The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY

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TUESDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1908.

Campaign Contributions

The Times-Dispatch will receive, acknowledge and forward to the treasurer of the National Democratic Campaign Committee all sums sent it for this purpose.

REAL CAMPAIGN PUBLICITY.

October 15th is the date long ago set by the Democratic national committee for the publication of its campaign contributions, but the preliminary list printed in the newspapers of Saturday is earnest of the genuineness of Democratic publicity. The fund as so far received is notably small, reaching a total of only $220,000; and of this sum, $42,000 came from the Denver convention allowance. Perhaps the Federal law forbidding contributions from corporations had something to do with such insignificant returns, though the Democratic party in times past has reaped little largesse from corporate interests. When set down against the huge Republican corruption funds of past campaigns, the sum is incredibly picayunish. Yet perhaps from the people at large there will be no regrets at this. The sentiment of the hour is certainly against the use of unlimited money in pre-election struggles. Mr. Debs, with his marked personal economies and his pay-as-you-enter oratory, has given an interesting object lesson in how inexpensively a thorough canvass may be made.

The publication of this contributors' list puts the Republican party in a bad hole, where it squirms largely under proddings, but whence it seems unwilling to extricate itself as yet in the one logical way. Its spokesmen have insisted that the Republicans have squared matters with the Democrats, in that though they do not publish their receipts until after the election, they will then also publish an account of their disbursements. This latter was accomplished by appointing a New York treasurer, George R. Sheldon, the laws of that State requiring the filing of such a statement. But now the Democrats in also appointing a New Yorker, Mr. Herman Ridder, as treasurer, have voluntarily put themselves under the operation of the same law. The two parties, therefore, are on all fours in this respect, and the Republicans, reft of their counter-argument, cling to the indefensible position of concealing the sources of their funds until after the voting is done. If this attitude invites suspicion, they have only themselves to blame for it. It is quite possible that when the full Democratic list is published next Thursday, the pressure of natural curiosity will force the Republicans to follow suit, whether they will or not.

THE CASE OF COLONEL STEWART.

The retirement of Colonel William F. Stewart is ostensibly due to heart-disease, so serious as to render him unfit for military duty. It is really due to the animus of Theodore Roosevelt. That Colonel Stewart has heart trouble is not to be doubted since competent physicians have testified to it; but this is merely what may be called a fortunate coincidence. Mr. Roosevelt had said that the unhappy colonel must leave the army, and where there is a will of his particular kind, there is always a way.

How Colonel Stewart's "temperamental eccentricities" first attracted the President's attention is not known, but in an evil hour attract them they did. Colonel Stewart, however, declined to retire until he reached the age limit mark, which he would have done in two years' time. At the end of forty years' service, he wished to leave the army with the rank and half-pay of a brigadier-general. The completion of his full term of service would have insured these things to him, but the President of the United States determined that he should not have them. An unequal war of wills ensued. Not even banishment and virtual imprisonment at the deserted post of Fort Grant, Ariz., however, could shake the colonel's resolution. He appeared to have fully made up his mind to execute any orders that might be put upon him, however arbitrary, vindictive or irksome, rather than offer his resignation. But the ailments of his body he could not control, and they have been promptly seized upon to his undoing.

The colonel's case has not increased the admiration of army men for President Roosevelt. It has shown again, as the case of the West Point cadets recently showed, how little qualified he is to be trusted with the exercise of military authority. Probably the army has other officers whose idiosyncrasies tend to unfit them for command; and Colonel Stewart's long service, the close approach of his time of natural retirement and the fact that no faintest stigma of dishonor attached to him would have suggested unusual leniency to a judicial and fair-minded commander-in-chief. To Mr. Roosevelt, however, the case suggested merely unusual harshness. The spectacle of the President of the United States making a personal matter with a subordinate officer and proceeding to hound him out of the army is not a pleasant thing to look upon.

PUTTING BREAD AND BUTTER ON THE BILL.

A hotel publication comes out with the recommendation that restaurant keepers hereafter remove bread and butter from the free list. Every patron of a first-class eating place, he argues, is served 6 cents' worth of these useful commodities. Why should he not pay for them? The point is interesting and pertinent. Moreover, it opens up all sorts of pecuniary possibilities, bread not being the only thing at present ignored on the bill. There are the orangewood toothpicks, for instance. It is possible that some of us may yet live to cash "checks" which read like this: Amount of Order, $1.00; bread and butter, $.06; toothpicks, two for $.01; icewater, $.02; rental of napkin, $.01; wear and tear on chair and crockery, $.05; air, for necessary breathing purposes, $.01.

The writer who advances the bread and butter suggestion seems to be quite indignant at the idea that hotel men should give anything for nothing. He asks excitedly:

"Why do the proprietors permit it? Why is it that they continue a practice which is positively and decidedly against their own interests? Do they never stop to think of the tremendous loss they sustain each year?"

