The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 9, 1909.

ONLY A BEGINNING.

It is hardly necessary to say that the result of the case against Alvey in the Police Court yesterday does not end the case to the satisfaction of the city. The fact is fully realized by the Commonwealth's Attorney, the Mayor, the Chief of Police and other officials who have interested themselves in sifting the case to the bottom, and who declare that they have made only a beginning so far. In this attitude the people of Richmond are behind them as a unit, eagerly anxious to see essential justice done, impatient of the dry little technicalities which block the way to a fair trial of right and wrong, and not at all satisfied by the easy finding of a scapegoat. The sense of the probabilities and of fair play rebels at any suggestion that the convicted negro alone originated and engineered this plan to defraud the city. If he was simply a pawn, as everybody believes, there was a player somewhere behind him. How to bring this prime mover to book now is a question which our authorities must decide. But it is very plain that Mr. Alvey, if he is innocent, has everything to gain by assisting them in every way to find the guilty man, and thus freeing himself from his present uncomfortable situation.

It is being said that the city's representatives have seriously bungled their case by not arresting Alvey first and reserving Robinson as a witness against him. The weight that is attached to the latter's testimony and to the fact that he can be required to give it after his own appeal is decided, would seem to the layman to support this view. But it is preposterous to suppose that this procedure never occurred to the prosecutors. Presumably it was fully considered by them and rejected for good and sufficient reasons. If Robinson had been saved to testify against Alvey, we suppose that the case would simply have come down to an issue of veracity between the two men, the white man against the black, each with strong motives for throwing the blame upon the other. It is not hard to imagine how such a case would have ended.

Matters such as these are for the lawyers to wrangle over. The people care little about points of procedure, but they are tremendously interested in getting results. They will be in no sense satisfied with a recovery of damages in a civil suit. They want successful criminal action against the guilty man or men. How this is to be obtained, as the case now stands, they do not presume to suggest. But it is the plain responsibility of their advisers to find a way, and not to rest until they have done so.

THE RIGHT SORT OF MUNICIPAL ADVERTISING.

Many of our Virginia cities are now launched on campaigns of more or less extensive municipal publicity. Supported by the press, they are noising abroad the advantages which they offer to capital and are sounding their respective horns in a manner that cannot fail to attract attention. Roanoke and Lynchburg in particular are embarked in this work, and are telling many interesting things about themselves that plenty of people even in Virginia were ignorant of. These campaigns are based upon good, sound business sense. It shows that our cities are awakened to the policy which has transformed many a straggling, one-horse Western town into a bustling centre of industry. The same policy, actively pursued, can with equal sureness transform our Virginia cities.

But, as this newspaper pointed out some weeks ago, the city that advertises its merits must have the merits to advertise. It must stand ready to deliver the goods. Vain boasting about impossible utilities may bring more harm than benefit. Incidentally, a strenuous campaign to exploit a city may materially improve it. The case of Jacksonville, which, boasting of its splendid health, found that its death rate from typhoid was abnormally high, and at once set to work to reduce it, is illustrative of the way in which internal improvement may go hand in hand with external exploitation. Nor is this all. The city that proposes to advertise must be prepared to dig down into the exchequer. When Knoxville, Tenn., invests $10,000 a year in municipal boosting, when Springfield, Mass., parts with $25,000 a year to show how fine a town it is, and when Spokane, Wash., rejoices to spend $60,000 in the same cause, it is manifest that municipal advertising, to succeed, must be done on an adequate scale.

Any advertiser can attest that as much depends upon the method as upon the amount of advertising. A city will do well to employ an expert advertising agent to handle its publicity, and cannot afford to employ any other than the most approved mediums of advertising. Tucson, Ariz., whose literature was so persistently deluged on our friends of the Staunton Dispatch last winter, has proved that a man will read interesting advertising literature, no matter how little he may be originally interested in the town advertised.

CAPTAIN KENT AND HIS SMILE.

Captain Kent should try the luxury of speaking his mind plainly, content with neither an air of sphinx-like mystery nor the pale satisfaction of a hint. The signs suggest that he desires to put an idea into circulation. At Newport News he remarks, if he is correctly quoted, that the Democratic primary returns, as officially compiled, vouched for and published, "have provoked a State-wide smile." These returns, it will be remembered, showed a larger vote than had been generally anticipated, and gave rise to considerable innocent satisfaction among the Democrats. It might be supposed that here was where the State-wide smile came in, did not Captain Kent's position as the present leader of a rival party cause the thought to perish immediately. It is evidently not at all that kind of smile that he has in mind; not a simple smile of Democratic pleasure, but a significant smile of Republican incredulity, polite, inscrutable, but enormous. This view and interpretation of the smile is supported by Captain Kent's explanatory suggestion, as reported, that "few persons believed that the Democrats polled anything like so many votes as the published reports showed."

