

CH.
Y.
ETU.
street.
t.
gency,
ed to
hester
e car-
DAY
ts for
it by
its of
\$3 00
1 50
75
1 50

ed in
and
year,
IFTY
office
k, or
mail
dress
new

ION.
Dis-
e re-
s for
serted

404
1860
1253
158

1902.

N.
olican
e re-
York
e for
ident
well
on to
The
at of
ssible
equal
ig a
e re-

present solid footing and made it strong, safe and prosperous. Such restrictive laws, says Leslie's in conclusion, would have the effect of not only remedying abuses that exist or are likely to exist from the growth of trusts, but would insure to all regular and honorable enterprises of that sort a measure of protection under the law and a degree of public confidence that would be greatly to their benefit.

The views of our contemporary on this subject are not altogether new, and they may have a practical bearing on regulating some of the abuses of the trusts, such as the inflation of values and the beguiling of investors. But these affect only the few comparatively. The trust evil which affects the many can only be remedied by striking at its root, which is robber protection. The supervisory recourse would not touch the main issue, and would be another avoidance of the direct, short and only certain cut to relief for the masses.

CONDITION OF THE RIVER.

Without a doubt a part of the channel bed in our harbor has had an undesirable access of sand and mud by reason of recent freshets. The consequence is that vessels of the heaviest draft which frequent this port cannot now come up to the ship locks. The further result is a direct injury to the commerce of this city and at the same time we are giving ourselves a bad advertisement, which may prove injurious to the shipbuilding interests here.

What is needed is a big dredging machine and two or three scows. We can only keep that channel open by dredging; already dredging has been delayed too long. Meanwhile cost is piling upon cost; trouble upon trouble.

We trust that every possible effort will be made to get early and favorable action upon the part of the City Council. The people of Richmond expect to be doing business at this same old stand for many long years to come, and the river is very essential to our prosperity.

It is still Addicks or nothing, in Delaware, it seems, and the Blue Hen's Chickens are reliably reported as continuing to prefer nothing.

The wise men are just now looking again for that school of Leonids that got lost some years ago. It has been expected to reappear this week, and people are told to look out at night, as the display the cometic atoms are in the habit of making is brilliant. The people, however, have found out that the Leonids are as elusive as they can possibly be bright.

Women are fast "catching on" to the

may be needed for the printing of the letters he is to receive, and probably he is right. If the Chicago girls' hearts are as big as their feet, we assuredly may expect some very glowing specimens of epistolary skill.

But down this way we don't want the girls who write to do all the love-making—to lasso us with their affections. And what's more, they won't do it. They are not reared that way. When it comes to warmth, we men are as ardent as a plumber's stove in our expressions, but we ask only a lambent flame in reply—and what's more, that's the best we can get. In sooth, if we get that much we are happy.

The Chicagoan, by the way, asserts that Miss Culbertson is a native of Richmond. This is not the case—indeed, we do not even think she is a Virginian. She is, we believe, a Texan, though we are willing to stand sponsor for her. The letter she prepared, though penned to an imaginary lover, and lacking the stimulus of real affection, is good enough for us. Certainly, we shouldn't like for our wife to find such a communication in our pocket, unless we could offer a mighty good excuse for its presence there.

Current Comment.

Says the Newport News Press: The people of this State can not afford to lose interest in politics at this stage of Virginia's affairs.

Not at any other stage.

Mr. George O. Greene, the new editor of the Clifton Forge Review, announces that the paper will henceforth have a platform of its own, and one broad enough for all the people to stand upon.

Certainly, all the people of its section cannot do better than stand by the Review, which has always been a live and enterprising paper, and now promises to be more so.

Will the Republicans have the sound discretion to seize the occasion and remove the objectionable features of the Dingley bill?—Staunton News.

Not much. The trust interests won't permit it.

The building up of manufacturing industries in this section will create opportunities for thousands of truck farmers who have the enterprise and the judgment to abandon the old routine so common in this section and branch out in new lines. A big farm will not be needed to insure success. A few acres intelligently managed, will be all-sufficient, as has already been demonstrated in more than one instance within our personal knowledge.—Lynchburg News.

The News is doing good service in harping on the small farm system.

We will say briefly to our uniformly courteous contemporary, the Norfolk Landmark, that we have felt and still

ation in Virginia is chargeable to the neglect, perhaps ignorance, of legislators. The limit of endurance has been reached. Stir up your representative in Richmond by urgent letters. Let him attempt improvements or get out and give place to energy. J. J. L.

Southern Sentiment.

And didn't your Uncle Grover come into the push exactly at the right time?—Raleigh Post.

