The Times-Dispatch
DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
Manchester Bureau.....1103 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau.....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

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

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

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday.....	14 cents
Daily without Sunday.....	10 cents
Sunday only	5 cents

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

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1909.

CIVILIZATION AND THE PSYCHOLOGY OF THE MOB.

How deep does our civilization go? Is it really, after all these years of painful making, only the thinnest and most fragile veneer, which a hot breath of passion can always blow away at a moment's notice? Scratch a Russian, we superciliously say, and you find a Tartar. But what on earth do you find when you scratch a typical American? The newspapers of the last day or two make us hesitate to give an answer.

These horror tales from Illinois are startling and unsettling. Consider the case. Here is no population made up of the sweepings of European slums, no polyglot hodge-podge of Huns, Slavs, Poles, Spaniards, Corsicans and so on. These are people of average, typical American stock. More than any other section of the country, perhaps, the Middle West is typically American. In most ways, we suppose, Cairo is a typical American town. It is one of a thousand just like it, and fairly represents out national life, character and civilization. And in this normal, average little city, we see normal, average men and women passing easily from their everyday pursuits to a head-hunt whose unbridled savagery might put a Philippine tribesman to the blush. We see them kick off every restraint of decency and fall back ten thousand years into a barbarity almost inconceivable. We see them gratifying a bestial lust for blood with a bestial thoroughness so revolting as hardly to bear print.

Clearly here is an extraordinary phenomenon, and one of strong interest. The explanation is fairly intelligible. The spirit of "collectivism" is back of this ghastly day's work, the strange psychology of the mob. A mob, we must understand, is something more than a collection of individuals. Their association together in sharing any emotion, good or bad, doubles and redoubles that emotion in the breast of each. The individuals react on each other, back and forth, sending the whole average higher and higher or lower and lower at each swing. By himself, probably not one of these men could have brought himself even to kill the negro wretch, much less to take souvenirs from the corpse's flesh. By herself, not one of these women could conceivably have desired to have a bit of the blood-stained rope as a personal memento. As individuals they would have found all these details too nauseating and horrible for words. But as a mob, they rushed at the work with a ferocious and saddening joy. An entirely new element came into being when these people banded themselves together, each unconsciously egging the other on in a kind of awful rivalry, and this is the terrible danger of the mob. Le Bon has reduced the mob tendency to a formula. He says that the morals of a mob stirred to crime tend naturally to become as low as the lowest member of it. So the dregs of human nature seek their own level. This formula seems to have proved absolutely sound in the Cairo case. If that mob could have descended any lower than it did, we are at a loss to understand how.

Of course this curious tendency works both ways. We see its happy and noble manifestations in revival meetings, in times of emergency and disaster when the presence of others keys each man to do his best, in battle when even a cowardly soldier is inspired to heroism. The sinking of the British troop steamer Birkenhead, which went down with colors flying, the band playing and all hands drawn up as though for inspection, is a favorite illustration of triumphant courage. It is a fair illustration of the psychology of numbers. One man foundering in a rowboat would hardly meet death with such splendid defiance. As the whole level of civilization cannot be appraised by the Birkenhead incident, so it cannot be fairly measured by these atrocities in Illinois. A barbarous thirst for blood does not in the remotest sense represent American civilization. But terrible outbursts such as this do show that our civilization is not strong enough always to hold down this barbarous thirst, and to that degree it is a clear failure.

CO-OPERATING WITH SENATOR ALDRICH.

Senator Aldrich has not been famous for his confidence in the public. In fact, some well-remembered utterances of his in the Senate last spring rather confirmed the people in the opinion that the Rhode Island leader prefers to work out his plans in quiet aloofness, and to broach them within the inviolable precincts of the Senate.

But the Senator has ostensibly changed his views within recent months. He has affably accepted many public invitations, and has spoken at a number of important financial gatherings. At all of these he has spoken, vaguely, to be sure, of proposed financial reforms, and has repeatedly hinted at the advisability of a central bank. This unusual frankness probably does not mean that the Senator has changed his views of the public. It more probably means that the Senator thinks he had better break gently to the people his plans. A too sudden unveiling of them, when Congress meets, might be disastrous.

But even more striking than this open confidence in the people was Senator Aldrich's appeal at Des Moines on Thursday for popular co-operation in framing financial legislation. This was novelty indeed. Judging by the effect the preliminary hearings on the tariff schedules had upon that measure, public suggestions for financial legislation would be about as welcome to Senator Aldrich as a bill to reduce the representation of Rhode Island.

