administration of Richmond's affairs.

MRS. ATHERTON ON MODERN CRITICISM.

Probably Mrs. Gertrude Atherton knows as many things that are not so as do most men and women in this world. Futhermore, she likes to tell what she knows, and has the knack of doing so in sufficiently striking English. Most people to whom she has addressed herself doubtless remember her afterwards, as, for instance, the editor of London Times, whom she recently told to go to the Devil. This time the lady from California is after another editor, and, we are relieved to note, more civilly. Mr. Howells is her quarry now. Mrs. Atherton says that Howells is the master of a school in novel-writing and criticism which "exalts the miniature and condemns the broad sweep of impressionism in art"—whatever that may be. This school, in her opinion, has made itself supreme in America, and now rules the roost. "The critics and the publishers are positively frightened at anything new," she says. "This literary snobbery is especially prevalent in New York, where the 'safe and sane' Howells tradition is really quite ludicrous."

The reader may infer that the safe and sane Howells tradition has worked out in reviews not favorable to the Atherton output, but that may not be the case at all. It is certainly true that Mr. Howells is at the head of a school which "exalts the miniature." It is probably true that the ideas of this school are pushed too far in New York, where the dreary work of such "vignetters" as Professor Brander Matthews and the late Charles Dudley Warner has met with high acclaim. But otherwise Mrs. Atherton sees through a glass darkly. There is no "literary tyranny" in the United States, no conspiracy of dullness on the part of anybody. Critics, with a few possibly over-refined exceptions, are not "positively frightened at anything new." Neither are publishers. On the contrary, if what they print furnishes any criterion, they welcome the new with open arms and cries of joy. Of course realism, "the broad sweep of impressionism in art," must make good exactly as the work of the lapidary in art must. But when it does, averted faces are few. Freshness, red blood, vigor, please everybody, now and always. How would Mrs. Atherton account for the wide success of such a very stark performance as Mr. Jack London's "The Sea-Wolf"?

"WALL STREET WAYS."

Several days ago it was announced in New York that various plants of the United States Steel Corporation which had been idle would resume operations early in the new year. These statements were innocently published by many reputable newspapers as signs of resumed activity in the industrial world. But the authorities of the steel corporation now declare that the rumors are false, and one of the New York financial writers says that it is suspected that the false stories were set afloat from Wall Street for the purpose of allowing certain speculators to put out "short" stock at as high a price as possible.

Such practices cannot be characterized in terms too severe, and they are so prevalent in Wall Street that every rumor—good, bad or indifferent—which is known to proceed from that source is discredited by all but the most guileless tyros. Yet every now and then a Wall Street organ ruffles its feathers and puts up a show of righteous indignation because the jobbers of that region are denounced for their trickery, their thrifty lying and their unscrupulous methods. There are honest men in the Wall Street district—as many in proportion, perhaps, as there are in other such environments—but Wall Street is also the resort of many conscienceless rascals, whose god is money, whose trade is trickery, and whose ways are those of the shell-game faker. It is these men who have brought disgrace upon "The Street" and made it a reproach and a by-word in the nation.

It is high time for the decent men of Wall Street to face the facts, to separate themselves from the tricksters, to expose and denounce them whenever their rascality is detected, and to make it so hot for them that they will be compelled to reform or sneak away. New York is the great financial centre of the nation, and Wall Street is its rallying place. It is the clearing house for the financial, commercial and industrial activities of the United States, and it has been and is the handmaiden of development. It has done much that is good, but it should do more. It should set a high standard for morality in trade and finance. It should make for itself such a character as would inspire confidence in every statement given out, and especially in every enterprise bearing its stamp. If Wall Street would but establish for itself such a reputation at home and abroad, it would exert a wholesome influence upon the financial affairs of the entire country, and it would make more money than it can possibly make by double-dealing and sharp practices. It is most important, too, that it should pursue that course, for there can be no permanent success anywhere that is not bottomed on truth and honest dealing.

