

Virginia Bill of Rights: "All power is vested in, and consequently derived from, the people; Magistrates are their trustees and servants, and at all times amenable to them."

THE AMERICAN

Lincoln said: "This is a government of the people, by the people and for the people."

POLLARD GUN'S OPENING FIRE

CANDIDATE IS OUTSPOKEN ON BALLOT FRAUD

Author of the Virginia Code Points Out Defects in Present Primary Statutes

GENERAL LAWS ALSO BAD

Crimes Against the Ballot Classified With the Crime of Treason—To Steal a Vote Is Felonious in Nature but Misdemeanor in Law.

Louisia, Va., July 14.—John Garland Pollard, candidate for Attorney General, opened his campaign at Louisa Courthouse today.

Mr. Pollard, among other things said: "I am not a disgruntled officeholder, nor a disappointed politician. I received without exception the few political honors to which I have aspired. I have no political enemies to punish, no political debts to pay. I come before you as a democrat, not running on an abstract political creed, but with a definite program of justice and right. I represent no faction, unless, indeed, I may be called a factionalist because I have always earnestly and actively supported those men and measures which seem to me to be for the best interest of the State. I love the Democratic party. Since reaching my majority I have never failed to contribute of my time and means to the advancement of its interests. I have always thought that the welfare of Virginia could be best served by and through the Democratic party, and though often treated as an alien and stranger by the authorities of my party, I have never bolted nor sulked, nor given my party anything less than my loyal support. I have not in the past ever attempted to conceal my position either as to men or measures, and now that I am a candidate for office I cannot with proper self-respect fail to tell the people where I stand. It is true that the office of Attorney General has no legislative functions, but the people have a right to know something of the opinions of their candidates on the issues of the day.

"I consider the first and most fundamental need of the State to be a thorough purification of her general and primary election laws. The good of the State and the preservation of the party demand that our election laws be put above suspicion. It is a significant fact that today hundreds of good and loyal Democrats in Norfolk are refusing to go into the primary, because they know that in recent elections they have been so miserably defrauded by ballot box stuffers and thieves, made bold by deficient election laws which Legislature after Legislature has failed to remedy. In the recent Young-Maynard contest in Norfolk it was shown that hundreds of dead men were voted. Such a condition of affairs no honest man can tolerate or condone.

"It is true that no election law, however strong, can ever prevent occasional fraud, but a mere casual examination of our election laws will show that they invite fraud. These laws, though changed in recent years, are in their essence relics of reconstruction days, and now that the negro is eliminated from politics we, to put it mildly, have simply forgotten to change the character of our election laws. It is not fair that the men who expose these conditions should be called malcontents, nor that they should be charged with advertising the shortcomings of their State. The real enemies of Virginia are those who supinely rest under such conditions and seek to cast slurs on those who dare to protest. The people of Virginia are honest. They want a square deal at the ballot box, and I do not hesitate to say that if I am elected Attorney General of Virginia I shall let no strict construction of the duties of the office prevent me from suggesting and advocating and using the influence of the office to promote measures which will make effective the will of the people. In my opinion there is no graver crime against the State than the violation of the sanctity of the ballot. I class the crime along with treason. It is essentially felonious in its nature and it is nothing short of farcical that under the present laws it is classed as a misdemeanor and may be punished by a fine of two dollars and a half and one day in jail. The crime should be made a felony, punishable by

imprisonment in the penitentiary. It is but fair to say that the Byrd primary law, as mutilated as it was after left the hands of its author, is yet calculated to improve conditions to some extent.

"That law should be strengthened by taking the conduct of the elections out of the hands of the party committee and placed in charge of officers of the law, so as to remove all suspicion that the faction in charge of the party organization will manipulate the election to their own partisan advantage.

"Contested primary elections should be decided by the courts, and not by party committees, which are almost invariably made up of special friends or enemies of one or other of the contestants. Such contests should be decided by tribunals far removed from party strife and turmoil.

"Another serious defect in our primary law is its failure to specifically prohibit the judges of election from seeking to influence voters. The law, as well as a sense of propriety, should make the judges strictly neutral. They should not be allowed even to suggest to a citizen how he should vote. Speaker Byrd is authority for saying that it is worth 25 per cent. of the total vote for a candidate to have the judges of election favorable to him. I am slow to believe that a majority of primary election judges would so misuse their position, but it is a conceded fact that in many parts of the State there are rank and open partisans using their position as judges for the advancement of factional interests. This flagrant violation of fair play should be strictly prohibited.

Colored Speakers to Visit Southwest Virginia.

Through the efforts of R. E. Clay, president of the Negro Business League of Bristol, Prof. G. M. Gandy, executive secretary of the Negro Organization Society of Virginia, and Prof. E. A. Long, principal of the Christiansburg Industrial School for Negroes, Southwest Virginia is to be visited by Major R. R. Moton, commandant of cadets at Hampton, president of the Negro Organization Society, and secretary of the Jean's Board, together with a party of ten other prominent colored people, who are especially interested in bettering the conditions of the race, religiously, morally and industrially, and who are interested, too, in the establishment of the best possible state of feeling between the races, consistent with a proper regard for the sphere of each. Major Moton, who is recognized as one of the ablest instructors of his race in Virginia, and those who will accompany him, will hold several meetings in Southwest Virginia, beginning at Salem on August 3rd. While these meetings are intended especially for the colored, space will be reserved for white people and they are cordially invited to attend. In order that these meetings may be made the more successful in their purpose, Dr. J. P. McConnell, president of the Radford State Normal School of Virginia, and other prominent white men of the Southwest are co-operating with the committee and will use their influence to arouse interest in the meetings. Major Moton, who heads the party, wields a great influence throughout the country for the benefit of his race and it is largely through his influence that wealthy white men are adding to the funds to conduct a campaign in this State.

The Topics to be Discussed in these meetings relate to better health, better homes, better schools, better farms and better conditions generally and the slogan of this movement is—"Public Uplift Through Self-Activity."

The itinerary of Major Moton and party will be as follows:

Salem, August 3rd; Wytheville, August 4th; Marion, August 5th; Abingdon, August 6th; Bristol, August 7th; Big Stone Gap, August 8th.

Robbed at Chattanooga Reunion.

Geo. C. Bridgman, possibly the oldest Confederate veteran in Smyth county, is in town today and called at our office. He is eighty-five years old and attended the reunion at Chattanooga last month. We regret to hear that he was robbed while at Chattanooga. A stranger came to the camp and invited Mr. Bridgman to go to his home, telling Mr. Bridgman that he had a large house and that he would be glad to furnish him comfortable lodging free of cost, and assuring him he would be much more comfortable than in the camp. Being of such venerable age, Mr. Bridgman thought it would be wise to accept the invitation. It was after dark and the stranger had not enticed him very far from the camp until he ordered Mr. Bridgman to throw up his hands and made him give up his money to the amount of fifteen dollars.

Examination of Teachers.

The Summer Examination for public school teachers for the year 1913 will be held in the office of the division superintendent of schools on Wednesday, Thursday and Friday, July 30, 31 and August 1st.

TROUTDALE NEWS.

W. H. Handy and family spent the past week at Helton, N. C.

I. L. Pasley and J. M. Pasley are attending court at Jefferson, N. C., this week.

Curtis Eans spent last week visiting friends at Mouth of Wilson.

Samuel Hash and S. D. Plummer, of Grant, and E. L. Plummer, Ed Williams, Will Adams, Kert Osborne, Jas. Boalt, Wiley Hudler and S. H. Bruner, of Fairwood, were pleasant visitors at Midway Hotel on Sunday.

