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FRIDAY, AUGUST 19, 1910.

THE LYING OF "OLD JOE" CANNON.

We are inclined to "take up" for Speaker Cannon, not because he is not as black as he has been painted, but because he has been hit a lick amiss; but because he has been selected by the parasites of his own party as a sacrifice for their sins as well as his own, and without giving him credit even for playing the Angola to the Republican Abraham.

With smug hypocrisy they affect great indignation that the old rascal will not consent to be sacrificed, and we are told by a dispatch to the Sun that in the opening speech at Cissna Park, Illinois, of what he expects to be his last campaign for Congress, "through it all ran a note of defiance to the forces that have already stripped him of much of his power."

There was nothing rambling and incoherent in that, and it will probably be found before the fight is over that a good many crimps will be put in the Grand Old Party. We have heard that there has been a good deal of back-door business with the Speaker while Congress has been in session, that he has been appealed to more than once by members who wanted to "make an impression back home" to another the or pigeon hole that measure introduced by them, and the Speaker has been very foolish and overtrusting if he have failed to keep notes of sundry conferences and much epistolary evidence about the things which are now causing great apparent distress to the quitters who have joined forces against him.

Of course, "old Joe" is going to fight, he's got to fight and when he goes down, as go down he must, he should take with him the lynching party that is now trying to tie him to the stake.

ANOTHER GOOD LAW.

Thirty-two merchants of Richmond appeared in the Police Court Wednesday and testified that a woman of this city had obtained goods from them without paying therefor. It was estimated that her profits on these one-sided transactions amounted to several hundred dollars. "Witness after witness testified to sending goods to her home to be collected for on delivery, but that she did not have the chance. She operated practically all over the city. She bought drugs, shoes, hats, clothing, groceries and other articles from merchants from Twenty-seventh Street to West End." The merchants involved were very lenient, however, and the woman was placed under a bond for good behavior, instead of being ordered to jail.

This is not the first time that such an offence has been reported, though the facts of this case are so unusual as to accentuate what have been the possibilities of fraud by people who wished to evade payment to merchants. The last session of the General Assembly passed a very excellent law to cover just this state of affairs. It was passed at the request of many merchants from all parts of the State. At the hearing on the bill, a number of them appeared to testify as to the ways in which they had been taken advantage of by people who had goods sent to them for cash on delivery. In some cases, it was reported that the receivers of the goods simply kept them and refused to pay for them, while in other instances temporary use was made of the goods which were sent back with the message that the person who ordered them did not want them. It was said that it often had happened that a woman desiring a new dress or ball gown simply ordered one. In the afternoon, used it that night, and sent it back the next morning. The new law on this subject is: "Whenever any licensed merchant shall sell any goods, wares or merchandise for cash on delivery, and shall deliver the same, and the person to whom or

to whose agent they are delivered shall, within twenty-four hours after written demand shall have been made upon him, with fraudulent intent, fail to pay for or refuse to return the same, such person shall be deemed guilty of the larceny thereof. But the provisions of this act shall not apply unless such written demand be made within twenty-four hours after the delivery, and unless the goods, wares or merchandise have attached to them, or to the package in which they are contained, a label or tag containing the words 'sold for cash on delivery'."

This law will doubtless prove an effective deterrent upon those people who have been in the habit of trying to evade their just debts to merchants. It ought to give a wholesome impetus to public honesty.

THE COLONEL AND THE PRESIDENT.

The story that "Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Taft have broken" lacks confirmation. We hope for Mr. Taft's sake that it is so; but we have never known Mr. Roosevelt to break with the machine when the machine might be of advantage to him. The machine made him Governor of New York, old Tom Platt made him Vice-President and the machine made him President. It is true that he has not always backed the machine after it has served his purposes; but it is equally true that he has never been elected to any office without the machine; so we do not take very much stock in the story that he has broken with Mr. Taft and with the machine, of course, which Mr. Taft, by virtue of his position, can control if he wish. Tim Woodruff intimated the other day something about "amateur politics," which had a sinister sound.

