

...down. Altogether, it was the most sportsmanlike thing he has ever done.

THE GREAT STEEL TRUST.

Herbert Knox Smith, United States Commissioner of Corporations, has made an exhaustive report on the United States Steel Corporation, which will be of much value to the Congressional Committee now engaged in investigating that great trust.

The prime object of the organizers of the Steel Trust was to restrict competition. It was capitalized at \$1,402,000,000, although at the time of its organization it owned tangible property worth only \$62,000,000. Its tangible property is now estimated to be worth \$1,187,000,000 as against outstanding securities amounting to \$1,468,000,000.

The Sherman Act, as previously interpreted, was that not only the carriers of the country and the so-called big trusts of the country, but nearly every business or every character was put literally under the condemnation of the law.

GOING TO FIX MURPHY, THIS TIME.

The Hon. Thomas Mott Osborne says that Charles F. Murphy, the head of Tammany Hall, must go. He has made up his mind that there is nothing else left for the Democratic State League to do but to resolve upon "the absolute elimination" of this bad man.

What does it matter, as The Sun which shines for Murphy, puts it, that "the trouble with Mr. Osborne and his associates is that they are implacable opponents of Mr. Murphy only during the limited period of time when Mr. Murphy declines positively to do business with them on their own terms?"

SHOT ON THE WING.

Senator Cummins was speaking against reciprocity with Canada. It would ruin the farmers of this country. It would give the United States nothing back for the commercial advantages it would sacrifice.

Then arose John Sharp Williams and shot this Cummins bird on the wing. It was a cruel thing to do, but it was a necessary thing, and the sharpshooter from Mississippi brought down his game, to the delight of the spectators and of all the country people who will read about it from the ocean that roars to the ocean that sleeps.

Holding in his hand an innocent-looking little pamphlet, John Sharp craved the indulgence of the soaring Cummins for an interruption. The request was immediately granted.

The Senator from Iowa recalled the speech perfectly well.

The Senator from Mississippi refreshed his memory.

The Senator from Iowa was embarrassed. He explained that conditions had changed. In 1904 the Senator from Iowa was Governor of Iowa.

Warm words of approval of what we said a few days ago about watermelon rind preserves comes to us from Greenwood, South Carolina. One of the most distinguished and progressive and well-to-do citizens of that community writes: "It is a very peculiar thing, but the only kind of preserves my wife can make are watermelon rind preserves, and I am always 'tickled to death' when we have eaten the last. They chew like leather soaked in molasses."

Speaking of bow-legs, it was Alfred Williams, of the Roanoke Times, who said on one occasion that a friend of his who had a life-long hunger in his heart for public office, but was a little careful about announcing his candidacy, that he had sat on the fence so long that he had grown bow-legged.

This is the season of the year when house-parties at the country-places of generous hosts makes time fly as if it were traveling by aeroplane.

The name of the Street is Harrison, not Robinson, and the little house covered with morning glories and looking like an oasis in a desert is there to the great delight of all passers-by with an eye to the artistic.

Since Mr. J. Thompson Brown "purports" to be a great admirer of Mr. Bryan, we publish his letter with pleasure, which we would have done with equally great pleasure if he had made his request in a somewhat different tone of voice.

side who would really like to know "who writes the editorials."

There is the New York World, for example. Frank Cobb is the editor of that newspaper, and a mighty good editor he is. How he happens to know about all the things he writes about we cannot explain, but there he is up in the tall tower day after day grinding away about this, that and the other thing, and always expressing himself, particularly on questions of great public moment, with an assurance that is really wonderful.

Nobody knows to this day who writes the editorials for the New York Evening World. They are never signed, although they are sometimes illustrated, but the public is not left in doubt as to the philosophic reflections of "Mr. Jarr," or about the "Legends of Old New York," or what is going on at the theatres, or the progress of the games on the diamond, or the movements among the light weights and the heavy weights.

There is a great deal of mush in what they write, but they are not ashamed of it, neither is the paper which carries it. But the point we would make is that the work that is done by Cobb and his associates, and occasionally by Seltz who writes wonderfully well whenever he takes his pen in hand, in spite of his absorption in the commercial affairs of the great properties he manages, is equally deserving of identification, as the stuff which is written for the paper and signed by the names of the writers, and not only signed by them but illustrated also with their photographs.