Why should the south buy hay or onions, for example? Why should hundreds of thousands of dollars be sent east and west for what can be raised at home.—Savannah Press.

There were some negroes in North Carolina who voted against Pritchard's party because of the insult offered them in the Greensboro State convention and for the ingratitude manifested by removing negroes from office at the behest of the Hill-billies. But the negro politicians, who were given the wink by Pritchard, showed yesterday that they were in the "game" to fool the white folks.—Raleigh News and Observer.

What is to become of this blessed country now that a protectionist Administration has actually had a gun-boat built for us in Japan?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At one stage of the campaign it looked as if there was some hope for the Keystone State, but it was only a feeble ray. The State of Quay lacks the moral stamina to escape from the slough of bossism. It loves to be bossed.—Wheeling Register.

It is claimed by the advocates and defenders of the Dingley tariff that to it we owe the progress made by the country since the tariff went into effect, and yet we have a country right across the border (Canada) with fewer wealth producing natural resources, with fewer advantages of climate, soil and variety of productions, with less than one fifteenth the number of people, with a tariff wall between them and us, and yet taking everything into consideration, her progress within the past five or six years has been relatively greater than ours. In view of this, where do the claims for the protective tariff come in?—Washington Star.

That a collision between capital and labor will occur in the near future nobody doubts. Where two great header engines are rushing toward each other on a single track, and the throttle is wide open, and the engineers are crazy or drunk, you may set it down that something will give way and somebody will be hurt.—Atlanta Journal.

The aim of all trusts is to smother competition. Their continued existence depends upon their ability to control prices.—Savannah News.

What the next ten years will do for the South may only be conjectured, but it is safe to say that unless a panic or some commercial disaster visits the world 1910 will record a development unparalleled and unapproached. The millions that are pouring into this section will not remain dormant. They will con-

WE CLOSE AT 6 P. M.



This shopping—after suitable suits for the small boys—is no longer a hardship if you come to the right place.

Modesty forbids us saying where the right place is.

Misses' Tam o' Shanters, of camel's hair, in Red, Blue, White, Gray, and combination colors, the latest 50c thing.....

O. A. Berry & Co.
MEN'S & BOYS' OUTFITTERS

barrel." The ones sent are each individually large enough to serve a large family for dinner. The section is famous for sweet potatoes, and Mr. Kilman holds the championship as a sweet potato grower.

An Uniform Game Law.

(Fredericksburg Free Lance.)

The present condition of the game laws of this State is causing no little comment among those persons—and there are thousands in Virginia—who are fond of hunting, and it is probable that an effort will be made to have the Legislature displace the various special laws with one uniform, so far as the counties on this side of the Blue Ridge mountains are concerned. As things are now nearly every county has had passed through the Legislature a special act applying to its own domain, and each act differs in some particular. In Spotsylvania, for instance, which is an exception to the rule of special acts, being under the code law, the season opens October 15th, while in Caroline, adjoining, November 1st is the opening day. In Stafford one can also shoot on October 15th, while in King George, adjoining, the gunner must wait until November 15th, one month later. The people of the various counties are constantly becoming confused on account of these different laws, which are changed on an average of every four years, and it would seem far preferable to have one uniform law, saw from November 1st to January 1st, or 15th. No confusion would then result, the birds would be given a chance to become grown, which they have not when shooting is allowed as early as October 15th, and

transformation of the diplomatic service of France.

It will be remembered that among the changes was the dismissal of the Duc de Montebello from the embassy at St. Petersburg. As can be imagined, there is no post that is now regarded as so important in the foreign representation of France, and to dismiss from it a man of ancient and historic family like the Duc de Montebello, was a revolutionary departure that has set people talking very vehemently, especially in aristocratic circles, where diplomacy is regarded as the one sphere saved for men of family out of the revolutionary wreck and upheaval. The Duc de Montebello himself has not disdained to make his wrongs public, and to proclaim to journalist after journalist that his departure from St. Petersburg was not voluntary, but forced.

The secret is out of the mystery. It was all on account of the Duchess, and of a little indiscretion that might be regarded as almost trivial.

When the Emperor of Russia paid his last visit to France he was largely entertained, it will be remembered at Compiègne—that residence where Napoleon once entertained a world, and where now-a-days the simple, tanner-like Faure, or the country attorney-like Loubet are, by the will of the people, privileged to have czars and kings at their tables. To this luncheon were, of course, invited the French ambassador to Russia and his wife and actually placed next to the Czar. Now, it is with something of horror that the assembled ladies saw that the ambassador's had dared to keep on her bonnet; all the others were content to appear in their more-or-less abundant locks. The poor Czar, who is one of the gentlest and simplest of men, did not appear to take the least notice of the awful offence; but not so the other ladies. And the story goes that it was there and then that the intrigue began which ended in the dismissal of the ambassador and of his bold spouse from their great office. It was a tragic end to so simple a thing as a well-made and saucy bonnet.