Besides, so far as we can see, there is no reason why the Colonel should break with the President. It is true that he is responsible for the President, in a sense, and it is true that the President removed Pinchot from office, and would not keep Garfield in his Cabinet; but other than these two blunders we do not know that the President has really done anything to which the Colonel, if he is disposed to be at all reasonable, could object. But we are told, "now that he has broken away from the Administration, he will pursue the same policy he pursued before he left the White House. He will pick up the thread where he dropped it. He will look forward, and not backward." There is nothing, however, to keep the people from looking backward a little bit while he is going forward and they will pray a kind Heaven that it will never permit the country to be scourged again with an Administration of their affairs in the name of Lawlessness.

There has been nothing in the history of American politics more indefensible than the attitude of the Colonel towards the present Administration, and we should think that the Administration would like to get rid of him for good and all.

WHITTING ALL THEIR EYES.

The Alexandria Gazette thinks that the tide of Rooseveltism is running out. That is the way the tide has. It is never high water all the time, anywhere, in politics or in nature. "The world has at last realized," says the Gazette, "that it is time for the ex-President to step from the stage, he having had his day. . . . Mr. Roosevelt has been in the limelight a long time. The public, it seems, is clamoring for other slides." This feeling is sure to grow. The Colonel ought to see it. There will be some stalwart Republican with a knife waiting for him at every turn of the road. Hark! what is that? Only the Italian at the corner grinding his knives; but the sound is very suggestive of what will happen to the Colonel when the time comes for active political work. Some of the old-timers have heard the wheat cutter in harvest time homing his scythe in the field of grain and have marveled at the musical measure of his strokes. Well, that or something like it, is what the men the Colonel has humbled, the men he has wronged, are doing now, and the keener the edge the better the cutting.

THE SOUTH CAROLINA SITUATION.

McLeod will be the next Governor of South Carolina. There will be a second primary in which the race will be between McLeod and Featherstone. McLeod stands for the Democratic principle of local option. Featherstone is in favor of State-wide prohibition. McLeod will win. This is what a distinguished South Carolinian said yesterday in Hithcomb, and it looks as if it will work out about this way. The campaign down there has been dragging its slow length along for weeks. There have been six candidates in the field for Governor, and they have tramped the State from end to end, making speeches that had little or nothing in them, and worrying the people with their drive. The campaign has been largely devoid of what the reporters call "features." The most excitement has seemed to hang around the race for Attorney-General, and there does not appear to be much doubt that the present officer will be re-elected; it would be nothing short of a public misfortune, in the circumstances, should he be defeated.

More men have wanted to be Governor than have aspired to any of the other places. The main question in the whiskey question. That been the main question in South Carolina since 1892. All other questions have been subordinated to the bottle. The dispensary system was tried and failed. It was amended and failed. Its management was changed and failed. It fostered such corruption as had not been seen in any Southern State since the era of negro and erop-bag government. It was declared unconstitutional by the State Supreme Court and the Court was changed. It was then declared to be constitutional and the Whiskey Ring was fairly in the saddle; but the Ring got so rotten that it had to go. The dispensary was

then abolished as a State institution and was established in some of the counties, while in other counties prohibition was adopted. Finally, only five counties were left in the State in which liquor can be sold lawfully. The Prohibitionists determined to make the whole State prohibition. The present race for Governor has been made on this issue.

It looks as if McLeod will win. Featherstone will be disappointed. He is a very good man; but not by any means a better man than McLeod. If Featherstone shall be elected, South Carolina will have all the liquor it can drink and more than will be good for it delivered by many surreptitious means. If McLeod shall be elected, South Carolina will have just as much liquor as under a State-wide Prohibition Governor, but the traffic will be under lawful control. The cause of true temperance will suffer more by the election of the Prohibitionist than by the election of his more temperate and level-headed competitor in the race.

CANT TELL TOTHER FROM WHICH.

