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FRIDAY, JULY 10, 1908.

CAMPAIGN CONTRIBUTIONS AND THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

In the course of his admirable speech at Denver yesterday, Chairman Clayton rehearsed the methods by which George B. Cortelyou, in 1904, squeezed heavy campaign toll out of the trusts, whose secrets he had learned through official connection with the United States government. Chairman Clayton added:

"All this was done in the interest of the Republican candidate for President. The money was used, the candidate was elected, and he continues to deliver lectures on decency and for honesty in elections, sending messages to Congress on publicity of campaign contributions, but at times when these were certain to be unavailing."

At times when pleas to that end are certain to be unavailing, the Republican party is for publicity in campaign contributions. It is the party which is for such publicity at the other times that the country needs now. On the day before Mr. Clayton paid his respects to Republicanism, Mr. Taft, at Hot Springs, appointed George R. Sheldon, of New York, as treasurer of his national committee. Mr. Taft did this because, as a New Yorker, Treasurer Sheldon's books will come under the campaign laws of that State, which demand publicity. The righteousness of the publicity idea is in the air just now, and Mr. Taft is not only a kind man, but a reasonably clever politician.

But Mr. Taft's personal preferences are an idle drop in an empty bucket. He may be for publicity, but the great party which stands behind him is not. He may like the thought of letting the people know whether or not the fat old trusts are over-generous to him, but his party has buried that thought beneath a storm of disapproval. Ninety Republicans at Chicago voted for the La Follette publicity plank, and 880 voted against it. What is Mr. Taft against the inbred policies of his party?

In an authorized interview in a current magazine, the Republican candidate is quoted as saying that "the foremost issue of the coming campaign will be the question of our expansion and the affairs of our insular possessions." It is hard to believe that the candidate said anything so stupid. The foremost issue in this campaign will have nothing to do with our insular possessions. It will be the question of the relation of the money power to the individual right here at home. Of this large question, the matter of openness and honesty in elections is a vitally important part. The Democratic party is for the square deal here and for the light of day. The Republican party, by a ten to one vote, is for silence, concealment and the underground passage. Mr. Taft's apparent views are simply Republican eccentricities. They must not receive much weight. Staunch man though he be, it must not be expected that he can lead his party around by the nose.

BOOMING THE BUSINESS OUTLOOK.

Judge Gary's optimistic statement the other day, based largely on improved business in his own giant monopoly, is natural enough. Judge Gary has to be optimistic just now. His somewhat sensational activity at Chicago, where he interested himself greatly and successfully in the steam-roller work on the platform, would necessarily leave him a professional cheer-up apostle. It would obviously not do for the judge's party, which is going to look out for the judge's interests, to go before the country next fall with the millstone of hard times about its neck.

This paper does not subscribe to the view that the Republican party can manufacture prosperity to order, although in its own official proclamation that party appears somewhat to have confused itself with Providence in this regard. If the white elephant could make good times it would hardly be so dull as to unmake them. But hard pushing, grim will-power born of the needs of the moment, and Christian Science will accomplish something, and we may confidently expect that each new encouraging item will be jubilantly seized by a loyal press, duly amplified and decorated and set upon an eminence where all may see.

In the signs of returning plenty the Republican party can, for its sins, find no legitimate campaign material, yet fortunately they are many and hopeful. The mills of the Steel Corporation, which were operating at 51 per cent, of normal capacity when Judge Gary sailed for Europe and are already operating at 55 per cent., are undoubtedly among them. So is the reopening of shops and factories all over the country, which was reported yesterday as never before since the culmination of the money stringency, and which means re-employment for thousands. So is the swift decrease in the number of idle freight cars, which has amounted to over 100,000 cars in two months, and 36,720 cars in the fortnight ending June 24th. So are the bank statements, the buoyant security market, the largely exhausted stocks in the warehouses, the commencement of purchasing activity among the railroads, and, most of all perhaps, the magnificent crops of the farmers.

Prosperity is coming, but only the faithful whom nothing can shock will hail it as Republican prosperity.

THE TIMES-DISPATCH'S CONVENTION REPORTS.