"Ab Initio."

(Written for the Dispatch.)

It cannot be. Or if indeed, 'tis so, Then I'm a fool and cannot comprehend The meaning of so deep a work. What right

Have I to cover what I cannot know With some strange cloak of pretence called a God?

Why not be honest with myself and all, And say I've found the ending of the way. But all is dark? Yes! speak the truth! For truth is better than a fancied lie. That bids one hope for what he cannot get.

Plato did reason well, and Cató, coming on,

Took up the deep, mysterious thought, but failed

To satisfy his mind of immortality or God. He did but question what he could not know.

And though he answers in a vague, unmeaning way,

He doubts his reasoning, and frankly says:

"If there's a Power above," I do not know

What lies beyond. I follow reason's way.

And if it does not lead me to a God There is no God; for reason is the torch That lights the way to all that is.



Some Tempting Bargain

in Carriages await your inspection here. We have a new and full stock of Victorias, Cabriolets, Park Wagons, Golding Surreys, Traps, Runabouts, and Buggies, selected with care from the stocks of the leading market.

Our line of Harness, too, is complete and prices right.

If you cannot call to see us, write for catalogue.

THE IMPLEMENT CO.
1302 and 1304 E. Main Street,
RICHMOND, VA.

Beware of Typhoid-Fever.

Don't wait until malaria or typhoid fever fastens its deadly hold on you, but fortify your system against its attack by taking regular doses of

ELIXIR BABEK
For sale at all drugstores. 50c. bottle.

LADIES! \$500 REWARD

For the discovery of a reliable, safe, and effective method of obnoxious suppression, any cause in pathology my monthly regulator fails to relieve, and harmless; mail how long suppressed. Dr. Jackson R. Co., 169 Dearborn St., Chicago. oc 24-ed ly

Malaria, Chills

are quickly cured by the

GREAT TONIC

"MALGA."

All druggists'. Small bottle, 50c.; Jar \$1. oc 12-40

nent and well-known civil engineer of Norfolk and Western railway.

The ceremony, so sweet and impressive was performed by Rev. J. W. Butler, the Lutheran church.

The bride wore a tailor-made travel suit of blue cloth. Mr. Lancaster may be congratulated for having won so

pamphlet mentioned, was long a well-known and highly-honored citizen of Richmond. He was a man of cultivation, was especially well versed in literature bearing on the Jewish religion and its ceremonies, and a trenchant writer, who, while inclined to be disputative, was always fair, courteous, and kind, and respectful of the feelings of others. He was uncle to Captain E. J. and Dr. H. H. Levy, of this city, and two of his daughters and other descendants of his live here. Sir Moses Ezekiel, the sculptor, is his son. Mr. Ezekiel died a few years ago at the advanced age of 82, and to the end had in his heart a warm place for Richmond and her people.

THAT PRIZE LOVE LETTER.

While the Radford Fair was in progress some ingenious and public-spirited citizen of Pulaski offered a handsome prize for the two finest love-letters that could be written under certain conditions. Some very charming epistles were penned, but the first prize, if we remember correctly, fell to Miss Anne Virginia Culbertson. The letter she wrote was a beauty—not too affectionate, yet affectionate enough; not gushing, but cordial; sentimental, but not sophomoric—in short, just the kind of letter that would drive a man to Huyler's candy, violets, and matrimony. To our mind, it beat anything penned by the anonymous genius who produced "The Love Letters of an English Woman"; yea, it even beat Mrs. Willie Allen's marvellous production, "The Love Letters of a Liar."

Miss Culbertson's model love-letter was published in full in the Dispatch, and excited a great deal of comment. Indeed, we haven't a doubt that many of our younger and more impressionable readers clipped it out and put in their scrap-book for future use. Among others, a Chicago bachelor saw it, but, strange to say, the splendid specimen of the art epistolary made no impression upon him, crude duffer as he must be. This barbarian celibate has actually had the effrontery to write to the Chicago Tribune, and to belittle our prize-winner's effort. Here is a part of what he says:

"Now the letter may be a prize-winner in the opinion of the Virginia people, but, in my judgment, it reads like a few pages culled from a hardware catalogue. If it is to be taken as an ideal love-letter of a southern girl, then all the old-time sentiment and love songs of Dixie Land are dead to the world.