What does this guarded observation mean? That the members of the State Democratic Committee entered into a conspiracy to falsify the returns and give out utterly lying figures? If Captain Kent has evidence supporting any charge of this sort—and presumably he would not make or suggest it without due evidence—he can do a service as State-wide as that smile of his by mentioning what it is. Certainly the Democrats, not desiring to keep falsifiers in position of trust, await his fuller statement with interest. In particular do Chairman Ellyson and Secretary Brenaman await it, each intimating an anxiety to make a few counter-remarks the moment it pleases him to speak. In view of the striking quality of what he seems to be trying to convey, we think the captain should not delay too long. Signs of the spreading of a second smile, not of the kind he personally prefers, are already cropping out through the State.

OPENING THE DOOR TO COMMISSION GOVERNMENT.

The Norfolk Landmark urges that all cities in the State which are interested in securing a simpler and more efficient form of city government should join hands with a view to pressing the matter in an organized way upon the attention of the next Legislature. We understood that this is just what the Roanoke Chamber of Commerce proposed and promised us long ago. All commercial organizations throughout the State were invited to formulate definite opinions about commission government and send representatives to express them at a special convention in Roanoke. This excellent suggestion was made in a circular letter of May 28 last. The convention was to have been held on the 15th and 16th of this month. We have seen little in the press about this proposed gathering of late, and small evidence that the cities generally were co-operating towards making it a success. We should say that a second circular from the Roanoke Chamber was needed, reminding the laggards that the hour set for the convention is now close at hand. It would be in every way a pity if this movement fell through. It is decidedly the most definite and effectual plan for making commission government a possibility in Virginia that has so far been proposed.

In this State the campaign for commission government must begin at the bottom, which is in an amendment to the Constitution. This fact was recognized by the special committee on city government here in Richmond, which, while recommending a combination system for the present, unanimously declared for a bill preparing the way for the necessary amendment. The esteemed Landmark draws attention to the fact that Senator Sale's bill in the last Legislature, providing for this amendment, though it passed the Senate, was never heard of in the House. It quotes Senator Sale as being of the opinion that the next Legislature will be ready to pass such a measure. There can be no doubt that the Senator is correct in this opinion. The sentiment for a simpler and better form of city government has grown decidedly vigorous within the past year, and the Legislature could hardly ignore it, particularly if in receipt of a memorial from the largest cities in the State. No one demands, it is to be noted, that the Legislature proceed to alter the form of all city charters or force a new system upon any municipality. All that is asked is that it shall open the door that way to those whose expectations have thoroughly disheartened them with the system to which the Constitution limits them. It might be that few or no cities would adopt commission government, but all of them would be made free to do so at their desire.

SACRIFICES TO PROGRESS.

Lefebvre's tragic death suggests that the conquest of a new element is not to be accomplished without many a slip backward. What made this particular aeroplane, a new Wright model, suddenly curvet and dive to earth like a shot bullet appears a complete mystery. In a sense, the young French engineer was a martyr to scientific progress, one of those human sacrifices which Nature grimly exacts as the price of finally yielding up her secrets. The assault upon the air has, singularly enough, been attended with comparatively little slaughter. A century of experimental ballooning has resulted in less than a score of deaths, though this does not include the professionals of the country-fair type, among whom accidents are common enough. Experiments in flying without balloons have, since 1854, cost but six deaths. Of these only two have come through the modern aeroplane—that of Lieutenant Selfridge, at Fort Meyer, and now of Lefebvre, in France. But then aeroplaning is in its earliest infancy as yet, and has not had a fair chance.

In new fields of endeavor, some men have to die in order that others may learn how to be safe. Accidents and mistakes suggest improvements, and improvements reduce accidents and mistakes. Probably hundreds of men have lost their lives in trying to reach the North Pole, but that toll of death is pretty well ended now. A cartoon of yesterday pictures a great sight-seeing automobile headed for farthest north, crammed with comfortable passengers who were doubtless attracted by the sign: "This takes you right to the little brass tube." Crossing the ocean was once regarded as so hazardous that a special petition to the Almighty was prepared for voyagers, which the Episcopal prayer-book still contains; and there is also a much-sung hymn "for those in peril on the sea." To-day the crossing is about as dangerous as sitting at home in a rocking-chair. Experience was necessary to make travel by boat safe, and the same thing is true, in an even higher degree, of travel by airship. But the time is sure to come when even the most timid will mount an aeroplane with neither tremors nor forebodings.