Metropolitan restaurateurs who have been interviewed upon the above thoughts are non-committal. The impression seems to pervade that the introduction of bread on the bill could not be accomplished without recrimination and even pugilistics. One fact that will doubtless make proprietors go slow in trying the new plan is the prevailing tipping system. As long as they decline to pay their waiters proper wages and silently compel their patrons to do it for them, they may reasonably hesitate to advance the claim that these patrons are getting too much for nothing. As far as the complaint of illogical liberality goes, the trumps are all with the patrons. Hotel keepers have not, it may be said, a general reputation for being unduly liberal. Jest and story, which must be based upon something closely approaching truth if they are not to fail, give them quite a different name. In a recent play a comedian asks two strangers if they are burglars. "No," say they, surprised, "we are the proprietors of this hotel." "Same thing," answers he; and suffers no rebuke from the audience.

NEW PLAN FOR STREET IMPROVEMENTS.

Has the spirit of co-operation reached the Council? Is the long-expected millennium to dawn at last? Are the Street Committee and the Light Committee to lie down together? And are the streets to cease from being torn up just after they have been repaved? Such a platform, if carried out, ought to make resplendent the administration which proposed and enacted such beneficent laws. London, to be sure, has had for years a law which required all householders to be consulted before any street paving or excavation was undertaken, so that all work of the same sort might be done at one time. But few, if any, optimists expected to see such a wise plan introduced into our city. But life is full of surprises, and even optimists are sometimes right. Certainly, if Mr. H. R. Pollard, Jr.'s idea of creating a central board to harmonize the work of the city departments is made effective, Richmond will have received the practical benefits of the London ordinance in reference to street improvements.

It is much to be hoped that the proposed ordinance will be perfected and adopted, and the people given thereby a practical illustration of how centralization and co-operation work in city government.

As we understand the explanations to the press, the day for Miss Elkins's wedding to the Duke has been set, the engagement has been broken, and she never was engaged to him anyhow.

Hon. Giulio Gotti-Casazza, the new manager of the Metropolitan Opera House, has arrived. A man who has managed that collection of consonants for fifty years or so ought to be able to manage anything.

The Massachusetts youth who is suing his wealthy ex-fiancee for breach of promise damages is apparently the kind of man who would rather do almost anything than work for a living.

When, in the fulness of time, he shall have been gathered to his forefathers, some enterprising publisher can make a ten-strike with "The Life and Letters of John D. Archbold," particularly the letters.

A large meteor exploded in Georgia on Saturday night, but the Hons. Thomas Watson, John Temple Graves and Sidney C. Tapp still manage to contain themselves.

Bearing in mind the order of succession in the event of the President's death, Mr. Taft is far more under obligations to the country to take good care of his health than is Mr. Bryan.

The paramount issue around these parts at present is as to whether a new velvet collar will suffice, or whether a complete new overcoat alone will fill the bill.

If, as the New York Mail maintains, Bulgaria is only the name of a Pullman car, then we suppose that Herzegovina is nothing but one order of goulash.

"We get few good oysters in the interior," says the Atlanta Georgian. Well, the interior is the place to put good oysters certainly.

Even the nimblest mind can hardly imagine what rhapsodies J. R. Lowell would have burst into had he ever met the October of Old Virginia.

A fight between tigers and cubs ought to be well worth the notice of Messrs. Bostock and Thompson-Seton.

Brushing up on the geography of the Mediterranean?

Shall the mothballs rule?

Rhymes for To-Day.

THREE WEEKS.

"THREE weeks" is a phrase that has gotten
A certain unlovely repute—
I will not describe it as rotten,
But certain it is it's no beaut.
It tastes of the flesh and the devil,
It smacks of wild oats being sown,
And so I'd prefer, on the level,
To leave it alone.

Yet—yet—as I muse here this morning,
And glance o'er the calendared days,
I see, at the risk of much scorning,
I've got to hang rhymes on that phrase.
I've got to!—There's no use in booing!
I've got to!—Stand clear o' my way!—
My masters! Think what we'll be doing
Three weeks from to-day!

That day we'll be voting and voting,
And haply then voting again,
And yelling and smoking and gloating,
And e'en buying drinks now and then;
And Taft will be pale as a blotter,
And Bryan on needles and pins . . .
Ah, yes—these three weeks will be hotter
Than Ellnor Glyn's. H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Vice Versa.

"The die is cast," hissed the villain.

Then, shaking their gold locks, the chorus bounded on.

"It seems," the critic murmured, "that the cast is dyed, too."—New York Press.

Idle Talk.

"We hear a good deal about the sheath skirt."