The Grady Bill, however, is a fool bill. There is always some responsible person about every newspaper establishment to answer for what the paper says, either personally or in court, and if the bill should finally pass and become a law it would only serve to make the newspapers look even worse than they do now without any compensation to the public for this change in style.

We agree with The World that if the "editorials" are to be signed by their writers it would only be fair for the New York Legislature to pass another act requiring every bill introduced in that body to contain the names of the persons or the interests behind it. This would be a sort of publicity really worth having. It would show, for example, for whom Senator Grady speaks at times and his associates, and it would give the people who have elected them the opportunity of knowing how much they were fooled in placing their confidence in representatives of this type.

Some of the Old Sayings. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Just a few more, lest we forget, and the link be broken. We can never forget the kind-hearted and ever faithful black mammy, the old ash-cake, the best way corn meal ever was cooked. She would wash it and "chop it," break it up, give each child a portion, white or colored, saying: "Yari sat down dar and sop de skin. Dar is a heap uh good greasy grease in it. Den git out de kitchen and car' yo racket wid you. I's got white folks dinner ter cook."

The wheat cutting time—the colored folks' dining days—lasting a week or more, harvest whistles, five gallons for \$1. Then the treading out the wheat. The boy could ride round and round on the horse's bare back until he was most ready to tumble off, but he stuck on. The moonlight corn shuckings, with the merry songs and jigs; there was always a clown, and a good one.

When the killing time, when the small boy was of his best behavior to Uncle Ben, the boss butcher, to get the biggest hog's tail.

When the time of yore olden days can't be described; happy children, happy slaves. Oh, the trundle-bed, that was pushed under ma's bed in the daytime, and at night pulled out by the nurse, and three or four children were put in there crossways after "worship," or family prayers, for that was the way the day was commenced and closed. Never were in too big a hurry to neglect that. "Finally" the longest sermon I ever heard was preached in Sharon Baptist Church, King William county, third Sunday in November, 1848, by a man who had been mayor of minutes, and called to the ministry by the preaching of two hours and twenty minutes, subject "Daniel's Vision." We children ate our biscuit, drank water and went to sleep. When the sermon ended we felt refreshed; but the old people looked tired. But when the minister lined out the hymn, all joined in and sang with spirit.

No musical instrument except a steel tuning fork, which the leader would strike on the benches, and then start with a loud "Amen." The colored people joined in, "Amen, happy. One old man shined done see de moon on de den of more."

Long life to Senator Warren, of Wyoming, and his beautiful bride, the accomplished Miss Clara Le Baron Morgan, of Connecticut. We do not know anything about him, but he has been luckier than he deserves, however much he deserves.

As, shall be wasted? Such would seem to be the conclusion of Mr. J. Thompson Brown, who says that Mr. Bryan's nomination by the Democratic party would be quite as impossible as would be his nomination by the Republican party. And that, too, after all that he has done! We cannot believe it.

Why is it that the Government authorities do not repair the mail box at the corner of Franklin and Laurel Streets? It is off in one of its hinges, and the representatives of the Government were told about it a year ago. Why not ask Postmaster-General Hitchcock down here to look after it? Any excuse to get him to visit Richmond would be worth making.

Long life to Senator Warren, of Wyoming, and his beautiful bride, the accomplished Miss Clara Le Baron Morgan, of Connecticut. We do not know anything about him, but he has been luckier than he deserves, however much he deserves.

Voice of the People

Applause for Mr. Bryan. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Since your paper purports, I believe, to be an organ of the Democratic party, albeit apparently greatly enamored of Mr. Taft and his administration, and in like ratio, hostile to Mr. Bryan, may I ask—in all-round fairness to Mr. Bryan, to the Democrats who admire him, and to yourself—that you publish the following extracts, as taken, first, from the speech of Representative W. A. Cullop, of Indiana, June 17, 1911, page 254, Congressional Record, thus:

Mr. Chairman: It has been with a great deal of pleasure during this debate that we have listened to the great solicitude expressed by the membership of the Republican party in this House for that great commoner in the Democratic party, William J. Bryan. Let me say to our Republican friends that whenever and wherever the Democratic party gathers around the council table in conference, his seat will be in the future, as it has been in the past, at the head of the table (Applause on the Democratic side.) He has not only converted to his policies 7,500,000 Democrats who follow him as their idol, but, from the tone of this debate, it seems that he has converted the leaders of the Republican party as well. (Applause on the Democratic side.)