It really does begin to look like a joint debate.

The newspapers, magazines and chautauquas seem to have made their arrangements with the explorers in good order, but it does seem to us that the ice trust has missed a trick.

"Milk is milk," says the Boston Herald, evidently an incurable optimist.

Lord Northcliffe, no Alfred Harmsworth, predicts war between England and Germany perhaps as early as 1912. Doubtless his lordship, like other public-spirited journalists, is doing his small part to make the prediction come true.

Thanks to the jail sentences, the popularity of joy-riding is decreasing with a speed which amounts to a fall off the fortieth story.

Judge Gaynor is being boomed, with his own liberal assistance, for Mayor of New York. A race between him and General Bingham should be a fight to a finish.

Postmaster Hotchkiss intends to raise the registration fee a bit, and people who never register anything, and never get any presents that way, are urging him to go as far as he likes.

An absolutely stunning thought now comes to us. Peary doesn't even know who's hunting in Africa this year. Thus we must regard him, for the nonce, as the world's biggest ignoramus.

If flags deposited in the ice drift far away, why don't these fellows show their common sense and hang one up somewhere?

The fans will not find it easy to forgive Peary. He had plenty of time at Indian Harbor to send off telegrams about the Pole, but not an inquiry did he make as to who was pinching the pennant.

The Arctic Voyager.

By Henry Timrod.

Shall I desist, twice baffled? Once by land,
And once by sea, I fought and strove with storms,
All shades of danger, tides and weary calms,
Head-currents, cold and famine, savage beasts,
And men more savage; all the while my face
Looked northward toward the pole. If mortal strength
Could have sustained me, I had never turned
Till I had seen the star which never sets
Freeze in the Arctic zenith. That I failed
To solve the mysteries of the icebound world
Was not because I faltered in the quest.
Witness those pathless forests which conceal
The bones of perished comrades, that long march,
Blood-tracked o'er flint and snow, and one dread night
By Athabasca, when a cherished life
Flowed to give life to others. This and worse,
I suffered—let it pass—it has not tamed
My spirit nor the faith which was my strength.
Despite of waning years, despite the world
Which doubts, the few who dare, I purpose now—
A purpose long and thoughtfully resolved,
Through all its grounds of reasonable hope—
To seek beyond the ice which guards the pole
A sea of open water; for I hold,
Not without proofs, that such a sea exists,
And may be reached, though since this earth was made
No keel hath ploughed it, and to mortal ear
No wind hath told its secrets. . . . With this tide
I sail; if all be well, this very moon
Shall see my ship beyond the southern cape
Of Greenland, and far up the bay through which,
With diamond spire and gorgeous pinnacle,
The fleets of winter pass to warmer seas.
Whether, my hardy shipmates, we shall reach
Our bourne, and come with tales of wonder back,
Or whether we shall lose the precious time,
Locked in thick ice, or whether some strange fate
Shall end us all, I know not; but I know
A lofty hope, if earnestly pursued,
Is its own crown, and never in this life
Is labor wholly fruitless. In this faith
I shall not count the chances—sure that all
A prudent foresight asks we shall not want,
And all that bold and patient hearts can do
Ye will not leave undone. The rest is God's.

Borrowed Jingles.

THE JOYS OF TRAVEL.

Just home from my vacation trip,—
My mind still staggers in a daze
From watching railroad men equip
Their trains with comforts that amaze.
On each winged palace now appear
Maid, valet, barber, all alert.
We had bands, banquets, bridge-whist, beer,
—And we had dirt.

We had a drawing-room, a bar,
A dining-hall, a tailor fine,
A nursery and woman's car.
(Train babes no more in public dine.)
We had a porteress of skill,
Who with our wives' weird buttons fussed,
(And doubled up our tipping bill!)
—And we had dust.

We reveled in the changing scene
From observation platforms packed;
We had electric light, and e'en
Five feet of books, all paper-backed.
We had the baseball scores, a bath,
A phonograph and vaudeville crew,
Stenographers to catch our wrath,
And cinders, too.

We had a folding bedroom suite
Whose windows, keeping out all air,
Let in upon our heads and feet
The garnered grime of everywhere.
You may love work of short-cake beat:—
On all things all men can't agree:—
But travel (as they said out West)
Is what soots me. —Puck.