"Yes, but I haven't yet seen one. What's the use?"—Washington Herald.

The New York Way.

"The Drynadust Bureau is wasting public money, and not giving satisfaction. Evidences of incompetency are plain."

"That's all right now. There was a much-needed shake-up. Two charwomen and a janitor have been transferred."—Pittsburg Post.

Somewhat Caustic.

"The Sunday papers are too big," said the kicker. "They ought to come in quarto size."

"Then you'd want a mahogany bookcase thrown in, and you'd want it for 5 cents, too," commented his candid friend.—Pittsburg Post.

The Plain Facts.

"All the world loves a lover."

"But that affection is entirely one-sided. The lover denies the rumors of the engagement up to the last moment, and then tries to secure the marriage license on the sly."—Kansas City Journal.

Mostly Gab.

"You've headed this article 'More Bubble in the Talkans,'" complained the managing editor.

"Well, that ain't far enough from the truth to hurt," responded the culprit, with a grin.—Kansas City Journal.

THE SHAMELESS SHORTLINERS.

IT is Alfred Austin's inexperience with public life that gets him into trouble. As official poet, he tries to write his own poems, instead of hiring an assistant.—Washington Star.

* * *

During the rest of the campaign we are going to read the speeches of Messrs. Cannon, Payne and Dalzell in advocacy of tariff revision, instead of the comic supplements.—Ohio State Journal.

* * *

It cannot be truthfully said that the first instalment of John D. Rockefeller's autobiography, as published in one of the magazines, has created a sensation. It was given publicity at an unfortunate time, being entirely overshadowed by the literary efforts of John D. Archbold.—Emporia Gazette.

* * *

Now that matters have quieted down, perhaps the complimentary things the President isn't saying about Mr. James Schoolcraft Sherman may be heard.—Washington Herald.

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In the circumstances it is not improbable that the disappointment of some of the unsuccessful presidential candidates is less keen than it was a short time ago.—Providence Tribune.

* * *

"There is death in bright-colored ribbons," declares a magazine medical authority. There is also dye, and pins, and girls, and other good things in them. Why look on the dark side of a bright ribbon?—Dallas News.

* * *

Mr. Foraker and Mr. Haskell, at least, feel kindly toward Bulgaria for its thoughtful diversion of the limelight at this time.—Louisville Times.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Nearly one-third of all the children born in New York City die before they become three years old.

British India has 86,912 miles of telegraph and cable wires, which are worked at a very good profit.

In American secondary schools in the year 1906 there were 925,000 pupils—742,000 at the public high schools and only 183,000 at private schools of all kinds.

Emperor Francis Joseph's inauguration of universal suffrage in Austria is leading to some startling and remarkable innovations in connection with the selection of cabinet ministers.

The piano is improved and its sound increased, according to the claim of J. Cadenbach, a German inventor, by the plan of letting wooden cups into the back of the sounding board.

Within twenty miles of the city hall, including Greater New York and the neighboring portions of New Jersey, there is a population of 1,000,000 Jews, more than in all America besides.

Gonzalo de Quesada, the Cuban minister to the United States, has arrived at Lisbon for the purpose of investigating the possibilities of emigration to Cuba. Later he will visit Oporto, San Sebastian and Madrid.

There is no place in the world where the clove tree thrives as well as in the islands of Zanzibar and Pemba. It is the principal product of the islands, and, together with the copra and the ivory brought from the mainland, cloves form the principal item of export.

A healthy regularly formed brain of twenty-four ounces, scarcely half of the normal average, seems to have been the smallest ever recorded for an adult. It was recently found in Daniel Ryan, a New York coachman, who died suddenly at the age of forty-six.

Miss Selma Lagerlof, besides being the most popular writer in Sweden, has just received an honorary degree from the University of Upsala. She is the first woman in Sweden to receive this distinction, and it is said to be only a matter of time when she will get the Nobel prize.

The fact that the late ex-President Grover Cleveland's farm, near Princeton, has been placed upon the market was revealed by George Rule, of Princeton, the real estate agent who has the matter in charge. The notice does not give the acreage, but describes the house as of eight rooms, with hot and cold water. There also are poultry-houses, barns and other outbuildings. The stock and implements are included in the sale, and the price asked is $8,500.

The Rev. Dr. Hiram Bingham is in America for the third time since he left the country in 1853 with his wife as a missionary to the Gilbert Islands, and each of his visits has been a short one. For more than fifty years he has labored among the people of the islands, and to his efforts, and to those of his wife, now dead, the civilization of the savages is due. The monument which Dr. Bingham has raised to himself is a translation of the Scriptures from Hebrew to Gilbertese and a complete dictionary of the island language.

Highwaymen Stole Wife.

A Mexican named Ecerra, from Placentia, complained to Sheriff Lacy late last night that two hold-up men had robbed him of his wife, rig and some groceries.