And the following from the speech of Hon. Robert B. Mason, Arkansas, delivered June 16, at page 2472, Congressional Record of June 24, 1911: "We all know that he is not an angel, but we know that he has been one of the greatest apostles that ever went forth to proclaim justice and a fight between man and man. (Applause on the Democratic side.) Mr. Chairman, I ask in all sincerity, who has done more in this age of the world's progress for the betterment of the condition of our splendid country than Mr. Bryan? Mr. Roosevelt's popularity is but a reflection from the popularity of Mr. Bryan. For all of his progressive ideas were first possessed and proclaimed by Bryan. (Applause on the Democratic side.)"

The legislation that has been enacted at this session of Congress, of which so many members have boasted, and which has received the unstinted applause of the American people, was first advocated by Bryan. (Applause on the Democratic side.) For sixteen years he has gone forth preaching the doctrine of righteousness and justice between man and man, and proclaiming against special privileges of any kind, until the minds of the people have become so crystallized upon the subjects he has been advocating that they have sent us here as their representatives to put into law the declarations of that great and good man. (Applause on the Democratic side.)"

Now, respectfully calling your attention especially to the applause by which these utterances were greeted and punctuated by a large body of representative Democrats, would I faint commend to your careful and cheerful consideration the whole of the speech from which the foregoing excerpts are taken, as a curative for the incessant nightmare under which you seem to labor regarding Mr. Bryan. (Applause on the Democratic side.)

Respectfully, J. THOMPSON BROWN. Arrington, Va., June 29, 1911.

Some of the Old Sayings. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Just a few more, lest we forget, and the link be broken. We can never forget the kind-hearted and ever faithful black mammy, the old ash-cake, the best way corn meal ever was cooked. She would wash it and "chop it," break it up, give each child a portion, white or colored, saying: "Yari sat down dar and sop de skin. Dar is a heap uh good greasy grease in it. Den git out de kitchen and car' yo racket wid you. I's got white folks dinner ter cook."

The wheat cutting time—the colored folks' dining days—lasting a week or more, harvest whistles, five gallons for \$1. Then the treading out the wheat. The boy could ride round and round on the horse's bare back until he was most ready to tumble off, but he stuck on. The moonlight corn shuckings, with the merry songs and jigs; there was always a clown, and a good one.

When the killing time, when the small boy was of his best behavior to Uncle Ben, the boss butcher, to get the biggest hog's tail.

When the time of yore olden days can't be described; happy children, happy slaves. Oh, the trundle-bed, that was pushed under ma's bed in the daytime, and at night pulled out by the nurse, and three or four children were put in there crossways after "worship," or family prayers, for that was the way the day was commenced and closed. Never were in too big a hurry to neglect that. "Finally" the longest sermon I ever heard was preached in Sharon Baptist Church, King William county, third Sunday in November, 1848, by a man who had been mayor of minutes, and called to the ministry by the preaching of two hours and twenty minutes, subject "Daniel's Vision." We children ate our biscuit, drank water and went to sleep. When the sermon ended we felt refreshed; but the old people looked tired. But when the minister lined out the hymn, all joined in and sang with spirit.

No musical instrument except a steel tuning fork, which the leader would strike on the benches, and then start with a loud "Amen." The colored people joined in, "Amen, happy. One old man shined done see de moon on de den of more."

Save Your Dollars By buying your Shoes, Hats, St. Haberdashery at Receiver's Sale of Entire Stock WILTSHIRE'S All New Goods, up-to-date and at PRICE your pocketbook feel glad. SALE TO-DAY 1009 EAST MAIN STREET

Daily Queries and Answers

Why Tobacco Sweats. It has always been a puzzle to me why tobacco in the month of June will undergo a "sweat" or become damp even during the driest weather. Of course, it is generally known that the new crop of leaf tobacco must be removed from the hogheads and hung up, exposed to the air, or else it will mold or fume during the month of June, and even tobacco that has gone through a sweat will become damp during this month. By giving the cause of this phenomenon you will greatly oblige a READER.