C. S. Nelson made a flying trip to Bristol on the 12th inst.

Miss Geraldine Bennett returned home on Monday from Mouth of Wilson, where she had been visiting friends last week.

E. W. Graybeal made a business trip to Jefferson last Wednesday.

Misses Ethel Null, Mary Pasley and Margaret Bennett went to Fairwood on Saturday to witness the ball game.

When returning home a very painful accident occurred to Miss Mary Pasley. While walking along the railroad near Fairwood a tie flew up and struck her on the nose, inflicting a painful blow.

D. C. Ross, of Flat Ridge, is spending a few days at Troutdale.

L. L. Kegley preached in the Methodist church on Sunday night.

Troutdale will be entertained during this week by the show which is well known as The Bright Lights.

Mr. Ray Pugh, a young man nineteen years old, died at Troutdale on Sunday morning about six o'clock. He had been very sick from the time he was confined to his bed. The remains were taken to his home on Sunday evening. His parents have the sympathy of the entire community, and he will certainly be missed both at Troutdale and his home.

A crowd of youngsters were picnicking on Strait mountain Sunday. Those in the happy crowd were: Misses Marie and Zola Pasley, Ethel Null and Margaret Bennett; Messrs. Steve Pasley, Dr. T. E. Caudill, Blaine and Blair Greear, Ezra and Web Pasley, with Mrs. Burt, of Asheville, N. C., as chaperon. They all report a nice time.

The Tariff Lobby.

(The Saturday Evening Post.)

It should not be forgotten, by the way, that the Democratic party deliberately invited the "numerous, powerful and insidious" tariff lobby, of which President Wilson complained not long ago. Not even triumphant Democracy can legislate in a vacuum.

To form an intelligent opinion as to what duties should be levied on cotton, for example, something must be known about conditions in the cotton trade; and the only way that information can be obtained is to inquire among persons familiar with the trade. Naturally, a majority of persons most familiar with the trade are interested in having duties as high as possible. They swarm to Washington in order to instruct uninformed legislators.

The only possible alternative to a numerous and insidious lobby is a permanent non-partisan tariff commission, which will collect through its own experts the technical information that Congress must have. With such a commission there would be no excuse for a lobby. Without it a lobby is not only excusable but inevitable. A great quantity of expert technical knowledge is necessary for the framing of any tariff bill that recognizes the protective principle, as the Underwood bill frankly does.

When the Government has no independent commission to acquire this knowledge interested manufacturers will volunteer it. So long as there is protective tariff legislation without a tariff commission there will be a tariff lobby.

Ball Game at Fairwood.

One of the best games of ball witnessed this season took place at Fairwood last Saturday, July 12th, between Fairwood and Troutdale. It looked as if it was all in favor of Fairwood in the 7th inning, when Roger Barr got struck in the stomach with a batted ball, which weakened him to such an extent that he was hit freely, and with such a bad support that it helped Fairwood's score six runs in this inning. After the 7th he came to his usual strength and shut Fairwood out for three innings. At the beginning of the 9th scores stood 9 to 5 in favor of Fairwood. Then Troutdale got busy with the stick and fell on Rose and hit him for two singles, walk, another single and a two base hit which meant four runs, tying the scores.

The feature of the game was Barr's pitching eleven innings without walking a man, striking out fifteen men and only hitting one man.

Scores by innings: Troutdale—0 1 1 1 0 1 0 4 0 0—9. Fairwood—2 0 1 0 0 6 0 0 1—10. Umpire, W. E. Fritts. Time, 2 hours.

Lawn Party.

Miss Grace Wolfe, of Chilhowie, Va., entertained very delightfully Saturday evening, from 8 to 11, in honor of Miss Fannie Copenhaver, house guest, and Miss Leona Copenhaver of Bristol.

Many enjoyable games were played on the lawn which was lighted by Japanese Lanterns.

Before the guests departed for their homes they were refreshed by delicious ices, which were served by Mrs. M. B. Copenhaver and Mrs. E. S. Wolfe.

JERSEY NOMINEES ALL SUFFRAGISTS

Three Congressional Candidates Chosen at Primary Promise to Support Amendment.

(Woman's Journal.)

The selection of nominees for Congressman in the 6th New Jersey Congressional District July 8 is of interest to suffragists because of the stand of the successful candidates on the nationwide suffrage amendment.

Mr. Archibald C. Hart, the winning Democratic candidate, said: "I am in favor of woman suffrage because I believe that women will have a sweetening and clarifying influence on public life. When one compares some of the women excluded from the franchise with the 'Crow's' of election day, who sit on the fence by the polls waiting for a material inducement to vote, one can hardly understand the principle of selection by which such men are accepted as voters, while able women of the community are left out. I will certainly vote, if elected to Congress, for an amendment to the United States Constitution enfranchising women, and you may put me on record to that effect."

Major Steven Wood McClave, the Republican nominee, believes in woman suffrage and can see no reason for their present disfranchisement. One of his daughters walked recently in a suffrage procession with some of her fellow members of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union. Major McClave showed with pride the banner his daughter carried, bearing the inscription: "Let the women who can, vote; let the women who can't, learn." He promised, if elected, to do all in his power to advance the cause of woman suffrage in Congress, and to vote for the Constitutional amendment enfranchising women, which will be submitted to Congress this session or the next.

Herbert M. Bailey, the Progressive candidate, when asked about woman suffrage, said, "I am for it, and if elected I will certainly support the woman suffrage amendment to the United States Constitution."

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

At a meeting of the Board of Stewards of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, of Marion, Va., held on the 15th of July, 1913, the following preamble and resolutions were adopted:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God to call from earth to his heavenly home our brother William C. Sexton, whose long life was conspicuous for its purity and usefulness to his fellow men in Church and State, we deem it fitting to put upon record our estimate of his worth as a Christian, a man and a citizen. Be it, therefore, by this board

Resolved, 1st. That we feel that our church has sustained a great loss, which would be irreparable but for our hope that the Head of the Church may inspire others remaining behind him to seize the standard of Christian character and example that he bore so bravely, faithfully and well, and bear it aloft with the same courage, fidelity and devotion exhibited in his noble life.

2nd. That we earnestly commend his example to the members of our church and community, as a bright and shining evidence of the truth and worth of the faith which he professed; and urge on all, both young and old, to lay hold of the hope that sustained him in his noble, useful and honored life.

3rd. That we tender to his bereaved family and friends the assurance of our warmest sympathies; while we rejoice with them that we and they "sorrow not as those without hope," but can justly entertain a confident expectation of a joyous reunion with our departed brother in the blessedness of the life to come.

4th. That these resolutions be spread upon our official record, a copy sent to his family and a copy sent to the Marion papers.

WALTER E. JOHNSTON,
R. T. GREER,
D. D. STALEY,
Committee.

Social Event.

On last Wednesday evening from four to six, Mrs. John Shortt, assisted by her niece, Miss Maude Swartz, entertained a number of the Lincoln Heights Sunday School scholars and others at her home on Lincoln's Hill.

The hours were most pleasantly spent with music rendered by different ones of the merry crowd, after which all were invited to the dining room, where delicious refreshments were served.

Those present were: Misses Ethel and Nannie Gollhier, Ida Widner, Catherine Shortt, Ocie, Nannie and Mary Romans, Nellie and Josie Sims, Ruby and Violet Jones, Minnie and Margaret Richardson, Jannita and Margaret White, Dewie Petty. Messrs. Thomas Petty, Charles Jones, Glenn and Orea Gollhier, Dan, Robert and Ralph Jones, Edward, Fred and Herman Hughes, Mr. and Mrs. Robt. Falke, Mrs. L. L. Kegley, Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Jones, Mr. and Mrs. J. F. Morton, of Bristol, Va., the latter being house guest of Mrs. Shortt.