It is not our custom to obtrude self-commendation upon the editorial page, but we shall make no apology for expressing our gratification at the way in which the newsgathering department of The Times-Dispatch is covering the Democratic National Convention. With double Associated Press service and a special picture service, with a special leased wire through a New York news agency, a further direct wire to Denver, and with three men from its own staff upon the ground, The Times-Dispatch is giving its readers a daily story of this great gathering which is not surpassed, we make bold to say, by any newspaper in America. Comparisons with the great papers of the North and East are freely invited. Comparisons nearer home are discouraged in kindness, because no paper in this State can bear them for a moment.

With no desire to indulge in immodest crowing, we feel that this achievement in a city the size of Richmond is rather remarkable. Of course, it has not been inexpensive. But it has been to us, and we hope to our readers, a source of no little satisfaction and pleasure.

REPAIR THE BRIDGE.

The special Council committees of this city and Manchester should move quickly in the matter of the Free Bridge. There may be a tragedy while they confer, consider and deliberate. The matter has already been a topic of urgent public discussion for some weeks, and as yet nothing whatever has been done. Meantime, every day has made it more plain that the bridge is in very bad condition, and is altogether unfit for traffic. Under any unusual loading it might fall without warning. The probable results of such an accident are not pleasant to contemplate.

The bridge must be repaired and repaired speedily. Apart from the danger of the existing situation, it is an impropriety and a business blunder to have the chief means of communication between these two cities so inadequate as to cause universal dissatisfaction. Traffic between Richmond and Manchester should be stimulated through its natural arteries and not retarded or coagulated. As long as every teamster who starts a load across the river feels a pardonable curiosity as to whether or not he is going to get over to the other side, inter-city trade can scarcely be expected to maintain itself flourishingly.

The engineers who have examined the bridge seem to be in perfect agreement. They want the newer spans braced and the older ones, which were set up more than thirty years ago, replaced. This will cost $115,000, which is little enough in view of the promised relief. The sooner the joint committees of the two cities can make up their minds and place the contracts, the better we shall all be satisfied.

JUGGLING AWAY THE DEFICIT.

Secretary Cortelyou maintains that the supposed deficit in the Treasury is, after all, only an optical illusion. Bring to it a guileless mind and a little knowledge of legerdemain in bookkeeping, and it disappears as by magic. It is easy to imagine with what gratification Mr. Cortelyou's party would have received such an assurance from a Democratic Secretary of the Treasury. Their remarks about a Democratic deficit in the platform of 1896 were, we believe, very explicit indeed.

The Treasury method of keeping books may have flaws. But if it was reliable enough to impale the Democrats upon twelve years ago, it is reliable enough for the Republicans to stand by now. The hard facts of finance are unchangeable. No amount of re-entering could conceal, or should conceal, the anomaly of expenditures rapidly and unwisely increased in the face of falling revenues. If the administration has struck out a new pace of disbursement, and trod it recklessly, the technical classification of that disbursement is immaterial. Principles and policies are the matters at issue. The country is not perturbed at an "apparent" book deficit, but at the extravagance of Republican appropriation bills.

Jolly Sam Gompers says that any party that does not yield to the demands of labor will fare badly on election day. But suppose no party yields to these demands, Mr. Gompers?

Richmond P. Hobson's presidential boom flowered at Denver into a stock war-scare speech by the author—only that and nothing more. About 1940 will be Richmond's year.

Notes the Washington Post: "A Philadelphia contemporary says diamonds burn like coal." We believe diamonds also have the advantage of being a little cheaper.

The Bessie Ross controversy does not interest us. What we want to know is who made the unfortunate flag in front of a certain house we know.

Nor have many heroes of the class B grade gotten more advertising out of it than the Cowboy Mayor of Omaha.

Reliable statistics show that none of the Is-it-hot-enough-for-you bores are ever killed in a hot wave.

The real trouble with the lockjaw epidemic is that it seldom or never attacks the right people.

All in all, it has been rather a good season for the steam-roller makers.

Rhymes for To-Day

BE GENTLE TO THE LITTLE BARD.

WHEN press bards restrict their matutinal stints
And shorten their daily effusions,
When pomes are hacked out with great efforts and dints,
And even with blood and contusions;
When "columns" grow sketchy and vapid and crude,
And almost too boring to mention,
Intelligent readers will quickly conclude
That Musey is at the Convention.