In the course of his remarks, Senator Aldrich threw out one or two hints regarding his proposed plans, for the enactment of which he desired popular co-operation. The emergency circulation of European countries, based upon commercial paper, appealed to him strongly. He would not suggest that such an innovation was necessary, but he intimated that if it were desirable to look beyond America for financial expedients, this form of circulation might be attractive. In other words, Wall Street paper would not be a bad asset for a Wall Street currency.

This is perhaps all the people will know before the full plan is finally trotted out in Congress. Perhaps it is all they should know. Otherwise it is conceivable that their "co-operation" might become a menace to Mr. Aldrich's private plans.

THE RACE IN THE FOURTH DISTRICT.

Walter A. Watson's voluntary withdrawal from the race for the Fourth District's vacant seat in Congress leaves a large field of aspirants still in the running. Judge Watson's prospect of landing the coveted honor was excellent, but he preferred the bench to the stress and uncertainties of national politics. One of the most formidable candidates now in the long list is Charles T. Lassiter, brother of the deceased Congressman, and a conspicuous member of the Virginia Senate. It is an open secret that Senator Lassiter might have had this seat some years ago, but retired in favor of his brother. From the congressional standpoint he is still a very young man, but has given evidence of marked abilities and unusual fitness for the duties of a legislator. Identified with the most progressive element in the Democratic party, in the last few months he has come very prominently before the people of the State as the field officer of the Virginia Good Roads Association, of which he was one of the founders and of whose cause he was a leader before the association existed. National aid to good roads is coming some day, and at Washington Mr. Lassiter's experience and enthusiasm would prove useful for developing sentiment in that direction.

Needless to say, The Times-Dispatch has no candidate in this contest, and is in no sense attempting to tell the voters of the Fourth District what they should do. There are other good men offering for this important place, and this paper has no other interest in the matter than that the best man of them may win. Whether this description calls for Mr. Lassiter we do not know, the qualifications of some of the other candidates not being fully known to us. Among our younger men he is one of the most interesting figures in public life, and may be counted on, whether now or later, to graduate from the Legislature to higher honors.

A LIVING FROM TEN ACRES.

When all the crops have been harvested and all the accounts settled, the net profit is the real test of the farmer. Brilliant experiments are well enough, and the trial of unusual methods is most interesting; but how the farm pays alone determines the value of the new system. Intensive cultivation, diversified crops, farming specialties and secondary crops are, therefore, only important when it can be demonstrated that they enrich the farmer.

That veteran planter, T. O. Sandy, of Nottoway, is thoroughly convinced of the truth of these principles. In a recent letter to the Southern Planter he backs up his belief with a transcript from his ledger for a period of three years. The farm in question consisted of only ten acres, and was apparently in a bad condition when cultivation began. Subsoiling was necessary, while two and one-half tons of bone meal had to be used. From the profits of that year, therefore, the expense of these improvements had to be deducted. But the ten acres produced 700 bushels of corn and twenty tons of corn stover, with a net profit of $190.50 to the owner.

When the corn was worked for the last time during the first season, crimson clover was seeded for the next season, twenty pounds to the acre. This required little cultivation, and, at the end of the year, yielded sixteen tons of hay, worth $169 net. For the third season the ten acres were fertilized with two and one-half tons of bone meal, and were planted in timothy, herd's grass, sapling clover and alfalfa. After all the expenses of this season had been paid the year's hay crop sold for $572.50. Thus, within three years, the profit from the ten-acre lot amounted to $1,232, or a clear yearly revenue of $41.07 per acre.

Here is a sermon that needs no praise. Here is an argument in behalf of good farming that requires no explanation. If every farmer in Virginia would take it to heart, the next three years would revolutionize the agriculture of the State and triple the productivity of our farms.

Slowly but surely, the Peary Arctic Club is being detached from its transient grip on Fame.

Some labor circles seem to be lying awake nights trying to figure where Sam Gompers gets his.

The country is getting a most unfavorable glimpse of the streets of Cairo.

The long war in San Francisco is becoming nearly as heated as a polar controversy or a family row in the Taft administration.

There is nearly always another side, Gifford Pinchot's scalp, if they do get it, will make fine thunder for the other side on the stumps of 1912.

The more we hear of the Sugar Trust, the better we think of Standard Oil.