How would it do to shelve Bryan and nominate Jeffries Davis or Tom Watson for President? Of course, they would not get votes enough to put them in the also-ran column; but wouldn't the Richmond Times-Dispatch and the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot and other Democratic contemporaries be supremely happy? These questions are asked by the esteemed Bristol Herald-Courier. We cannot answer for the Virginian-Pilot; but we are perfectly frank in saying that Jeffries Davis or Tom Watson would suit us as well as Mr. Bryan; that is to say, if we did not feel that we are in a way pledged to Mr. Bryan until after the election in 1920. We think rather more of Watson than we think of Davis, because he is really of a more decent sort and has much greater ability; but either of them would get as many votes as Mr. Bryan, or at least come as near being elected as the splendid Nebraskan. Generally speaking, they hold to very much the same political views, we believe. Our main hope is that we shall not be called on to redeem our pledges to support Mr. Bryan, because nobody can tell where he will be in 1920, and what "paramount" he will then be riding; but when it comes down to the insides of the case Davis, or Watson, or Debs or anybody else would do as well for a losing fight. The chief pleasure in nominating Mr. Bryan would be derived from seeing him run. We really like to see him run. It is true that he is getting a little sprung in the joints; but the way he can get over ground has Kathis's shoulder blade as an "attraction" beaten by at least fifty parasangs.

AN INTERESTING PARALLEL.

That history is repetition is a common saying. In looking over the records of the assaults upon and assassinations of public men in the past, many similarities will be found. An incident in the life of Andrew Jackson compares in minor respects, at least, with the recent attempt by Gallagher upon Mayor Gaynor, of New York. The story of the assault upon President Jackson is of especial interest to us, because it took place in Virginia. So far as we know, it is the only recorded instance of an attack on a national official by any person in this State.

It is to James Parton, the leading chronicler of the life of Jackson, that we go to find the facts as to this incident in the life of the seventh Chief Magistrate of the Nation. It was in 1833 that it happened. President Jackson had spent most of the summer traveling—as Parton puts it, "in drinking deep draughts of the bewildering cup of adulation." Says Parton: "An event occurred on the first of July, which was not of an ordinary nature. On May 6 the President, with members of his Cabinet and with Major Donelson, left Washington for Frederickburg, where he went to lay the corner-stone of the monument to the mother of Washington. The steamer touched at Alexandria, and then there came on board a man named Randolph, at one time a Lieutenant in the Navy, but then recently dismissed from the service. He went into the cabin. Jackson was sitting there reading a newspaper. Randolph went toward him 'as if to salute.' 'Excuse my rising, sir,' said the President, who did not know Randolph at all. 'I have a pain in my side which makes it distressing for me to rise.' 'Randolph made no reply to this courteous apology, but appeared to be trying to take off his glove. 'Never mind your glove, sir,' said Jackson, with characteristic democracy, holding out his hand. 'At this moment, Randolph thrust his hand violently into the President's face, intending, as it appeared, to pull his nose. The captain of the boat, who was standing by, instantly seized Randolph and drew him back. A violent scuffle ensued, during which the table was broken. The friends of Randolph rushed into the cabin, and when they saw before many of the passengers knew what had occurred, and thus he effected his escape. The passengers soon crowded into his cabin to learn if the General was hurt.' And like the game old fighter that he was, forgetful of his sixty-six years of continuous struggle, Jackson said: 'Had I known that Randolph stood before me, I should have been prepared for him, and I could have defended myself. No villain has ever escaped me before, and he would not, had it not been for my confined situation.' There was blood on his face, but he was not much hurt. In attempting to rise, however, he hurt his side very painfully. A citizen of Alexandria, who had heard of the assault, said to President Jackson: 'Sir, if you will pardon me, in case I am tried and convicted, I will kill Randolph for this insult to you in fifteen minutes.' But in the matter of pardons Jackson was not like that other citizen of Tennessee, the land of his adoption, Governor Patterson. In Jackson's day pardons were not scattered broadcast

to all petitioners. This was his reply to the Alexandria man: 'No, sir; I cannot do that. I want no man to stand between me and my assailants, and none to take revenge on my account. Had I been prepared for this cowardly villain's approach, I can assure you all that he would never have had the temerity to undertake such a thing again.' Randolph forthwith issued statements to the newspapers, declaring that he had received 'wrongs' at the hands of the Government. 'The opposition papers, though condemning the outrage, did not fail to remind the President of certain passages in his own life and conversation which sanctioned a resort to violence.' Randolph was never prosecuted. His friends said that his purpose was only to pull the President's nose—and they insisted that he had done it.

