The Times-Dispatch

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SATURDAY, AUGUST 2, 1913.

HOW WILL YOU VOTE?

The voters of Virginia must now solemnly face the individual responsibility of deciding how they are to cast their ballots for the men who are to make the destinies of this Commonwealth for the next years. The evidence is about all in. What the candidates stand for, and what they promise, are as clear as they will ever be. The time for talk, for disputation, for uncertainty, is past. The men of Virginia must now look in their hearts and choose.

What, then, is guiding your mind and heart? Do you expect to be guided just by personal friendship? Where is your friendship for all your fellowmen of this State, and for efficiency and good government? These are larger claims than personal association and similar tastes and interests. Friendship is a high and noble sentiment, but it is not as high and noble as a strong sense of personal responsibility to the State. Let that come first in your list of reasons.

Will you vote one way or the other because this man is of your religious creed, or that one served as a soldier, or this one is a young man? Will you put a man back in office merely because he has held it in the past? Will you put a new man in office merely because you like to see things change? Will you let prejudice, sentiment, stubbornness guide the hand that marks the ballot? Beware, citizen of Virginia, for that hand is the one that rules your world. As you choose so will you be ruled.

If you elect a bad man, a weak man, a reactionary, selfish and ignorant man, you will reap as you have sowed. The Williamsburg Gazette splendidly says: "You cannot get good laws out of a bad man, nor can you get effective service out of a morally and mentally defective representative."

We offer one guide. Vote for the man that you believe will help Virginia. Vote for him who offers help to the State, who can guide her through new paths into larger and more glorious fields of service. Vote for honesty, character, ability, courage and initiative. Look to the future, and vote to make it worthy of the past. Do not vote to perpetuate the past, for it will never fit in again with the times. We want a progressive Virginia, because we want to keep abreast of all that is good and helpful in the new civilization that each day creates in this old world. The stand-patter, the ringster, the pussy-foot, these are men who want things kept as they are. They profit by stagnation. You profit by advance, change, and improvement.

This is your most serious duty and opportunity. Vote to serve the people of Virginia as a whole. Then remember that you are the people, and that what serves all must make life fuller, easier and happier for you. Forget partisan claims and sectional appeals. Think of your children and their future in this State. Ask your conscience how to vote, not your party or your boss. Then, by the grace of God, we can mold our human machinery to serve the people, and to further justice and happiness.

BOYCOTTING THE PANAMA FAIR.

England has refused to participate in the Panama Exposition at San Francisco in 1915. Russia has done likewise. Germany has put off its decision for a month. Austria hesitates. Of twenty-two countries that have agreed to exhibit, only two are great nations—France and Japan. What is the reason?

The suggested cause of these refusals is that the nations want to show their disapproval of the discrimination in Panama Canal rates, and the failure to arbitrate the British claims. The boycott is because the United States does not play fair. If this be true, our national pride must wince under the accusation. To have great sister states stay away from a national event in honor of what should be an international blessing is a cruel and cutting blow. Before we get angry, it would be wise to consider whether we have forfeited this kind of international friendliness by failing to live up to our obligations in the world parliament. The absence of European exhibits is a small loss compared to the grave reflection upon the name of the United States. We need not worry about an unsuccessful fair, for we can have a party of our own, and rejoice in our own splendid resources and achievement. We should, however, try with humility and eagerness to get straight before the nations.

The New York World suggests a simpler and more charitable explanation of these refusals. It is that Europe is tired of fairs. We have felt that way here. A tremendous exposition every few years is a burden. The direct advantages are by no means commensurate with the expenditure. The very commonness of such shows has taken away from their value. Philadelphia, Chicago, Omaha, Buffalo and St. Louis have had elaborate and costly fairs. Lesser sectional celebrations have come between. The World estimates that the government in the last fifty years has contributed $30,000,000 to expositions, domestic and foreign.

Meanwhile Europe has been visited by a similar expensive succession of fairs. There has come a doubt as to the results obtained. We cannot expect even the friendliest nation to spend $500,000 or more just to show us courtesy every few years. Once in a decade would be enough to ask. We hope that these nations think the game not worth the candle. We can stand that better than a boycott for dubious diplomacy.