While Dr. Cook is now cultivating a profound and admirable silence, we should say that it was too late for him to have any chance of being made minister to China.

Meantime the Mississippi is lying there, waiting to be improved, and hang the expense.

Peary is to get $1.20 a word for his forthcoming magazine article, and why not? The figures show that his earlier utterances were worth far more than that to Dr. Cook.

Sir Tummas Lipton exclaims that "it is glorious to be born poor." Were it not for certain knowledge to the contrary, we should be irresistibly driven to the conclusion that Sir Tummas was born rich.

We make so bold as to opine that the editors in Cairo, Ill., will in the coming years prepare very few articles on "The Lawless South."

The thorn in the side of the Interior Department is that it is impossible to fire Glavis again.

The grand old Sunshine Club of Richmond and environs has had things its own way so long that we are now willing to be generous to the farmer opposition and stand for a bunch of rain.

Dr. Funk claims to have discovered the North Pole of Mars. H'm, h'm. Let's see what Itookishoo and Ahpelah say about this.

The New York Sun remarks that the test of Mr. Taft "as administrator and adviser of legislation now begins." The Sun ought to wind up its testing apparatus, which is now about eight months slow.

STATE PRESS

Saving Our Forests from Fire.

If a man knew that a piece of woodland was going to burn down this month and cause a loss to him of $1,000, unless he spent $10 for patrol, he would not hesitate to invest $10 to save it.

Of course, everybody sees the wisdom of the patrol, but how to go about establishing a system, one that will be effective and not bear too heavily on any one owner? Perhaps the Commissioner of Agriculture can give some suggestions. Possibly the Farmers' Institutes should take up the question. Maybe it will be deemed wise to have the State act. By the time the Legislature meets material could be at hand for intelligent action. We have game wardens now; their duties might be extended to forest patrol. A slight additional tax on wooded lands would pay the cost.—Radford Advance.

A New City Code for Norfolk.

Is it not about time to call a halt on all ordinances creating departments and defining the duties, etc., until a code is adopted? The Councils might do wisely by following closely the language of the charter placing the management of the several departments therein mentioned under the direction of the Board of Control, and leaving that body free to make such rules and regulations for the conduct of the different departments as the exigencies and experience suggest. . . . It would seem that the Councils could better employ their energies in adopting a code than in passing a number of additional ordinances which will more than likely be in conflict with those proposed, which are noted to consist of 566 pages, the size of an ordinary law-book, and it would seem these should be quite sufficient for the proper administration of any city, no matter what its size.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

A Larger Vote from a Better Primary.

There was not so much apathy at the late election as conditions prior thereto seemed to indicate. Still, the vote was not as large as it should have been, and, in trying to account for the decrease a good many attribute it to the primary plan of nominating candidates. That may have had something to do with it, as the people are afflicted with too many elections and become indifferent about voting. Again, it is contended that many who participated in the primary did not vote at the general election. That, unquestionably, was wrong, as every man who participates in a primary election is in honor bound to support the nominee. The primary would be an absurd performance if those participating refused to abide the result. But it is not so much the primary itself as the manner in which it is too often conducted that disgusts the voter. Candidates for the nomination should be required to conduct a courteous and decent canvass or retire from the field, the object being to unite, not to disrupt, the party. The obligation upon the candidate in this regard is as strong as the obligation upon the voter to support the nominee.—Fairfax Herald.

Bristol's Board of Trade.

If the Bristol Board of Trade had done nothing this year to justify its existence, aside from securing a local branch office of the land and industrial department of the Southern Railway, that would be considered sufficient by those who understand and appreciate the value of such things. But the Board of Trade has done more, as any citizen may convince himself by reviewing the work of that organization for the past several months. One of the latest results of its constant activity and effective efforts in the city's interest was announced in the Herald-Courier yesterday morning in the story of the two telephone trunk lines that are to be built out of Bristol. One of these lines will give the city connection with the coal fields of Southwest Virginia, while the other will give it connection with the cities of Virginia and the East, including Richmond, Norfolk, Baltimore, New York and Philadelphia. Heretofore Bristol has not had telephone communication with the coal fields, while in order to reach Eastern cities it has been necessary to go a long way round—an arrangement that caused much trouble, delay and expense.—Bristol Herald-Courier.

Trouble for MacVeagh.