Gordon Hull and his two children are up from Richmond on a visit to his parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hull.

Mr. and Mrs. R. G. Goolsby have sent out invitations to a reception that they will give tonight in their beautiful home, in honor of Mr. and Mrs. John P. Sheffield, of Marion, and Miss Goolsby, of Texas.

Hunter Bros. show has 18 people and every one an artist. It is the neatest and brightest attraction on the road.

A Caricature on Our Civilization.

(Memphis Commercial-Tribune.)

The renewal of fighting in the Balkans is a horrible caricature upon our civilization.

It is more the fault of the great nations than of the belligerents. That the war is permitted shows England, France, Germany, Austria and Russia to be no better than the Turks.

The Turk is driven out of Europe because he is not physically able to hold his own.

The great nations gathered, held a conference, and in the "name of humanity" brought about peace. Their methods in bringing peace were merely political.

Because of fancied irreconcilable interests and selfishness they permitted the Bulgarians, Servians and Greeks to fight over the spoils.

Russia might have kept the belligerents apart, but Austria would not consent. The Austrians, who never won a war, have already profited by fighting done by others.

Macedonia, for half a thousand years has been subject to the Turks. They were oppressed or free, according to the Sultan.

Greece, Servia, Macedonia and Montenegro made war against the Turks ostensibly to free the Macedonians and now the Macedonians are praying to be freed from the Greeks, Serbs and Bulgarians.

The Bulgars charge that the Servians were reaching out for territory that would make Bulgaria's harvest empty. The Bulgars claim that the Greeks have no right to Saloniki.

The Bulgarians once had a kingdom in Macedonia, and once Servia had an empire in the same region. The Greeks hold themselves to be the traditional descendants and legatees of those emperors who held sway at Constantinople from the time of Constantine until the capture of the city by the Turks.

There has always been a personal and racial hatred between Servians and Bulgars. After the Turko-Russian war there was an outbreak between the two races.

It were better if the half-palsied rule of Turkey had been permitted than to face the prospect of the present war.

It is a strange spectacle in this July of 1913. On this western continent we are celebrating the centenary of the fight on Lake Erie between Perry and the British. The survivors of the tremendous conflict fought at Gettysburg fifty years ago are now departing from a peaceful gathering held there.

World peace conferences are being held and high courts of arbitration are being established. The voices of men everywhere are loudly proclaiming peace, but never in the whole history of this world have nations carried so much armament as in this year.

France has extended the service of compulsory enlistment to three years. Germany has more soldiers on a peace footing than all the soldiers enlisted in the Confederate armies.

We are building our Panama canal and hoping that it will be quickly finished in order that our warships may pass through.

Since Russia's basket, received at the hands of the Japanese, the Czar has been filling a war chest, with the result that today Russia is hoarding more gold than any other European nation. Russia should pay her debts with the gold, but the Czar looks to the west and to the south and keeps the money for a war emergency.

The new Balkan war then is merely an active symptom of the warlike attitude of the contemporary universal mind.

A Lesson in Water.

(New York Herald.)

The last number of the United States public health reports contains an account of the outbreak of typhoid fever at Albany, N. Y., after the floods of this spring, which is an instructive lesson in the relation of water to disease. The Hudson rose about a foot above the level of the Albany filtration beds, and, as a consequence, the inhabitants of the city received the unfiltered water of the Hudson with the untreated sewerage of the city further up State through the taps. Warnings were sent out to boil all water that was used, but many disregarded such warnings. Children, particularly, find boiled water insipid unless it is aerated, and so it is not surprising that 75 per cent of the cases occurred among children. These cases were noted just about two weeks after the flood—that is, at the end of the incubation period for the disease. The Prospect reservoir, which supplies Albany, was then sterilized by chemical methods and the cases ceased to occur. The incidence of the disease has been traced very carefully by the chief engineer of the New York State department of health, and the chief engineer of the New York State department of health, and the story of it, which shows where the old after-flood epidemics, usually attributed to everything but the water supply, really came from, will doubtless remain a classic instance of the power of modern sanitation to control infectious disease when it is given the opportunity.

We again call the attention of our patrons in the county and in town to the fact that we have a 'phone in THE AMERICAN office. When you have any local news of interest call us up and give it to us. We want to get and publish all the local news.

ABOLISH BRISTOL, VA., POST OFFICE

Order Issued by Department Effective July 31.—Citizens to Protest—Office Recently Established.

Bristol, Tenn., July 15.—By an official order signed by Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Blakeley, and received here today, Congressman C. B. Slemp's new postoffice in Bristol, Va., established by order of President Taft, is abolished and must go out of business July 31st.

The order gives notice that the belongings of the Virginia office will be transferred to the government building in Bristol, Tenn., on the date mentioned.

The news came as a great surprise to the Virginians, and to the citizens generally. Nobody was more surprised perhaps than Postmaster Charles F. Gauthier. He was proud of the record made by the new office, which started with city delivery and all the conveniences incident to a first-class office, although the office was designated as one of the fourth-class. It is said the office had receipts at the rate of about \$25,000 per year and it is known that Postmaster Gauthier upon this basis, was anticipating that the department would advance the class of the office this month.

There is no intimation as to who was back of the movement to discontinue the new office. It was understood that Senator Lea had a resolution pending to inquire into the status of the new office but the impression is that this resolution had not been acted upon on account of the absence of Senator Lea.

The Bristol, Virginia, office was established following a wrangle over office patronage here. Congressman Slemp represented to President Taft that the Virginians were getting little share in the patronage of the office and insisted on naming the postmaster. Contending that Virginians were as much eligible for the appointment as Tennesseans, although the office building is located in Tennessee. President Taft nominated Dr. A. J. Roller, a Tennessean, but at the same time is said to have assured Slemp that he would establish a separate office for the Virginians. This was done in spite of the fact that postoffice inspectors reported that a new office would cost the government an additional sum of from \$6,000 to \$10,000 per annum.

It is intimated tonight that the dissatisfied Virginians will appeal to Senators Martin and Swanson to save the situation. It is believed that a vigorous effort will be made to have the present order of the department rescinded, Postmaster A. J. Roller, of the Tennessee office, stated this evening that he would do his utmost to make the consolidated office as efficient in every respect as either of the offices had been during the term of double offices for Bristol.

Many of the the Virginians are disappointed at the order to abolish the new office as the public probably never felt more secure in the idea that the new office had come to stay. Postmaster Gauthier has served the patrons of the office with great efficiency and is being generously complimented upon his work. He went to heavy expense in equipping the new office having provided modern fixtures. The building was also remodeled at heavy cost.

The Virginians awake to the situation tonight sent a delegation to Washington to protest against the order to discontinue the office. Those in the party and who are expected to confer with the Virginia senators and the department are Judge John W. Price, James A. Stone, Postmaster Gauthier, and E. Gouge.

Canal and Competition.

(St. Paul Pioneer Press.)

Indications of the probable effect the Panama canal will have on traffic are being disclosed very frequently. The latest is the announcement that the Canadian Pacific will have its line double-tracked from coast to coast before the canal is formally opened for business. A few years ago we were expected to believe that the construction of the canal would be a body blow to the transcontinental railway lines. Later, when work on the canal was under way, we were informed that the railways would not mind; that the heavy slow freight would go by the water route; and that, anyway, the railways will have all they can do to attend to the local traffic and to perishable and other freight for which speedy delivery is required.

Now the Canadian Pacific shows that not only does it expect to have all it can do, but is expecting to handle more business than could be taken under present conditions. That means either that the canal will increase the volume of traffic or that the railway line spurred by the possibilities of the water route, will go after traffic that it is now ignoring. The development of the Canadian Northwest, of course, might be ample reason for double-tracking, but does not account for the desire to have the work done when the canal is opened for business.