He said he was driving between Orange and Olive, when the two men, who were on bicycles, stopped him. They dragged him from his seat, one man rode off on a bicycle, leading the other wheel, and the second man took his seat in the rig and drove off with it and Ecerra's wife.

Early this morning the Mexican telephoned to the sheriff that he had found his horse and rig in the river bed near Olive, and his wife in the same neighborhood.—Los Angeles Times.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy

Lady Violet Elliot to Wed Lord Charles Fitzmaurice.

LADY VIOLET ELLIOT, the youngest, and, according to many, the most fascinating of the three daughters of the viceroy of India and of Lady Minto, spent so much of her time in the United States during their father's five-year term of office as Governor-General of Canada that the announcement of her engagement to Lord Charles Fitzmaurice will be received here with sympathetic interest. Lord Charles is the younger of the two sons of the Marquis of Lansdowne, and of his two sisters, the one now Duchess of Devonshire, and the other the wife of the Marquis of Waterford, head of the great Irish house of Le Poer-Beresford. Lord Charles, who is quite as good looking as his brother, Lord Kerry, is a dashing cavalry officer, went through the Boer War as a subaltern of the First Dragoons, and is likewise very well to do in his own right, for some years ago his grandaunt, the widowed Marquise de La Valette, left him a legacy of $250,000, besides some landed property, and he has also received handsome bequests from other wealthy relatives, so that he has an income of his own of at least some $40,000 a year, outside of any allowance which he may receive from his father, the basis of whose great fortune was laid by his maternal ancestor, Sir William Petty, who started life as a peddler, and died as a millionaire, and as a founder of the Royal Society.

The Marquise de La Valette was not the only French relative who thus remembered Lord Lansdowne and his sons in her testamentary dispositions, for the marquis was also the chief heir to the immense Scotch and English property of his maternal grandmother, the Countess de Flahault. Her husband, Comte Charles de Flahault, is generally believed to have been the father of Napoleon III. At any rate it was to him the King Louis Bonaparte of Holland was accustomed to publicly attribute the paternity of this particular child of his wife, Queen Hortense. This kinsmanship was not repudiated by the imperial family of France, and until the death of the dowager, Lady Lansdowne, the Empress Eugenie was wont to frequently visit her in Perthshire, and likewise at Bowood Park, treating her as a relative. The Comte de Flahault was of royal ancestry, for his mother, a wonderfully beautiful woman of the name of Adelaide Filleul, was a natural daughter of King Louis XV. of France. Adelaide married the Comte de Flahault, scion of one of the oldest houses of the French nobility, but it is generally understood that the son which she bore him, and who was afterwards known as Count Charles de Flahault, was not his offspring, but that of the Abbe de Perigord, afterwards known in history as Prince Talleyrand. This accounts for the affection which Talleyrand, in spite of his appalling selfishness and egotism, always manifested for Charles de Flahault, whose promotion was extraordinarily rapid, he having attained the rank of general at the age of twenty-seven.

Charles de Flahault, in his younger days, was a wonderfully handsome man, and the hero of many a feminine romance, the most celebrated of all being that, of course, with Hortense de Beauharnais, daughter of Empress Josephine, and Queen of Holland, by virtue of her marriage with Louis Bonaparte. There is no secret made of this romance, for the pages of the Almanach de Gotha officially describe the late Duc de Morny as the offspring of Queen Hortense and of the Comte de Flahault. De Flahault was with Napoleon at Moscow, Leipsic and at Waterloo. Subsequently he turned up in London, where he won the heart of the wealthy daughter and heiress of Lord Keith, to whom England owes the Cape of Good Hope, and through her he became the father of the late Marchioness of Lansdowne, and of the Marquise de La Valette. He was much with Prince Talleyrand when the latter represented the French government at the court of St. James, and ultimately succeeded him as French ambassador in London. He was distinguished for his extraordinary baldness, and it is said that when on one occasion in the course of conversation with Talleyrand, he expressed a great desire to present something really valuable by reason of its rarity to a lady, as a mark of his respect and esteem, the prince suggested to him to "present her with a lock of your hair."