The Secretary of the Treasury is laying up trouble for the administration by supporting the extraordinary policy which Collector Loeb has pursued at the New York custom-house. The immunity which Mr. Loeb granted to confessed thieves in the government service and his retention of them in office drew down upon his head a severe but merited condemnation from the bench. If that is now adopted as the policy of the department there will be an equally severe and equally merited condemnation from public opinion, already exasperated by reason of the insolent treatment of travelers. Nor is the tenderness towards the faithless custom-house employes the worst feature of the present case. It is announced that the attempt to get evidence against the men in superior positions who are suspected of dishonesty will be dropped "for the present." The collector finds it more to his taste to prosecute importers. But the chief offenders are inside the custom-house. If Mr. Loeb makes himself responsible for protecting them, the propriety of removing him might well be considered by the President.—Providence Journal.

An exceptional opportunity for real estate investment or speculation will be offered in Sunday's Times-Dispatch. See "Harrowgate's" full page ad.

Borrowed Jingles

ANOTHER VICTIM.

The turkey cried in sorrow:
"Behold where I am at!
Despite my sad entreaties
I'm daily getting fat.

"My breakfast invitations
Into the future reach;
I know that they will ply me
With dishes rare at each.

"Engagements too for luncheon
I know I'll have to meet;
My hosts will be offended
Unless I eat and eat.

"I also shall be feasted
At banquets rare and grand
Until, like Taft, all vainly
I yearn for plain beef and."
—New York Sun.

MERELY JOKING.

Show Her Gratitude.

His Fiancee: "And, you know, Tom jumped in after me and rescued me from the waves at the risk of his own life!"

Bella: "Do you know, if I were in your place, from sheer gratitude I would not—marry him!"—Life.

The Ideal Changes.

Miss Prim: "You haven't really broken with him? Why, I thought he was your ideal."

Miss Fikel: "So he was; but as soon as I find a man who sizes up to my ideal it seems to be my luck to have the fashions in ideals change."—Philadelphia Press.

Something to Reach For.

"Have you provided a pitcher of ice-water for the orator?"

"Yes; and also a small box of dried codfish. He's a graduate of the grocery lyceum."—Pittsburg Post.

An Early Example.

"Some people fall naturally into the good things of life."

"For instance?"

"Even among schoolboys, there's the handy kid who rings the bell, answers the door, and manages to get out of doing any studying."—Houston Chronicle.

The One Exception.

"You can't gratify champagne tastes on a beer income."

"Not unless you happen to be a brewer."—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Then Take Them Off.

"I'd like some fly specks," said the man at the cafe.

"Sir?" asked the waiter, haughtily.

"Haven't you got fly specks?" asked the man.

"No, sir," said the waiter.

"Then," said the man, "take them off the bill of fare."—New York Press.

MENTIONED IN PASSING.

HERE and there the disbanding of a football team for the season indicates that some progress is being made in the conservation of our natural resources in the way of young men.—Indianapolis News.

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Tom Johnson's defeat can only be explained on the hypothesis that Cleveland had too much of a good thing.—Anaconda Standard.

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A St. Louis preacher is in favor of two-hour sermons. Which might be all right if the sermons were not loud enough to disturb the members of the congregation who desired to sleep.—Toledo Blade.

• • •

We congratulate our old friend Epictetus, As Mayor and Governor, too, he's about the biggest man in New York.—New York World.

• • •

Dr. Cook has his university degrees, won by chasing the midnight sun to his lair, and no enemy can shake off his Danish decorations.—Dallas News.

• • •

The Gaynor presidential boom has been put in cold storage, where it will occupy a very quiet, very small, and very unostentatious corner for some time to come.—Washington Herald.

OUR FAST BATTLESHIPS.

Recent Tests No Final Index to Their True Speed.

It is very apparent that this country has in the new battleships Delaware and North Dakota, of the Dreadnought type, two very fast and efficient ships. Only a few weeks ago the first-named ship made an average speed of considerably more than twenty-one knots and a maximum speed of a little over twenty-two knots. Now the North Dakota has exceeded the performance of her sister ship and made a maximum speed of considerably over twenty-two knots and an average speed for four hours in excess of that attained by the Delaware.

As a result of these trials, many people are claiming with pride that we have the two fastest and finest battleships afloat. In all probability we have, but the fact should not be forgotten that the speed attained over a measured course with picked coal and a selected crew during an hour, or even four hours, is no criterion of the speed the ships will make later on. Rarely have any of our large ships reached in actual practice the speed attained on their trial trips, and it may be expected that much the same condition of things exists in foreign navies.