Three hundred pairs of Women's, Misses' and Children's Oxfords at 50 cents pair, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 values, at Marion Bargain House.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES IN TOWN PARK

Open Air Meeting is Conducted by Rev. C. W. Kelly—Service Most Interesting.

Dr. T. C. Schuler, pastor of the Methodist church at Marion, has recently introduced a novelty in the way of church services in this community. The novelty consists of the holding of his evening service at an early hour at the town park, formerly known as "Reservoir Hill," and using the band stand from which to conduct the meeting. He secured the assistance of the Marion Concert Band for furnishing, along with the regular church choir, the music for these meetings. The first meeting was held on the second Sunday in June, and proved so satisfactory that the experiment was tried again last Sunday.

Quarterly meeting had been going on at the church, under the conduct of Rev. C. W. Kelly, presiding elder for the district. So, instead of having Rev. Kelly preach in the church at the regular evening hour, it was arranged to have him preach from the stand in the park, and announcement thereof was made at the church at the morning service. By the time the service was announced to take place a very large congregation had assembled on the beautiful hill where the band stand is situated. At seven o'clock the service was begun and was continued one hour. The opening hymn, "All Hail the Power of Jesus' Name," was sung by the choir and congregation, and accompanied by the band. The blending of the brass instruments and human voices was complete, and gave forth a powerful volume of exquisite sacred music, the like of which is rarely heard elsewhere than in the great cathedrals of the Christian world. Here upon a splendid hilltop, from which the adjacent hills and towering mountains could be seen in all their gorgeous beauty and grandeur; with a beautiful summer sky, shimmering with the rays of the setting sun, for its vaulted dome; and with a velvety sod, bespangled with flowers, for its carpeted floor, Nature's God had erected a more exquisite cathedral than the mind of man could conceive or the hand of the most skilled human architect could build. Below and about the hill the town presented a picture of unusual beauty, and on some of the nearby hills, the hospital hill among them, groups of persons could be seen as if watching, and listening to the music. The atmosphere was pure and seemingly so prepared as to carry the concordant strains from hilltop to hilltop, and up, down and across the magnificent Holston Valley.

Truly it was an inspiring scene and delightful service. It reminded one of the manner in which the ancient Christians were accustomed to assemble on the tops of hills and in the valleys to worship their God and escape the notice of their persecutors. It even reminded one of the great Sermon on the Mount, where Christ delivered to a host, assembled from the Judean hills and valleys, the most wonderful discourse that ever fell from the lips of man, for he there spake to his followers and hearers more as a man than as God.

The scene appeared to be an inspiring one to the preacher, for his sermon was marked with a simplicity and force that made it harmonize with the unusual surroundings and informality of the service. His text was taken from the 18th Chapter of Matthew and from the parable which recites the accounting of a king with his servants:

"And when he had begun to reckon, one was brought unto him, which owed him ten thousand talents."

This immense sum of money, reckoned in gold, amounting to more than seventy-five millions pounds sterling, was used by the preacher to illustrate the immense debt human creatures individually owe to their God in service, love and adoration.

Two other hymns were sung during the service with beautiful effect. We doubt if another such occasion and service will soon be witnessed in this section of the country. All who were present must have felt it was good to be there.

Miss Gray Buchanan, of Chatham Hill, was in town Tuesday on a short shopping expedition.

John L. Authenreith and Miss Minnie Testament were married at the Baptist parsonage last Tuesday evening. Rev. E. M. Harris officiating.

Mrs. Annabelle Bailey, of Richmond, Va., arrived at Marion on Monday night, and will spend some time here visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. W. P. Francis.

All Men's \$4.00 Oxfords at \$2.75, all Men's \$3.50 Oxfords at \$2.50 at Marion Bargain House.

Dr. Geo. A. Wright, of Chilhowie and Mr. W. B. Porterfield, of Saltville, are in town today looking after the interests of the Smyth County Fair Association.

On last Monday afternoon, at about 6:30 o'clock, lightning struck a chimney at the residence of W. H. Copenhaver in Chilhowie. Some damage was done to the chimney, but no injury was suffered by any of the occupants of the house.

Three hundred pairs of Women's, Misses' and Children's Oxfords at 50 cents pair, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 values, at Marion Bargain House.

THE CALL FOR REFORM.

The Richmond Times Dispatch continues to cry aloud for a reform of political conditions in Virginia. Other newspapers throughout the State are joining in the righteous crusade. The Times-Dispatch has even called for martyrs to lead the worthy movement. Martyrs are not what are needed, but men of courage, who will lead the people's cause to victory—men who are ready to cast aside the partisan ties that have bound them to political parties, and who are willing to renounce the hateful doctrine, "My party, right or wrong, my party."

There are certain newspapers in the State that are trying to obstruct the movement for civic righteousness, by questioning the sincerity of its advocates and arousing partisan hostility against it. Chief among these is the Roanoke Times. As a sample of what The Times is trying to accomplish on these lines we quote the following from its issue of the 12th inst.:

"Hurray." We have occasion to congratulate two of our metropolitan contemporaries. One is the Richmond Times-Dispatch on its general assaults on the policies and course of the Democratic party of this State. The other is the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, in its column or two of attack on Mr. Bryan, in his present position of secretary of State. Both of these esteemed contemporaries have the cordial and expressed endorsement of THE AMERICAN, printed at Marion, and one of the three Republican newspapers in the State."

The Times ought to know that THE AMERICAN is an independent paper, so far as parties are concerned, taking for its platform the declaration that this is "a government of the people, by the people and for the people," and earnestly striving to aid in restoring to the people of Virginia the control of their government, of which they have been deprived by a machine or oligarchy, and of which machine The Times is the well chosen defender or organ grinder.

The Times tries to arouse hostility to THE AMERICAN and the Virginian-Pilot by currying favor with the Bryanites. This is the rankest hypocrisy. How long Mr. Times has it been since you were warning President Wilson not to let Bryanism invade and dominate his administration? How long has it been since you were contending that President-elect Wilson should not give Mr. Bryan any special consideration or power in the new administration?

And The Times tries to cripple the earnest effort of The Times-Dispatch and THE AMERICAN to have clean and economical government restored in Virginia. This it seeks to do by making the false impression that Virginia is being slandered when the integrity of machine government is questioned. And The Times climaxes its defense of machine administration of our affairs by declaring:

"THE AMERICAN indicates the belief that the tax money is stolen or wasted, in which it finds support from the general attitude, aspect and utterances of the Times-Dispatch. Yet neither of these exemplary, coincident and sympathetic contemporaries dares name a man in official position who has wasted or stolen a dollar. We defy our dare either of them to do it now."

THE AMERICAN stands prepared to give The Times specific instances of legalized jobbery and wasteful expenditure of revenues of the State by unwise and questionable appropriations. But what good would result? The Times would shut its eyes and refuse to see; and would cast aside the specification as too small a thing for the good people of Virginia to notice—that ten, or twenty, or fifty, or even a hundred thousand dollars improperly appropriated or actually wasted was too insignificant to receive consideration in these days of progressive government. We remember that The Times thus treated the disclosures of Judge Martin Williams, of Giles county, when he showed how half a million dollars of the State's money had been wasted annually for the last six or eight years, and how he had contributed to that waste as a member of the General Assembly.