Buell, in his 'History of Andrew Jackson,' thus comments upon this attack: 'Jackson suspected that Randolph, if not directly instigated, had been unduly wrought upon by Calhoun, who was his friend, and who had tried to get him reinstated in the navy—from which he had been dismissed.' This seems to have been a suspicion unfounded in fact. Of course, the details in which this incident compares with the Gaynor assault are few and small. In both cases, the assailant was a former office-holder, who thought that he had suffered 'wrongs' at the hands of the supreme executive authority under whom he had served. To both Jackson and Gaynor, their assailants were personally unknown. Both attempts were made on shipboard, and we may well imagine that the captain of Jackson's boat was a physical counterpart of 'Big Bill' Edwards, who so effectively handled Gallagher right after the Gaynor assault. We might add that both of the assaulted officials were hardy and staunch Democrats.

In one case, there was simply an intent to insult, while in the other, the purpose was to take life. Jackson was practically unhurt, while Mayor Gaynor was seriously injured. Other similarities and dissimilarities might be drawn. So far as we know, this assault on Jackson was the first personal indignity ever offered to a President of the United States and perhaps the first given to any public official in the country.

A few years later an actual attempt at assassination of Jackson was made by a lunatic named Lawrence, who at eight feet from the President leveled a pistol at his breast and pulled the trigger. The cap exploded with a loud report without discharging the pistol. The man dropped the pistol upon the pavement and raised another one, which he had held in his left hand under his cloak. That missed fire also. Lawrence was knocked down and seized by Lieutenant Geaney, of the navy, and was put in an insane asylum. This occurred at the funeral of a member of Congress from South Carolina, the President having crossed the great rotunda of the Capitol and being ready to step out on the portico. He was in the funeral procession at the time.

In this last case, the assassin was out of employment and charged all his past difficulties to the President. How far from reason and logic do assassins dwell!

WHAT THEY DID TO MANN.

It is announced that the Rev. D. Coke Mann, D. D., has withdrawn from the race for Congress in the Third South Carolina District. The chief reason assigned by Dr. Mann for his retirement is that "my Constitutional rights have been denied me in having no campaign for the Congressional candidates in the Third District." What he evidently had in mind was a series of joint debates with Wyatt Alken, the present Democratic member from the District, but it is just as well that the party authorities kept Mann's indignation apart. Wyatt would probably have handled his opponent without gloves, and that, of course, would not have been very nice, seeing that Dr. Mann has been set apart for a particular work outside of the political arena. Then, the very fact that the authorities put the snuffers on the pent up eloquence of this brother will always enable him to say that he would have beaten Alken if he had been given a fighting chance. It is well that he has retired from the field; because if he should be elected and should go to Washington over so many people would mistake him at a little distance for Senator Tillman, it having long been noted by observers of sartorial effects that Dr. Mann wears the same sort of hat and coat and wears them with the same nonchalance—we believe that is the word, and if it isn't we can't spare the time just now to look up the right one—as the high priest of the wool hat brigade.

There is another and an economic reason why Dr. Mann should have been deprived of his Constitutional rights—the newspapers would have been compelled to print his speeches and Wyatt Alken's rejoinders and Dr. Mann's sur-rejoinders, ad lib, or et idem, or en passant, or just as you please, and that takes money, and the cost of living is very high. Besides, if some ill-informed person should have been on the desk when the stuff came in and should have exercised his judgment about what to cut out and had ignorantly cut out the most of what Dr. Mann had said and printed the remarks of Alken, however different they might have been, not to say would have been, it is as certain as Fate that the Press would have been charged with being in the

way of the Revolution. My grandmother was the daughter of Elizabeth Alken, raised in the old Nelson house at Yorktown, Va. Can I join the 'Sons of the Revolution' and if so, to whom should I apply? Make a more complete statement of your claims, and send it to Dr. Chas. R. Robins, secretary of the Sons of the Revolution, 310 W. Grace Street, Richmond. We are unable to tell whether you are eligible or not.

Valenzuela Auto Tires. Will you kindly give me the address in your Query Column of a firm or firms in Richmond that vulcanize automobile tires? We cannot print dealers' names in this column. If you will send us a self-addressed postal we can supply the information.

Madagascar. How did France get control of the Island of Madagascar? Since the year 1642, when a company called 'Le Societe de l'Orient' took under the patronage of Cardinal de Richelieu, was formed, with the object of colonizing the country, it has been the object of French Rovers, but attempts at conquest have never been completely successful. By the treaty of Paris, 1814, a number of French islands in the Indian Ocean became British, as Mauritius, then ceded, and to them were added in 1815, with the consent of the local chiefs, a portion of the island of Madagascar. In 1816 diplomatic and commercial relations were entered into between Great Britain and the King of the Hova, who had acknowledged sovereignty of the whole island. By the British Malagasy treaty of 1865 the same title of supremacy was accorded Queen Ranavalona, and by the French Malagasy to her successor, Ranavalona II, in 1868. The heirs of St. Marie and Nosibe have been the possessors of the island since 1821 and 1840, respectively, and by the treaty of 1855 she obtained the port

of Diego Suarez as a naval station. A War indemnity of \$2,000,000 was paid by the Malagasy government, and the island is now, by the treaty with England, under the protectorate of France. Seal. Is it considered good or bad form for a man to use a seal on his back of letters he sends to friends? It is not a matter of form, but of individual taste. Weight of Rain. What would be the weight of an inch of rain upon an acre of one square mile? Several years ago John Birkinbine, in an address before the Engineers' Club, of Philadelphia, in speaking of the weight of rain, said that "one inch of rain over a square surface mile of ground is equivalent to 2,232,000 cubic feet, or nearly 17,500,000 gallons, and this quantity of water would weigh 146,200,000 pounds, or 73,100 short tons."

How are seashells polished? The shells are first boiled in lye made by boiling strong ashes, which is strained after settling. The shells must be boiled from six to seven hours or longer, if very large, after which they are washed several times in water. This is to remove the rough crust which is removed and washed by rubbing with a piece of fine sand. The shells are dried by placing in sawdust which has been made hot. Shells are then polished by rubbing with a piece of chamol. Shells that are devoid of a natural polish are either varnished or rubbed with a mixture of oil and fine sand. They are then rubbed with a piece of wash leather. They are then cleaned, rubbed with fine tripoli, after which they are rubbed with fine dry sand and then rubbed with chamol. Care must be taken to protect the hands from the acid.

'Out-of-town' savings banks in Connecticut, as the New Haven Register calls them, are said to be very much puzzled by the steady withdrawals of deposits, "the only reasonable solution" of which, we are told, is "lesser wages received in the semi-stagnation of general affairs, coupled with high cost of living and the style of living to which people are now accustomed." But "how come," as they say in Charlotte, "we thought that the tariff had nothing to do with the high cost of living. That is what Mr. Lamb is reported to have said in one of his speeches during the recent campaign for renomination. Besides, why should the people of Connecticut care about a little thing like this? Haven't they got a duty of about two dollars the pound on their Sumatra wrapper? Haven't they been represented at Washington by Bulkeley?"

"The spear that knows no brother" got a little the worst of it in its encounter with the party shield in New York on Tuesday. To Timothy Woodruff: Pull down your vest. Government management without Government ownership and Government responsibility began yesterday. This is fine growing weather; but all weather is good growing weather in Richmond. Does the Chicago Tribune mind telling us frankly whether or not it has succeeded in crossing that bridge of Caesar's? "If conceal were taken out of the average man," says the new Campbell Star, "he would be about the size of a pound of soap after a hard day's washing." That is a homely but impressive way of expressing a great truth; but the Star will not be able to get the men to admit it. A correspondent of the New York Times makes the very good point that it is "an unappealing outrage that any public official should be obliged to ruin himself financially to secure justice at the hands of a Congressional committee." This refers, of course, to the case against Ballinger. His defence has cost him, it is said, about \$10,000. He has not been convicted of doing any criminal act, and the costs should be assessed against the committee. David Curtis, of Seaford, Long Island, asks the New York Times what would be the result if a mosquito should bite a Christian Scientist. Nothing, if the Christian Scientist should think that it had not bitten him. A mosquito is pure material matter that cannot affect the soul or spirit. The Norfolk Virginian-Pilot does not think that "one substantial reason" can be given for the unsanitary habit of hauling garbage through the streets in uncovered carts. It appears that the custom is not peculiar to Richmond. Probably the health officers of these two towns might put their heads together and devise some way of changing the plan. In his speech the other day, Mr. Cannon told the people at Cissna Park: "The graves of my forebears are in Indiana and Illinois and my grave, when I come to cross over, will be found at Danville." Thus it appears that another North Carolina tradition is about to perish from the earth. For the truth of history, however, it must be insisted that Mr. Cannon was born in North Carolina. The fact that his forebears were buried in Indiana and Illinois does not prove that they were not living in North Carolina when he was born. Tablet. The Charlottesville Progress slips up a bit when it says that Jefferson Davis was Secretary of War under Buchanan. It was in Franklin Pierce's Cabinet that Mr. Davis filled this office. A cow moose got after a Massachusetts man and ran him up a tree. They got the moose away by playing "Sweet Adeline" on a graphophone. If it had been old Highburn, the moose would have got him at the first sound of "Dixie."

The Virginian-Pilot says about the participation of women in educational administration: "An Annapolis case has decided that three of the school trustees of Maryland's Capital City must be women. We have no knowledge of the school situation there, but we are none the less willing to hazard the prediction that the result will not prove detrimental to the cause of public education in Annapolis. As a matter of fact, if it was not for the services rendered by women the cause of public education would be in a bad way in practically every section of the country."

How emphatically true this is of Richmond!

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 readers' names will be given.

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SPENCER'S NEW EARL A MAN OF CHIVALRY

BY J. MARQUISE DE FONTENAY. SPENCER'S new earl, Lord Althorp, a member of the House of Lords for four years past, having been raised to the peerage as Lord Althorp in 1906, is the latest of the appointments to the office of lord chamberlain, which he still holds. He is a half-brother of the late earl, and is widower of a sister of the late earl, and of Cecil and Hugo Baring, all three of whom are well known in America. Moreover, he is a man of very extraordinary talents, and of a sense of honor unfortunately rare in these modern days, for on the occasion of the troubles of the great bank of the late Earl, he was one of the few who, although possessed of no fortune of his own, voluntarily came to the rescue of his father-in-law, the late Earl, and he was one of the few other Baring relatives of his wife, by surrendering to them her dowry. It was by sacrifice of this kind that the house of Baring was able to weather the storm. And now that it is once more on the high tide of prosperity, he has been raised to the peerage, familiarly known in the House of Commons as "Bobbie" Spencer, has been restored to him. But the time when he turned over to the committee of liquidation, formed by the leading bankers of London, a memorandum of his own property, worth a penny of it again.

The new earl is noted for the perfection of his manners and of his attire, his collars, in particular, being as famous as his name. He is a man of the peer, familiarly known in the House of Commons as "Bobbie" Spencer, has been restored to him. But the time when he turned over to the committee of liquidation, formed by the leading bankers of London, a memorandum of his own property, worth a penny of it again.

Althorp, his country seat in Northamptonshire, has been in the possession of the family for a long time before the reign of Henry VIII, and although the original library was sold by the late earl to Mrs. John Rylands, of Manchester, yet the house remains full of treasures of every kind, including no fewer than twenty paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, from Titian to Leighton, in addition to masterpieces by Titian, Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Holbein, Rembrandt, Kneller, and Gainsborough. The Spencer plate is also extremely valuable. It comprises two palls, which are the property of the earl, and which are in any private collection, and a silver wine cistern as large as a bath; all three inherited from the first Duke of Marlborough. For the most cherished pieces in the collection of plate are however, the gold casket in which the late earl received the news of the death of his father, and the casket of the Exchequer, and a beautiful silver gilt jug, one of four provided by the Queen Anne, consort of James II., for Lord Althorp, Lord Russell, Lord Grey and Lord Brougham, in recognition of their efforts in passing the Reform Bill in the year 1832.