While the new ships may never again attain the speed reached on the preliminary trials, the fact that they made the speed reported under the same general conditions which obtain at the trials of all navy ships serves to fix their status as the fastest ships in our fleet without danger of dispute.—New Orleans Picayune.

WHERE SHALL WE STAY WHEN IN NEW YORK?

At the Hotel St. Regis, Corner of Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street.

The question of where to stop when in New York is a momentous one to the infrequent traveler. Those whose business or inclinations lead them frequently to the emtropolis are generally well acquainted with the different hotels, but the stranger possesses no such knowledge, and is often unable to make a wise choice. Those who make no plans in advance generally patronize hotels nearest to the railway station. Those who care for glitter or excitement seek out the new and vast hotels close to or on "the great white way," as Broadway has come to be called. But the thoughtful, discriminating visitor to the metropolis will avoid both these types of hotels. He will select a hotel amid refined surroundings, one that affords every comfort coupled with excellent service, and genuine restfulness. Such a hotel is the St. Regis, at Fifth Avenue and Fifty-fifth Street, a hotel famed as being the "finest in America." The St. Regis was built to be a perfect hotel, and no feature that can make it such is lacking. Transient guests coming to New York and stopping at the Hotel St. Regis will find accommodations of the very highest grade in every particular, and at standard rates. Single rooms are $3 and $4 a day; the same with private bath, $5 a day (or $6 for two people); while for a parlor, bedroom and private bath the rates are $12 a day and up. The restaurant charges are no higher than those of other first-class hotels.

Our abilities to plan, write and illustrate advertising is recognized by leading manufacturers and others.
Richmond Advertising Agency, Inc.
Mutual Building,
Richmond, Virginia.
Established 1904.

MONTAGUE GUEST QUEEN'S FRIEND

Died at Sandringham During the Festivities of the King's Birthday.

LORD ANNALY POKER-PLAYER

Great-Grandfather Began His Career as Errand Boy, But Found Lucky Lottery Ticket.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

MONTAGUE GUEST'S death at Sandringham, on the King's birthday, cannot but have been a great shock to his royal host and hostess, not only by reason of its tragic suddenness, but also because he was one of their oldest and closest friends; one to whose advice the Queen in particular attached great value, he entertaining for her a devotion characterized by old-time chivalry.

A younger brother of the late Lord Wimborne, he was, with his very tall stature, his strongly-marked features and his extraordinarily shaped hats, one of the best-known figures in London, and being a very sociable individual and an extremely clever raconteur, was in great demand as a diner-out. His popularity was due to the fact that with all his gift of anecdotage and wit, he always had a good word to say for people; his talk and his gossip were never unkindly, and the consequence was that he reaped his reward by having almost everybody's good word.

He was one of the oldest members of the Royal Yacht Squadron, having joined the latter away back in 1862, and having some twenty years ago undertaken the business of cataloguing the books in the library at West Cowes Castle, was in consequence thereof appointed librarian of the club, with all due solemnity; an office which he held from that time forth until his death. He did some soldiering in his younger days as an officer of the Rifle Brigade, but after leaving the army, devoted himself to art, and spent as much time as he could spare from his royal friends at Sandringham, and from society, in painting in his studio in London, and to the collection of bric-a-brac, of which he was a wonderful connoisseur. In fact, his collections at the Albany, in London, and at his house in Brighton, are extremely valuable, and it is more than probable that the best pieces thereof will be found to have been bequeathed to Queen Alexandra. He was a favorite, not only with the King and Queen, but also with their children and grandchildren, and it is easy to understand how his death in the midst of the King's birthday festivities at Sandringham had the effect of converting happiness and rejoicing into very real sorrow.

Lottery Ticket Luck.

Lord Annaly, who has just seceded from the Liberal party, in consequence of his objections to the financial schemes of Chancellor of the Exchequer Lloyd-George, and who has joined the Unionists, is a member of the household of the Prince of Wales and one of the latter's lords in waiting. Very good looking, he is one of the most ornamental figures of the Marlborough House circle, where, as also in London society, he rejoices in the nickname of "Sloper."