The Times-Dispatch this morning, criticizing Secretary Taft's speech at Boston, shifts its ground and changes the issue curiously. This esteemed contemporary, as we understood it, has been trying all the while to prove that the financial disturbance was caused by President Roosevelt and the action of various State Legislatures and corporation commissions.—Richmond News Leader.

Not so. The Times-Dispatch has held, and still holds, that the President's inflamatory speeches and spectacular prosecutions were contributory causes, which is scarcely more than Mr. Roosevelt has admitted.

The New York marrying man who has just buried his fourteenth wife might do well to open negotiations with the permanent widow squad of Texas, who will gratefully guarantee to stay put.

Of course it is too late to do anything about it, but Admiral Brownson has at least one quality which would have shone like a beacon in the make-up of Thomas C. Platt.

A court decision once established the fact that, as Governor of Arkansas, Jay Davis could be slugged by the public at $1.00 per slug. Doubtless higher rates obtain, however, since Jay got the advertising.

Inasmuch as the Thaw performance will reopen next Monday, we take it for granted that the pretty little leading lady is now engaged on her last few dress rehearsals.

It becomes our painful duty to report that the magnificent Richmond water-wagon lost a number of new patrons between the hours of 8 and 12 last night.

Upon invitation from our contemporaries we are ready to make book that Mr. Henry Reuterdahl will never be Secretary of the Navy.

Only Presidents have the privilege of rekilling their tame little canebrake bears in the high-priced magazines.

Now for a week or so of discussion as to whether 1908 is easier to write than 1907, and, if so, why.

What's the matter with William J. Bryan and William J. Bryan for the Democratic ticket in 1908?

Also it was just San Francisco's hanged luck that the Rev. Cooke should have turned up there.

One blessing about the national party convention is that it puts the padlock on the boom-factories.

Meantime, Joe Cannon is preparing to reassemble.

Rhymes for To-Day

BARDS' HOLIDAYS.

THE pressbard's so-called holiday
is not a very jolly day:
It's oft a melancholy day, and
never knows a lark;
For while you, readers, leisure it and
loll around and pleasure it,
He has to sit and measure it in
verses till it's dark.

Aye, while all others mollify and
recreate and jollify,
Or while they rest and qualify a new
year's load to tote,
The bard must sit and grind it out and
spin it out and wind it out—
And few there be that find it out by
conning what he's wrote.

For stevedores and tailormen and
cooks and slaves and sailormen
And burglarmen and jailormen
there're holidays, begob;
But NOT for them who pursify with
so much space to versify—
No, few would give a curse if I kept
ALWAYS on the job.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

The Seats Were Safe.

"It would please me mightily, Miss Stout," said Mr. Mugley, "to have you go to the theatre with me this evening."

"Have you secured the seats?" asked Miss Vera Stout.

"Oh! come now," he protested; "you're not so heavy as all that."—The Catholic Standard and Times.

The Finish.

"But," persisted the automobile salesman, "consider the finish."

"I prefer," hastened the hesitating purchaser, "not to think about that."—Short Stories.

Literary Requirements.

"Think of what the historians will say about you," said the idealist.

"Nonsense," answered Senator Sorghum busily. "I don't want any historian. What I want is a press agent."—Washington Star.

Fragment of History.

Burgoyne had surrendered to General Gates at Saratoga.

"I'm a pretty sore mutt, all right," he confided to his chief of staff. "Gates has not only put me on the bum, but I understand he has won a million he bet on this scrap."

For, being new to the country, the general had got his Gateses mixed.—Chicago Tribune.

"Line's Busy."

"What are you laughing about?" asked the inquisitive pigeon.

"My feet tickle," chuckled the sparrow on the overhead wire.

"What tickled them?"

"Some fellow is sending his best girl a dozen kisses over the telephone."—Chicago News.

Forced Reform.

"I judge that young Golt is broke."

"What makes you think that?"

"Because he says he is on the mend."—Baltimore American.

Her Noble Record.

"Did your last cook turn out well?"