But the most absurd and brazen offense of the Roanoke Times is its attempt to transform the criticisms made by the Times-Dispatch of machine rule into slander of Virginia. Its an awful slander upon the State to say that the

machine has corruptly and inefficiently conducted its affairs; but it is no slander or disgrace to say that nine out of ten of the taxpayers of Virginia are dishonest and falsifiers. This is what the Roanoke Times has twice said within the past thirty days about the taxpayers of Virginia. On the 21st of last month it said:

"The truth is our taxes are not heavy and burdensome if we would pay fairly, each citizen contributing his part."

And a few days ago The Times said: "We do not pay the taxes we ought to pay, not one in ten of us. We all know it. Nine-tenths of us strain our consciences and weakly throw the blame on somebody else when we make our returns. If all of us would return honestly, the tax rate would be cut in half, et cetera."

Maybe The Times thinks it can alleviate the sting of this accusation of dishonesty against the taxpayers, by acknowledging itself one among the nine-tenths who are dishonest and falsify the returns they make.

The Times then proceeds to tell how it and its political co-workers in Virginia are eager to make themselves and all the taxpayers honest; but gives cause for unbelief in its sincerity of purpose by making this ill-tempered fling at those of its contemporaries who dare to criticize its political associates:

"Of course snarls like those from the Times-Dispatch and THE AMERICAN and the attempts to cast suspicion on our officials will retard this process. But we will get to it after a while despite newspapers which have no sense."

We will let an intelligent public decide who is the slanderer and snarler and which is the newspaper that has no sense.

TARIFF LOBBIES AND PROTECTION.

We publish in another column a brief but rather interesting editorial from the Saturday Evening Post, with "The Tariff Lobby" as a subject. The Post confidently asserts that Congress invited the tariff lobby to assemble, of which it and the President now complains. This assertion is reinforced by the affirmation that the only possible alternative to a numerous lobby when a tariff law is being framed is a permanent non-partisan tariff commission." The Post adds: "With such a commission there would be no excuse for a lobby," and it might have said: "With such a commission the tariff would be taken out of politics," a thing that ought to be done.

Another very interesting statement of the Post, in its "tariff lobby" article, is that, wherein it is declared that the Underwood bill frankly recognizes the protective principle and is applying it to the construction of that bill. This is a little strange, when the Democratic leaders have been so long contending that protection is violative of the Constitution—that it is fundamentally wrong and that free trade or tariff for revenue only is fundamentally right.

It may be that this inconsistent attitude of the congressmen and statesmen, who are now toiling and sweating to construct a tariff law that will be more intelligent and satisfactory than the Payne-Alrich bill, provoked from our esteemed contemporary, the Roanoke Times, its humorous article on Bananas, published a few days ago. The Times was trying to discover some reason for the placing of a protective duty on bananas, as is done by the Underwood bill. Our Roanoke contemporary admitted that bananas are now imported largely into our country and have become an important article of diet with the laboring classes as well as the householder of wealth. So, The Times, with its inimitable aptness for finding reasons for things where no reasons exist, concluded that bananas are either a luxury and should be taxed as such, or that they are an infant industry in Florida and must be taxed for protection. If either of these conclusions of The Times is correct, the placing of a duty on bananas is obnoxious to the promises of those who stand for a tariff for revenue only. Why tax a foreign grown product, though it be called a luxury, when it is considered a valuable food product and largely consumed as such in the United States? If bananas are to be taxed because they are a luxury, why not levy a duty on tea and coffee, neither of which are articles of food, but are as purely luxuries as are wines and brandies? And if a tax is levied on bananas to protect the banana growers, why not keep a protective duty on the sugar made by the beet growers of the west and the cane sugar made by the sugar planters of Louisiana and Texas?

It looks like the Underwood tariff law is to be partly protective and partly a free trade or revenue tariff measure. If it should be such, will it serve to settle the matter as to which is best for the country, a protective tariff or a simple revenue tariff without any protective features? We think not, but the question will remain as unsettled as it was after four years trial of the Wilson-Gorman law. The Democrats, who

are in control of Congress, and who proclaim themselves undying enemies to a protective tariff, ought to be brave enough to stand by their party creed. And the Republicans, who favor protection, ought to be wise enough to know they can accomplish no good by securing a small protective duty levied on a few of the products of the country.

PARTLY RIGHT AND PARTLY WRONG.

The Roanoke Times is a mighty interesting newspaper, but desperately frankish in its ways and pronouncements. Given a matter of great public concern for discussion, our Roanoke contemporary will proceed to handle one phase of the subject in the happiest and most logical manner. After doing this with almost unequalled cleverness, The Times, by the employment of a few unwise thoughts and rudely constructed utterances, will tear down and destroy the structure of truth it has so patiently and intelligently builded. For instance, a few days ago The Times had a lengthy editorial upon what it termed "The Taxation Puzzle" in Virginia. The purpose of this editorial was to disprove the claim of the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot that there are gross inequalities in assessments of various kinds of personal property in the counties of the State. The Virginian-Pilot had used the assessments of horses, cattle, pianos and organs, and watches in Montgomery county and in Roanoke county as an illustration in support of its contention that assessments throughout the State are flagrantly unequal and lacking in uniformity.

The Times very successfully disputed the reasoning and deductions of the Virginian-Pilot by showing that there was really a difference in the values of live stock in Roanoke and Montgomery. This is due The Times contends to the fact that horses and cattle have a fancy value in Roanoke, and a practical value in Montgomery. And The Times took occasion to say that it is opposed to a central tax commission to be located at Richmond with authority to regulate and equalize taxation. Led by these claimed differences in values The Times says:

"This is why we oppose a central tax commission to sit in Richmond and equalize assessments as between Montgomery and Roanoke. It would not be fair. A harrydick yearling steer on a mountain side in Patrick with his tail full of cuckle-burr and a thoroughbred Holstein or Jersey cow yielding three gallons of milk a day are "cattle," but it would not be right to tax them alike. One is a prospective possible value, the other an actual, daily product. So the horse that pulls the plow and will be worn out in six or eight years and the horse that trots to a buggy and may develop a 2.20 gait and be worth a thousand dollars are both "horses," but one should carry more taxes, as a luxury, than the other as a necessity."

Pretty sound and reasonable this talk of The Times, and well calculated to arouse the earnest attention of the advocates of tax reform. But all its force is effaced by the following declaration of our Roanoke contemporary:

"We do not pay the taxes we ought to pay, not one in ten of us. All of us know it. Nine-tenths of us strain our consciences and weakly throw the blame on somebody else when we make our returns. If all of us would return honestly, the tax rate would be cut in half and the State and all the counties would have more money than they need."

This is very contradictory to the argument of The Times on the question of equalization of assessments. If only ten per cent. of the taxpayers are making and paying on honest returns, and ninety per cent. are making and paying on false and dishonest returns, there must be very grave unequal and unfair taxation in Virginia.

There are very few of the taxpayers out this way who do not believe they are paying more taxes than they ought, especially when the revenues are being so recklessly appropriated by legislators and so wastefully expended in support of a State government that has more than doubled its expenditures within the last ten years and kept the treasury depleted, if not bankrupt, for the past seven years.

The Times is apparently in favor of increasing the revenues by increasing the rate of taxation or advancing the assessments. Either this, or it wants an inquisition established like the one the Legislature of 1908 tried to fasten upon the people.

What the people want is a tax reform that will give a more economical and efficient State government. They do not want a reform that will raise more revenue for the plunderbund.

Electric Power South.
(Cincinnati Enquirer.)

No portion of our country is making swifter or greater strides in developing power of rivers and transforming that into the power of electricity than some States of the South. Tennessee, the Carolinas, Alabama, Georgia and others are rapidly justifying the most hopeful predictions of former years. The abundant waters emerging from unfauling springs of mountains and foothills are being harnessed, while yet swift in their

dashing brightness to furnish horsepower by the millions. While in the cities and other communities of the lower lands of several States the belching stacks tell of the consumption of the coals of the Virginias and other States in the production of steam for the turning of the wheels. There are already great plants and others are being erected to produce from the rushing waters of numerous rivers the cleaner power of electricity, to be used in great factories at the dams and those at a distance, fed through the wires.