The origin of his peerage is very romantic. His great-grandfather hailed from the Isle of Man, drifted over to Dublin, where he became the errand boy of a second-hand bookseller, and then, being ambitious, started in business for himself in the same line. One day he found a lottery ticket in the pages of an old second-hand book which he had purchased with a job lot at a public sale. Fortunately for himself, he failed in his efforts to dispose of the ticket, and it was left on his hands, winning the prize of $100,000, which proved the foundation of his fortune. He died a millionaire and a member of Parliament; and while three of his sons had seats in the House of Commons, a fourth became Lord Annaly, and purchased from the last Lord Carhampton the estate of Luttrellstown.

Luttrellstown, which is now known as Woodlands, is situated in the county of Dublin, and took its former name from the Luttrell family, of which the Earl of Carhampton was the chief, and which had owned the place since the reign of King Henry VI. It is beautifully situated, on the banks of the Liffey, about four miles from the Irish capital, and among its most famous owners have been the "wicked" Earl Carhampton, who was reputed to have sold his soul to the devil, and Colonel Luttrell, the opponent of Wilkes at the memorable Middlesex election, some 100 years ago.

Uses American Buggy.

Lord Annaly was for many years master of the Pytchley pack; is known as one of the finest riders in England, and in olden days used to drive in London in one of those extremely smart, but rather old-fashioned, cabriolets, attended by a very diminutive tiger, standing on tiptoe on a footboard at the back, and steadying himself on his insecure perch by means of a pair of straps, to which he was suspended most of the time. The cabriolet was succeeded by a perfectly appointed dogcart and tandem, which is not an easy outfit to drive through the crowded streets of London. In course of time the tandem gave way to an American buggy, which still occupies the chief place in the favor of Lord Annaly, who remains blind to the advantages of the automobile. He shows an equal amount of conservatism in the matter of cards, sets his face against bridge, and is one of the very few remaining poker-players in smart society.

Lord Annaly was at one time a particular crony of King Edward, when the latter was still Prince of Wales, but forfeited for a number of years this royal friendship through his treatment, it is said, of the lady who is now Marchioness of Ripon. Lord Annaly, then Luke White, was exceedingly devoted to her during her first marriage, to the late Lord Lonsdale, and during the early stages of her widowhood. After the requisite lapse of time, their engagement was announced, and then the Hon. Luke married, instead, the immeasurably richer sister and heiress of the late Viscount Clifden, the Hon. Lilah Agar-Ellis. It is through her that he became the owner of Holdenby House, in Northamptonshire, which is his favorite home, and which has been immortalized in Whyte-Melville's most popular novel, "The Queen's Marys."

Lady Annaly was one of the most popular beauties in English society prior to her marriage; her beauty, much of which she retains, being of the golden-haired, blue-eyed order; while Lord Annaly's good looks are shared by his brothers, the Hon. Charles and the Hon. Henry White, both of whom took part in the Jameson Raid, were condemned to death by the Boer tribunals at Pretoria, and were then sent back under close arrest to England, where they served a term of imprisonment in Holloway Jail for the role which they played in connection with the affair.

The King "Potsdaming."

People in England are beginning to grumble at the building operations of King Edward, who, in his sixty-ninth year, seems to have developed an unholy liking for bricks and mortar. He has been indulging in extensive building operations at Sandringham, at Windsor Castle, at Balmoral (where the entrance has been shunted to what was formerly the back of the castle), at Hampton Court Palace, where elaborate alterations are in progress, at Holyrood, and even at Barton Manor, on the Osborne estate in the Isle of Wight, where additions to the house are in order. While most of these building operations leave the people indifferent, they are far from being pleased with the alterations at Buckingham Palace and along the Mall, nor do they approve of the entrance thereto from Trafalgar Square. In fact, Edward VII. is being subjected to very much the same criticisms as his nephew, Emperor William, has suffered at the hands of the Berliners, in his attempt to beautify his capital, and the King is being accused by his liege of "Potsdaming" the Mall and of "Potsdaming" Buckingham Palace.

So numerous have been the stories published in foreign and American newspapers concerning vast donations and bequests by royal and imperial personages and by American captains of industry and finance to the Pontiff, that there has been a sensible diminution in the subscriptions to the Peter Pence Fund, the impression being created that the Holy See has inexhaustible funds at its disposal for all purposes. Under the circumstances, Pius X. has found it necessary to issue in his official organ, the "Osservatore Romano," a denial of the reported donations, and to announce that there is no truth in the statements to the effect that he has received gifts of importance from "Emperor Francis Joseph, ex-Empress Eugenie and J. Pierpont Morgan."