THE ICY EMPYREAN.

Here's relief from the heat. Right overhead lies an unplumbed ocean of ether at the fine temperature of about minus 79 degrees. For billions of billions of miles it reaches out in all directions cool, cool, cool. Nay, 79 below might almost be called cold. The beautiful, wished-for coolness starts only half a mile or so up in the air. From that point to what the mathematician calls "infinity" it stretches in icy silence.

There the sunlight never comes, and one never has to seek the shady side of the street. Up there the shine is only waves of something or other, speeding along to burst into the scorching splendor of light when it hits this old globe. There is a wonderful and immortal silence. No cat breaks the everlasting Sabbaths of that interstellar space; no milkman wakes the tossing sleeper just as dawn commences to polish up for another day of heat; no car wheels grind, and no newsboy yells. There is no dust to clog the lungs; there is no gasolene smell to upset the delicate appetite. There is beautiful, unbelievable, inexhaustible cool nothingness. What a place for a vacation!

Interstellar space is a nice, comfortable thought in the hot time. So also is that invention of the astronomer called the light year. After things get beyond a couple of billion billion billion miles away it becomes hard work to write down the numbers. Hence the light year. That is the number of miles a ray of light travels in one year. If you recall from your physics that light ambles along at the rate of 186,000 miles or so in a second, you can see what a Marathon it could pull off in a year of regular or leap year size. When the pencil point broke, we had discovered about 756,864,000 seconds in one year. If you care to multiply that by 186,000, you will get the miles in a light year. Then just think that some fixed stars are five light years away from this pinch of dust! Then think that all the way there and back the temperature is about 79 degrees below freezing. Doesn't that make you cool? If not, have a grape-juice limeade.

A RESOUNDING "NO."

The Chatham Enterprise, which has long opposed the fee system, and whose editor is a candidate for election to the next House of Delegates, wants to know if any one supposes "a clerk or a treasurer" would oppose a thing as heroically "as these officeholders" are fighting the proposed change, "if it did not mean dollars and cents" to the fighters?

The Enterprise then notes that when there was a "small whisper" of a proposition to change the system, "coming before the Legislature in 1912 there was a band of these officers in Richmond ready to fight it to a finish," and it also wants to know if "there is a man in this State who thinks that this band of men went to Richmond on the business of the people." The answer to both questions is a resounding "no," which will be echoed throughout the Commonwealth by all save the office-holding standpatters—i. e., the fee beneficiaries.

THE PEOPLE'S PARCEL POST.

The railroads may complain and the express companies cry out about injustice and confiscation, but we imagine the people of these United States have decided that the parcel post is a good thing, and that it is to be enlarged and perfected until it renders the fullest possible service to all classes and every section. This is a general sentiment that will not yield to temporary rebuffs or failure. There may be justice in some of the claims by the railroads and the express companies. If so, let us go to work to meet these difficulties, but let us meet them by going ahead. Let us discover by patient and painstaking study what is fair and square, and then expand on that basis.

If Congress, or any commission or party group attempt to hinder and delay what the people believe to be an element in their life, we think the people will let Congress or commission or party group hear from them in no mild terms. The real statesmen of this day are the men who have discovered that they can come back to the people for a charter to serve the people. Postmaster Burleson is accused of high-handed methods in extending the postal service to reach more people and do more business. He will be supported, however, as long as he achieves these fine ends.

The last improvements to the parcel service—namely, the increase in weight limit to twenty pounds, the abolition of the special stamps, and the reduction of rates in the near zone—are merely hints at the final possibilities of a people's delivery service. We do not discuss them in detail, because they are inevitable. We here want to lay down the principle that the people believe in the postal service, and that they will demand its constant enlargement and improvement. No obstacle in the world can long delay this progress. Extortion and privilege forced this remedy. Now extortion and privilege cannot take it away from us.

NEVER BORED BY THE BOARD.

Some people say it is dull in Richmond this summer. They lament the lack of amusement. Such folks ought to be run out. They libel the town. Haven't we the board? Life would indeed be gray and mournful in the torrid days without the daily stunts done by the board to make laughing easy. It is a most original board. No one could ever anticipate how the board is going to get tangled up next. Not even the board anticipates how. Otherwise it might avoid some of the pits it digs for itself. The board never bores.

Take the Knowles pay-raising. The board orders the salary of the Superintendent of our Gas Works raised to $3,600. The charter provides that the pay of officers shall be changed only by the Council. The very matter-of-fact, efficient and honest Acting City Auditor Crenshaw has faith in the charter, and refuses to draw the check granting the raise. He says the board has no legal right to give Mr. Knowles more money, no matter how deserving the latter may be. Mr. Crenshaw is backed up by an opinion of the City Attorney given a month ago. The City Attorney says he sees no reason for changing his opinion. He thinks the charter means to-day what it meant a month ago, and that this meaning is that the board cannot raise the salary of city officers as distinguished from employes of departments. Mr. Crenshaw and Mr. Pollard believe in the law.

Now what we want to know is: does the board believe in the law? If the board thinks it has a legal right to raise Mr. Knowles's pay, let the board take action against Mr. Crenshaw. There has been enough silly child's play by men of adult years. We do not want this matter dropped just because the board has been called. Let us have the exact right determined for all time by whatever legal authority we need invoke. It is up to the board. We need relaxation this hot weather, anyhow.

What will happen is about like this: Mr. Knowles will waive claims quite amicably, although he might try forcing Mr. Crenshaw to pay the new salary. He will perhaps take the matter up with the Council and seek to get a raise by the regular method. Unfortunately for Richmond, the board and the Council do not agree very well. The members will now feel very reluctant to be forced into action by the board's methods. We doubt whether the Council will give Mr. Knowles any more money.

Here looms up the utter failure of the board. It fails to get anything at all. If Mr. Knowles deserved higher pay, he fails to get it. Richmond also fails to get anything—save perhaps a laugh. Really, however, laughs at the rate we pay the board are pretty expensive.

MAKE THE WIND BEHAVE.

There is a chance for big money in the invention of some device that will allow a busy man to work at a desk full of papers in a good breeze without losing everything he turns loose for a moment. There ought to be a filter to put on the window to make the winds just as cool, but to strain out their carrying powers. The temper, high horsepower language and good solid time wasted putting weights on papers, checks, notes and letters might better be turned to profitable ends. Of course, you can close the window. So you might cut your head off if you have the toothache. There are innumerable kinds of clips and spindles and clamps and iron brickbats to pierce, pin and hobble errant papers with, by or under. These are just makeshifts. They are as bad as the evil they seek to abate. What we need is a new kind of breeze. The present ones are too much possessed by the incomprehensible devilment of inanimate objects. They belong to the same clan as the drawer that sticks fast when you want to open it, the chair that walks around and gets in the way of your toe when you are looking for a glass of water at night, and the infamous collar-button driven into corners by something that makes radioactivity look like a game of solitaire by a deafmute. The perversity of— Later: the paper blew out of the typewriter here and we have no heart for further remarks.

The comfort and convenience of the public are slowly being cared for by modern city governments. We are getting the improvements that would have come years ago in a private business. We have learned from abroad, and our national spirit of "get results" is at work remaking both ideals and practice of municipal rule. For example, in Savannah, Ga., they are thinking of drinking fountains on top of fire plugs. Instead of a solid cap, there is an attachment that supports the fountain. This does not interfere with the use of the plug for fires. It means that a man can get a drink without paying for it, and that no extra plumbing is required.

They used to say that the office of Vice-President was "voiceless." Now they wish it was.

If some of the men standing for office are really waiting for the office to seek the man, we should hate to live in a day when men sought office.

We resent the insinuation that Mr. Bryan is lecturing because it's cheaper to pay $2 for a Pullman berth than to sleep at home, rent $4,000 the year. It's a libel. Bryan easily pays the difference in tips.

The Philadelphia Inquirer thinks it should be made a crime to impersonate some Congressmen. Quite right, but where could a self-respecting criminal be found who would take the risk?

"Onward and upward," chants the Houston Post. The only upward move that can help Texas would be for the entire population to move up to Virginia.

If Secretary Bryan really gets $250 per lecture, he will soon have enough to buy a plate of ham and eggs.

Two more months until football.

Everybody's knocking it. Knocking what? The fee system.

After all, Richmond is the ideal summer resort.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

The Diary of a Bonehead.

"I don't believe in women's suffrage, and that's all there is to it," I remarked toward the close of a rather lively family jar. "I don't believe women know enough to vote."

My wife is a suffragist. I really don't care whether women vote or not, but it was an evening for argument and I had a six-cylinder grouch in full working order, anyhow.

"Is that possible?" asked the other half of my sketch.

"Yes," I replied. "There are too many weak-minded persons voting now."

"Can you explain the President's currency measure to me?" she asked sweetly, just as though nothing at all had happened.

"Certainly," I replied. "The President's currency measure is——Ahem! You see, it is this way, the President's currency measure is——. To make myself more clear, I will say that the currency meas——"

"That will do," she said. "I can see from this distance that you don't know anything about it. Now, I want to ask you whether the Underwood bill will put buttons on the free list, and what about raw hides, fruit can rubbers and phonograph records?"

"That is easily explained," said I. "Of course, one can't keep all of those details in his mind. I will look the matter up to-morrow."

"How about the duty on whalebone and the duty on ginseng products and how about wool, sugar and licorice?"

"Well, it is this way, about those articles. You see—you see, it is just this way."

I hesitated, and she started in and explained to me the currency bill from the ground up to the topmost peak. She explained the banking system and told of coinage for one hour and a half.

"Just to inform you," she said, "I will explain the Underwood tariff bill from agate to zinc." And she did. She told me how many mousetraps were manufactured in this country every year and how many are manufactured in Germany, Switzerland and Peru. At 3 o'clock in the morning she had just got down to "succotash" and at 4 she had completed her argument.

She went upstairs, and just before she slammed the door she said: "And still you say the women don't know enough to vote. Think it over. Good night."

There is no use in arguing with a woman, especially if she is your wife. Convince a woman against her will and she is of the same opinion still.

The Auto Foot.

The auto foot is a new disease,
Which comes to folks who take their ease
And ride all day in limousines
Or other fancy gas machines.

The auto foot, they tell us, is
A new form of the rheumatiz,
Which gives its victims heaps of pain
And makes 'em howl with might and main.

When they are ridin' round in state,
Their blood, it does not circulate.
They sit so long upon a seat,
The blood don't travel through the feet.

It is like all auto fads,
'Twill surely take a lot of scads
To hire a doctor for to treat
You when you have got auto feet.

I do not worry—not at all,
To me the danger is quite small;
There's no chance, far as I can see,
For the auto foot to bother me.

According to Uncle Abner.

No woman considers herself a failure in life if she can dress as good as the next one.

It seems queer, but I have never seed a feller with an artistic temperament who ever accumulated much of a bank account.

A feller who hires a strange kid to do anything around the yard durin' the baseball season shows a lot of optimism, but durned poor judgment.

Every time there is a serious automobile accident the papers have to say, "An unidentified woman was seen leaving the car, uninjurt, directly after the accident."

Whiskey talks a lot, but it doesn't say nothing.

A feller who gits into a porch swing with a purty gal this time of the year is a durned fool unless he wants to git married, and even then maybe he is.

Voice of the People

Professor Jordan's Defense.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Will you kindly permit me to make through your columns the following statement relative to my article on the mulatto and the criticism it has evoked?

For the past six years I have devoted much time and effort to the study of national eugenics. This brought me to consider the negro in his relations to the white. Hence my article calling attention to what might reasonably be expected by way of negro elevation through recognition of the laws of heredity as these relate to intermarriage of negroes and mulattoes. The article makes no reference to the white man, except in the matter of laws and counsel.

It is a matter of sincere regret that I should have been so completely misunderstood and made to appear to take such a totally false position. The mistake, of course, is my own, for I should have better guarded certain of my statements. I am extremely sorry that I left the slightest intimation that I could possibly favor miscegenation. No sane man would advocate it. My primary concern is for the white race; for it amalgamation would be suicidal. My article takes this for granted; it never occurred to me that it needed the definite statement to the effect that I had no intention of suggesting miscegenation.

The burden of my paper is to show that the mulatto is not, as seems to be generally supposed, necessarily inferior to the pure-blooded negro; that he is, on the other hand, generally superior; and that he could be of great eugenic service to the colored race. My argument is perhaps overdeveloped at this point, due to my effort to make very clear that the mulatto need not necessarily suffer deterioration through negro marriage if the marriage is always between good stocks. The interpretation that I am arguing for miscegenation actually appalls me. But read as it was intended, with the understanding that all thought of miscegenation is totally dismissed as an unthinkable proposition, my real position would be apparent. I seem to have left the impression that since I regard the mulatto superior to the pure negro, logically I must favor further production of mulattoes by black-white crossings. To this I most emphatically object. A mulatto, in the general sense, is any colored individual with any degree of white ancestry. The great bulk of the 2,000,000 mulattoes has appeared simply through natural multiplication of their own numbers, and will continue to increase in the same way. My thought included only the gradual alteration of the proportion of mulatto to negro until the whole mass was essentially mulatto, by the utilization of present colored material in such a way that the laws of heredity may best operate for the production of the best colored type. This may be thought visionary, but it involves no scheme of miscegenation.

In view of what I have said, I think that a dispassionate rereading of my entire article will show that my argument was in favor of the intermarriage of mulattoes and negroes. Now that my attention has been called to it, I confess that the statement that the negro aspires to be mulatto and the mulatto to be white, and that in this they should be encouraged, was most unfortunate. To interpret this as meaning that intermarriage between the white and the negro should be encouraged contradicts, however, all the rest of the argument as I intended it. I do not defend the sentence as written. I explicitly deny that I approve, or ever approved, or meant to suggest, the miscegenation of the white and colored races. If I deserve censure, it is for the unfortunate manner in which was expressed the idea that the ambition on the part of an inferior race to ascend from a lower to a higher moral and intellectual status is a worthy one.

H. E. JORDAN.

University of Virginia.

The Fairest Flower.

I wandered in a garden fair
In the merry month of June;
The zephyrs filled the ambient air
With richest of perfume,
For fairies had reveled among
The flowers growing there,
Had crushed the roses' scented leaves
And tossed them in the air.

In looking o'er this garden fair
In the merry month of June,
I beheld the beauty of their race
In stateliness of bloom;
My ideal flower I could not find,
I knew it must be there;
With anxious heart and eager eye
I sought it everywhere.

I came upon a royal flower,
For rank it stood apart;
I seized with joy the prize I sought
And pressed it to my heart.
Angels sweeping o'er the earth
Would cull the rarest gem,
Struck with the beauty of this flower
Bore it away with them.

I wander in the garden now
As I have done before,
The flowers still are blooming there
As in the days of yore;
I miss their radiant coloring,
They paler seem to be,
And yet the change I realize
Has taken place in me.

Where is your lovely Queen? I said,
To a flower standing by.
It whispered sadly, "She is gone,"
A dew-drop in its eye.

R. SELDEN ELLYSON.

Richmond, Va.

FLIES!

Horse manure is the principal hatching place for flies.

It can be made sterile with coal oil, carbolic acid, copperas water or dry loam by mixing thoroughly.

Horsemen, stablemen, owners of horses and sanitary inspectors, pay attention! Cut this out.

Let 1913 be a flyless year.

Abe Martin

Miss Fawn Lippincut says, "We're all dandylions, admired fer a while an' then fergotten when th' purtier blooms o' summer arrive." Lots o' married folks think they're happy when they're only used t' it.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Various.

Are the books in the Virginia Historical Society open to the public? Where may one find the facts of McDowell's campaigns against the Southern Indians? Where could he find the record of wills and marriages a hundred years ago in Henrico County?

MRS. R. M. BAKER.

Commonly so, but only by the courtesy of the secretary. In the official reports of the time which the United States War Department, Washington, D. C., can tell you about. The county court has some records of wills and some marriage bonds as far back as you suggest. For the rest you would have to depend, in general, on the parish registers.

Critical.

What would one mean by saying "the 'nine days' have elapsed"? What are the "nine days"? Could the verb be correct in the sentence, "the boat were overset," etc.? What is meant by the statement that a man is not great to his valet?

READER.

Probably in allusion "to a nine days' wonder." No, if this is all the sentence. There might, of course, be a conditional sentence of which the words given might properly form part. The assumption is that one's valet knows all his weaknesses and faults, and no man would be considered a hero by any person who knew him too well.

State Taxes.

Is there any State in which all taxes are assessed as against real estate? When does the tax year begin in Virginia?

R. L. W. S.

None, so far as we know. In general, on the first day of February. Corporations which report to the State Corporation Commission are taxed from July 1.

Board of Examiners.

Has the State Board of Examiners been abolished? Who has taken their work?

G. W. G.

Yes. The office of the State Superintendent of Education, Richmond, Va.

Huguenot Society.

Is there any organized Huguenot Society in Virginia? To whom should I write for Huguenot Society literature?

VIRGINIAN.

None, so far as we know. Huguenot Society of America, 29 West Thirty-ninth Street, New York City.

NEWS OF SOUTH RICHMOND

MAKES CHARGES

Mr. Thrift Denounces Bonifant As Candidate of Liquor People.

Charging B. M. Bonifant, candidate for floater delegate for the General Assembly from Chesterfield and Powhatan Counties, with being aligned with the liquor forces, Rev. C. T. Thrift, pastor of West End Methodist Church, has issued a pamphlet to the voters of the county. Thanks are extended to those who voted dry in the local option election on July 17. A warning is issued against Mr. Bonifant, who, he claims, will, if elected, endeavor to re-establish the three saloons of Swansboro, which were recently voted out.

It is further charged that Mr. Bonifant is not only a liquor man himself, but that his campaign manager, Augustine Royall, of Forest Hill, was chairman of the "wet" forces in the recent election.

"These charges are entirely false," said Mr. Royall last night. "It is true that I signed a petition not to abolish the Swansboro saloons, because I felt that it would not stop the sale of liquor, but I was never chairman of any committee. Mr. Bonifant is not a 'wet' man, and is in favor of local option."

Mr. Royall will hold a conference with the candidate to-day, when it will be decided whether to answer or ignore the charges made against him. Mr. Bonifant is the only candidate to appear from Powhatan County for ten years, the legislators having all been from Chesterfield.

Have Candy Sale.

A candy sale will be held to-day at R. C. Broadus's store, 1100 Hull Street, for the benefit of the Southside playgrounds. The money is being raised for the purpose of paying for improvements recently installed on the grounds. Miss Belle Pearce is in charge of the work.

Camp Fire Girls Hold Session.

A meeting of the Cheeanonda Camp Fire Girls was held at the home of their guardian, Mrs J. J. Deck, last night. It was decided to have an entertainment at an early date for the purpose of buying ceremonial costumes for the girls. A meeting of the second group is called for to-night.

Bruce Returns to Petersburg.

R. C. Bruce, of Petersburg, who was brought to the Third Police Station in an unconscious condition Thursday night, was dismissed yesterday by Justice Maurice on the charge of drunkenness. Bruce told the officers he had lost a watch and $5. Upon investigating the case, Officer Waymack found that the man had given away his watch while intoxicated. The timepiece was recovered, and Bruce left for Petersburg.

Swansboro Fighters Fined.

Dick Cox and Cleveland Caudle, who were arrested for fighting and creating a disturbance, were fined $5 and costs each yesterday morning by Magistrate Cheatham in Swansboro Court. John Logan and John Randolph, both colored, were fined $5 and costs apiece on a charge of being disorderly.

With Southside Police.

Willis Brinser was arrested last night by Officer C. A. Sherry on a charge of being drunk and disorderly.

George Roane, colored, charged with being drunk and down, was arrested by Officer G. F. Sharp yesterday afternoon.

Charles Logan, colored, was arrested by Officer M. J. Moore yesterday afternoon charged with committing a misdemeanor. He was turned over to the county authorities.

Missing Boy.

Norman Watkins, ten years old, has been missing from his home, 220 East Sixth Street, since 10 o'clock yesterday morning, according to a report made to the police of the Third Station. His parents said that he left the house to join some of his companions in play. Nothing has been heard of him since, and his people fear he has met with an accident. The boy is described as having light hair and being of rather small stature. He wore a blue blouse and a black slouch hat.

Personal and General.

Rev. Wesley Baker, pastor of Porter Street Presbyterian Church, left yesterday to spend his vacation at the home of his parents, in Walkerton, Canada. Rev. N. S. Campbell, W. C. Smith and A. S. Maxwell will fill the pulpit during his absence.

Mrs. Thomas B. Morton, who has been quite sick, is much improved.

Rev. F. Ernest Warren, pastor of Meade Memorial Episcopal Church, is visiting his family, in Havre de Grace, Md., where Mrs. Warren is the guest of her parents.

Work is progressing rapidly on the new Branch's Church, near Falling Creek, Chesterfield County. It is expected that the building will be furnished by October 1.

Two comedy playlets, entitled "An Old Maids' Convention" and the "Bugler's Alarm," will be given in Payne & Taylor's Hall, Swansboro, next Thursday night. Miss Ruth Williams and her friends are in charge of the affair.

News of Petersburg

The Times-Dispatch Bureau,
5 Bollingbrook Street
(Telephone 1485),
Petersburg, Va., August 1, 1913.

The all-day picnic at Dinwiddie Courthouse yesterday, held under the auspices of the Farmers' Union of the county, was attended by between 200 and 300 people, including the families of the farmers, and the day was spent most pleasantly. Liberal provision had been made for all. An open meeting was held at noon, presided over by Charles F. Smith, president of the county union, and one of the Democratic candidates for the Legislature, who welcomed the audience and introduced the speakers. D. M. Gannaway, of Buckingham County, president of the State Farmers' Union, was the first speaker. His address urged the importance of co-operation to secure the betterment of their condition along all lines affecting their interests. He made a strong plea for better banking accommodations, the same accommodations for the farmers as is extended to business men. This he believed can be secured if the farmers would stand together in demanding it.

W. W. Sproule, of Augusta County, member of the United Agricultural Board, made a statement to the meeting of the work done and being done by the board and the State Department of Agriculture. The board, he said, had recommended an experimental farm to be located in Southside Virginia for the instruction and benefit of the farmers.

Addresses were delivered by H. T. Prossor, of the Seaboard Air Line Railway, and O. T. Martin, of Prince William County, in the interest of the development of dairying among the farmers. Incidentally Mr. Martin urged farmers to devote closer attention to the selection of men to represent them in Congress and the Legislature.

The union is a nonpolitical organization, and there was no politics in the public speaking. The three candidates for the Legislature, who were on the ground during the day, were not invited to speak.

In the afternoon the members of the union held a closed meeting, proceedings of which were not divulged, at which it is surmised the political situation was discussed.

Charles F. Smith, president of the county union, is the only farmer candidate for the Legislature. Judge John Y. Harris and R. T. Wilson are lawyers. All three are opposed to the fee system. Mr. Smith and Judge Harris favor the enabling act, while Mr. Wilson opposes it, and favors local option as the best method of settling the liquor question.

Police Arrests in July.

The report of the chief of police shows a total of 247 arrests for all causes in this city in July, classified as follows: Assaults and batteries, 271; felony, 8; fugitives from justice, 5; larceny, 17; lunacy, 3; misdemeanor, 24; trespass, 4; vagrant, 2; violation of city ordinances, 47; drunkenness, 110. Thus it will be seen that nearly one-half the number of arrests were accredited to liquor. The fines collected in the Police Court during the month for violations of city ordinances amounted to $346.

A Veteran Carrier.

J. M. B. Holmes, a colored letter carrier, to-day celebrated his thirty-ninth year of continuous postal service. He came into the service when the free delivery system was first introduced in Petersburg, and has made a fine record for efficiency and faithfulness.

Funeral of Mrs. Hatcher.

The funeral of Mrs. Lucy G. Hatcher, mother of the Rev. S. C. Hatcher, D. D., of Ashland, will take place tomorrow morning at 11 o'clock, the burial being in Blandford Cemetery. Deceased is survived by the following children: Rev. S. C. Hatcher, D. D., of Ashland; W. G. Hatcher, of Waco, Texas; Mrs. Fletcher Brockwell, of Roanoke; Mrs. Oliver Mowatt and Miss Lizzie A. Hatcher, of McKeesport, Pa.

Death in Ettrick.

Mrs. Parthenia Harlan, aged seventy-three years, died very suddenly this morning at her home in Ettrick. She was much respected in her community. She is survived by one son and two daughters—J. W. and Misses Maria and Missouri Harlan, of Ettrick, and one brother, William Perkinson, of Chesterfield County.

Personal and General.

Captain Charles T. Lassiter and family left to-day for Masinetto Springs, Va.

E. W. Butcher and family left to-day for Basic City to spend the month.

Miss Evelyn May Crump, of Washington, is visiting her sister, Mrs. Bessie Lee, in this city.

Dr. J. J. Rosensteel, of Cleveland, Ohio, is visiting Mrs. S. J. Rosensteel, on Henry Street.

W. H. Kevan, recently appointed by the Democratic committee as judge of election in the Third Ward, declined to serve. Mr. Kevan has served as judge of election for sixteen years, and thinks he has discharged his duty.

James H. Bailey left this afternoon for Boston to attend the National Convention of Knights of Columbus, as a representative from Virginia. He is accompanied by his daughter, Miss Gertrude Bailey.

Dr. O'Kelly May Stay in Raleigh.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Raleigh, N. C., August 1.—The congregation of the First Baptist Church is quite confident that the pastor, Dr. T. W. O'Kelly, will not leave Raleigh to become president of Mercer University, in spite of the indications that he might hold out by the latest press dispatches from Macon. The facts in the case are that a committee from Mercer's trustees was here a week ago and laid the matter before Dr. O'Kelly, and wishing to know if he could be considered for the presidency with any degree of certainty that he would be available if selected, Dr. O'Kelly told the committee that he would consider the matter and let them know. Then on Wednesday night of this week he told the officers of the church here that he had decided to request the Mercer trustees to not consider his name for the presidency, and that he would remain in Raleigh. This he did, and he does not expect the Mercer trustees to consider him any further as a possible president.

Large Transactions in Highland.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Monterey, Va., August 1.—What is believed to be a transaction of vital importance to Highland County is indicated by deeds filed in the Circuit Court clerk's office for record July 31. One of these deeds covers eighty-four typewritten pages, and transfers all the holdings of the United States Lumber Company, in the Stonewall District of this county, to J. K. Griffith, of Pittstown, Pa., the consideration being $298,572.70.

The other deed is from the Tri-State Investment and Security Company to same, for 1,155 acres, known as the Sommers land, on Bullpasture Mountain, and the consideration named is $19,635.

These transfers include Highland's best and largest bodies of timber, and while nothing is known of the purchaser or the interests he represents, the sale is regarded as a favorable augury, and it is believed will result in the building of a railroad into this mountain county.

ANNA HELD—NOT

Diamond-Studded Stockings Couldn't Hold Theatre Audiences in London.

[Special Cable to The Times-Dispatch.]

London, August 1.—Anna Held, who was engaged to appear in the "Revue" at the London Opera House for four weeks at a salary of $1,250 a week, quit suddenly after the show on Monday evening and his since returned to Paris. It is not unkind to the famous actress to say that despite the much advertised diamond-studded stockings that were to bewilder the public, the London theatregoers utterly failed to appreciate her talent, and as a consequence the management, repenting of the contract made with her, were not sorry when one thing led to another and Miss Held shook the dust of London from her feet a week before the contract had expired.

Williams to Speak in Lynchburg.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Lynchburg, Va., August 1.—Judge Samuel W. Williams, candidate for renomination as Attorney-General, will address the voters of Lynchburg Saturday night at the City Auditorium. He will come here direct from Kenbridge, where he is to meet S. Gordon Cumming in a joint debate.

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