ODD DISAPPEARANCE OF PORTUGAL

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY. WHILE there have been several instances of mysterious disappearances of princes of blood, among the most recent being those of Archduke John of Austria, who, missing for twenty years, has just been officially declared dead, and the late Landgrave of Hesse, who vanished from his cabin during a voyage from Java to Singapore, in the most inexplicable manner, there is, curious enough, only one case, in all the long history of monarchy, of a full-fledged King disappearing in this fashion, namely, Dom Sebastian, ruler of Portugal, who was no more seen by his people after the battle of Alcazarquivir, in Morocco, on August 4, 1578. No trace of his remains could be found on the battlefield, and all researches by those who believed that he had been carried off into Moorish captivity were in vain.

Twenty years later, that is to say, in the fall of 1598, a man appeared at Venice, who was recognized by several Portuguese there as the missing King Sebastian. They followed him to Fedia. But the republic of Venice, at the instance of the Spanish ambassador, who had taken advantage of Dom Sebastian's disappearance to secure possession of Portugal, demanded that the stranger quit Venetian territory, and when he refused to obey, he was cast into prison. In consequence of their investigation, and to bring back to Venice, Portuguese of rank and note who had been personally acquainted with Dom Sebastian, and who would be in a position to establish his identity.

Five leading Portuguese statesmen and nobles, and also an eminent Portuguese prelate, were designated to accompany him. On the way to Venice they at once recognized him to be the missing King. The resemblance was perfect; and if any doubts had remained, they would have been removed by the scar which he bore on his forehead, which he had over the right eyebrow, by the other deep scar which he had of a sword wound on the head, by the phenomenal superiority of the length of his right hand to that of the left, by a missing tooth of the lower jaw, all the remaining teeth being perfect, and by the thick lower lip, peculiar to the Hapsburgs.

So certain was the evidence that the Venetian government found no alternative but to set at liberty Dom Sebastian, who explained that he had been taken prisoner at the battle of Alcazarquivir. He had been held in a dungeon in captivity, and treated as a slave, by natives apparently ignorant of his rank, and that after a number of years he had succeeded in effecting his escape, and wandering along the north coast of Africa, had eventually reached Sicily and from thence Venice. After being released by the Venetians, he made his way with a number of Portuguese followers to France, where he was again arrested, this time by the Grand Duke of Tuscany, who, in deference to urgent request from Philip II, of Spain, turned him over to the Spanish Viceroy of Naples. The latter, a Count Larnas, had him imprisoned for a time in the Castel dell'Ovo, and has left documentary evidence to show that he himself had become convinced, from his conversations with his captive, that he was really the missing King of Portugal.

Some time afterwards, in obedience to peremptory instructions from Madrid, he embarked Dom Sebastian, under a strong guard, on board a warship, bound from Naples to Barcelona. The ship never reached its destination, having vanished en route, quite as mysteriously as the Santa Margherita of Archduke John of Austria, twenty years before, while on her way around Cape Horn, to Montevideo or Valparaiso, and, as in the latter instance, no trace was ever found afterwards of its officers or crew, of the troops on board, or of its distinguished prisoner, King Sebastian of Portugal, whose name of history has furnished the theme of a number of poems, novels and plays, notably by Dryden.

It is a wonder that the late King Leopold of Belgium did not appear in somewhat the same fashion, instead of dying unromantically at Lieken, near Brussels, the closing days of his reign being disgraced by the most sordid and unheroic scandals. Those scandals blinded people at home, but abroad his good qualities, and above all to the benefits that he had conferred upon his country, and it would have been far better for his reputation had he never returned from any of those foolhardy expeditions which he was wont to take into the interior of Morocco.

The Panama Canal. How long will medium size to Panama Canal? It is estimated to ten how for larger vessels and one-half to

The Fraternities. What is the largest fraternal Reports issued current year 403; Freemason Woodmen of Ar

Princess C. Her escape by Evans, Cleth the dowfall of her stat horse, possi workman of two boys, no of age at the open equipa Paris to the but that she v blemeless th throughout he rather unhap to her child works of art lived for a Prangins, fe Geneva, in lished two at the tur when she Turin, wh when she in his las (Copyri

Job. Job's shade, had and John's shellac o John's finished T. A. W. Mad. P. 842