MERELY JOKING.

Utter Pessimism.

"It's depressing to live in a tail-end town."

"Then you're not hopeful about this season, I take it?"

"Why, we ain't even hopeful next season."—Kansas City Journal.

Practical Doubts.

Simple Silas: "Dere must be a heap uv money in polerticks."

Husky Henry: "Oh, I dunno. At de last 'lection I only got 50 cents for me vote."—Chicago News.

All That Could Be Expected.

"How's he getting along with his garden?"

"Splendidly. He picked one tomato out of it yesterday."—Detroit Free Press.

Doubtful Silence.

Hamm: "There was a dead silence when I started on my great speech."

Father: "Nobody left in the house?"—Cleveland Leader.

Mutual Forbearance.

"You and your wife get along nicely."

"Fairly well. We had an understanding from the start. I wasn't to expect a dollar to buy more than a dollar's worth of goods; and she wasn't to tell me about the fine men she might have married."—Houston Chronicle.

Budding Celebrities.

"That young man looks very intelligent."

"Yes; he's a member of our magazine staff."

"What are his duties?"

"He hitches well-known anecdotes to unknown celebrities."—Pittsburg Post.

THE OBSERVANT PARAGRAPHERS.

OUTLOOK for African stories is not as bright as it was, with Cook and Peary looming up.—New York Herald.

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A Cincinnati clergyman preached to an absolutely empty church last Sunday. For once in his life, if never before, he had the courage to tell his congregation just what he thought of it, presumably.—Washington Herald.

• • •

It is likely that they made Newton prove that the apple hit him in the head too.—New York Mail.

• • •

Queer choice of Japan to send 20,000 cherry trees to New York—the one American city where there is the least chance to find a George Washington.—Philadelphia North American.

• • •

Cook and Peary were searching for the North Pole while Payne and Aldrich were inventing a new tariff. Such is one of the differences between discovery and invention.—Philadelphia Record.

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With all the royal honors that are being heaped upon Dr. Cook he will not reach his full measure of glory until some perfectly good 5-cent cigar has been named after him.—Washington Star.

GENIUS IN COUNTERFEITING.

Efforts of Ingenuity Fail to Avoid Detection in the End.

Counterfeiting, as a crime of skill, is doubly threatening to the public safety; for the experience and power of execution necessary to the successful accomplishment of such forgery can work incalculable harm.

Coins, it is true, may be closely simulated by crude methods; outside of the proper weight of metal that must be obtained in a cheap alloy of the right appearance, it is no great matter to make them. Bills, on the contrary, require not only an extensive apparatus, but no inconsiderable degree of technical operation; so that the solitary utterer of large denominations of fraudulent currency may be confidently looked to as a man of capability.

The method of obtaining fac-simile faces of a bill is photographic; the printing, ordinarily, a gelatine process, similar to photogravure. It is practically impossible for anybody but a finished manipulator to tell the difference between an original engraving and its semblance obtained by these means.

Serial numbers, colored inks, and the short threads in the government paper—as well as the texture of the paper itself, which is clothlike—are the chief stumbling-blocks to counterfeiters. As the eye recognizes difference in color more readily than difference in design, the care of selecting inks is one with which no illtrained judgment is competent to grapple. The purchase of inks and paper substantially imitative of those employed by the government—though no exact counterpart of the government paper can be, or would be let be, manufactured—arouses immediate suspicion. The forger must devise a substitute appearance for the silk threads; but of his many ingenious methods, none is yet fully satisfactory. Since the serial number becomes a part of the counterfeiter's plate, it will never change, how many bills he prints; an exceedingly appreciable danger, if the least distrust is directed to him.

Some bills are easier to approximate than others. The issue to commemorate the Buffalo Exposition flooded the country with forgeries. Yet every effort ends finally in discovery, ignominy, and disgrace; and the pity of it is that the intelligence worse than wasted in the pursuit could be turned to high attainment in an honest life. Why it cannot see its own folly passes understanding.—Boston Globe.

PICTURES OF DR. COOK.

Emergency Portraits of the Discoverer Fail to Do Him Justice.