"Oh, finely! We were with her only one day, but she baked enough things to last a week."—Harper's Bazar.

Hard Dodging.

Bill: "Do you find it hard to dodge that bill collector now?"

Jill: "Sure; harder than ever. He goes about in an automobile, you know."—Yonkers Statesman.

THE PARAGRAPHERS' UNION.

Bristol Paper's Pertinent Remarks On Receipt of Membership Card.

THE Herald-Courier has received, with the compliments of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, a handsome certificate of membership in the Paragraphers' Union. The certificate, which is printed in two colors on a large card, is signed, for the union, by our Richmond contemporary, in conjunction with the New York Evening Mail and the Houston Post. It is suitable for framing, and has been elegantly framed and conspicuously executed just above the paragrapher's desk, where it will serve as a constant warning and inspiration. . . . .

There was a demand for this organization and it may be expected to increase in membership as fast as the paragraphers of the country can make up their minds to let bygones be bygones, at least so far as jests and pleasantries are concerned, or to get a writ of separation from the scissors and pastepot. In other words, when a paragrapher resolves that he will pull out of the old rut and ceases to serve his readers rehash every day; and more, that he will not only endeavor to say something new every time he says anything, but that he will try to say it before the other fellow does, he is eligible to membership in the union. May his name be legion! The more the merrier. The greater the membership of the union, the larger the number of paragraphers who will be watching each other for infractions of rules and violations of obligations, and unless the reading world will hear what it has heard so often before, with slight changes and variations.

It will probably be a little difficult for the members of the union to live up strictly and religiously to the high ideals of the organization. No doubt there will be some burning of the midnight candle, at least for a time; but the game will be worth it, not only to the reading public, but to the paragraphers themselves. It will teach them a greater degree of self-reliance, and will contribute largely to the development of their originality.—Bristol Herald-Courier.

Noon of Night.

Slumber holds the circling land,
Fills the moon's great drinking horn
Held in the Almighty's hand;
Sounds alone one brook, hill-born;
Harvest guards, a seraph band,
Wander, shining through the corn.
—December Transatlantic Tales. Translated by Sinclair Lewis.

Famous Words of Famous Men.

"The Schoolmaster is Abroad."
—LORD BROUGHAM, January 28, 1828.

Henry Brougham, born 1779, entered Parliament in 1810. He was Lord Chancellor in 1830, when he was raised to the peerage under the title of Baron Brougham and Vaux. Lord Brougham retired from public life in 1834, and died in 1868. He was a versatile and accomplished Englishman, as well as egotistic and pedantic in his speeches and in his deportment among his fellows.

Of the cabinet of 1830-34, when he was Lord Chancellor, Brougham said: "The Whigs are all ciphers. I am the only unit in the cabinet that gives a value to them."

On Brougham's elevation to the woolsack, Daniel O'Connell declared: "If Brougham knew a little law he would know a little of everything." Samuel Rogers, seeing the Lord Chancellor drive away from a country house said: "There go Solon, Lycurgus, Demosthenes, Archimedes, Sir Isaac Newton, Lord Chesterfield and a great many others in one postchaise." It remained for Sydney Smith to make the sharpest criticism on the personal manners of Lord Brougham. He once saw the Chancellor in his own carriage, on the panels of which was the letter "B." "There goes a carriage," said Smith, "with a 'B' outside and a wasp inside."

In his speech in the House of Commons on January 28, 1828, on the address from the crown, Brougham severely referred to the commander-in-chief of the army, the Duke of Wellington, who was also the Prime Minister and the head of the government. While he seemed to consider the presence of the conqueror of Napoleon at Waterloo in the chief councils of the King, a harmless state of affairs, Brougham nevertheless argued against the practice of putting military men in the high civic places in the government. This objection, in substance, was the theme of the speech, and the quoted paragraph below, which a current report said was received with cheers and laughter, was a very fitting climax to Brougham's notable effort:

"The country sometimes heard with dismay that the soldier was abroad. Now there is another person abroad—a less important person—in the eyes of some an insignificant person—whose labors had tended to produce this state of things. The schoolmaster is abroad! And I trust more to the schoolmaster, armed with his primer, than to the soldier in full military array, for upholding and extending the liberties of my country."

H. Brougham

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

A PLEASANT social event of yesterday was the tea and reception given in the afternoon by Miss Mary Saunders in honor of her house guest, Miss Cornelia Burton, daughter of Bishop Burton, of Lexington, Ky.

The Saunders home, No. 604 West Franklin Street, was prettily decorated with Christmas evergreens, holly and mistletoe, showing the holiday colors and carrying out the holiday idea.

In the dining-room the crimson and green of poinsettas made lovely table adornment.

Miss Saunders received with Miss Burton and was assited by Miss Rosalie Valentine, Miss Charlotte Bemiss, Miss Nora Randolph, Miss Delia Davenport, Miss Gay Montague, Miss Gwendolyn Rutherfoord, Miss Nancy Patton Miss Frances Wheat and Miss Elizabeth Hargrave.

Fruit punch was served during reception hours, the punch bowl being presided over by Miss Annie Barnes and Miss Lola Brown.

All the young world of fashion was present to wish Miss Saunders "Happy Year" and be introduced to Miss Burton. Miss Saunders acquitted herself with great distinction as a hostess. She will give a dance at Hermitage Golf Club this evening that will be largely and happily attended.

New Year Open House.

The social clubs of Richmond signalized the beginning of 1908 by keeping open house yesterday and dispensing hospitality in royal fashion.

After the meet of the Den Run Hunt Club the hunt breakfast at the clubhouse, with a number of society matrons and maids to bid guests welcome, was a centre of gay cordiality and good fellowship.

Later there were many dinner parties at the Westmoreland and Commonwealth clubs, where small groups of friends enjoyed the conviviality of the New Year and pledged healths in Southern egg-nog and seductive apple toddy.

New Year's Eve Dances.

At the Hermitage Golf a dance speeding the last hours of 1907 was attended by a number of young ladies and gentlemen belonging to smart society. Ball-room decorations were elaborate, and supper was served at 11 o'clock.

Miss Hilda Wainman, of West Avenue, was the hostess of a very pretty card party on New Year' Eve.

Decorations in Christmas greenery and American Beauty roses rendered parlors and dining-room most attractive. Supper was served after the game, and among Miss Wainman's guests were Misses Sarah Lee and Doris Odend'hal, of Norfolk, Va., who are spending the holidays with Miss Phoebe Cullingworth.

Miss McLean Engaged.

Of decided interest is the announcement coming from Mr. and Mrs. Donald McLean, of the engagement of their daughter, Elizabeth Maulsby, to Lieutenant William A. Dallam, Twelfth Cavalry, United States Army.

Miss McLean accompanied her mother to the State convention of the Daughters of the American Revolution held in Richmond during the autumn of 1906. An evening reception was given by the Richmond Chapters of Daughters at the Jefferson Hotel in honor of Mrs. McLean, who is president-general of the national organization. Many Richmond people met Miss McLean on that occasion and were most pleasantly impressed by her.

She is tall, has hazel eyes, brown hair and pretty complexion, and, in manner, is very frank and unaffected. She spent a good deal of time with Mrs. McLean at the Jamestown Exposition and attended many of the handsome State functions given during that time.

As a bride, Miss McLean will go to Fort Oglethorpe, Ga., where Lieutenant Dallam is now on duty.

In Miss Norfleet's Honor.

Miss Lucy Henry Wood, of Amelia, gave a card party Monday evening in honor of Miss Susie Norfleet, of Richmond, and Miss Juliet Hundley and Miss Laura Boyd, of Farmville, Va. Other guests included: Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Hardaway, Mr. R. G. Southall, Mr. J. M. Turner, Mr. Meade Berkeley, Messrs. Marshall and Garland Jefferson, of the University of Virginia. Prizes were won by Mrs. Hardaway, Mr. J. M. Turner and Mr. Jefferson.