It is perhaps owing to this ancestry, that is to say, to the probability of his having in his veins the blood of King Louis XV. and of the great Talleyrand, that Lord Lansdowne possesses such an altogether exceptional mastery of the French language, as well as such perfect manners, in which the courtesy of the English grand seigneur and great noble is happily blended with that of the court of the Tuileries and of Versailles in the times of long ago. Curiously enough, in his youth he did not shine, and on the memorable day when the two beautiful daughters of the late Duke of Abercorn were married simultaneously in Westminster Abbey, the one to the Marquis of Blandford, afterwards eighth Duke of Marlborough, and the other to the present Marquis of Lansdowne, both girls being portrayed by Lord Beaconsfield in his novel, "Lothair," Lord Blandford by reason of his gifts and cleverness was held to have in store for him the highest destinies, whereas few dreamt that there was any brilliant future for Lord Lansdowne. Yet Lord Blandford, failing to realize any of the expectations entertained concerning him, died, in spite of his ducal title of Marlborough, a virtual outcast, shunned even by those middle class Britons whose snobbish worship of the aristocracy leads them to view with a most extraordinary amount of indulgence its moral shortcomings and indiscretions. Lord Lansdowne, on the other hand, partly on account of his more prosaical observance of the requirements of conventionality and respectability, has been promoted to the highest offices of state, and after having held in turn the governorship of Canada, the viceroyalty of India, the secretaryship of state for war and the post of minister of foreign affairs of the British Empire, is now to-day the leader of the overwhelming opposition to the government in the House of Lords, and probably the most influential social power in English society; and it must be admitted that he has filled every one of the offices intrusted to him, with dignity and success. India owes to his viceroyalty the network of railroads, by which it is crossed in so many directions, and which are one of the most important instruments of British authority over Hindustan; while when secretary of war he accomplished the feat, amazing to military men, of shipping an army of 200,000 men all the way from England to South Africa within the space of a few weeks.

The patronymic of the Marquis of Lansdowne, whose estates extend over an area of 200,000 acres, is Fitzmaurice, and it is hardly necessary to state that the house, of which he is the chief, is an Irish one, tracing its origin to Thomas Fitzmaurice, first Lord of Kerry, and of the latter's wife, Grace, granddaughter of Dermot, King of Leinster. The Lord Lansdowne of today is the twenty-sixth Lord of Kerry and the fifth Marquis of Lansdowne, the first marquis having been minister of foreign affairs and premier in the reign of King George III., who hated him, openly denouncing him as "the Jesuit of Berkeley Square," while Fox stigmatized him in the House of Commons as "a perfidious and infamous liar." Gainsborough, the great painter, was neater and more to the point, for after a couple of attempts to catch the likeness of the marquis, who was sitting for his portrait, the artist threw aside his brush in despair, exclaiming with an oath: "I never could see through varnish, and there is an end of it." But it was Oliver Goldsmith, of "Deserted Village" and "Vicar of Wakefield" celebrity, who most completely put his foot into it. This first Lord Lansdowne's nickname with the public was "Malagrida." One day, when Goldsmith was talking to Lord Lansdowne, he exclaimed: "You know I never could conceive the reason why people call you Malagrida; for Malagrida was after all a very good sort of a man."

The third Marquis of Lansdowne repeatedly held office as a Cabinet minister, and was renowned for his sound judgment and sunny temper, two qualities inherited by the present marquis, and which were largely accountable for the immense social power which he enjoyed. He figures in all Lord Beaconsfield's political novels as one of the leading personages of the day, and as the most influential; while Lord John Russell, deprecating his disinterestedness, and absence of all political prejudice and partisanship, went so far as to deplore during the course of a public speech that "the pure gold of Lord Lansdowne's integrity was not more mingled with the alloy of self-love."

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STATE PRESS.

Manly and Dignified.

The mental and moral breadth and manliness of William J. Bryan entitle him to the spontaneous admiration of all unprejudiced Americans, regardless of party or creed, and commend as worthy of any office or honor which his countrymen may bestow upon him. Even stalwart Republican newspapers paid voluntary and eloquent tribute to the dignity and manliness and good taste of Mr. Bryan in his part of the recent correspondence with Mr. Roosevelt.—Danville Register.

Unwilling Helper.

Mr. Roosevelt's threatened stumping tour in behalf of Taft has no terrors for the Democrats. The more he talks the more votes will be cast for Bryan in November. They, of course, object to seeing the dignity of the high office of President lowered by its incumbent making a partisan exhibition of himself before the world, but little additional damage in that direction remains to be done. Mr. Roosevelt has already degraded the office almost to the limit.—Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.

Not Even Strong Enough.

Oh, yes, it's educative, is hazing—the sort we mean, that is drastic and violent. It develops the brutal instinct, the coward's promptings, the miserable slyness of the sneak. And if every college in the land would make this fact plain—if it would print it upon its walls and keep it standing there, and if it would publicly brand hazers who resort to cruel method for exactly what they are, we believe the practice would soon die out.—Lynchburg News.

An Echo.

Two weeks ago Representative Sibley, of Pennsylvania, declared that he had never had any relations with the Standard Oil Company. Having acquired the Roosevelt brand of consistency, Mr. Sibley now asserts that any man who hasn't for twenty-five years known that he was connected with the Standard Oil Company, is a combination of lunatic, ignoramus and mollycoddle.—Newport News Press.