Of course there is no way of protecting Dr. Cook, the great Arctic explorer, whose name now compasses the world, against the so-called portraits the pot-metal press is carrying. It is just as well, however, for the public to remember that Dr. Cook is a really good-looking man, and that these stock cuts are mere caricatures and are penalties usually inflicted upon suddenly achieved greatness. A man does something worth while and the enterprising vendors of plate must do something to show that they are abreast of the picture-making times. A hunt among the "before" and "after" cuts is usually rewarded by the finding of something that will do in an emergency, and presto, the "counterfeit presentment" of Mr. Greatness is furnished to the wondering countryside. Dr. Cook will be shown in many different sets of features and lineaments, but after all each will mean the recognition of an achievement of which the race of men are justly proud; and he won't be hurt either in fame or in public esteem because he may be made frequently to look like a road agent or the peripatetic vendor of Dr. Blank's famous compound for curing all the ills human flesh is heir to. Still, it would be something if the public were given a fairly correct notion of his personal appearance in the pictures labeled with his name.—Chattanooga Times.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Ex-Premier of France a Playwright.

DURING King Edward's absence abroad statements were freely circulated in the Liberal press, and were also made from the platform, that the monarch just prior to his departure had expressed to Premier Asquith his warm approval of the various features of the financial projects of the government, especially those connected with the taxation of land. This assertion has been vigorously contested and denounced by the Conservatives and Unionists on the ground that the crown is bound by the terms and by the spirit of the constitution to strict impartiality and to the avoidance of anything that could be construed as partisanship. It was expected that an official denial of the story would be issued, either by the ministers themselves or by Lord Knollys, the King's private secretary, but nothing has come.

The reason for this is that the King is in something of a quandary, for twenty-five years ago he was a member of the royal commission on the housing of the working classes of the United Kingdom, of which Sir Charles Dilke was the chairman and the late Cardinal Manning one of the most influential members. Among the recommendations of that commission to which he appended his signature, along with those of the others on the commission, is a drastic proposal recommending that the site value of vacant land should be rated at 4 per cent. of its selling value. The entire purport of the recommendations of the commission is that there should be a large additional tax levied, especially in cities and towns, on the ground landlords, whose revenues do not constitute a recompense for any industry or expenditure on their part, but are the natural result of the industry and activity of the townspeople themselves. These principles are to all intents and purposes embodied in the financial projects of the government—constitute, in fact, their very basis—and are the points which are being most vigorously fought by the Unionists.

It is perfectly true that when Edward VII. signed his name to these recommendations of the royal commission on the housing of the working classes a quarter of a century ago he was merely Prince of Wales, and as such a member of the House of Lords, and entitled to vote as such. Nor can the views which he expressed as heir apparent be considered as binding him in his capacity as King. Still, his signature to the report of that royal commission may be regarded as standing in the way of the denial of the story which the Liberals are exploiting as to his recent expression of approval of the government finance bill.

Much to the dismay of the new French government, Ex-Premier Clemenceau has decided to delay his departure for Egypt and to remain in Paris until well on into the winter, in order to personally supervise the rehearsals and the production at one of the leading Boulevard theatres of a new drama which he has just completed, and which is an adaptation of his novel, "Les Plus Forts." But a few weeks have elapsed since he resigned the office of Prime Minister, which he held for four years, during which time he virtually ran every department of the government with the most autocratic hand, reducing his colleagues of the cabinet to the role of mere clerks employed to execute his directions. That he should have found leisure during his strenuous tenure of the presidency of the council of ministers to write a drama serves to call attention once more to the extraordinary versatility and mental as well as physical vigor of this septuagenarian, who has quite a number of points in common with the late William E. Gladstone. To the best of my knowledge, he is the only playwright who can boast of having held the office of Premier; and that he still considers himself a journalist is apparent from the fact that he has announced his intention of attending the international press conference which is to be held in London very shortly, when he will avail himself of the opportunity of making a stay at Warwick Castle as the guest of Lord and Lady Warwick.

Arthur Lee, formerly military attache of the British embassy at Washington, subsequently civil lord of the admiralty in the Balfour administration, and now one of the leaders of the opposition in the House of Commons will from henceforth make his home at Chequers Court, a beautiful place in Buckinghamshire, which is considered to be one of the finest examples of Elizabethan architecture in the United Kingdom. Chequers Court is situated in the Chiltern Hills. The original house dates from about 1320, but only the foundations, cellars and a room or two above ground remain of the old mansion, which was practically rebuilt by Sir William Hawtrey in 1565.

Chequers Court until now has never been sold, and throughout a period of 700 years has changed hands only by means of will, its last owner being young Frankland Russell Astley, who recently came of age. It possesses many historic associations, as well as a number of relics of Oliver Cromwell, while the estate that goes with it embraces about 12,000 acres. Colonel Lee, who went through the Spanish-American War and the entire Cuban campaign, as military attache, has an American wife, in the daughter of J. G. Moore, of New York, and rarely allows a year to pass without running over to the United States, in order to visit his wife's family, and his own many friends. He is slated for Cabinet office in the next Unionist administration, and stands particularly high in the confidence and friendship of Arthur Balfour.

Old Dr. Bellamy, who has just died at the ripe age of ninety, was for many years the de facto ruler of the University of Oxford, as its vice-chancellor and held the position of president of St. John's College for no less than forty years. He reigned at Oxford as vice-chancellor with a hand of steel encased in a velvet glove, and, unlike some of the university dons, was, in spite of his old-fashioned courtliness, absolutely free from sycophancy. Thus, when King George of Greece visited the university, and it fell upon Dr. Bellamy as vice-chancellor to do him the honors of the university, he, amongst other things, entertained him at dinner in St. John's Hall. Just before they went in to table, the English royal equerry who had been attached to the service of the King by the court of St. James during his stay in England, notified Dr. Bellamy that "His Majesty usually took a cigar with his dessert." Dr. Bellamy, who had never until then allowed smoking in his banqueting hall or common room, declined to make an exception for any guest, no matter how distinguished. When the time for smoking arrived, he simply turned to the senior proctor and exclaimed: "Mr. Proctor, take His Majesty for a cigar into the garden," and His Majesty went. Member of an old county family of Norfolk, he had a beautiful place near King's Lynn, known as the Manor House, Ingoldsthorpe, and was a neighbor therefore of Edward VII. at Sandringham. When on one occasion the King, then Prince of Wales, complained in a kindly fashion, that he saw so little of the doctor at Sandringham, he excused himself with the remark: "The truth is, sir, I cannot stand your smoke." For he could not abide tobacco.

Many of the most distinguished men of England passed through his hands while at Oxford, and he coached the late Lord Salisbury as private tutor, while at the university. Lord Salisbury afterwards became Chancellor, succeeding Lord Derby, who in turn had followed the great Duke of Wellington. Dr. Bellamy witnessed the installation of Lord Derby as Chancellor in 1853, and used to tell a story of how the Rev. Dr. Pussey, finding the coachman of his brother's carriage-and-four helplessly drunk when the time came to drive from Christ Church to the Sheldonian, where the ceremony of installation was to take place, mounted the box, took the reins in his hands, and, arrayed in his scarlet robes of a doctor of divinity, tooled the four-in-hand down the Corn Market and the Broad to Sheldonian, in masterly style, presenting a spectacle never witnessed before or since.

Dr. Bellamy, who will be remembered by those Americans who graduated at Oxford, and also by the many distinguished men from this country who have visited the university, was a wonderful musician, and to the very close of his life, that is to say, until his ninetieth year, sang the whole morning and evening services, in perfect tune. With his death there disappears one of the most familiar landmarks of England's chief seat of learning.

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HERE IS RELIEF FOR WOMEN.

If you have pains in the back, Urinary, Bladder or Kidney trouble and want a certain, pleasant herb relief from Women's ills, try Mother Gray's "AUSTRALIAN-LEAF." It is a safe, reliable regulator, and relieves all Female Weaknesses, including Inflammation and Ulcerations. Mother Gray's Australian-Leaf is sold by Druggists or sent by mail for 50 cts. Sample sent FREE. Address, The Mother Gray Co., Le Roy, N.Y.

STATE PRESS

The Measure of Republican Leaders.

When first commenting upon the nomination of Captain Kent the News pointed out that little was known of him as a public man, but that with the progress of the campaign developments would likely result tending to give the people some means by which they could make up judgment concerning him. If it be true, as stated in the Newport News dispatch, that he has in effect brought the grave charge of deliberate fraud to the door of the Democratic State Committee, then even before opening his campaign the Republican nominee is beginning to afford a yardstick by which he may be measured. To say that the Democratic committee or the Democratic party authorities have conspired to pad the primary vote, is really to charge them with a political crime. Ordinarily this character of statement would be promptly consigned to the mud-slinging category.—Lynchburg News.

Good Roads and Good Farms.

Over and over again have we impressed upon our readers, line upon line and precept upon precept, here a little and there a little, and altogether a great deal, that the greatest desideratum in Virginia, and the thing most urgently needed for the prosperity of the people, was an improvement of the deplorable condition of our public highways. The improvement of our county roads is the predominant question, the first and greatest law of prosperity; and the second is like unto it: the cutting up of the large landed estates into smaller farms, farms of from fifty to 150 acres, these last figures (150 acres) being as large a farm as any man in Virginia ought to cultivate, no matter how abundant his means and his ability to own a larger estate.—Charlottesville Progress.

The Railroads as Road Helpers.

The railroads of Virginia are going to do their part in the great effort now being made to pull out of the mud and build good highways. President White, of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac Railroad, has made this plain by an interview given out in Richmond, in which he stated that his road would co-operate in the work by transporting free of cost all material to be used in the construction of good roads. . . . If other railroad heads take the same progressive view of the matter as that expressed by the president of the Richmond, Fredericksburg and Potomac, they can make their roads potent factors in the upbuilding of the Commonwealth, because the building of permanent roads means the prosperity and growth of the State.—Fredericksburg Star.

Halifax Road Experiments.

In this connection it is interesting to note the success attending the experiments in Halifax county with the new gray soil for road construction. This soil, which is the celebrated bright Virginia tobacco soil, is said by experts to be nothing more nor less than stone crushed into dust by the processes of time. It is said that this soil, compactly laid, liberally wetted and rolled, has enough cohesive quality in itself to weld into a practically stone roadbed which will defy time and travel. It is believed that this new road material will solve the construction problem for the proposed Atlanta to New York great national highway.—Harrisonburg News.

Voice of the People.

Let the Children Walk on the Grass.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I see in a recent issue of your valuable paper that the City Fathers had passed or were about to pass an order that would prohibit the children from playing on the grass in the parks. Don't do it. I am only a visitor in your progressive and prosperous city, and the first thing that in particular attracted my attention was your fine parks, so nicely located in the residence part of the city, where the children could play and have the best time of their lives; and what especially attracted my attention was the children playing on the grass. There were no objectionable signs—"Keep Off the Grass." I have visited many cities and parks, and in most of them were these objectionable signs, "Keep Off the Grass." I always gave my vote to allow the children the greatest latitude in the use of the parks, and yet the lawmakers seem to think they should restrict the greatest pleasure of all—to allow the little ones, and even the big ones, the privilege to romp and roll on the grass.

The average lawmaker thinks that he must do something unusual as soon as he is endowed with a little power. He seems to forget that the citizen is the taxpayer and is the supporter of the parks, and that he is also the owner of the children that play on the grass.

I say again, don't do it. Let the little ones, as well as the older ones, enjoy that God-given privilege of enjoying the greatest blessing to be had in a city—the unlimited use of your beautiful parks—and the overworked mothers will rise up and call you blessed.

ONE THAT LOVES THE CHILDREN.

The Eliot Books.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please republish in your next Sunday's issue that list of books named by Dr. Charles W. Eliot as all-sufficient for a good education, and oblige. A SUBSCRIBER.

Richmond, September 6.

[No complete and authentic list of the Eliot books has yet been made public. The list published some months ago, without Dr. Eliot's approval, has been described by him as incomplete and inaccurate.—Editor of The Times-Dispatch.]

The Inspiration for Houdon's Washington.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read somewhere that a man once had the temerity to offer General Washington a low price for one of the general's fine horses. The general drew himself up in a dignified attitude of disdainful dissent, and while in this position was sketched by the great Houdon, who afterwards made the pose immortal in his famous statue of General Washington which now embellishes our Capitol Building. Is this so? PATRIOT.

Richmond, September 7.

A Dangerous Excavation.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—About two squares north of the Southern Railway York River Line, near where the National Cemetery Road crosses, is a very dangerous hole. There has been some excavating at this point for moulding sand, and there is a long trench, about 30 feet long and about 15 feet deep, and half-filled with water. The writer of this was down there to-day, and came near falling into the same. I went down into the excavation, not thinking the water was deep, and on putting a piece of board 5 feet in length into the water, was unable to reach the bottom. Now, this would not be so dangerous but for the fact that on Sunday afternoons large numbers of children go walking where the hole is, and if one fell in, he could never get out.

I think the place is in the city limits, as it is near the stone with "C. L. 1908" on same.

"CHURCH HILL"

Richmond, September 6.

One Cough

A cough, just a little cough. It may not amount to much. Or, it may amount to everything! Some keep coughing until the lung tissues are seriously injured. Others stop their cough with Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. Sold for seventy years. How many years have you known it?

Ask your doctor about Ayer's Cherry Pectoral. If he says, "Take it," then take it. If he says, "No," then don't. J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.

Honor the Eskimos, Too.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The world is honoring Dr. Cook for his marvelous achievement—the discovery of the North Pole. It looks like, from the reputation and clear statements of the doctor, that he really reached the pole. Of course, Dr. Cook cannot be too highly honored for his daring achievement, but the Eskimos who accompanied him ought to be honored too. E. P. PARHAM.