Ainsworth—Evans.

The marriage of Miss Katherine Evans, of Roanoke, to Colonel N. D. Ainsworth, of Indian Territory, took place Tuesday at noon, in the home of the bride on Church Avenue, the Rev. W. F. Powell and the Rev. W. S. Neighbors officiating. Colonel and Mrs. Ainsworth left immediately after the ceremony for Florida. The groom owns a summer home near Troutville, Va.

The Veterans' Dinner.

Every preparation possible is being made to give the veterans at Soldiers' Home a good dinner on Friday, January 3d. Persons desiring to make a special contribution to the dinner or a special gift to an individual veteran can send the same to Mrs. N. V. Randolph, or to Mrs. J. W. White, president of Lee Camp Auxiliary.

The dinner will be preceded by an entertainment at which the members of St. Joseph's vocal class, under the direction of Miss Nina Randolph, will render a number of sweet Southern songs.

Mrs. Fearn's Lecture.

Mrs. Frances Fearn, who is to give a lecture in Jefferson Hotel auditorium to-morrow evening at 8 o'clock, on "Carmen Sylva," Queen of Roumania, will have the advantage of speaking to her hearers from the standpoint of the most intimate and affectionate relationships, for she has known and loved the gifted Roumanian Queen for twenty-two years.

Mrs. Fearn's husband, the late Walker Fearn, was minister to Greece and Roumania and Mrs. Fearn was not only brought into closest touch with court life and rulers, but had an exceptional opportunity to acquaint herself with the customs and manners and folk-lore of the Roumanian peasantry. That she is thoroughly at home in her subject will be at once realized by those who hear her to-morrow evening. Lecture tickets are for sale at the Jefferson Hotel and Pharmacy, or may be gotten at the door of the auditorium on Friday evening.

Personal Mention.

Miss Josephine Richardson, of Norfolk, Va., is the guest of Miss Archie Lee Richardson, at No. 208 East Main Street.

Miss Ellen Graham Anderson has arrived in Richmond and will spend the remainder of the winter wth her parents, Attorney-General and Mrs. William A. Anderson, at No. 414 West Franklin Street.

Mr. Thomas F. Edmunds, of Washington, D. C., is spending his holidays with relatives and friends in this city. Mr. Edmunds is connected with the Southern Division of the Associated Press, with headquarters in the national capital.

Dr. J. Mortimer Lynch, assistant-surgeon of the National Soldier's Home Hospital at Hampton Roads, is spending several days of his vacation visiting relatives and friends in Richmond.

Mrs. J. W. Lovell and Mr. E. J. Lovell are the guests of Dr. and Mrs. W. H. Saunders, in Roanoke.

Miss Elizabeth W. McGuire is spending the holidays in Danville as the guest of her brother, Mr. Woodson H. McGuire, and her sister, Mrs. J. T. Clark.

Mr. Harry Gaver, who is professor of mathematics at the Norfolk College, is visitng his parents, Mr. and Mrs. James W. Gaver, on Church Street, Berryville.

Professor Heath Dabney, of the University of Virginia, is spending the Christmas holidays at "Brook Hill."

Mr. H. A. Southall has returned to Chatham, after a successful hospital treatment in Richmond.

The many Richmond friends of Miss Evie McGuire, of Berryville, will be glad to learn that she has much improved, after her recent illness.

Mr. and Mrs. O. C. Luxford and Miss Caroline Luxford are the guests of Mr. and Mrs. B. F. Terry, in Staunton.

Mrs. W. A. Matthews has returned after a pleasant visit to friends in Staunton.

Mrs. Anna H. Jackson and her brothers, Mr. Harry W. Grant and Mr. Percy W. Grant, who have been attending a family reunion at Mrs. James A. F. Ford's, in Lynchburg, have returned to their home in Norfolk.

Mr. James W. Teabo has returned after a visit to his parents in Staunton. He was accompanied home by his brother, Mr. Charles Teabo, who will be his guest here for a week.