We stand of the rapid advance of India in multiplication of spindles to compete with Lancashire in production of cotton fabrics, and then to our own South, where numerous great factories already in operation at a dozen points tell of activities in the same line, and others are rapidly rising to join their voices in the harmonies of great industries.

One of the greatest enterprises in our country for developing electric power from water power, if, indeed, it is not to be the very greatest of all thus far, next to Niagara, has been commenced on the Yadkin river at Whitney, N. C. This historic river narrows at this point from 1,800 feet to 60 feet, where its deep torrent rushes through a gorge. Here it is to be harnessed for production of at least 150,000 horsepower. The cement alone for the dams and other features of this plant will cost over \$1,000,000, being one of the largest orders following those for the New York tunnels. The power house will be about 600 feet by 100 feet. The greatest portion of the power will run a vast aluminum plant, which will occupy eighteen acres in the immediate vicinity, to be financed and operated by a French company with a capital of \$10,000,000. There will be a surplus of power to drive the shops at a distance.

Weird Relics.
(From Tit-Bits.)

Very often the hero worshiper treasures the most extraordinary relics of the object of his worship. Perhaps one of the weirdest relics on record is that guarded with care by an Englishman of note. It consists of a part of the charred skull of Shelly, which he wears in a small locket attached to a chain around his neck.

It is not very often that one finds such an article as a tooth used as a precious stone, but then according to some the molar of a great man is more precious than diamonds—at least such is the view taken by a prominent nobleman, who had a handsome diamond taken out from his ring in order that he might give space to a tooth which once grew in the jaw of Sir Isaac Newton. He purchased this quaint relic at an auction in 1846.

A tooth which once gave toothache to Victor Hugo has been carefully preserved since the date of its extraction in 1871. It is kept at his former house in a glass case, where it is displayed for the benefit of the great-writer's admirers.

In Belgium and other countries it has been from time immemorial a custom to preserve the heart of a man renowned for his sanctity, and on the anniversary of the death of its possessor this relic receives a large share of veneration from hundreds of people.

Wigs of great literary men are also cherished by the hero worshiper, and it is on record that the wig which Sterne wore while writing "Tristram Shandy" was sold soon after his death for £200.

How the President Gets Paid.
(From The Pathfinder.)

The question is often asked, how the President gets his salary—whether he goes to the Treasury at the end of each working day and draws his 240-odd dollars, or whether he waits till the end of the week, month or term for his money. The answer is that he does get his pay directly from the Treasury, and he is the only government official who is thus paid. And his pay-days are once a month—on the last working day of the month. President Wilson had to wait till March 31 for his first taste of Uncle Sam's money. Then he got an "accountable warrant" for \$5,625.

This was figured to cover the portion of the whole month beginning with March 4, counting the month as 30 days. Actually he did not take office till after noon of the 4th, and President Taft held down the job till that hour. But this was by a fiction. The administration is supposed to end with midnight of March 3, but it would be inconvenient to transfer the government at such a time, and so the change is made 12 hours later. No fractions of days are recognized, however, in paying Presidents, and the half-day President Taft did not get paid for on March 4 was made up by the extra half-day he was paid for at the beginning of his term.

President Wilson's monthly warrants hereafter will be \$6,250, or just one-twelfth of his full yearly salary of \$75,000. Senators, Representatives and other government officials are paid by a slightly different system. The Vice-President is paid by the secretary of the Senate, who also pays the Senators and Senate employees. His salary is \$12,000, but he does not get just an even thousand a month. The annual salary is first divided into four parts of \$3,000 each, for each quarter-year. The quarterly amount is then again divided up into monthly parts according to the actual number of calendar days in that quarter.

By a singular custom which was started in Washington's time and which for some reason has never been changed, the President is paid by what is called an "accountable warrant." That is, he is allowed to draw his money each month, but he is not credited with his services until the end of his term. It is now proposed to change this and pay him by a "settlement warrant," so that his account will be closed at the end of each month.

HAS LABOR CLEARING HOUSE

English Government Has Established Exchanges Brought Job and the Man Are Whore Together.

In the English labor exchanges listed situations are either filled directly by the agency in which they are filed, or, lacking the proper applicants, they are put "in circulation." Every trade has its number and decimal divisions. On the application card a cipher uniformly used by the exchanges records the last work the man had, the job he wants now, his age, the employers he has been sent to, whether taken on, how long retained and the general impression he makes. Usually the steady and efficient men can be recognized. Employer and applicant are filed under the same trade number in separate boxes on differently colored cards. Instantly references can be made for either side. This simple device, being universal, enables the number wanted to be wired to the central office and sent out to the branches. When he is located, the reply can briefly present the character of the applicant. John L. Matthews writes in Harper's Magazine. In case of need this man is furnished with a pass or railway ticket. The cost of the latter he is given time to repay. This arrangement has objectionable features, since the laborer must both bear the brunt of the expense and take a chance of the job lasting long enough to make it possible for him to refund the money to the government. In spite of this discouragement to long journeys, the exchange tends to fluidize the movement of labor throughout Great Britain and furnishes a reliable, neutral medium of information about supply and demand.

THRILLS OF "CAT" FISHING

When Cork Disappears Angler Gives Terrific Jerk and Prize Measuring Six Inches Is Safely Landed.

Every man who has lived in the cat-fish country knows how the trick was done, says Outing Magazine. You had a nibble and the cork bobbed a little. Another nibble and it bobbed some more. Then if you kept perfectly still, the cork went under and you, derrick Mr. Fish out with a mighty heave. He was usually about five or six inches long, and he sailed grandly through the air to land perkup on the grass behind you. Sometimes, as a variation, he lighted in a tree or fell into the middle of a red hawbush, which meant trouble, but you always got the fish eventually and strung him on one branch of a forked stick and anchored him in the edge of the water.

When the fish weren't biting, which was usually about 75 per cent. of the time, at a conservative estimate, you jammed the butt of your pole into the mud and lay back to watch the sunlight play through the leaves overhead and listen to the bird's gossiping to each other. That's the real secret of successful fishing anyway—trout, cat or any kind—where you have soft grass to lie on and water to dabble your toes in and soft summer sunshine to bathe you and make you forget yesterday and tomorrow and their troubles.

HIGH PRICES PAID FOR "COPY"

Manuscripts Written by Famous Authors Bought by Collectors—Burns Note Sold for \$675.

There is more value in the actual written manuscript than the young author who carefully sends his typewritten efforts to the editor ever dreams. Of course one must allow something for fashion even in manuscript. For instance, the original manuscript of Besant's "Herr Paulus" realized only \$10, Gissing's "Eve's Ransom" \$55, while Edna Lyall's "Donovan" was judged worth \$250. These are but small figures compared with the \$235 paid for a single leaf of one of Captain Cook's log-books. Even this paleo before the immense sensation afforded by the bidding for another leaf—this time from the lost journal of Captain Cook's first voyage in 1770. Collectors of Australia were specially keen, as it contained the earliest reference to Botany Bay, and ultimately this particular leaf was secured for \$2,255.

Anything by Stevenson is of great interest to collectors, and it is not surprising that for one page containing the autograph list of title and thirteen chapter headings for a projected novel, "The Adventures of Henry Shovel," with a scribbled memo of some medicine the novelist wanted, an enthusiast should have given \$260. Robert Burns, Scotland's national poet, wrote three and a half pages of verses to a friend, requesting a favor. Manuscript hunters thought nothing of paying \$675 for it.