Patriots Enough Are Here.

In his speech at Asheville, N. C., Mr. Kern, the Democratic candidate for Vice-President, uttered a truth when he said: "Patriotic men everywhere will agree with me that the third-term idea is no more hateful to the minds of the American people than the President of this great nation shall undertake to name and dictate his own successor." But the great trouble now is that there are so few true patriots in the country—Alexandria Gazette.

Elephantine Cat.

The most unkind thing we have yet heard said of the Republican party was from no less a person than Joe Cannon, who exclaimed that he was "no worse than his party." If the G. O. P. can survive that thrust, then indeed, it must be possessed of many lives.—Culpeper Exponent.

Of Bryan's Side.

Never before in the history of this country has a President seen fit to take the position in a political campaign as President Roosevelt has done in this. We believe it will rebound and react. It has already done so. If he will only take the stump now for Taft we believe Bryan's election will be assured.—Amherst New Era.

Impertinent Question.

Why has the Republican party no word of condemnation for that vulgar old tyrant and corporation tool, Joe Cannon? Because Joe Cannon is the president of the system established by the Republican party and because the men who own Cannon own the party.—Winchester Star.

Take No Chances.

Giving Mr. Longworth credit for his explanation, it may be well to await statements from others who heard the speech before accepting Mr. Longworth's statement as absolutely conclusive of the facts of the incident.—Danville Register.

The Largest Clock.

The largest clock in the world has recently been added to the wondrous sights of New York, the Giant City. While this clock—a real old-fashioned Seth Thomas, is a faithful timepiece to the people of New York, yet it is located on the factory of Colgate & Co., at Jersey City, N. J. In this it has the distinction of serving the people of two States. The tourist from across the ocean will find the hour of his return clearly set before him as he passes up the North River to his landing place. The small office boy of the downtown section may peep out of the windows, across into another State, to learn when "quitting time" comes around.

The dial of this gigantic clock will be forty feet six inches in diameter and will be made of yellow pine boards six inches wide, spaced three inches apart. The minute hand measures twenty feet from the end of the hub to the tip and weighs, with the counter balance, 640 pounds. The hour hand is fifteen feet in length and weighs 500 pounds without the counter balance. The numerals on the dial are five feet high and thirty inches wide. The speed of the hour hand measures three feet ten inches in width, while that of the minute hand is two feet eleven inches. The point of the minute hand travels every minute twenty-three inches, while in a week it covers three and two-third miles.—National Magazine.

Insanity Among Household Workers.

The annual report of an insane asylum in England, recently published, revealed the circumstances that out of 336 patients seventy-four were housewives and thirty-five were domestic servants. An inquiry into the cause of this tendency to mental ills among household workers has been undertaken by a mental specialist who is of the opinion that lack of recreation and of exercise in the open air forms the root of the trouble.

Women, he further says, it has been proved over and over again, are less able than men to face monotony. And in household duties, as these are often performed, may be found the most spiritless monotony. Remedies for this condition are not far to seek, accepting this specialist's conclusion. The difficulty will be found in inducing many housekeepers to appreciate the benefits of the ounce of prevention. Women who have gained an intelligent control over their time and their households could be of excellent service, by the force of example, in helping to solve this particular problem.—Boston Transcript.

Also the Locomotive Spark.

In the far West 10,000 acres, containing valuable timber, were set on fire by a lighted match, carelessly tossed aside by a casual traveler. In the enlightened jurisprudence of the days to come the careless tossing away of fire, however small the combustible, will be accounted among the criminal acts to be reckoned with by the law. There is entirely too much costly carelessness in the disposal of lighted matches and of cigar and cigarette butts.—Baltimore American.

Campaign Appointments

Through his secretary, Mr. J. N. Brensman, Hon. J. Taylor Ellyson, chairman of the Democratic State Committee, has announced the following appointments for public speaking:

Samuel W. Williams.
Charles City, October 15th.

Samuel L. Kelley.
Standardsville, October 13th.

William Hodges Mann.
Southampton, October 15th.

H. St. George Tucker.
Chatham, October 19th.

H. C. Stuart.
Grayson, October 13th.
Floyd, October 16th.

John Lamb.
Charles City, October 15th.

W. B. Cocke.
Mecklenburg, October 19th.

H. D. Flood.
Bath, October 13th.
Highland, October 14th and 15th.

E. E. Montague.
King and Queen, October 13th.

Carter Glass.
Alexandria, October 13th.
Floyd, October 16th.
Pearisburg, October 17th (day); Blacksburg (night).
Richmond, October 20th.
Salem, October 23d.

E. M. Carter.
Bland, October 19th.

Francis R. Lassiter.
Mecklenburg, October 19th.

Voice of the People

OYSTER OUTLOOK NOT ROSY.

Large Planter Gives Facts on Failure of Seed Crop.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Having noted the interesting discussion at present taking place in your columns concerning the oyster situation, and statements of several gentlemen relative to the conditions existing on the public seabeds of the James River, I take the liberty of adding my word to the discussion. So far as it has come to my knowledge, and I have been in James River many times this summer, both day and night, there have been practically no depredations upon the public beds.

I believe the statements to the effect that the seed oysters were all stolen during the closed season was made simply in an effort to account for the fact that there were no seed oysters found upon the public rocks when the season opened.

That seed oysters are so scarce that it does not pay the tongers to catch them or the planters to buy them seems also to be in dispute, but I notice Mr. Howle, representative from the Isle of Wight, states that the catch is excellent over his way.

If that is the case we planters from Hampton Bar have failed to discover it, and as this small section is in need of 200,000 bushels at once to replenish exhausted beds, we wish very much indeed some one over Mr. Howle's way would furnish them. As the situation stands at present with us, we must buy seed oysters outside of the State of Virginia or go out of business.

Planters here have practically given up all hope of replanting their beds with seed oysters from the James River, and tongers seem also to have given up hope of catching sufficient seed oysters to make a living, for most of them who went to James River from our section have returned home and are seeking work from the planters and packers. That we cannot give them this work is not our fault, as our present oysters cost us 35 and 40 cents a bushel to plant, and if we attempt to sell in competition with New York and Baltimore and New Haven we cannot get that out of them (although they have been growing two years). There are at this time between 400 and 500 men usually employed here in the work of harvesting and preparing the oyster crop from the planted beds for market. This year, however, they are out of work. The planters and packers can't sell at a profit, so they simply don't ship. Many of our laborers, trained to know their business, are leaving for Northern oyster towns to get a winter's work. That their labor is needed in these places stands for itself in showing the business being done by other States. The loss of these men is very serious to us, as they are in a way skilled labor and their wages coming at a time of the year when other lines of work are usually dull go far towards making local prosperity.

How many people would be without winter's work here is hard to tell, as there have been unfortunately no very active figures kept of the industry; but if 400 or 500 are out of employment in the town of Hampton the total number in this section must reach several thousand.

In closing I should like to ask whether the fact that seed oysters are no longer procurable in James River in any quantity is not due to the fact that a large part of the once productive bottoms of that river, for one cause or another, has become barren, and the actual productive area is so small that it does not furnish enough seed to amount to anything either to the planter or the tonger.

RICHARD ARMSTRONG.
Hampton, Va., October 12, 1908.

Some Anti-Saloon Argument.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—If you will pardon my "irascibility and excitability" I would like to have one more try at you and quit, as I realize I am taking up valuable space. You admit that the saloon is an unclean and dangerous thing by comparing it with a stable and a fireworks factory, but conclude they are both necessary institutions. Now, since the saloon and the stable and the fireworks factory are all alike, why don't you treat the saloon in the same manner you treat the stable and the fireworks factory? The stable you crowd into some back lot or alley, where it will be least offensive to the people. The fireworks factory you isolate in some big field, so it will do no damage when it explodes. The saloon you plant in Broad Street, Main Street and other streets, where it will do the most damage; where it is most offensive to the majority of the people, practically all of the women and a large number of the men. You may answer this by saying you are not convinced that the saloon does any damage, and I answer that your comparison with the stable and the fireworks factory must have been a mistake, eh? and if it is not a mistake why do you object to having one near your home?

It is true that the people in Maine may not be particularly interested in the condition prevailing in New Jersey or Colorado, but aren't those two States just as valuable for comparison as Massachusetts?

You think you have settled the question, but you have simply evaded it by running around the corner.

I might claim that Massachusetts' prosperity was due to her 250 dry towns, and if the other 100 towns were dry her prosperity would be greater, and that her prosperity had increased as she dried up. This claim could be made with as much justice as your claim that comparison with Massachusetts affected the vote in Maine. As a matter of fact, you don't know anything about it, and took the sheriff's word for it. Now, own up; didn't you? But leaving all this aside, how about the stable and fireworks factory?

Now, my most gentle and moderate saloon advocate, in conclusion, I want to ask you if the stable and the fireworks factory ever threaten or control our politics?

Have they ever appeared before government and said what laws should be made to apply to them?

Is there a time when the saloon is not striving earnestly to control politics? Is it necessary to have an institution that is forever a threat against us? I have an editorial taken from your paper admitting that the saloon is an economic waste. Where, then, is the necessity for it?

NORTH CAROLINA.
Wilmington, N. C., Sept. 21, 1908.

WHITE HOUSE MANNERS.