"Why there are scores of Chicago and western girls whose efforts in the love-letter line would fairly burn up a car-load of such Virginia manuscripts. There is no more soul in that letter than there is in a pumpkin. It is devoid of feeling. It may have won a chafing dish, but it would never have won a Chicago man's heart. It is almost unfair to print the letter as a best effort of a southern girl. Doubtless many of her sisters, who did not enter the competition, could surpass her effort."

And to make good his assertions, the same bachelor offers a prize of \$25 for the western girl who will pen such a letter as he wants. He hints that asbestos paper

And when the battle-field is clear,
Its knights all gone to grog,
I weep alone, and wish that I
Were back upon a hog!

Crisis to Virginia Farmer.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Virginia is far in the rear in progress. Her roads are highways of the colonial days, patched up by ignorance and reluctant toil. Such are our clumsy methods. The gravest question is farm labor.

The training to habits of industry by the system of lifetime contract to service converted the negro from a barbarian and vagabond into a bread winner and best agricultural "hand." The dissolution of this system of industrial training giving "freedom" to the semi-barbarian, has, in a third of a century, destroyed habits of a hundred years, relegating the negro to the idleness of his native Africa.

At any railway depot there are twenty to thirty young negroes from 16 to 20, at train time, sitting in the autumn sun, chattering or nodding. The offer of employment is scorned—where do they get the rations? In numbers of cases their food is taken from the white man's kitchen. Or the father or mother, trained to labor under slavery, continue to work, in their old age, for these lazy scamps. Within the last twenty years, stealing has become the only exertion of many a "new negro." If he passes by a farm house, a bridle, hoe or axe is carried off. The Legislature taxes the farmer's guard dog so as to give the negro free access to the orchard, crib, hen roost, garden. What's the remedy?

This writer in visiting another Southern State found no bunches of loafers either at depots or in villages. The reason was soon discovered. The Legislature contained men of common sense. A law was enacted that every idler must give account of himself. If he had no regular means of living he went to the gang that mended the roads and streets. If he contracted to work on a farm, he must stay till the crop was harvested, on which he had a lien for his labor. He must work, but his pay was guaranteed to him. If he "flew the contract," he went to the road gang. The cotton must not be left unpicked in the patches by unreliable "hands." The upshot was that farmers had steady laborers. Loafing or stealing were discouraged. The schooling in idleness, the temptation "to take things," the degradation of the negro, his retrogression to the primitive ways of his savage ancestors (the fault of the destruction of a patriarchal system of utilizing and training a race that never rose, like its neighbors, Carthaginian, Egyptian, to civilization), this descent to the devil and dirt was arrested.

Shall a Virginia Legislature waste days on petty politics, when such an imperative and practical problem clamors for attention and can be solved by adopting a law, tested by another State, which will do us more good than all the piddling on a code till the crack of doom? Virginia, now relieved of the negro votes, must select citizens of practical sense, with a stake in the community, familiar with the urgent needs of the hour, for the Legislature. What a curse has been politics to this old State! We must have useful schemes to improve the condition of the people. Let every farmer write to his "member," demanding this "labor law," to rid the land of thieves, idlers, scoundrels. The present deplorable situ-

Family Pride.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)

"They are going to teach the languages with a machine."
"A talking machine?"
"I suppose so."
"Nonsense. I'll wager something handsome that my wife can talk the balance wheel off it in a hundred revolutions."

Decidedly Odd.

(Philadelphia Press.)

"He had quite a remarkable sonnet called 'November,' in the 'Wayuppe Magazine.'"
"Huh! Sonnets on 'November' are not usually remarkable."
"Exactly, but this was exceedingly so. It was quite cheerful and optimistic in tone."

Street-Car Speed.

(Baltimore Herald.)

"Ever notice," asked the Street Car Philosopher, "how the speed of street cars are regulated by our frame of mind?"
"In what way?"
"Notice how slow a car goes when you are in a hurry to catch a train—and how fast it goes when you run to catch it."

The Dandelion.

(Alfred J. Waterhouse in October Lippincott.)

He smoothed with pride his yellow hair—
He liked its color, vain young chap—
And pitched Daisy just because.
She tucked hers in her snowy cap.
"Oh, ho," he cried, "my hair's so thick,
I couldn't do that if I tried."
"You'd keep it longer if you did."
The Daisy with a smile replied.
Alas, her words were all too true.
For, left uncovered day and night,
The sun and rain beat on his head
And turned his golden locks to white.
And soon a dreadful thing occurred,
At which the Daisy looked appalled,
A blustering wind swept by, and lo!
He left the poor old fellow bald.

His Understanding.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)

"I don't understand," remarked Miss Prettygirl, "how you men can go around in the woods and fields, shooting down poor little innocent birds and animals."
"Weally, weally," replied Mr. Willieboy, earnestly, "I don't either, but I have a fellow who has promised to show me how to do it this week, don't you know?"