SEEKS ORIGIN OF INDIAN

Dr. A. Hrdlicka of U. S. National Museum on Quest for Ancestral Links in Eastern Asia.

Dr. A. Hrdlicka, of the United States National Museum, has recently made an extensive visit to southeastern Siberia and northern Mongolia, for the express purpose of seeking possible remains of the race that peopled America, i. e., the ancestors of the American Indians, says the Scientific American. He investigated both the contents of ancient burial mounds and the Asiatic tribes of the present day, and in both cases found much more evidence than he expected. He concludes that there exist today over large parts of eastern Siberia, and in Mongolia, Tibet and other regions in that part of the world, numerous remains, which now form constituent parts of more modern tribes of nations, of a more ancient population, perhaps related in origin to the latest paleolithic Europeans, which was physically identical with and in all probability gave rise to the American Indians. He reports a vast and rich field for anthropological and archaeological research in eastern Asia.

The Hickory in Danger. Entomologists declare the hickory to be in danger of extermination. There is, it seems, a bark beetle which

is working widespread destruction. The bark beetle should be sought out and ruthlessly slain. The hickory is an unattractive tree. It is gaunt, but sturdy. It looks like Uncle Sam. There is something essentially and typically American about the hickory. Its shaggy homeliness is a delight. The nut it bears is a delight, too. The tree is not like the "spreading chestnut," affluent in verdure and generous in shade. It is, rather, spare and utilitarian. And the hickory nut is far more admirable than the chestnut, and far more American. It is a hard nut to crack. But, after the shell has once been removed, it is found to be very desirable. Then, too, there is the hickory bark for building fires with. In the winter, when a cheery fire in the woods is most worth striving for, the crackling of the hickory bark is the cheeriest thing imaginable, and its fragrance is beyond description delightful.

It Was a Pity.

They have a wise ten-year-old boy in an east end family, and some of his sayings are really worth peddling. At least, his father thinks they are, or he wouldn't tell this one.

The other day the youngster approached his father and stared at him for some time.

"Daddy," he finally said, "you think mamma is the most beautiful person you ever saw, don't you?"

"Of course," replied the father, with great promptness.

Again the boy scrutinized his parent.

"Gee, daddy," he finally said, "it's an awful pity she can't say the same thing about you, ain't it?"

Diplomatic.

The mayor of a French town had, in accordance with the regulations, to make out a passport for a rich and highly respectable lady of his acquaintance, who, in spite of a slight disfigurement, was very vain of her personal appearance. His native politeness prompted him to gloss over the defect, but after a moment's reflection he wrote among the items of personal description: "Eyes beautiful, tender, expressive, but one of them missing."

A Rough Life.

"Can you build me a piano and leave the bark on the wood?" "I guess so," replied the piano man. "I want it for my hunting lodge. We rough it up there, you know."

Waste of Public Buildings.
(Philadelphia Ledger.)
There are in America over 230,000 churches, with a total seating capacity of about 60,000,000. There are school buildings, colleges and universities capable of holding over 20,000,000. There are libraries and public buildings, with an aggregate capacity of millions. In fact, we have buildings in which might be crowded practically every one of the whole population. And yet during the next two months most of these buildings will be closed, except for short hours or occasional services.

Public school property alone represents an investment of considerably over a billion dollars and the churches are worth a billion and a half. If we should add the libraries and other public buildings we should run our total well toward five billions—a sum that staggers the mind, but shows how enormous are the shelters which private and public enterprise has erected in America.

Work does not stop in summer. People must toil in order to live. Why should they swelter in the narrow streets when the big church or the big school house or the big library or the public building is given over to a lonely night watchman?

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Services every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
The Boys' Junior Missionary Society meets every first Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
The Girls' Missionary Society meets every second Sunday immediately after the Sunday School service.
You are cordially invited to attend all the services.
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Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except first Sunday.
Bible School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
L. H. COLAREY, Supt.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.
The B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday afternoon at 7:00 o'clock.
REV. E. M. HARRIS, Pastor.

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Services first, second and fourth Sundays in each month—by supply.
Sunday School each Sunday morning at 9:30.
JAS. WHITE SHEFFEY, Supt.
Prayer meeting every Wednesday night at 7:30.

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Frescoes of Orvieto.
Of the frescoes in the chapel of the Madonna di S. Brizio at Orvieto, which are being restored, says the Boston Transcript, Fra Angelico did two divisions of the vaulted ceiling. In one he represented "Christ in Glory," surrounded by angels, and in the other a group of prophets, seated upon clouds, tier upon tier. The frescoes were executed in the summer of 1447, the painter having negotiated the commission in order to escape from Rome during the summer heat. He undertook to return to Orvieto in the same months each year until the work was finished, but never went back after the first visit, for what reason is not known. Possibly because the death of one of his assistants through falling from the scaffolding soon after the decoration was begun was regarded as an evil omen. Misfortunes, at any rate, impeded progress, and it was not until fifty years later that Luca Signorelli completed the work Angelico had begun.

Longevity and Athletics.
In an editorial on "The Longevity of Athletes" the Interstate Medical Journal says that the harmfulness of "athletic training" is receiving a deserved amount of study now that the surgeon general of the United States navy has reported that officers noted as athletes during their cadet life were breaking down sooner than the non-athletic. Quoting the physical directors of some universities to the contrary, the writer says: "Marathon or playing football and all such unnatural contest requiring training of exceptional men not needing further development must be replaced by sports in which all can compete. To do this we must, of course, ignore the opinions of the men who make their living by the present system. They are all convinced they are right; and that very condition of mind blinds them to the significance of the facts published by Doctor Stokes. Any system which does not reduce the tuberculous condition of men is a failure and of no account."

A Pressing Need.
"Why was it necessary for Mrs. All-cash to undergo an operation?"
"I guess it was because the surgeon's wife wanted to go to Europe."

TWO KINDS OF COURAGE

The Kind Possessed by Karl Gardner Won.

By MILDRED HOUSTON HEMINGWAY.

The airship ran along the ground, then rose gracefully like the immense bird it resembled, while thousands watching craned their necks to follow its flight. One girl felt as though her heart was dragged out of her body and taken up on that dangerous journey. She did not know the aviator, had never seen him without his disfiguring cap and goggles, and yet she felt as though no one less brave than he could win her heart.

Elsie Burns came of a brave family. Her father from the beginning of American history had fought and conquered, and her mother had borne their more quiet but none the less brave parts. The family history, bound in several cumbersome manuscript volumes, was very interesting to Elsie, and she had pored over it until she knew the deeds of her family by heart and panted for an occasion to distinguish herself. Incidentally she vowed not to marry until she found a man worthy a place in this honored ancestral biography. Small wonder that Karl Gardner found it difficult to please her, for Karl was slight of figure, not an athletic man, and thought it more than foolish for a man to risk life and limb in a pursuit as yet so untried.

"Do we really need to fly?" he asked, smiling a little. "See here, Elsie, here's an article I wish you'd read. It's on a woman's influence in every day life. I believe in what this writer says."

"Oh, dear," Elsie cried pettishly. "I'm so tired of hearing what a woman can do. Why doesn't someone write of what we can't do? I want to make a name for myself. There is nothing a woman can do these days. We can't vote; athletics are practically controlled by the men. Who ever heard of nice girls playing ball, or running professional races or being prize fighters?"



The President Fixed His Eyes Sternly on the Man Before Him.

ers? No, don't look at me that way; I mean it. I want to have some little bit of influence on the world.