The poet, Edmund Spenser, author of the "Faerie Queene," was a frequent guest at Althorp, and his poems are dedicated to the daughter of Sir John Spencer, then the owner of Althorp; stress being laid in the verses upon the fact that the ship which existed between the writer and the young girl; and among the memorials of the poet at Althorp is a wonderful copy by Rubens of the Queen Anne, consort of James II., and the Elizabethan era.

To Americans Althorp possesses an additional interest, in the fact that Lady Spencer's wife, the Countess Spencer, was sister of Margaret, wife of John Washington, from whom General George Washington was descended. Lady Spencer's husband, the late Lord Althorp, was the most intimate friend of Sir John Spencer's grandson, Robert, first Lord Spencer, of Althorp, and helped him to entertain Queen Anne, consort of James II., and his eldest son, Henry, Prince of Wales, when they visited Althorp in June, 1693, for which occasion Bon Jonson wrote the "Masque of the Park," which was performed in the park on June 25. Lawrence Washington, who died in 1816, lies buried in St. Mary's Church at Althorp, as do the Lady Spencer's husband, and her son, which were already growing at the time of the acquisition of Althorp by the late earl. It is also interesting to note that the late earl, Lord Althorp, in 1817, when he received the first news of those approaching pursuers from whom he never escaped, except by the scaffold, late Lord Spencer was very much interested in the connection of his family with the Washingtons. In a letter in 1850 to a member of the Spencer family of Talbot Court, Md.

of the earl, stated that two members of his house, Nicholas and Robert Spencer, sons of Nicholas Spencer, of Cople, Bedfordshire, thirty miles from Althorp, came to America in 1657, all the young men being about the same age. Of these young colonists, Robert Spencer, and not far from a century ago, he went to Talbot Court, Md., to reside, where he died in 1838, leaving descendants. As for Nicholas Spencer, he was a member of the House of Commons, and was finally induced by his ties of relationship and friendship to the Washingtons to migrate to Westmoreland county, Va., where they had established themselves. He was later known as Colonel Nicholas Spencer; was Secretary of Virginia and acted as Governor in 1652. It may be added that the Mount Vernon estate was originally the half of 5,000 acres of land that was assigned to the late Duke of Marlborough, the great-grandfather of George Washington, in conjunction with Nicholas Spencer, under a patent from Lord Proprietary of the Virginia Colony in 1670. The late Earl Spencer in 1860 presented to the Hon. Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, precise copies of the genealogical records of the Spencer family in the Parish Church of Brinton, the burial place of the Spencers, at Althorp, Northamptonshire. The late Earl Spencer to Charles Sumner, of Massachusetts, and by him offered to the Commonwealth of Massachusetts, February 22, 1881.

The new Lord Spencer, like his half-brother and predecessor, is descended from the first Duke of Marlborough. The latter, it may be remembered, died without male issue, being succeeded by his eldest daughter, Henrietta, Duchess of Marlborough, in her own right, and wife of the Earl of Godolphin. This duchess died without leaving any children, and was succeeded as sole holder of the dukedom, by her nephew, Charles Spencer, eldest son of her younger sister, Anne Spencer, Countess of Sunderland. Anne's younger son, Jack Spencer, was the particular favorite and principal heir of his universally dreaded grandmother, Sarah, first Duchess of Marlborough, who used to subject poor Queen Anne to such terrible tyranny. True, Jack suffered a temporary eclipse in her affections, having incurred her wrath by a poem made on the occasion of one of the great dinners which she was in the habit of giving each year on her birthday, but he was a descendant of the Marlboroughs, and she was a descendant of the Marlboroughs, and she was a descendant of the Marlboroughs, and she was a descendant of the Marlboroughs. (Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)

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