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Voice of the People.

Not the Oldest.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Kindly correct an error in the account given in your issue of to-day of the annual meeting last evening of the Richmond Chapter of the Alumni Association of the Virginia Military Institute, and naming me as "the oldest-living alumnus." Evidently your reporter was some interested person, who, overlooking the fact that I am a married man of long standing and exemplary conduct, hoped, through the item, to blast at one unkind swoop any and every incipient and untoward aspiration of a lovely and only daughter of his own.

The error is the more remarkable in view of my having read to the assembled alumni from the catalogue of the institute (1908-'09) the statement that of the six classes antedating my own (in which there are six still living) one alumnus each of the classes of 1843, 1844, 1845 and 1846 and two of the class of 1847 yet survive. Of the six living members of my class, 1848, I prefer to think myself the youngest

WILLIAM W. FINNEY.

Petersburg, November 12.

Gives Captain M. B. Rowe Credit for Spotsylvania Roads Movement.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In your issue of to-day appears a communication from Thomas H. Harris, of Fredericksburg; also an editorial lauding his efforts to secure good roads in Spotsylvania. In the interest of justice I wish to call your attention to some facts in connection with the road movement in Spotsylvania that appear to be unknown to Mr. Harris, or perhaps forgotten by him.

The Spotsylvania road movement was commenced in 1900 or 1901. In the latter year there was submitted to a mass meeting at Spotsylvania Courthouse a draft of a proposed road law for the county. It provided for a bond issue, the appointment by the Circuit Court of a road commission, etc. In March or April, 1903, Captain M. B. Rowe introduced, at a meeting of the Business Men's Association of Fredericksburg, a resolution calling for the appointment of a committee to be sent to Charlotte, N. C., to examine and report on the road question as it was being solved there. Captain Rowe and the writer were appointed to do this work.

In 1900 or 1901 it was Captain Rowe who persuaded the writer to study the problem of building good roads in Spotsylvania, who convinced him that the "mud tax" was a greater burden than would be a bond issue.

To Captain Rowe, more than to any other one man, is due the honor and credit of the recent victory at the polls of the good roads movement in Spotsylvania. I know of no one who was ahead of him in starting the struggle. I know of no one who was more earnest and persistent in keeping up the fight. To him belongs all the honor and more that you have given to Mr. Harris.

HENRY WARDEN.

Fredericksburg, November 11.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

Strength of German Army.

What is the total army force of Germany? CITIZEN.

Including the reserves, 1,840,000. In addition Germany has 1,000,000 unorganized, but available for military service.

Salary of Mayor of New York.

What is the salary of the Mayor of New York? A READER.

$15,000.

Largest Building in the World.

What building has the largest single floor capacity in the world? M. A. B.

St. Peter's, at Rome, which accommodates 54,000 people.

New Plays in New York.

How many new plays are presented annually in New York? STAGE.

During the last season, sixty-three dramas and thirty-five musical comedies were given their first hearing in New York City.

The Cruise of the Oregon.

To settle a controversy, please tell me where the cruise of the Oregon began in the Spanish War, and where it ended. A CONSTANT READER.

Began at Bremerton, Cal., and ended at Key West, Fla.

First Wireless Press Message.

When was the first press dispatch ever printed from a wireless telegraph message? M. B.

March 28, 1899, when the London Times printed a 100-word message sent by wireless telegraph across the English Channel.

Long Distance Rapid Riding.

What is the record in long distance rapid riding over a given course? INQUIRER.

The record of Nell Mowry, made at San Francisco in 1868, is probably the best. She covered 300 miles on thirty horses in fourteen hours and nine minutes.

Virginia vs. Carolina.

Please give me the record of the University of Virginia against Carolina in football last year. S.

Virginia, 31; North Carolina, 0.

Terms of Virginia Senators.

When will the terms of the Virginia Senators in Congress end? CITIZEN.

Senator Martin's term will end in 1913; Senator Daniel's in 1911. The latter will be re-elected at the next Legislature for a term ending 1917.

V. P. I. and N. C.

Did V. P. I. play Carolina at football last year; if so, what was the score? R. I. P.

Yes; V. P. I., 10; N. C., 0.

Loeb's Predecessor.

Whom did Mr. Loeb succeed as customs collector at New York? B. G.

E. S. Fowler, who began his term in November, 1907.

Junk Dealers and Railroad Brasses.