When pressverse grows dull as a bachelor's life,
And rhymes are uncouth and unkempty,
When thoughts are as scarce as a taciturn wife,
And "spates" are pasted or empty—
Don't sneer: "Him a poet! He's laid down three times!
It's him for the House of Detention!"
Just murmur: "The dear man!—how can he write rhymes?
His Musey is at the Convention."

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Elaborate Sarcasm.

"Your jokes are better some days than others," commented the undiplomatic friend.

"These are the days the office boy assists me," responded the press humorist. "But he won't help me out every day."—Washington Herald.

Afraid to Go Home.

"I fell out of the window of my flat yesterday."

"And you are on the fourth floor. That was terrible."

"Yes; I don't know how to face the janitor. I'm sure I've violated some clause in my lease."—Washington Herald.

A Possible Cause.

"Scientists say that the earth is tilting."

"I wouldn't wonder. Crops are mighty heavy in this section."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

A Fine Wife.

"My wife is a paragon."

"Your enthusiasm is laudable."

"And my enthusiasm, sir, is just. My wife never talks to me about the fine men she might have married."—Pittsburg Post.

Straight Law.

"Had a case to-day in which two men claimed a rabbit."

"Well, judge, why didn't you divide it?"

"I don't split hares in my court."—Kansas City Journal.

Cat Stories.

"My cat is very sagacious. She collects angle worms, and thus attracts sparrows, which she captures."

"My cat beats that. She buys reed birds from dealers and then goes into bankruptcy. That cat has swindled every butcher in this neighborhood."—Houston Chronicle.

BACK AT THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

THE Richmond Times-Dispatch is rejoicing over a successful children's club. But there is very little rejoicing over the most successful children's club of all—which is the mother's slipper.—Norfolk Landmark.

* * *

Helle's choice of July 4 for his wedding date was peculiarly appropriate. The size of the Gould pile warrants his belief that the happy occasion will be his independence day.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. And perhaps he will celebrate the event by taking his wife's money and giving a champagne orgy to the under world of Paris, as Count Boni frequently did to amuse himself.—Winchester Star.

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The Richmond Times-Dispatch says it is impossible for a man to get away from a Houston, Tex., widow. They are as determined as they are red-headed.—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

Says the Richmond Times-Dispatch (Dem.): "Mr. Taft has been a most capable and high-minded public servant. Should he become President the nation will have no cause to regret that Mr. Roosevelt has preferred Mr. Taft to himself." And to Mr. Bryan.—Pawtucket (R. I.) Times.

* * *

The Richmond Times-Dispatch boasts that Carrie Nation has never been in jail in that town, and yet our contemporary is always vaunting Virginia.—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

The paragrapher of the Richmond Times-Dispatch writes to solemnly inquire whether a Southern Democrat will Luke Wright in Mr. Roosevelt's Cabinet." The business manager should take that paragraphic punster right out to the wood shed and settle with him right.—Knoxville Tribune.

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The Richmond Times-Dispatch thinks a Southern Democrat won't Luke Wright in President Roosevelt's Cabinet, no how.—Anderson (S. C.) Mail.

* * *

"The mother is the one supreme asset in national life," remarked the President. This confirms the Richmond Times-Dispatch, in the long-held private opinion that fathers are only little pikers anyway.—Monongahela (Pa.) Republican.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

It is noted that, while the French colonies are fast becoming an outlet for the overflow population of other nations, they are constantly growing more French.

After reposing in London for 136 years, the bones of Emanuel Swedenborg, the famous mystic and writer, are on their way to Sweden for burial in their native soil.

The estimated cost of the Roosevelt dam, which is part of the Salt River irrigation scheme, has been cut down by $1,000,000 by the establishment of a government cement mill on the spot.

Three notorious hotel thieves, who were dressed in black silk tights, were taken red-handed as they were collecting valuables in the bedrooms of a San Remo (Franco) hotel on a recent evening.

Since the fall of 1906, no bacon, pork, or fatbacks from the United States have been allowed in Germany, and for six years the importation of canned meats into Germany has been forbidden by law.

The only complete and unaltered Saxon crypt in Great Britain is that at Hexham Abbey, it being built wholly of Roman stones, there being also many Saxon stones imbedded in the new walls of the building.

Last year Brazil needed over 20,000,000 jute bags to hold the year's coffee production. Each bag costs the shippers a trifle over 18 cents. The business of making coffee bags thus amounted last year to nearly $4,000,000.

Colonel Joseph T. Christy, a veteran figure caller, who has prompted several generations of dancers in Western Pennsylvania during the last half century, died suddenly at his home in Pittsburg.

William Somerset Maugham is now pronounced the "most successful dramatist of the day," also "another Clyde Fitch," by the eager London critics. At all events Maugham is only thirty-three, and in one night sprang into the limelight of fame.

Mr. Asquith was recently speaking in a Welsh town when he was somewhat rudely interrupted by a voice in the audience, which demanded to know his position as to woman suffrage. "That," Mr. Asquith replied, blandly, "is a subject I prefer to discuss when ladies are not present."

Secretary Oscar S. Straus, accompanied by his wife, his brother and the latter's wife, have arrived at Woods Holl, Mass., from Provincetown on the lighthouse tender Mayflower. The party will be the guests of George M. Bowers, commissioner of fisheries, and later will sail for Newport on the Mayflower.

Clara Clemens, daughter of Mark Twain, has quite a good voice and has made something of a reputation as a concert singer in England. She says it is something of a trial to her to be always known as Mark Twain's daughter, but she admits that there might be worse things in the world than having a father so honored and beloved.

Socialist Candidate.

The De Leon Socialists have exercised wise precaution in nominating as their candidate for the presidency a man who is serving a twenty-five-year sentence in prison. They will, at least, know "where to find him." He is safely removed from the influences of public opinion, while his environment is of such a nature that he is likely to remain consistently "agin" the government and to be proof against conversion by means of any blandishments from the leaders of any of the other parties. The permanence of the De Leon Socialist party may not be guaranteed, but it is apparent that it has discovered a candidate who, if his life be spared, will be available for all purposes essential to its political welfare, for many presidential campaigns to come.—Boston Herald.

The Courts of Europe BY La Marquise de Fontenoy

Concerning the Last Russian Duel.

COUNT NICHOLAS SOUMAROKOFF-ELSTON, who was killed last Sunday at St. Petersburg in a duel, by Count Manteuffel, was the elder of the two sons of the colossally rich Prince and Princess Youssoupoff, whose wealth is said to exceed even that of the Demidoffs, being derived in great part from the richest turquoise mines in the world, mines that are virtually inexhaustible. The young count, like his father, the prince, may be said to have had American blood in his veins, being descended from an American of the name of Elston, who took up his abode in Russia in the days of Peter the Great, and became a Muscovite citizen. The father of the prince was plain Mr. Felix Nicolaievitch Elston, when on his marriage with the only child and heiress of the last of the ancient noble House of Soumarokoff, he was authorized to assume the name and the armorial bearings of his wife, as well as the title of count, borne by her father. Their son, Count Felix Soumarokoff-Elston, was fortunate enough to secure in 1882 the hand of Princess Zenaide Youssoupoff, only child and heiress of Prince Nicholas Borissovitch Youssoupoff, last of his line, and on the death of the latter in 1891 was permitted by Alexander III. to assume his father-in-law's name and princely title, becoming in this way Prince Youssoupoff.

There was quite a romance in connection with this marriage, which may be said, in fact, to have been largely brought about by Emperor Alexander. For Zenaide Youssoupoff was affianced to Prince Alexander of Battenberg, who was then reigning over Bulgaria, and would undoubtedly have become his wife, and have shared his throne, had it not been for the late Czar, who, hating his Battenberg cousin with an intense animosity, vetoed the match, and insisted on her marrying instead a man of his choice, namely, Count Felix Soumarokoff-Elston. The late Prince Youssoupoff was in his day famous as the most avaricious miser in the Russian empire, and innumerable were the stories and anecdotes related of his almost incredible meanness. He never ceased to grumble about the hardness of the times, and so anxious was he to save his kopecks, that whenever he gave one of his rare dinners—entertainments which were practically forced upon him much against his will—he always made a point of hastening to blow out the candles and turn out the lights as the last guests were leaving his salon. For a time he was master of ceremonies at court, but so shabby and sordid was his dress, and so disreputable his aspect, that means had to be found for dispensing with his services. He married one of the Narischkines, a very beautiful woman, and left her at his death with an only daughter, namely, Zenaide, now Princess Youssoupoff. His widow declined all the tempting offers of marriage which she received, until when nearly sixty years of age she fell in love with a young Breton peasant of the name of Chauveau. After having purchased for him at Rome the Italian title of Marquis de Serra, she married him, and settled down on a magnificent estate near Quimper, in Brittany, which, her young husband having predeceased her, she bequeathed on her death in 1895 to the Department du Finisterre, as a token of affectionate regard for her second "Patrie."

Lord Chelsea's demise leaves his little five-year-old boy, Edward, as heir to the Earldom of Cadogan, and all the great landed property in London which goes with that title. The young viscount's death can scarcely be said to have been unexpected by his relatives. For he has been in delicate health for some time past, and obliged to spend much of his time at St. Moritz, in Switzerland, and at similar resorts frequented by people with weak lungs. Much of the wealth of the family of the Earl of Cadogan comes through the ownership of most of that portion of the metropolis known as Chelsea, which he owes to the marriage of his grandfather to the heiress of Sir Hans Sloane, the eminent physician and scientist, whose collection constituted the nucleus of what is now known as the British Museum. When Lord Cadogan succeeded to the family honors and estates, he found the Chelsea property one of the most poverty stricken and shabby districts of London. Largely through the initiative of the late Lady Cadogan, who was a remarkable woman, he inaugurated the so-called Chelsea reconstruction scheme, which had the effect of converting the former slums of Chelsea into one of the most fashionable quarters of the British metropolis. Moreover, as most of the Chelsea real estate was sold upon ninety-nine-year leases, and has since been built up with street upon street and square upon square of the most costly houses and mansions in London, which on the expiration of the lease will become the property of the ground landlord, the wealth of the Lords of Cadogan is bound, like that of the Duke of Westminster, to steadily increase in gigantic strides as the time goes by.

Although the Cadogan peerage, that is to say, the present creation thereof, only dates from the time of the younger Pitt, at the close of the eighteenth century, yet the lineage of the family is extremely ancient, it having been founded by a Welsh Prince of Efelys, who had a son named Cadwgan. Lord Cadogan is a small man, very silent, grave and serious, who has been overtaken by many sorrows in recent years—sorrows that have led him to withdraw to a great extent from politics, from society and from the turf. He lost his wife, to whom he was devoted, had his brother mixed up in an unfortunate scandal, had much trouble with the most charming of his daughters, and has now lost his eldest son. Lord Cadogan was formerly Viceroy of Ireland, and has likewise held the office of Lord Privy Seal, in the Salisbury Cabinet.

From Europe I receive a request to make known the fact that the historic Portuguese title of Duke of Albuquerque has become extinct with the death of the late duke, who was also Count Mesquitella. The reason for this is that the author of a singularly disgraceful novel, published in Portugal and now being printed serially in a Parisian newspaper, and in which the widowed Queen Marie Amelie and the Count da Ribeira, the grand master of her household, play the leading roles, goes by the name of Albuquerque. It is a novel of the most scurrilous nature, in which the so sorely stricken Queen is treated much in the same way that Queen Caroline, the disreputable consort of King George IV. of England, was reviled by some of his literary friends and champions. The so-called Albuquerque was compelled to flee from Portugal, and the circulation of the book is forbidden both there and in Spain, where, however, it is easy enough to get a copy if one chooses to pay the price. Probably with a view of adding to the popular interest of the serial the Parisian editor who printed a translation of the novel in his paper, intimated that the author was in reality the Duke of Albuquerque, and a descendant of that first Duke of Albuquerque, the famous Portuguese admiral who conquered Goa, Malacca and Ceylon, and became so powerful in the Orient that all sorts of Eastern potentates were led by his grandeur to invoke the favor and the protection of the crown of Portugal. It is to one of his descendants, Duke Mathias d'Albuquerque, that the now reigning dynasty of Braganza, is indebted for its acquisition of the Portuguese throne some 300 years ago. The lampooner of the recently widowed Queen of Portugal has no vestige of connection with the so illustrious ducal House of Albuquerque, whose name he has assumed, and as he has recently come rather prominently before the public at Paris, in a duel which he fought with a Baron d'Hurcourt, who had taken upon himself to call him to account for his slanders of a French princess, it is just as well to make this entirely clear.

It must be borne in mind that unfortunately there is no practical means of preventing people in France, especially when they are foreigners, from adopting names and titles to which they have no right, and from then trading on these dignities, sometimes merely to satisfy social aspirations, sometimes, too, for purposes of fraud and crime. While there is usually a means of detecting an imposture of this nature in the case of an English title, since standard "Peerages" are nowadays to be found in nearly every public library it is usually difficult to ascertain the authenticity of continental titles of nobility, especially those of Portugal, Spain, Russia and Italy, and I, therefore, gladly make known, as asked, the fact that the ancient Portuguese dukedom of Albuquerque has ceased to exist.

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Voice of the People

Defense of Preston.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your issue of the 7th instant an editorial, entitled "The Socialist Labor Party," states that that organization has nominated for the presidency of the United States a convict, but no intimation is given to your readers as to the nature of the offense for which this man is imprisoned.

Martin R. Preston, of Goldfield, Nev., the person in question, though convicted of murder, is the victim of injustice. His life was about to be taken by a desperate enemy, whom he shot and killed in self-defense. Briefly stated, the circumstances were as follows:

Preston was a miner, belonging to the Industrial Workers of the World, which at the time had a strong hold in Goldfield, and embraced nearly all the local labor unions. This organization incurred the hostility of the mine owners and the Citizens' Alliance, who employed tactics similar to those previously adopted in Colorado in order to wipe out the Industrial Workers of the World and the Western Federation of Miners. As a result of this labor-crushing policy, various strikes occurred, among which was one of the female employes in the restaurants.

One Silva, who conducted a restaurant in Goldfield, had been charged by a waitress in his employ of having made improper proposals to her, and of having withheld her wages. After an investigation by the union of which the young woman was a member, a boycott was declared against Silva's establishment. The motto of the Industrial Workers being "An injury to one is the concern of all," the boycott was pushed with vigor. Preston, the miner, was acting as a union picket opposite the restaurant when Silva, in a rage, rushed at him with a gun, declaring his purpose to kill him. Preston's only recourse to save his life was to shoot, which he did with fatal results to Silva.

The trial and the verdict were travesties on justice, the principal evidence adduced by the prosecution being that of criminals and desperadoes who had been imported by the detectives in the employ of the mine owners.

Preston was convicted and sentenced to twenty-five years, and a young fellow named Smith, also a union man, who happened to be near when the shooting occurred, was given ten years as accessory. An appeal has been taken, and the Supreme Court of Nevada has the matter under consideration.

The circumstances surrounding the labor troubles at Goldfield and the lawless tactics of the mine owners' organization were a few months ago reported by the government commission sent there by President Roosevelt, whose scathing arraignment of those responsible for the importation of Federal troops is still fresh in the public mind.

It is the firm belief of multitudes of the working class that Preston's conviction was on account of his being a Socialist and an industrial unionist, as well as a member of the Western Federation of Miners.

Possessing, as he does, intelligence, integrity, courage, and with a clean record for loyalty to his class, Preston deserves the honor which has been conferred upon him by the Socialist Labor convention.

As to the constitutionality of his candidacy, he being three years below the stipulated age, this noncompliance with the provisions of the Constitution will inflict no hardship on society. The capitalist class has, by its example in numerous cases where real crises existed involving human life and liberty, demonstrated that the Constitution is not a very serious consideration and interposes no insuperable barrier when material interests constitute the issue. If Preston is elected his constituents will make an effort to twist the venerable document, for one time, to suit the ends of the working class.

ALEX. B. McCULLOCH.
Manchester, Va., July 9, 1908.

[In view of the fact that Preston has just declined the nomination of his party, it would seem that the effort to twist the venerable document will have to be postponed till some later date.—Editor.]

Woman May Stop Wars.

We talk of the tax-burdened peasant of continental Europe, but no such country in recent years has approached this lavish outpouring of money on militarism. And the women's clubs of the United States, which are trying to better the condition of their own communities, cannot afford to ignore the chief obstacle to progress and the chief menace to the peace and prosperity of the land. If the women of the country once start in on the work of national education as to the horrors and dangers of war, and the essential part which peace must play in human progress, there will be created a national sentiment which will demand more money for schools and less for battleships; more money for hospitals and less for instruments of murder; more money for progress and less for barbarism. And the women of the country must do the work, if it is ever to be done.—Boston Advertiser.

Whiskers-Loser's New Worry.

Desiring information as to when Thomas White, of Philadelphia, will be placed on trial on a charge of assault and battery in cutting off a portion of his whiskers, Jacob Wyne, of Williamstown, N. J., called at the office of Prosecutor of the Pleas Scovel, in Camden, yesterday and demanded a speedy trial for the Philadelphian. When he was told that the case would be heard in court in the fall the Williamstown man inquired:

"What shall I do—let my face be as it is with the whiskers half off?"

"You can have them evened up," he was told.

"But then there won't be any evidence if I do that," said Wyne, who seemed to be deeply affected over his loss, although told to have his face photographed, so the picture can be used in court.—Philadelphia Record.

STATE PRESS

Let Us Hope Not.

Here are three instances where the Democratic leaders in convention assembled misjudged the national pulse. The indications are to-day that the platform will be a return to radicalism; but, as every student of the times has discovered, radicalism reached its zenith in 1904, since which time there has been a recession, and the demand of the day is for conservatism. The reactionary spirit has been very strong, and the party that will gain the votes of the people will be the one with the most conservative platform. Can it be possible that the Denver convention will make the same mistake that it has made three times in succession?—Roanoke Times.

Must Represent the Party.

It is academic and useless, we imagine, to be now discussing what the Denver convention ought to do or not to do in the matter of writing a platform, as it will have absolutely no effect on that body now, no matter what is said or who says it. But we fail to see the force of the argument in favor of permitting Colonel Bryan or any other one man to write the platform for the Democratic party, unless, of course, he writes it so as to meet the approval of the party. In other words, it is not wise to let any man make his own platform and run on it.

Let the Democratic party write its own platform, and appeal to the people in behalf of principles. The man can be found to stand on this platform and to exemplify these principles.—Staunton Dispatch.

Well-Established Principles.

A Democratic platform should be a people's platform. Democracy cannot afford to recognize classes, much less to cater to their whims and "demands." It should declare its principles without circumlocution or devious turnings and twistings and let the various interests shift for themselves. The Democracy is for the masses and not for the classes. It is for the greatest good to the greatest number. It is for all men and not for some men at the expense of others. It has ever been, when standing on its principles, the party of the people. Whenever it departs from that way it imitates Republicanism, and becomes weaker and not stronger. Whenever it begins to "cater" it will lose more than it will gain. It is to be hoped that the representatives of the party now at Denver will be guided in their action by these well-established facts.—Newport News Times-Herald.

The Kind He Wants.

What the exigencies of the situation demand is not an ultra-conservative, milk and water expression, but a virile and temperate one which will mean something and yet not be revolutionary nor dangerous. We trust that the convention in its wisdom may meet the situation fairly and squarely and yet wisely.—Danville Register.

Paths of the Fathers.

There is a great opportunity afforded the Democratic party, now assembled in convention at Denver, to turn its back upon all ephemeral shifts, however they may for the time be popular, and upon all questionable expedients and policies, however attractive they may seem, and return to the beaten path marked out by Jefferson, and to the fundamental, eternal principles of genuine, old-fashioned Democracy as laid down by its great apostle. With such a platform, and with the judicious selection of a running-mate for Bryan on the presidential ticket, the signs of the times are encouraging, the auspices propitious, for a victory at the Ides of November, and a restoration of the Democratic party to the control of the national government.—Charlottesville Progress.

ON THE RIGHT TRACK.

Frank S. Woodson Gives Optimistic Message to Newport News.

Mr. Frank S. Woodson, industrial editor of the Richmond Times-Dispatch, who has been in attendance upon the meetings of the Virginia Press Association, is lingering over a day to shake hands with his Newport News friends.

During the past ten months Mr. Woodson has visited all sections of the State, and his articles on "Virginia prosperity and the industrial activity of the towns of the State, appearing every Sunday in the Industrial Section of The Times-Dispatch, have attracted attention in all parts of the country.

Mr. Woodson has assisted in the organization of a number of boards of trade and business men's associations in towns where they were lacking and much needed, and being considered something of an authority along these lines, he was asked by a representative of the Times-Herald what he thought of the movement in Newport News in the interest of greater industrial progress.

On the Right Track.

Mr. Woodson said:

"You're undoubtedly on the right track. The watchword of the manufacturer and of the industrial world generally to-day is 'get close to the raw material and the abundant labor.' That is the secret of the movement to the South of cotton factories, wagon factories, carriage-makers and woodworking establishments of every sort.

"Virginia has all kinds of raw material. Her farms bring everything from blackberries and vegetables up to grains, cotton and tobacco. The farms of the State can and do furnish the raw material for cotton factories, vegetable and fruit canneries, tobacco factories, flouring mills, creameries, etc. Her forests, acres upon acres of which have never been touched by the axman's weapon, furnish the material for wagon and carriage factories, for furniture factories, for box and barrel factories, for veneer factories, and, in short, for anything that is made of wood. The success of farmers who for the past half a decade have been giving special attention to grasses, has demonstrated that Virginia can be made and is being made as fine a cattle and sheep growing land as Texas or Kentucky never dared to be. That means that creameries will in time dot the Virginia map everywhere, and, mark my prediction, before you and I are fifteen years older we will see Virginia the leading butter and cheese producer of the country.

Factories Coming This Way.

"For many years, too many years, all of this raw material that I have been speaking about, and I haven't mentioned half of it, was shipped in its raw state to the manufacturer far away, and hundreds and thousands of workmen were paid good wages to cut it up and put it into the finished products, and the wide-awake towns of other States got the greater profits from Virginia's raw material.

"A change has come over the spirit of Virginia's dreams. Now, instead of shipping the raw material to the far away manufacturer the plan is to bring the far away manufacturer to Virginia and set him down in the midst of raw material. This new spirit is what is making wideawake Virginia manufacturing towns here, there and everywhere.

United Effort.

"These changes did not come about dry so; they were brought about by hustle and united effort. In nearly every case a wideawake board of trade brought these things to pass by hustling for new industries; by letting the outside world know what its community has to offer investors and manufacturers, and by generally booming its town.

"Sufficient unto a town is one board of trade thereof. Two trade organizations in a town of less than 50,000 inhabitants can hardly be considered a blessing. One strong organization in which all interests centre and all members pull together for the general good will do more than two or more. Trade organizations are made up of men, and until there is some decided change in human nature no two separate bodies are going to pull together with vigor. Nine chances to one they will pull just the other way.

"If Newport News needs new industries and diversified interests; if it is in need of more than one leg to stand upon, there is nothing better to bring these things, to pass than a strong, active and pretty well financed board of trade—just one. If the movement you speak of is looking to that end I wish to be recorded as bidding it Godspeed."—Newport News Times-Herald.

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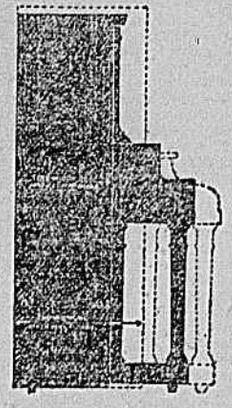

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Canned Tomatoes	6c
Small Smithfield Hams, per lb.	16c
Good Lard, per lb.	9c
Large Irish Potatoes, per peck	25c
2 lbs. Roll Butter	35c
California Evaporated Peaches, 2 lbs. for	25c
3 cans Early June Peas for	25c
7 large bars Swifts Pride Soap	25c
Ullman's Pride Coffee, 2 pounds,	25c
3-lb. jar Home-Made Preserves	30c
Large Lump Starch, per lb.	4c
8-lb. pail Preserves, home made	35c
Good Salt Pork, per lb.	7c
2 lbs. Fresh Roasted Laguyra Coffee	25c
Virginia Pride Coffee, per lb.	14c
Good Mixed Tea, per lb.	50c
Macaroni or Spaghetti, per lb.	7c

Pure Cider Vinegar, gal., - 20c
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