Meanness of Brown.

(Chicago News.)

Green: Brown told an acquaintance of mine that he could have beat my time and married you himself, if he had wanted to.

Mrs. Green: The idea! I wonder why he didn't do it then.

Green: Oh, I can readily understand why he didn't. He had a grudge against me.

Mammoth Sweet Potatoes.

(Baltimore Sun.)

Mr. S. K. Martin, of Harborton, Va., sends the Sun a barrel of mammoth sweet potatoes. The barrel was heaped up, but contained only thirty-four potatoes. Mr. Martin writes: "that the potatoes were grown by Mr. Frank Killman, on his farm in Hack's neck, near Harborton. The merchantable potatoes from nine hills or sprouts filled a truck barrel as full as it could be piled, and was covered with burlap. The barrel originally intended for the Sun contained only twenty-four potatoes, but some one carried away as souvenirs, some of the largest, necessitating the use of thirty-four to heap the

Richmond, we note, as is here, the hope have come to such a pass as to call for an endorsement of every such report received. The News demands authority and gets it before it prints a news item of this character. It has not been a month since a nameless joker tried this game on us. Investigation showed the report to be false.

BIG PROFITS IN LOCUST TREES.

After Fifteen Years Ten Acres of Land Should Yield a Return

(Baltimore American.)

In a recent issue of Forestry and Irrigation, published in Washington, Mr. Albert Neilson gave some interesting figures showing profits on the yellow locust.

In illustrating what may be done in the cultivation of the locust in Maryland, Mr. Neilson gives the result of experiments on the Priestford Farm, in Harford county. The farm has about 3,000 trees, divided up as follows:

510 trees 20 to 75 years old, 12 to 36 inches in diameter.
580 trees 12 to 20 years old, 6 to 12 inches in diameter.
1,910 trees 2 to 12 years old, 2 to 3 inches in diameter.

During the past year a careful record has been kept of cutting and sales. Four hundred trees were cut and several hundred more were available. Many of the trees cut last year had been allowed to get too old, and there was a certain amount of waste. As a rule, the yellow locust should not be allowed to grow over 40 years, the best wood being obtained up to that age.

The result at Priestford Farm show that yellow locust trees 8 to 18 inches in diameter can be grown from seedlings in 15 to 20 years. Such trees will yield four to eight posts each, making an average of six posts to a tree. After the first crop is cut the suckers will grow from the stump 6 feet high the first season.

An estimate for a locust plantation of 10 acres, based upon the writer's experience, would be as follows:

Plowing and preparing the ground, per acre, \$5.....	\$ 50
Planting 8 feet apart 680 trees to the acre, 10 acres, 6,800 trees or seed in the hill, @ 5c.....	340
10 per cent. replants, 680 trees, @ 5c..	34
Labor planting 10 acres, @ \$2.....	20
Labor for working and cutting for three years, at \$1 per year per acre.	30
Labor trimming for three years, @ \$1 per year per acre.....	30
10 acres of land at a valuation of \$30 per acre, \$300; interest, 6 per cent. per year, \$18, for 20 years.....	360
	\$ 864

Or a cost of \$86.40 per acre.

At the end of the first fifteen years some posts may be cut; poles could be cut sooner. The financial return should be as follows:

18,000 mortised posts, @ 30c.....	\$5,400
9,000 board-fence posts, @ 20 c.....	1,800
9,000 wire-fence posts, @ 10c.....	900
Firewood, per acre, \$10.....	100
	\$8,200

Less cost of making:	
18,000 mortised fence posts, @ 12c.....	\$2,160
9,000 board-fence posts, @ 4c..	360
9,000 wire-fence posts, @ 1c....	90
	2,610
	\$5,590

The Tragedy of a Woman's Bonnet.

(New York Commercial.)

There is much discussion in Paris over a new bonnet. It is said to have played a fatal and tragic part in the recent

that thereby she would be able to save her life.

There are many reasons given by the commission which examined into the right of the Maid of Orleans to become a saint why she should not be declared one. The reasons are held by the Congregation of Rites to be sufficient to prevent the maid from ever becoming canonized by the Catholic church.

The public proclamation of the reasons has awakened some surprise at this time, as it is felt that they will seriously offend the religious element in France, which had begun to look upon Joan of Arc as a patron saint on the same standard as St. Patrick in Ireland, St. George in England, and St. James in Spain.

A CUMBERLAND BRIDE.

Marriage of Mr. Henry Hudgins and Miss Eddie Dowdy.