Walkerton, September 7.

WINGS NOT PURCHASABLE.

Royal Russian Bought Aeroplane, But Could Not Fly.

A joke with a moral is going the rounds of the aeroplane sheds at Rheims. It concerns a royal Russian, who took a fancy to one of the machines, and pompously approaching its owner, asked the price. The owner named it and the royal Russian had it. He handed it over, and proposed at once to mount and fly. Taking his seat before the motor he announced that he was going to fly, and asked the late owner to set the thing in motion. It is probably needless to say that the flight has been postponed.

Birds don't have to learn to fly as men do. The little bird flutters by instinct and as soon as it gets its strength it wings its way whither it will with all confidence. But the man-bird has to learn to balance himself. He has to acquire a skill superior to that needed by the operator of a bicycle. None of the prominent aviators has so far learned his lesson well. They are advancing slowly. None of the types of machine now in use will ever succeed except as they are run by experts. The man with money may buy a flying machine, but that will give him little satisfaction, unless it is a two-passenger affair. Wings, as up to the present developed, are plainly not purchasable.

But suppose a machine should appear which would fly naturally, as it were, which should require even less skill in its operation than the automobile requires, which should do for itself the balancing which the aviator now has to do for the aeroplane. That would really look like a beginning of flying. The man who can produce that machine has a fortune waiting ready for his hand.—New Haven Register.

WHAT IS A COLONEL?

The Definition Should Not Overlook the Host From Tennessee.

In this interrogative year several questions have been persistently asked, such as, "What is a Democrat?" "What is whiskey?" and yet without eliciting satisfactory answers. There was a time when people had no trouble answering these questions, but now an attempt to give suitable definitions is involved in so much explanation and variation, both inquirer and informer find themselves puzzled. Likewise with another question that has been propounded: "What is a colonel?" The Dallas News defines colonel as "an officer who has command of a regiment."

That is a very good technical answer, although in the army there are colonels who do not command regiments. But nowadays there are more nominal colonels who have never been in military life than there are in the army and the National Guard. The Houston Post, referring to the definition given by the News, says: "Our impression is that the correct definition is, a citizen of Texas or Kentucky."

The Post falls woefully short of accuracy, as Colonel Bailey should know. Why, let us ask, with proper show of indignation, should the ubiquitous colonel of Tennessee be left out of the category, not to speak of the peaceful armies of colonels that people other States than Texas and Kentucky? Besides, are not the majority of the colonels of Texas from Tennessee?—Nashville Banner.

"If I Should Die To-Night."

If I should die to-night,
A poor soul of a countless host would be
Swift gathered to a vast eternity—
And form—alike unto the Son of Man—
The clay, encased, mayhap rose-bedecked,
Would make a few fast friends perhaps reflect;
Whate'er my age, the shortness of life's span,
If I should die to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Some sorrowing ones would s'er so tenderly
Compose my wasted form's serenity;
And loved ones' kisses would affection tell.
Ah! anguish for a while would wound an heart
That God had given me for mine apart—
And 'twould be known that she had loved me well,
If I should die to-night.

If I should die to-night,
Would duty sadly point my way and say
I'd closely followed where his pathway lay?
Would Justice grieve because of my demise?
Would Love her sympathetic tear bestow
As friends, bewildered, placed me sod below?
Ah! would I wake in heaven with glad surprise,
If I should die to-night?

If I should die to-night,
Would on a scroll the good works of my life
Outnumber all the ill-deeds in the strife,
As stumbling through the world I'd wended me?
Would He, my King, who doeth all things well,
Forgive the sins and save me from an hell,
If I believe in Him and contrite be,
If I should die to-night?

If I should die to-night,
Such dissolution, were I e'er so base
From sins unmirrored on my ashen face
Might cause the tears from a few eyes to flow—
But would my soul in transitory state
Permitted be to enter at His gate?
God Grant that I may 'scape the realms below,
If I should die to-night.

Lufay, Va. WM. I. JONES.

MAKE SURE

that it is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters you are getting, by seeing that the Private Stamp over the neck of the bottle is unbroken. Imitation is always an indication of weakness and inferiority. Therefore, refuse all substitutes and insist on

HOSTETTER'S STOMACH BITTERS

It is the best in all cases of Sour Stomach, Sick Headache, Poor Appetite, Indigestion, Costiveness, Biliousness, Dyspepsia, Kidney Ills, General Weakness and Malarial Fever. Try it.