Mr. Watterson Wrong—Nothing Imperial in Home of Nation's President.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I notice in your yesterday's issue, in a speech of Henry Watterson's, at a Democratic rally in Louisville, Ky., the following language:

"No one who knows what is going on in the national capital, and has been going on for a long time, needs to be told that they are undermining the popular foundations of our democratic government and converting it into an imperial republic, with nothing wanting of monarchism and titular nobility except the nomenclature. The White House is already the palace of a king. The President is already a sovereign in everything except the name."

At which I was much surprised. Of course, a person of Mr. Watterson's exalted position would be above knowingly and designingly making a false impression. But I am unable to reconcile Mr. Watterson's statements with those of Governor Haskell and Mr. Mack. These last told us that the President was a sort of ward "heeler"—a kind of "rough-roll-and-tumble" hustler, with the "bohoys." Now, Mr. Watterson says that his appointments are imperial, and that "he hath all the dignity which doth behedge a king," and lacks only the name. I was in Washington recently, and as a matter of curiosity visited the White House. I found the East Room thronged with plain, common people—at least, I thought so, from their carriage and dress. I knew positively that one of the crowd was a plain countryman, and rather shabbily dressed to be in a royal palace—which was myself. But when I entered the room an old gentleman, seated near the door, seeing that I also was an old man, came up and said that his name was Pendleton or Penington—I forget which—and asked me to take a seat. The seat happened to be near a window, overlooking the grounds, and observing that the grass was trampled down, I called Mr. Penington's attention to the fact. He said in explanation: "Ah, yes; that's where the children had their frolic with Easter eggs. 'Teddy's' a family man, and likes to have the children about the grounds." I then asked Penington how long he had been at the White House. He replied that he was the oldest employe at the place—was there before the assassination of Lincoln—and, pointing his finger, "Yonder stood the couples that have been married in the White House just before that glass. Ah, yes, I was rubbing poor Garfield's feet when he was carried out of this house for the last time." I then asked him whether he was a Republican or a Democrat. He looked at me a little hard, and said: "I know you are a Southern man, by your talk, but you are as prying as any Yankee. Oh, I've no politics now. I'm an old man, over eighty years old, and you are old, too, and ought to be thinking more about your soul than such trifles." He seemed a little nettled at my question, nevertheless I continued: "Which of the Presidents of the number that you have known do you like best?" He replied smilingly, "You've no business asking me any such question, and I sha'n't tell you." Just then a plainly dressed woman came up, who seemed to be an old acquaintance, and whilst she and Mr. P. were shaking hands I left the room. Mr. Watterson may know more about the matter than I do, but for the life of me I could discover no regal state about the White House.

I am, sir,
T. J. TAYLOR.
Cochran, October 10th.

The Great Unknown.

Who is the greatest man who has ever lived? The question went around a dinner table, and controversy raged from the fish onward. There were two who plumped for Julius Caesar, two more for Napoleon, one, thinking of statues, said Shakespeare, and somebody else, who did not get a hearing at all, murmured Buddha at intervals, while most of the people present who did not know Greek, said Aeschylus. But Aristotle won easily. It was not a particularly scholarly assemblage, and one wondered rather how many of Aristotle's enthusiastic devotees could have quoted accurately from him, had ever read him, indeed, since they left college. And all the while, probably, the greatest man of all ages is pegging away among us unnoticed, unrecognized, while we snapshot and interview all the little men or go back to some one who has been dead long enough for us to find out that we may safely praise him.—Dundee Advertiser.

A Chance for Clean Sports.

Alderman Kohout has a brilliant idea. It is a league of aldermanic baseball teams that shall embrace Chicago, New York, Philadelphia, St. Louis and other cities whose voters have elected Aldermen who have athletic qualifications. When the league shall have been organized a schedule of games will be made out, the proceeds to be devoted to worthy charities. If the league were to be organized and acute municipal rivalry were to ensure it is more than likely that the city voters would no longer permit ward politicians to designate their Aldermen, but would insist on selecting men of known baseball proficiency, who would do creditable work on the civic team. There might be a radical change of aldermanic personnel.—Chicago Tribune.

What's an Inch of Rain?

The rain fell in buckets, the thunder racketed terribly, and the lightning drew zigzag lines of bright gold upon the violet sky.

"So you, too, don't know what an inch of rain is exactly," said the weather clerk, as he looked at his rain measuring instrument. "Very few people do, it seems. I'll explain it to you.

"An acre is 6,272,640 square inches. An inch of water on an acre is, therefore, 6,272,640 cubic inches. That amount, at 227 cubic inches to the gallon, equals 22,000 gallons, or 220,000 pounds, or 100 tons.

"An inch of rain is, in other words, rain falling at the rate of 100 tons to the acre."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

Special Sale To-Day!

All-Wool Dress Goods AT 50c Yard.

New Weaves, 38