CUMBERLAND COURTHOUSE, VA., November 6.—(Special.)—The marriage of Mr. Henry Hudgins and Miss Eddie Thomas Dowdy, the daughter of Mr. E. P. Dowdy, was solemnized at the home of the bride's father, near this place on Wednesday afternoon at 3 o'clock, Rev. W. H. Lawson, of the Baptist church, officiated.

The house was tastefully decorated with chrysanthemums and roses and d.m lights added to the pretty scene. After the ceremony the newly-married couple left for the groom's home in Buckingham county, where a large reception was given them.

Both the bride and groom are very popular and many presents were received which attested that fact.

MARRIED IN WASHINGTON.

Charlottesville Couple Wed in the Capital City—Miscellany.

CHARLOTTESVILLE, VA., November 5.—(Special.)—Miss Dora Cleveland, oldest daughter of Mr. A. B. Cleveland, and Mr. Bledsoe Stratton, son of Policeman Emmett Stratton, of the city force, were married yesterday in Washington. Mr. and Mrs. Stratton will reside in the capital city.

William Irving, colored, a sugar planter, found a dead infant suspended from a limb overhanging the Rivanna river. The child was probably floated into the tree by high waters. Its identity has not been established.

Owing to the death of Mr. Clarence H. Swearingen, of Pittsburg, Mr. and Mrs. T. Brent Swearingen have recalled the invitations recently issued to the marriage of their daughter, Miss Charity Cresap, to Mr. Pitts. The wedding was to occur November 17th, at "Sunnyside," near this city.

The funeral services of Heinrich Hotopp will be held at his late residence at 11 o'clock to-morrow morning.

In the matter of the vote to authorize the issuance of \$80,000 of street improvement bonds, both sides are claiming victory. There are some technical points in issue.

WEDDED AT EGGLESTON.

Marriage of Mr. W. L. Lancaster and Miss Lucy Lee Sibold.

EGGLESTON, VA., November 17.—(Special.)—The home of Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Sibold, of Eggleston Springs, Va., was the scene of a most interesting event on Tuesday afternoon, November 14th, at 4 o'clock, when their popular and attractive daughter, Miss Lucy Lee, was married to Mr. W. L. Lancaster, a promi-

Cards have been issued for the marriage of Miss Marion S. Hopkins and Mr. William A. Moore, Jr., of this city, which take place the 19th instant, at 11:30 A. in the Second Presbyterian church.

Tidings from Cartersville.

CARTERSVILLE, VA., November (Special).—At an adjourned meeting of Fourth Quarterly Conference of the Cartersville circuit, here to-morrow, the business of the circuit will be wound up for this conference year. It is feared the present pastor of the circuit, Hugh J. Taylor, will not be returning. Hon. William M. Smith, of Cumberland County, judge of the counties ofhatan and Cumberland, passed through our town last night on his way from Richmond to Cumberland Courthouse. George A. Munday, the veteran fighting man, is in this section hustling again in his usual youthful way in the interest of the firm he represents.

Rev. Dr. J. E. Gwatkins, who has been in attendance on the Maryland Baptist convention, which convened in Baltimore has returned home.

Miss Minnie Paimore, of Trenholm,hatan county, is quite sick.

Mrs. Sarah Jane Hare, of Crenshaw county, who was reported as being ill, is somewhat better to-day.

Mr. A. A. Norvell, of Fork Union, vanna county, spent last night in village.

AFTER SENATOR QUAY.

Members of Civil Service Commission Call on President.

WASHINGTON, November 6.—At the President's callers to-day were members of the Civil Service Commission. These members would not state the nature of their business, but it is believed the charge of violation of the civil service in Pennsylvania was discussed.

A LIBERAL VICTORY.

Herbert Samuel Defeats G. V. Drage, Unionist.

LONDON, November 6.—The election for the Cleveland Division of Yorkshire, a member of Parliament to succeed the Pease (Liberal), who recently resigned, resulted as follows:
Herbert Samuel (Liberal), 5,800 votes.
G. V. Drage (Unionist), 3,798.

Liberal majority, 2,036.
The government's education, night hours' work for miners, and other bills were the principal issues.
At the last election Mr. Drage was elected without opposition.

CHIEFLY PERSON

Mrs. W. G. Caperton is visiting Mr. and Mrs. Clifford Ranton, at 206 Howitzer Place.

Miss Fannie Peele, of Port Republic, Va., is visiting Miss Rosalie Peele.

Mrs. Charles B. Ball has set, and of rooms at 317 east Franklin street, for a year will make this

Mrs. M. H. Gardener, daughter of Mrs. Sara, of Cuckoo, armue, W. H. McCarthy, 1203 Gr.

The Lee Cool

The regular meeting of the Young Woman's Christian Temperance Society will be held at the home of Mrs. L. Wall, 2912 o'clock P. Tuesday, November 11th. The M. A. full attendance to the national convention, which is being attended, at Portland, Me.

action in Virginia is chargeable to the neglect, perhaps ignorance, of legislators. The limit of endurance has been reached. Stir up your representative in Richmond by urgent letters. Let him attempt improvements or get out and give place to energy. J. J. L.

Southern Sentiment.

And didn't your Uncle Grover come into the push exactly at the right time?—Raleigh Post.

Why should the south buy hay or onions, for example? Why should hundreds of thousands of dollars be sent east and west for what can be raised at home.—Savannah Press.

There were some negroes in North Carolina who voted against Pritchard's party because of the insult offered them in the Greensboro State convention and for the ingratitude manifested by removing negroes from office at the behest of the Hill-billies. But the negro politicians, who were given the wink by Pritchard, showed yesterday that they were in the "game" to fool the white folks.—Raleigh News and Observer.

What is to become of this blessed country now that a protectionist Administration has actually had a gun-boat built for us in Japan?—Louisville Courier-Journal.

At one stage of the campaign it looked as if there was some hope for the Keystone State, but it was only a feeble ray. The State of Quay lacks the moral stamina to escape from the slough of bossism. It loves to be bossed.—Wheeling Register.

It is claimed by the advocates and defenders of the Dingley tariff that to it we owe the progress made by the country since the tariff went into effect, and yet we have a country right across the border (Canada) with fewer wealth producing natural resources, with fewer advantages of climate, soil and variety of productions, with less than one fifteenth the number of people, with a tariff wall between them and us, and yet taking everything into consideration, her progress within the past five or six years has been relatively greater than ours. In view of this, where do the claims for the protective tariff come in?—Washington Star.

That a collision between capital and labor will occur in the near future nobody doubts. Where two great header engines are rushing toward each other on a single track, and the throttle is wide open, and the engineers are crazy or drunk, you may set it down that something will give way and somebody will be hurt.—Atlanta Journal.

The aim of all trusts is to smother competition. Their continued existence depends upon their ability to control prices.—Savannah News.

What the next ten years will do for the South may only be conjectured, but it is safe to say that unless a panic or some commercial disaster visits the world 1910 will record a development unparalleled and unapproached. The millions that are pouring into this section will not remain dormant. They will convert the wilderness into a garden of beauty and the primeval frown of nature will be converted into a smile.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

Defeated Candidates.

(Chicago Record-Herald.)
"Oh, no; I don't feel bad at all; I couldn't win, I knew; With odds such as I faced a saint Could not have wriggled through. I ran because it seemed to me That some one should, you know; I never had the slightest hope Of being chosen, though."

"What's that you say? Oh, yes, I did Pretend I thought I'd win. And that there'd be a landslide—but That isn't any sin. I had to show that I had nerve, But now that all is done, I'll say to you that I'd have been Surprised if I had won."

"I've said all that I have to say, And I am glad indeed That I may give my own affairs The time and care they need. If I had won I would have had To sacrifice a lot; I'm glad to yield the other man The 'honor' that he's got."

Family Pride.

(Cleveland Plain Dealer.)
"They are going to teach the languages with a machine."
"A talking machine?"
"I suppose so."
"Nonsense, I'll wager something handsome that my wife can talk the balance wheel off it in a hundred revolutions."

Decidedly Odd.

(Philadelphia Press.)
"He had quite a remarkable sonnet called 'November,' in the 'Wayuppe Magazine.'"
"Huh! Sonnets on 'November' are not usually remarkable."
"Exactly, but this was exceedingly so. It was quite cheerful and optimistic in tone."

Street-Car Speed.

(Baltimore Herald.)
"Ever notice," asked the Street Car Philosopher, "how the speed of street cars are regulated by our frame of mind?"
"In what way?"
"Notice how slow a car goes when you are in a hurry to catch a train—and how fast it goes when you run to catch it."

The Dandelion.

(Alfred J. Waterhouse in October Lippincott.)
He smoothed with pride his yellow hair— He liked its color, vain young chap— And pitched Daisy just because She tucked hers in her snowy cap. "Oh, ho," he cried, "my hair's so thick, I couldn't do that if I tried." "You'd keep it longer if you did." The Daisy with a smile replied. Alas, her words were all too true. For, left uncovered day and night, The sun and rain beat on his head And turned his golden locks to white. And soon a dreadful thing occurred, At which the Daisy looked appalled, A blustering wind swept by, and lo! He left the poor old fellow bald.

His Understanding.