Mr. Frank Walter, of Staunton, is spending a few days in Richmond, en route to New York.

The Richmond dancers at the New Year's Eve german given by the Junior Cotillion Club, of Baltimore, on Tuesday night, were Miss Lillian Binford, Miss Elizabeth Davenport, Mr. Hill Urquhart, Mr. C. A. Norvell and Mr. Nathan A. Middleton.

Mr. Mac Wheat has returned from a short visit to friends in Staunton.

Mr. John H. Overbey, who has been ill in Charlotte county for several weeks, has returned to his duties in Richmond.

Mr. Harry Coghill has returned after a visit to his parents in Caroline county.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Holmes, of Williamsburg, attended the marriage celebration this week of Mr. and Mrs. James Selph, in this city.

Mr. Gordon Payne spent Christmas with his mother, Mrs. W. E. Payne, at Crozet.

Mr. Emmett Gentry, of Crozet, is the guest of friends in Richmond.

Mr. H. H. Hudson and Mrs. Hudson, of Gordonsville, are visiting Mr. and Mrs. S. W. Meek, at Sherwood Park, Brook Road.

Mrs. W. J. Johnson has returnd to the city after a pleasant visit to Washington.

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Wolpert have returned after a pleasant visit to Mr. and Mrs. David Routten, of Buckroe.

Mrs. H. N. Fitzhugh has returned after a visit to Mrs. C. C. Fitzhugh, in Hanover.

Mr. and Mrs. Emberly are the guests of their sister, Mrs. T. C. Garrett, at Louisa, Va.

Miss Lucille Cooke is spending the holidays at her home in Louisa county.

Mr. A. T. Harris has returned after a short visit to his sister, Mrs. E. T. Terrell, at Louisa, Va.

Misses Maud and Cora Payne, of Belamar, are the guests of the Misses Carroll in Richmond.

Miss Marjorie Knowles, who is singing in St. Bartholomew's Church choir, New York City, and pursuing her vocal studies there, is now visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Clowes.

Lieutenant and Mrs. Overton Stegar, who have been guests of Mrs. Canon Fleming at No. 303 East Franklin Street, have returned to Fortress Monroe.

The Municipal Problem.

The movement to modify the city government of Richmond by the addition to the existing machinery of a Board of Control has assumed a shape sufficiently definite to invite discussion. The advocates of the change realize the hopelessness under the terms of the Constitution of inaugurating any system fairly comparative with that concentration of authority into a few hands from which such good results are claimed to have been derived in Galveston, Des Moines and a few other municipalities in the United States. For on the very threshold of an attempt in that direction they are confronted by the fact that the supreme law of the State, not subject to repeal or amendment by the General Assembly, endows the Mayors, Councils and certain other of the administrative officials of cities with powers which are inalienable except by a change in the Constitution. This being so, while it is competent for the Legislature to grant, as in the case of Norfolk, the creation of a Board of Control, and clothe it with certain advisory and secondary functions, any provisions nullifying or encroaching upon the prerogatives and duties of the Mayor and Councils would be invalid. Hence it follows that the main arguments in favor of "government by commission" have no application to the partial measures which alone are permissible to Virginia communities seeking to improve by simplification their forms of government. As we have said above, "government by commission" borrows its efficiency from the concentration of power and responsibility in a few individuals; all executive and legislative authority is vested in the chosen agency, and all the cumbrous and complicated mechanism which has heretofore appertained to municipal establishments is abolished. Thus promptitude of decision, coherence of policy in all departments, and an economy not possible under a hydra-headed system may be attained. It is well to remember that where the plan has produced satisfying results it has been applied in entirety. Nowhere within our knowledge has the mere amalgamation of the old and new systems furnished any conspicuous example of radical reformation in either the methods or the cost of administration; nor is a disappointing outcome of experiments which fail to apply in thoroughness the theories recommending "government by commission" a matter for surprise. For the mere grafting of one system on the other is but to hinder the smooth working of either and to deny full opportunity of usefulness to both; another cog is added to an engine already overburdened with wheels; the causes for friction are multiplied instead of lessened, and if, under such conditions, better and cheaper government should ensue it would be little short of a miracle.

In Richmond it is suggested to obviate some of these superficial objections by developing in the proposed Board of Control the functions now wielded by the various committees of the Councils and by other devices which seems to us rather evasive of than overcoming the provisions of the Constitution. The scheme also contemplates a sharp reduction in the number of Councilmen, and that is doubtless a wise move. But it must not be expected that the officials to whom the Constitution has given the executive and legislative powers and responsibilities will not be jealous to assert them against encroachment from any source whatever. An extra-constitutional body, acting in the same spheres with the authorities created by the organic law, no matter how much it may be distinguished by ability and high purpose, must be so hampered by legal limitations on the one hand and lack of cordial official co-operation on the other as eventually to have no choice except between perfunctory performance of a narrow range of routine work and open and impotent struggles with forces impregnably intrenched. In Norfolk the Board of Control is excellently constituted, and it has been earnest and conscientious in endeavors to improve every branch of the public service. So far it has not come into direct conflict with other departments, and to say that it has accomplished no good would be untrue. But in the very nature of its existence it has no conclusive voice on any subject of material importance as against the will of any of the departments which draw their authority from the fountain head of all authority; and it would be going very far to claim that the innovation has met the expectations of those who inaugurated it, has yet repaid the cost of maintenance, or that there are lacking signs of danger of future paralyzing conflict from which the jurisdiction which is based principally on sufferance must emerge shorn of even the semblance of useful influence. The experience during a brief period of years of a limited number of American cities may be accepted as persuasively demonstrating the merits of logical and chaote government by commission; but government by a method which is a cross between the concentrative and diffusive methods, with all the real power resident in the latter, is a plunge into the sea of experiment without any support from the records of experience, and running counter to all consistent theories. To our mind, it is a matter to go slow about.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

HILLRISE

BY W. B. MAXWELL.

Author of "The Ragged Messenger," "The Guarded Flame," etc.

Copyright, 1907, by W. B. Maxwell. All rights reserved.

CHAPTER XX.—Continued.

She walked fast and strong—felt she could now run and leap up the gentle slope instead of languidly crawling as in those old bad foolish days when Dr. Blake advised quick movement. And as with firm, light tread she passed by the corner of River View, she looked so pretty that all should have noticed it. There was color in her cheeks, light in her eyes; she looked slim, graceful, and yet strong; noticeably the prettiest, healthiest, best girl on the move in Medford that afternoon. Soon somebody did notice.

It was Mr. Charles Padfield.

"Oh, I say. How're you, Miss Crunden?"

Mr. Padfield was most beautifully dressed. His overcoat was of a shaggy heathery gray, immensely loose, of the top of the fashion, hanging in huge folds and bell-shaped skirts above trousers of the same fabric; his cap was of gigantic size; and his white silk stock bubbled and bulged like a monstrous batter-pudding beneath his chin. Foplike splendors made themselves more vaguely perceptible—turquoise pin, tan-leather waistcoat, brass buttons, etc. He was a typical loafing son of the Hill, in his well-matured, full-blown glory.

"Which way you going?" He had stopped her—only by leaving the pavement could she have got round him. She had no choice but to bear with his vacuous smiles and insipid courtesies. "Hope you're all very well. Ripping day, isn't it? Where you bound for? . . . Well, I'm off to Rudd's for cigarettes. That's where I must be going. But I'll walk with you a little way. . . . How's old Jack?"

His eyes were like gooseberries and almost as expressionless; his stupid face was pallid and puffy; his mouth was fishlike; his cigarette adhered to his lower lip so that he was at no trouble to remove it for conversation. The White Hart Hotel was telling on him; soon now Mr. Padfield would be overblown, altogether too ample and puffy—like Mr. Lardner.

"We never see old Jack."