Why is it that whenever a junk dealer buys railroad brass that he is forced to make an entry in his book as to where it came from? J. D.

Railroad brass is so frequently stolen and offered for sale that this law is necessary for the protection of the companies.

Old St. Clair Hotel.

What hotel used to stand on the site now occupied by the Hotel Richmond? CITIZEN.

The old St. Clair, a well-known resort for politicians in bygone days.

Presidents in Richmond.

How many Presidents of United States have ever been in Richmond during their term of office? R.

So far as we known, seven—namely, Washington, Taylor, Lincoln, Hayes, McKinley, Roosevelt and Taft. Other Presidents have been in the city at various times during their unofficial careers.

A Text on Germany.

Kindly give me the name of a good history of Germany, one suited to the need of a school teacher. TEACHER.

Henderson's "Short History of Germany" will probably best answer your purpose.

Stars in the Flag.

How many stars are there in the flag of the United States, and what do they represent? F.

Forty-six, one for each State in the Union.

An Amateur Clog-Dancer.

I think I am a pretty good clog-dancer, and I would like to go into vaudeville. Will you tell me what is the best way of getting a start? How much do vaudeville stars get? Do they have as hard a time as actors? AMATEUR.

You had best start your doubtless brilliant career by doing a turn at the amateur nights of local vaudeville houses. This will give you experience without which you cannot hope to enter a professional company. You should then apply to the owner of some vaudeville circuit, though this cannot be easily done outside of New York. A vaudeville star generally gets paid about what he is worth—from $10 to $1,000 per week. The life of the average vaudeville "star" is about as difficult as that of a cheap actor, but, of course, as his work improves, the vaudeville performer can live more comfortably. You had better quit clog-dancing and go to work.

Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession

A Brief Appreciation.

I have read with great care, and, I may add, with great delight, "Virginia's Attitude Toward Slavery and Secession," by the Hon. Beverley B. Munford.

The subject is not unfamiliar to me, and I may, indeed, say quorum pars minima fui. But of the hundreds of volumes in my library dealing with Slavery and with Secession, I know of no one book in which Virginia's attitude towards these two great questions has been stated so lucidly, frankly and with such entire absence of sectional prejudice as in these pages.

The book is, indeed, as admirable in manner as it is in matter, from first page to last.

Mr. Munford is master of an easy and graceful style; is possessed of a trained legal mind, that enables him to distinguish real evidence from mere dogmatic and passionate assertion; he has summoned as witnesses representative men of both sections, who played a great part in the "stress and storm" of the slavery agitation, and in the fateful political events immediately preceding Secession; he has allowed these witnesses to tell the story in their own utterances of the time; he has, in the matter of Virginian emancipation, presented to us a great mass of hitherto unpublished evidence, secured by his own industry, from wills and court records; he has supplemented this with legislative enactments, State and national; and, then, having marshaled, in orderly array, this volume of unimpeachable testimony, discusses it with conscientious calm and judicial acumen.

It is a great story, fitly told—one that will never become merely "academic"—and, in these latter days, when insidious assaults have been so persistently made from the highest quarters on the Constitution, as framed and expounded by "the Fathers," and on the rights of the States, the telling of it must prove timely to all Americans, North and South, but especially to Virginians of the present generation, "lest we forget."

It is not too much to say that Virginia, as to both Slavery and Secession, might with this single volume "rest her case" at the bar of History, and feel no misgiving as to the verdict of posterity touching her humane administration of "the institution," which the majority of her people had long regarded as wrong in principle, if beneficent in practice, and of which they had repeatedly tried to rid themselves since early Colonial days—above all, touching her antique love of country and her persistent efforts, to the very last, to preserve that Union for which she had made many generous sacrifices, and which had surely never been established but for the sagacity, constancy and valor of her sons.

W. GORDON McCABE.

November 10, 1909.

One of the Essentials

of the happy homes of to-day is a vast fund of information as to the best methods of promoting health and happiness and right living and knowledge of the world's best products.

Products of actual excellence and reasonable claims truthfully presented and which have attained to world-wide acceptance through the approval of the Well-Informed of the World; not of individuals only, but of the many who have the happy faculty of selecting and obtaining the best the world affords.

One of the products of that class, of known component parts, an Ethical remedy, approved by physicians and commended by the Well-Informed of the World as a valuable and wholesome family laxative is the well-known Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine, manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists.