The Times Dispatch

Business Office....Times-Dispatch Building
10 South Tenth Street.

South Richmond.....1020 Hull Street
Washington Bureau.....Munsey Building
Petersburg Bureau....109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....618 Eighth Street

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

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg.

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday	15 cents
Daily without Sunday	10 cents
Sunday only	5 cents

Entered January 22, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 3, 1913.

FOR EVERY WOMAN.

The Times-Dispatch this morning comes one step nearer its ideal of being a great public servant to the people of Richmond and Virginia. We print for the first time a page devoted to the interests of women. There have been many difficulties in the way of this achievement, but one by one they have been overcome, and we now offer for the approval and criticism of our women readers a department devoted to their amusement and instruction. Under the editorship of Martha Wester-cover, it is hoped that this page will appeal to all classes and be a real help to the home-builders of the State.

This hope will not be realized unless we receive the hearty and sympathetic support of those we are trying to reach. It is not possible to foretell exactly what women want in their own department. The first issues of this section will be experimental. They represent the best that can be secured, of special features and careful editing. The newspapers of the country have been studied for hints as to what women want to read. Yet The Times-Dispatch will not be satisfied until its daily page suits its own readers. For this reason we ask suggestions and advice. We shall welcome letters giving constructive hints for bettering the page. Certain prizes will be given for articles of 200 words or less on your impression of the women's page and what it can do. These letters should be practical, and should bear in mind the possibilities and limitations of daily journalism.

We believe that The Times-Dispatch already furnishes the best news service for women as well as men. It is out-of-date to suppose that women do not read the news, society, editorials, and even the sporting page with interest and appreciation. They do, and they will keep on doing so. Yet they will be glad to discover one page devoted to the many and complex interests of the sex. We even surmise that many men will read the new department to keep in touch with what women are doing and thinking.

The interests of women are not different to-day from what they were in the past. Wives and mothers are concerned with the home and the problems of caring for children. They want to know how to buy and prepare food; how to dress themselves and their families; how to educate and amuse the young folks; and how to understand and take part in the larger activities of the world. They also want recreation, humor and sentiment. The woman's page has been built to feed these needs. Its ideal is wider service.

A CASE OF DUAL JUDICIAL RECALL.

Of several proposed constitutional amendments to be passed upon by the people of the state of New York to-morrow by far the most interesting is that which is intended to remove the existing constitutional obstacles to an effective workmen's compensation act, upon which the New York Court of Appeals founded its judgment in the celebrated Ives case. That decision has been widely discussed by Mr. Roosevelt and upon it he based his campaign for the recall of judicial decisions in Colorado and elsewhere. The opinion in the Ives case was written in 1910, so that the constitutional amendment through which the Progressive party follows somewhat resembles it, if the amendment is ratified at the polls in a narrow sense, it will be the result of a Progressive movement.

It is a striking coincidence that the Progressive party date to Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals, Judge Werner, who wrote the opinion in the Ives case. He has been Democratic candidate for Governor and Republican candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. If the Progressive party should succeed in writing into the Democratic constitution of New York a provision altogether likely, there will be the New York will be the same objection to practical effect recall of judicial decisions the judge who rendered a decision.

When we read its poetic columns we are bound to admit that the Richmond Times-Dispatch is a great lyric, like the Irish harp of old. It very often tells a tale of more prevailing sadness, an infectious sadness.—Charlottesville Progress.

"Never mind, Prog. You're in no danger of catching any poetry, however infectious."

Any team that fools with the Richmond College "Spiders" this year with the delusion that they feed from the hand is going to get good and "stung."

The ardent hunters of Saturday spent Sunday trying to get the kinks out of their legs.

Ought Congress to provide stock, or stockings, for the "regional" banks?

SOCIAL WORK IN RICHMOND.

The conference on the social needs of Richmond, which begins this afternoon, will be of profound value in quickening the ideal of service and in bringing clearly before the community the present problems we must confront and solve for the betterment of our life. Its finest result should be the crystallization of the widespread desire to help into a concrete and practical program. The free expression of opinions from the men and women who will take part in the discussions will throw needed light on what now often seems confused and uncoordinated. The advice of experts such as Mrs Dorr, Dr. Bliss and Dr. Lansing, will help Richmond by bringing home to us the aims and methods of other cities.

What is needed in Richmond is for everybody to get together and work in harmony toward certain clearly defined and attainable ends. There is a need for some plan to cut out reduplication of work, to divide the field so that each group will know what it must do and what the others are doing, and to bring a combination of intelligence and clear vision to bear upon public opinion. In no community is there a wider interest in helping moral progress. Yet in few communities is this interest so diffuse and undirected. It is more a sentiment than a definite purpose. It is too often reaching for the millennium and forgetting the day's work. It is not without its share of clashing individualities and conflicting ambitions. Its altruism frequently desires to be altruistic only in a chosen way. We believe this conference can do much to change these conditions.

The point The Times-Dispatch would emphasize is that social work is done in and by society. It receives its charter from a need felt in society, and realizes its end when it brings society to change from the old ignorance to the new wisdom. The heaviest drawback under which our social service work labors is that the workers feel in themselves such an eagerness to serve, and such a keen consciousness of the evils to be remedied, that they attribute the same feeling to the whole social organism. They propose reforms that only a few are ready for, and feel grievous disappointment that public opinion does not arouse and back them up. There is a group of earnest and conscientious people in Richmond from two years to twenty ahead of the average mass. They are apt to feed upon their own enthusiasm and forget popular indifference.

This is no reason for faltering or despair. It is, however, a very just reason for entering upon any big campaign after the most serious scrutiny of the actual facts. Let us go forward, but with wisdom. The social conscience changes slowly. It needs education. If we try too much, we produce conditions worse than those we sought to improve. The greatest social need of Richmond is a more enlightened society.

O FLORAL LOUISVILLE!

Here's progress. That dapper and effulgent metropolis of Louisville is going to hang flower baskets on its lamp posts. They are to be "inspirations to civic beautification." Rash the man who would deny that Louisville needs "beautification," but where, but in Louisville would they hang it on the lamp posts? 'Tis whispered that they got the idea from Antwerp, which fact makes the fall worse. Soon they will be importing foaming fluids from Munich, and then what will the Kentucky farmer do with his corn? Put it in the flower baskets?

With what sharpened pen and bitter ink must "Marse Henry" Watterson lambaste his degenerate town? His scorn will shrivel the violets and tea roses like a withering sirocco. We can hear him exhorting a squadron of night-riding Kentucky colonels to sally forth and destroy the heathen invention. He will point with pride to the noble history of Louisville lamp posts. They have served as gallows-trees. They have offered iron consolation to the wavering forms of celebrants. They have been ridden behind when the burlesque of some interesting family had swept the all too spacious streets. Never, go never will they be converted into pergolas for pendent municipal boutonnieres.

Yet pause is there no balm in Gilead? Cannot the flower basket bloom with nosegays for the ardent swain to present to the Blue Grass belle? Better still cannot they be filled with the soothing and aromatic julep? That were a vision of delight when from the municipal administration mansion flower-pots are filled daily with the chief ingredient of Kentucky nectar.

Despite this comfort, we pity Louisville when its civic beauty depends on flower-basket lamp posts. In Richmond the flower-like girls give a better exhibition finer than any ever made in Belgium.

Gov. Alcott, of Vanceville, in a communication to the Louisa Central Virginian, says that he is informed that there were "fully 2,000 shots fired in this vicinity last Saturday, although all of the Nimrods claimed to have been hunting squirrels, even out in the open broomsedge fields." He desires a game law that will protect the community "from the ravages of the lawless" and calls upon the General Assembly to enact such a statute.

Mrs. Pankhurst sails for home on November 26, and it is a singular coincidence that the next day is Thanksgiving.

Pullman porters threaten that if passengers do not tip more liberally they will do no more whistling. The travelling public should worry.

Lillian Russell, who can neither sing nor dance, is to get $750.00 for her next year's appearance on the stage, as a result, no doubt, of the daily paragraph about her in the Houston Post. It pays to advertise.

GO TO THE POLLS, DEMOCRATS.

James H. Price, chairman of the City Democratic Committee, in yesterday's The Times-Dispatch, urged the Democrats of Richmond to cast a heavy vote at the polls to-morrow. The warning is thoroughly justified by the general prediction that probably not one-half of the registered vote in Virginia will be polled to-morrow, unless the Democracy of Virginia awakens to its duty.

The Democrats of Richmond should go to the polls because representation in the next State Democratic Convention will be determined by the number of ballots cast for Governor at this election. In cities like Norfolk and Bristol, spirited contests will bring out the vote. If Richmond Democrats stay away from the polls, the city's proportionate representation in the deliberative body of the party may be materially reduced. If Richmond Democracy is to maintain its influence in the determination of future party policies, a large vote should be cast here to-morrow.

The entire Democratic vote in Virginia should be heavy, for any indication of apathy, evidenced by a light vote, will lend aid, comfort and encouragement to the two rival Republican parties in the Old Dominion. Let the Democrats of the Commonwealth demonstrate to the world to-morrow that the Democratic party of Virginia is more strongly and loyally supported now than ever before. Let all Democrats who voted in the recent primaries remember that by such participation they obligated themselves to ratify in the general election the nominations made by them in the primaries.

Let the Democratic vote to-morrow be large, to the end that it may be overwhelming testimony to the confidence in and loyalty to the incoming Governor felt by his party. Let the Democratic electorate speak through its ballots its support not only of the party in Virginia, but in the country as well. Let the event be such that no one can consider it as the slightest evidence of disaffection or defection.

PRISON REFORM PROGRESSING.

Good Words, the weekly published by the prisoners of the Atlanta Federal Penitentiary, last week criticized as futile the endeavors of Thomas M. Osborne, of New York, to reform prison conditions. According to the extracts from that publication, appearing in yesterday's news, it takes the view that Mr. Osborne, who recently served a self-imposed sentence at Auburn Prison, did not experience "the infernos in which all bona fide convicts must live."

Possibly Mr. Osborne, in his brief sojourn, did not see all the evils of prison life, but he nevertheless found material upon which to base suggestions of constructive value.

Perhaps the most important of his recommendations is that of larger degree of personal liberty for the prisoner, who should be allowed, he thinks, to read newspapers and magazines, to write and receive letters in greater number and to see more often his friends and relatives. "Take away a man's benefits," he says, "if necessary to punish him, but do not deprive him of his friends and family." The present restrictions on the prisoner arise from a purpose to make his punishment severe and to remove him from a probably criminal environment, but the result is often just the opposite of what the penal authorities desire it to be. No moral benefit comes to the prisoner when he is cut off from a knowledge of what is going on in the world outside.

The policy of enforced silence is also assailed by Mr. Osborne, who well says that "men are made to talk and you cannot dry in the face of nature." In most prisons, the inmates have invented a way of talking that is not easily detected, and no restriction can prevent some method of communication. Yet the punishment for whispering at Auburn Prison is the same as that for assault. Absolute freedom of communication, of course, might be harmful to discipline, but surely there is a reasonable mean which can be established. No wonder that, deprived of the privilege of speech, many prisoners go mad.

The time will come when many, if not all, of the Osborne suggestions will be generally put into practice. In the very prison in which the paper that criticized him last week is issued, Warden Moyer has just ordered a radical departure from prison custom in directing that convicts shall be known by their names, and not by numbers, and that all degrading marks of prison life on clothing shall be abolished. We are getting nearer and nearer to that day when all prisoners shall be treated humanely, and shall be freed from the cruel and unusual punishments which have been visited upon them in the past.

Prosperity is perched upon South Side Virginia. The Farmville correspondent of the James River Clarion avers that the happiest farmer in his acquaintance lives in Cumberland, is many thought to be the native heath of President Wilson. His table is loaded with creature comforts, such as old ham, turkey, chicken, but the vegetables, and we raise in this section a greater variety than is grown elsewhere (recall the broad hint), he is selling cattle at fine profits, and, in the meantime, has cut a large crop of tobacco and his barns will be filled with plenty. King George of England isn't good monarch of all he surveys. Hail, Southside Virginia, happy land!

President Wilson desires that expensive presents shall not be sent his daughter upon the occasion of her wedding, but even that will not prevent the customary delugy of pickle forks.

They are to name a park in New York for the late Mayor Gaynor, but it will be decided Tuesday whether to call the whole burg Murphyville.

ON THE SPUR OF THE MOMENT

By ROY K. MOULTON.

So Long, Willie.

The surgeons rub their hands in glee
and sharpen up their saws.
And Willie's mother breathes a hopeless sigh.
Her heart of heart is grieving and
the teardrops fall because
It's time to bid her Willie boy good-by.
He is a husky youngster and was
never sick a day,
But one can never tell what will
befall.
He may be brought back to her in a
basket or he may
Be brought back to her never more
at all.
You cannot blame the lady for her
heart throbs and her fears,
However vain and needless they may
seem,
For little Willie's chosen for a sad
fate it appears;
He has been picked for half back
on the team.

A Fable.

Once upon a Time there was a Hick by the name of Percy who had Every One in the Home Town backed away off the Asphalt on the Style Thing. He could throw the Berry Wall stuff like a bricklayer throws Mortar and from Chapeau to Cowhide he was the Immaculate Kid. When he walked down Main Street he used to look in the plate-glass windows and Smile at Himself and Rearrange his Form. Beau Brummel would have been considered a Puckerless Persimmon compared to Our Hero. Percy wore those Shoulder Pads so long that he began to Believe in Them himself, which is always a Fatal Mistake. His rear Elevation resembled the Back end of a Window Wagon such as we always see at Funerals and stylish Weddings, and so he decided to go on the Team at Jerkwater College, where he was to annex that Mysterious Thing known as an Education. The coach said he Would Do. Percy knew that he had half of his mother's Horsehair Sofy in those shoulders, but he didn't Tip it off to the Coach.

Our Hero Simply dug up the Earth until it came time for the First Game. Then he scared the Other Team to death by looking Fierce. The Girls Made a Fuss over Him. They made so Much Noise about Him that you couldn't hear the Church bells ring in that Town. In Time they named a soda fountain drink after him and he Had Realized the dream of his Life.

When he had finished his Four-Year-Course and had taken a post-graduate of Three Years he picked Out the swellest bit of Millinery among his hosts of Feminine admirers and married her.

Then Things began to Happen. His papa failed in the Soap Business and left suddenly for Europe, and her Papa developed a sudden Financial Grouch that made it Begin to Look as though Our Hero would have to get out and look for a Lucrative position.

He found one in the old Home Town, and it consisted in Jiu jitsuing trunks and hand baggage Down at the Deppo. His Glad Rags in Time were all cut down for the Olive Branches. Last time we saw Our Hero he was using a Hemp cord for a Gallus, and was wearing a pair of Trousers that was as Shiny as a pair of trained Seals.

Moral: Many a Married Man's heart Beats beneath a Ragged Jacket. Also, the Higher they Fly, the Harder they Fall.

According to Uncle Abner.

Cal Binks, our electric light lineman, was shocked quite badly the other day while on top of a pole. Miss Amy Frisby went by with an X-ray gown on.

Anse Frisby, our well-known banker, gave his wife $50 to buy him a birthday present, and she bought him a nice rug for the parlor. Anse says that is just like a woman.

Grandma Perkins borrowed a soapstone griddle from Hod Peters's folks fer to take to bed with her to keep her feet warm, and there ain't no pancakes at Hod's house fer purty nigh a week.

Miss Lattie Bibbins, who is recently back from cooking school, tried to make an omelet out'n three chiny eggs. Education is a grand thing.

Hank Tumm went home from the Golden Nugget the other night with a package and saw a ghost in his yard which swayed back and forth in the wind. Hank hit the trail toward West Hickeyville and ain't been seen since. The ghost was a white union suit that his wife had hung out on the line.

T. Egbert Peavey, our village dude, is now wearing a monologue in one eye, which shows class if not good sense.

Voice of the People

Self-Supporting.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Mr. J. H. Binford, secretary of the Co-operative Education Association of Virginia, in the current issue of the Virginia Journal states that the actual living expenses of the average white county public school teacher holding a first-grade certificate exceed her salary by $65 per annum.

"This deficit is paid by the young lady's father or brothers." Fifty or seventy-five years ago this explanation might have been correct, but it does not apply to-day. This deficit is made good by the women themselves in the majority of cases. After school hours the underpaid teacher does not use her rest time for rest, but makes the additional money necessary for her maintenance with her needle, coaching backward students an hour or two or "extra" bookkeeping in the evening, and in many other ways, but in hardly any case does she get it by an appeal to father or other male relatives.

In the mind of every man who has a hand in the employment of a woman is the deep-rooted, almost ineradicable, impression that a woman's bills are paid by some male member of her family, and for this reason he excuses himself for paying a woman employe a smaller wage than a man employe, though both may render equal service.

It has doubtless been the observation of many in the business offices of this city that though a woman employe may direct and oversee the work of a man, yet the salary of the man exceeds that of the woman. It is not that her employer undervalues in his mind the services she renders that he withholds from her the proper compensation, but he feels that "her father or brothers" make good the deficit.

Before the war (to which time Mr. Binford reverted in order to get his explanation) the male members of the family did assume the responsibility of unattached female members of the family. On account of changed economic conditions they are absolutely unable to do so now; nor would the women of to-day wish them to do so if they could. But it is true that the male employer of to-day is imbued with the idea that he owes it to his employes fairly and squarely with his female employe because some other man is dealing generously with her, and this "inherited" impression influences those who fix the salaries of the male and female public school teachers, both holding first grade certificates. A. G. T.

Richmond.

Mr. Blair's Warning.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read with much interest and am also greatly alarmed at the report in your paper to-day of the recommendations of President Whittet, of the Administrative Board, before the Council Committee on Charter Changes Tuesday night, because in my mind they present startling changes, which eventually will turn the government of this dear city over to a "boss-ridden" and political control, the like of which New York city, with its Tammany tyranny and corruption, will not be a marker.

From my experience in the city government as a member of the Board of Assessors and of the Finance Committee, I earnestly warn the good people of this city to crush at the outset any such plan.

I wish first to say that I have never been one of those in favor of the present scheme of government, and I honestly believe that an overwhelming body of our citizens wish now to abolish the Administrative Board, much less giving it additional authority, when it has so signally failed to carry out its present duties and responsibilities. This board and its clerks, etc., costs Richmond now $40,000 per year, a sum that could pay the interest on a million dollars, which could be spent in giving the city the additional schools, sewers, streets, approaches to the Free Bridge, splendid buildings at Byrd and Clarkson Parks, for the athletic development of its future citizens, and other pressing needs of the city, and what man will question for a moment which would be best for the city to do, abolish the board or do without the above million dollars, on which the money wasted on the board would pay the interest without increasing taxes one penny?

I do not wish any one to think that I am criticizing the men on the board, as I am friendly to them, and believe they have done as well as any board the citizens on an average would elect, but the system is wrong, and the city can gain nothing from this large sum of money annually which the board costs to justify the expenditure.

Now, to the specific danger. I wish especially to war our Council and citizens generally. If the control of the police, firemen and health employes is given over to the Administrative Board, then these employes will soon become mere political puppets and henchmen. Even now it will be almost impossible to dislodge from power the above board, who, as everybody knows, are taking every opportunity possible to intrench themselves in office; and is it not natural, and would you not also do likewise, if you were in their place?

Therefore, the citizens should all the more strongly keep out of their hands the control of the aforesaid departments, with their large body of men, who for every reason should be removed as far as possible from the sinister influence of politics, particularly the police, who, as now constituted, are as fine a body of men as are on any police force in the world. Why should these men and the firemen be placed under the control of the Administrative Board? All of the departments—health, fire and police—are most creditable to the city, and the commissions who manage them are just as capable, honest and infinitely more qualified from practical experience to manage them than the Administrative Board. Let's do away with the Administrative Board; give the Mayor treble his present power and duties, so that he can earn his salary; put the laying of all water, gas and electric pipes and trenches, together with the parks, in the entire charge of our capable City Engineer, with full authority to hire and discharge all the men of his department; elect a capable hydraulic engineer for our Water Department; also a real gas expert for the Gas Department, similar to the electrical expert in the electric plant, with also full power over their respective employes, and I will guarantee that every patriotic citizen will rejoice in seeing shortly a city beautiful, growing and happy, with savings of thousands of dollars and a reduction in taxes besides.

A. BERNE BLAIR.

Unanimously Praises Our Editorial.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—At the meeting of the Baptist Ministers' Conference of Richmond, in regular session Monday morning, your editorial of the 27th on the Sunday school and the value of Sunday school work was read and heard with a great deal of pleasure.

A resolution was unanimously passed expressing the thanks and appreciation of the conference for your able and discriminating editorial.

W. E. GIBSON, Secretary.

Polk Miller.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Polk Miller is dead! To Virginians in far-off Oklahoma this is a sad message. We who were wont to enjoy his stories and his songs, who loved him for what he was—a gentleman, a Christian and a patriot—bemoan his death. Polk Miller builded his own monument in the heart of the American people, truly a re perennius.

AN OKLAHOMA VIRGINIAN.

Tulsa, Okla., Oct. 28, 1913.

The Medical College.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I desire to thank you sincerely for the splendid support you have given to the Medical College of Virginia in connection with the meeting at the John Marshall High School. With such co-operation as you and your associates have so kindly shown, all things that are reasonable and right as regards the development of medical education in Richmond are possible.

S. C. MITCHELL.

A Rose Like Thy Love.

Faded and withered, I bathed it in
tears.
Only a wild rose destroyed by the
heat
Drooping and dying, outcast I had
found it,
Crushed by the tramping of gay,
careless feet
And I sighed as I kissed it in sorrow,
That so soon it should fade and decay;
And I wonder if warm lips had pressed
it,
Or what careless hand cast it away.

While my idle thoughts turning in
fancy,
Strayed in paths of the long, long
ago,
Where your love, like the rose that was
dying,
For your love was once warm as its
glow,
Had faded so soon, and, when withered,
You had carelessly cast it aside,
To seek in Love's garden of roses
Another for that which had died.

Oh, rose, thou hast, too, been forsaken;
Thou will die like the love that was
mine;
I would kiss all thy crimson-tipped
petals
Ere they flutter and fall to the
ground.
As I bathed its still heart with my
teardrops
I noted with wonder and fears
That the wild rose, apparently dying,
Was blooming, revived by my tears.

AMANDA B. CORDES.

Richmond.

To-Day.

Long have ye poets sung the praise
Of heroes sadly out of date;
While maidens of the mythic days
Have won your rhymes compassionate,
And classic villains claimed your hate.
Are there no men of modern clay
Fit for Pegasus' bravest gait?
Sing us the Fighter of To-Day

Long have ye backward turned to gaze,
In feigned rapture, on the fate,
And marvelous, romantic ways
Of her whom legend lends "great."
Ye know her weight, her class and rate.
Why she was sad, how she was gay.
Wake up, and get your bays on straight!
Sing the True Woman of To-Day.

See that no more your fancy strays
To far Olympian lands, to prate
Of fabled sirens, nymphs and fays.
Real life goes by you, soon and late,
It turns to list, it may not wait.
Speak it some brave word if yo may,
Its great heart sorrows to abate.
What is the Answer for To-Day?

L'ENVOI.

Poets, for us disconsolate
Some bright and shining word, we
pray,
Our darkness to illuminate—
Rede us the Riddle of To-Day.

THOMAS LOMAX HUNTER

King George, Va.

Regarding Poe.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Mr. Renshaw either does not agree with Dr. Osler, since he says that Poe's and Hawthorne's life, like Lanier's, was brief, or he is mistaken as to Hawthorne's age. Poe's life ended at forty, while Hawthorne's work almost wholly was done after that age, he dying at sixty, thus disproving Dr. Osler's dictum, which is foolishness anyhow!

Isn't it possible that Poe is being put on rather too high a poetical pedestal? Byron, Burns, Shelley and Keats, for instance, all lived fewer years than he did, yet compare their product with his, and how pitiful is the contrast! Poe, so far as I know, contributed not a single quotable sentiment to the language, a thing that can be said of no great English poet, while many of his lines have given bright gems of thought to its beauty and enrichment. This may not keep Poe's musical rhymes from being poetry, however. Dickens said of "Robinson Crusoe" that "one of the most popular books on earth has nothing in it to make anyone laugh or cry." So Poe may be a poet, even though his poetry contains no thought considered worth quoting.

G. W. C.

Queries and Answers

A Date.

Please tell me what day of the week was October 13, 1897. M. L. D.

Wednesday.

Marriage License.

If a couple go to Richmond to be married, do they get license from the Richmond court or that of the residence of the bride? What is the practice in North Carolina?

They may be married here on license obtained either in the city or in the residence of the bride. The same practice obtains in North Carolina.

Hunting Season.

Please publish the dates of opening and closing of the hunting season in the following counties, etc.

PUBLIC.

This information must be got from the clerks of each county. The Board of Supervisors has the power to shorten the season, and there seems to be no central office in Richmond from which the information you seek may be obtained.

Solan.

Please tell me the common name for the solan, and to what depth it is known to dive for fish.

H. B. ARMSTRONG.

Another name is the "gannet," possibly somewhat more used in common speech. There is no means of calculating exactly the depth to which the solan can dive. It is generally supposed that he will go down as far as fifteen or twenty feet.

Douglas Malloch.

Was Douglas Malloch a poet from the beginning of his writing work, or did he do other work before?

E. E. E.

He did a good deal of short story writing up to about three years ago. There is a queer incident connected with a bit of this work, too. He is said to have completed an excellent story involving a railway wreck of highly unusual sort, and then have burned it up when a number of veteran engineers declared that such a wreck was impossible. Next week exactly such a wreck occurred on an important line.

Boy Scouts.

From whom may I get information about the Boy Scouts of America?

T. F. EARLY.

Write to the national headquarters, 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

Presidential Election.

When will the next presidential election take place? H. H. WOODS.

Tuesday, November 7, 1916.

Two Dates.

In what year did the war between Russia and Japan begin? In what year was the San Francisco earthquake?

HENRY MILLER.

1904. 1906.

Disease of Old Age.

What is the average age of persons who die of appendicitis? What is the disease whose victims average the highest in age?

PRESTON CARTER.

28.7 years. The average age of those dying of diseases of the arteries is put in the tables at 72.2 years. This is the highest "average age at death."

Abe Martin

If everybody wuz as pleasant as th' feller who's tryin' t' sell you somethin', wouldn't this be a swell ole world? I never knowed a successful man who could quote poetry.

WHEN DAD WAS A BOY.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: 1913: By John T. McCutcheon.]

Social happenings.

The National State and City Bank invites you to open an account, either subject to check or at 3% interest in its Savings Department....
CAPITAL and SURPLUS $1,600,000.00