(Cincinnati Commercial Tribune.)
"I don't understand," remarked Miss Prettygirl, "how you men can go around in the woods and fields, shooting down poor little innocent birds and animals."
"Weally, weally," replied Mr. Willieboy, earnestly, "I don't either, but I have a fellow who has promised to show me how to do it this week, don't you know?"

Meaness of Brown.

(Chicago News.)
Green: Brown told an acquaintance of mine that he could have beat my time and married you himself, if he had wanted to.
Mrs. Green: The idea! I wonder why he didn't do it then.
Green: Oh, I can readily understand why he didn't. He had a grudge against me.

Mammoth Sweet Potatoes.

(Baltimore Sun.)
Mr. S. K. Martin, of Harborton, Va., sends the Sun a barrel of mammoth sweet potatoes. The barrel was heaped up, but contained only thirty-four potatoes. Mr. Martin writes: "that the potatoes were grown by Mr. Frank Killman, on his farm in Hack's neck, near Harborton. The merchantable potatoes from nine hills or sprouts filled a truck barrel as full as it could be piled, and was covered with burrap. The barrel originally intended for the Sun contained only twenty-four potatoes, but some one carried away as souvenirs, some of the largest, necessitating the use of thirty-four to heap the

Were back upon a hog!

Crisis to Virginia Farmer.

To the Editor of the Dispatch:
Virginia is far in the rear in progress. Her roads are highways of the colonial days, patched up by ignorance and reluctant toll. Such are our clumsy methods. The gravest question is farm labor.

The training to habits of industry by the system of lifetime contract to service converted the negro from a barbarian and vagabond into a bread winner and best agricultural "hand." The dissolution of this system of industrial training giving "freedom" to the semi-barbarian, has, in a third of a century, destroyed habits of a hundred years, relegating the negro to the idleness of his native Africa.

At any railway depot there are twenty to thirty young negroes from 16 to 20, at train time, sitting in the autumn sun, chattering or nodding. The offer of employment is scorned—where do they get the rations? In numbers of cases their food is taken from the white man's kitchen. Or the father or mother, trained to labor under slavery, continue to work, in their old age, for these lazy scamps. Within the last twenty years, stealing has become the only exertion of many a "new negro." If he passes by a farm house, a bridle, hoe or axe is carried off. The Legislature taxes the farmer's guard dog so as to give the negro free access to the orchard, crib, hen roost, garden. What's the remedy?

This writer in visiting another Southern State found no bunches of loafers either at depots or in villages. The reason was soon discovered. The Legislature contained men of common sense. A law was enacted that every idler must give account of himself. If he had no regular means of living he went to the gang that mended the roads and streets. If he contracted to work on a farm, he must stay till the crop was harvested, on which he had a lien for his labor. He must work, but his pay was guaranteed to him. If he "flew the contract," he went to the road gang. The cotton must not be left unpicked in the patches by unreliable "hands." The upshot was that farmers had steady laborers. Loafing or stalling were discouraged. The schooling in idleness, the temptation "to take things," the degradation of the negro, his retrogression to the primitive ways of his savage ancestors (the fault of the destruction of a patriarchal system of utilizing and training a race that never rose, like its neighbors, Carthaginian, Egyptian, or civilization), this descent to the devil and dirt was arrested.

Shall a Virginia Legislature waste days on petty politics, when such an imperative and practical problem clamors for attention and can be solved by adopting a law, tested by another State, which will do us more good than all the piddling on a code till the crack of doom? Virginia, now relicked of the negro votes, must select citizens of practical sense, with a stake in the community, familiar with the urgent needs of the hour, for the Legislature. What a curse has been politics to this old State! We must have useful schemes to improve the condition of the people. Let every farmer write to his "member," demanding this "labor law," to rid the land of thieves, idlers, scoundrels. The present deplorable situation in Virginia is chargeable to the neglect, perhaps ignorance, of legislators. The limit of endurance has been reached. Stir up your representative in Richmond by urgent letters. Let him attempt improvements or get out and give place to energy. J. J. L.

terature and its er, who, was al- and He r. H. H. s daugh- his live sculptor, ew years ad to the place for

TER.

progress ited citi- me prize at could as. Some med, but correctly, albertson. auty—not enough; ental, but the kind to Huy- mony. To ed "The Woman"; en's mar- Letters of

etter was t, and ex- y. Indped, y of our le readers air scrap- others, a strange to f the art upon him, his barba- d the ef- o Tribune, r's effort. t: ize-winner eople, but. few pages gue. If at e-letter of t-time sen- Land are

Chicago and the love- up a car- pts. There than there of feeling. ish, but it age man's print the thern girl. t, who did old surpass ections, the \$5 for the ch a letter erting paper