Lizzie walked on, with Mr. Padfield by her side. As she turned to the right and swung up Hill Rise, she was mentally comparing her escort with Jack—the new Jack, not the old Jack. Once Jack had resembled this gorgeously attired loafer. It was a wonderful transformation to the alert, thin, working Jack of the present time; and yet, in the past she had admired Jack, because of all these things that filled her with contempt for Mr. Charles Padfield. It had seemed admirable to be rich in fopperies, careless of toil as a creature of some lofty ruling race, a splendid idler, from whom life is all holidays. Now it seemed as if fate had sent blown-out, vacuous, insipid Mr. Charles lounging across her path to let her discriminate once again very plainly between what is sham and what is solid.

"You walk too fast." They were half-way up Hill Rise and Mr. Charles was out of breath. "Well, I must be going. Walk a little way with you some other time, Miss Crunden—what? . . . Oh, I say, tell your father I'm a Mason now. He don't come to lodge now—nor old Jack. Too busy rakin in the dollars—what?" And Lizzie was free to continue her walk without escort.

The empty houses of Hill Rise were dreadful to see. Glass in windows had been broken by wanton boys; slates had fallen from roofs and lay in fragments upon the moss-grown steps of porches, or the weed-covered grave) of the carriage drives; splintered gates hung upon rusty hinges; the bare hawthorns were making thickets, and the untrimmed laurels were growing into forest trees. From house to house silence and desolation reigned where once there had been friendly intercourse, chatter, and frivolity—the Hill Rise girls at home whether really at home or visiting; calling to each other by name over garden walls or across the broad road, running in upon each other as members of one large, highly-distinguished family. Now, with the family uprooted, banished, scattered wide, Hill Rise was fast sinking into the dilapidated and ruinous state of Mr. Selby's River View.

Beyond these deserted houses, when one came to the property of the London and Suburban Trust, it required the strongest effort of memory to summon up the picture of Hill House. Truly not the slightest vestige of it was left. One looked down smooth, well-finished roads into a little thriving suburb of red-brick houses. The sunlight shone on plate glass, brass knockers, emerald green shutters; the cloud shadows flitted across white woodwork, rough-cast upper-stories, and stone copings; here was new life, activity, joyfulness set going as if by magic. Tradesmen's carts rattled round the corners of the new roads; tradesmen's boys leaned their bicycles against the new railings; young men and women came laughing and talking out of the new front doors; a man with a bell was selling muffins as quickly as he could hand them to the waiting maids of all these new households. Trade was so brisk that the muffin man had no time to ring his bell. This was new, Medford, self-sufficient, self-contained, self-satisfied, knowing nothing of, and caring nothing for, the ancient traditions of the aristocratic Hill.

Lizzie with difficulty reconstituted the vanished scene. All along here were the high walls; and behind them the stately trees. Here, just here, must have been the gates; and, pausing here, in the drowsy summer time, one used to look down the drive—grass on each side, and noble conifers, banks of rhododendron, beautiful flowering shrubs making spots of bright color in front of the dark foliage. Well-ordered peace, well-maintained dignity, well-sheltered magnificence held one mute, respectful, spellbound, as, in the old days, one took one's peep through the white gates that guarded the home of the great Sir John.

(To be Continued To-morrow.)

Biliousness

"I have used your valuable Cascarets and find them perfect. Couldn't do without them. I have used them for some time for indigestion and biliousness and am now completely cured. Recommend them to everyone. Once tried, you will never be without them in the family."
Edward A. Marx, Albany, N.Y.

Best For The Bowels
Cascarets
CANDY CATHARTIC
THEY WORK WHILE YOU SLEEP

Pleasant, Palatable, Potent, Taste Good, Do Good, Never Sicken, Weaken or Gripe. 10c, 25c, 50c. Never sold in bulk. The genuine tablet stamped CCC. Guaranteed to cure or your money back.
Sterling Remedy Co., Chicago or N.Y. 602

ANNUAL SALE, TEN MILLION BOXES