The following morning, Elsie had skipped over the article, not absorbing any of it, for her mind was filled with thoughts of the daring aviator who was to make another ascent at noon, and long before that hour she was in the field watching eagerly for him. In the meanwhile Karl was in deep waters. As a confidential man in a large concern, he was placed in a very trying position. Inadvertently, he had come across certain records of financial speculations of the president, which undermined the safety of the institution. While his facts had not been secured through any confidence, his position was such that it made it very difficult for him to warn the other officials, and yet, on the other hand, he felt that they too trusted him. Finally he went to the president and told him of the discovery. That official was considerably startled, but promptly offered Karl a price for his silence, assuring him that within a month he could cover all shortages and the institution would be as sound as ever. The price was one that might have proved tempting except for one thing. The man to whom it was offered possessed moral courage in high degree. He might shrink from the dangers of aviation, but he dared to oppose any corruption even if it resulted in his own business destruction, for he realized that it would mean to make a relentless enemy of a man as influential as the president of the company. Still Karl was astute or he would not have held his position of confidential man. With a slight laugh, he said cordially:

"My dear Mr. Burns, you ought to know me better than that; still, I know you have to try out men. You know my honesty is not for sale."

The president fixed his eyes sternly on the man before him, then asked: "What is your price? Didn't I make it enough?"

"The battle was on; it must be fought with bare hands."
"My price," Karl said distinctly, "is the safety of the concern that employs me. Either you will cover your speculations from your own funds, or I'll put my facts before the board of directors."
"Why?" urged the president uneasily.

"Because I like you for one thing, because I love your daughter for another, and I do not intend that her faith in you and her love for the family name be shaken."

Karl Gardner was right; the president had allowed himself to be led astray by the lure of high finance. But stronger than his love of money

was his love for the little girl, his only child. Yielding to his employee's courage, Mr. Burns went over the whole matter with him, and out of his private fortune made good the shortage. After it was all over, he said a little brokenly:

"Am I to lose my little girl?"
"I hope so," Karl said cheerfully, "if I can ever make her forget that I am not a man given to courageous exhibitions."

"She doesn't think you brave?" Mr. Burns asked in amazement.
"Not in the least, and I can't get my courage up to flying, or jumping in front of an automobile and stopping it by sheer physical strength," here he laughed as he looked at a reflection of his slight figure in the plate glass of the door, "and so she thinks me a coward."

"Indeed," Mr. Burns ejaculated, but that evening after dinner, just before Karl arrived, for it was Wednesday, he called his daughter to him and said earnestly:

"My little girl, I believe you are pretty proud of the courage of our family."

Elsie started to express her emphatic opinions on the subject, when he interrupted her.

"We both know a real hero, Elsie," and he told her the entire story, so that it was a very subdued little maiden who greeted Karl later in the evening. For a few minutes he paid no attention to her mood; then he asked:

"What is it, Elsie?"
"I know everything, Karl, and I am so proud of you and your bravery, but, oh dear me, I'm more insignificant than ever, for I haven't any kind of courage whatever."

As Karl gathered her into his arms he whispered:
"What do you suppose makes men brave and true, dear? Just their love for their women, and the longing to stand high in their confidence and respect."
(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Cause for Rejoicing.

It is the custom among some of the New York theatrical managers occasionally to entertain the members of the local ball teams at their theaters. A young recruit from the high grass joined the Giants one day, and that night went with his new teammates to a play as guests of the management. The piece did not appeal to the men, though, and they failed to applaud with any degree of heartiness. After the curtain fell McGraw scolded them for this lack of warmth.

"Here, you fellows come in here free and have the best seats the house affords, and then you sit stock still like a row of dummies!" he said. "I hope this doesn't happen again."

The very afternoon one of the veterans hailed the youngster at practice on the Polo grounds.

"Well, kid," he said, "more big doin's tonight! Mac's going to take us to Bill Brady's theater."
"What's the show?" asked the green hand.
"The show," said the veteran, "is 'Bought and Paid For.'"

"Thank the Lord for that!" said the youngster fervently. "If it's rotten we won't have to applaud."—Saturday Evening Post.

Hostility Fosters Friendship.

The course of true love never did and never can run smooth. If it did, it wouldn't be true love. The single certain sign qua non of true love is that it shall not run smooth. For such is the condition of human beings.

When people set out to be friendly and congenial, they can succeed only by keeping up a gentle hostility. Consider the average evening call. How tiresome it is until someone starts an argument, or a game of cards is proposed. That accounts for the popularity of games. They furnish a sham and innocuous hostility without which society with one's fellows is deadly. Men and women can be happy together for days at a time if they are contending at golf, at tennis, at cards, or at other games.

People who can sit around drawing rooms or verandas or clubs for any great length of time and chat agreeably are degenerates. They have lost their spirit and might as well be dead.—Ellis O. Jones in Lippincott's Magazine.

Marvels of Modern Hypnotism.

"I was walking down the street when I saw a man a block ahead of me to whom I desired to speak," said the hypnotist, who was telling of his superiority as a mesmerist. "I just straightened out my arm, concentrated my will, made a pass—thus, and he stopped and waited until I overtook him."

"You don't call that much of a trick, do you?" one of his listeners asked.
"Yes, I think it was a good demonstration. Are you familiar with the science?"
"Yes, a little. One day while I was in Batavia a man slipped and fell from the top of a 16-story building. When he was about half way down I just made a pass at him, and he stopped falling quicker than lightning. I came off without thinking any more about it. Say, old man, if you ever go to Batavia, why, just let him down. I presume he's hanging there yet."

Away Too Much.

Miss Mary Garden was asked the other day if she thought outdoor exercise was good for women.

"Yes, I do," Miss Garden answered. "provided a golden mean is maintained. Under-exercise has wrecked countless women's digestions. Over-exercise has wrecked countless women's homes."

Dangerous.

There is unconscious humor in a sign that catches the eye of those who visit Duxbury. At the beginning of an attractive country lane a sign contains this legend:
"LOVER'S LANE
TO THE COVE
DANGEROUS PASSING."

As Usual.

Boss—Where's Jones? His vacation was up this morning.
Fellow Clerk—It was, sir; but he telephoned that he would have to ask for a few days to rest up before he could possibly go to work.—Judge.

A DELAYED HONEYMOON

Clerk Gets \$20,000 for Marrying an Heiress.

By HAROLD CARTER.

It is generally worse when your wife bows to you coldly than when she cuts you. Especially is this the case when you have not seen her for a couple of years. So John Ferrand, who was neither divorced nor estranged from Mrs. John Ferrand, felt badly when he accidentally encountered her on the board walk at Atlantic City.

The meeting was accidental in that John had hoped to select the opportunity. But he had gone to Atlantic City to find her, immediately after his return from Nevada, where, as the discoverer and subsequently as owner of the Diamond Silver mine, he had leaped into meteoric fame.

He hurried after her, and Edith, seeing him, halted and faced him.

"I beg your pardon, Mrs. Ferrand," said John, ignoring the look of anger which she gave him. "I have always meant to return this purse to you. You left it behind at the Pennsylvania terminal."

"And you have carried it for these two years?" asked Edith Ferrand scornfully.

He bowed. "You see, I didn't know your address. And it seems to contain some papers," he said.

Edith took the purse and opened it.

Two years before Horace Mills, senior partner in the law firm of Mills and Hopper, had called John Ferrand, one of his clerks, into his private office.

"Ferrand," said the head of the firm thoughtfully, "you have been with me for five years now."

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk.

"You have not shown a great aptitude for law, I think," said Mr. Mills, smiling faintly. "Nevertheless," he added, "I know you to be a man of sterling integrity. And I want such a man just now. Ferrand, did you ever think of getting married?"

"No, sir," John Ferrand answered.

"Would you be willing to remain a bachelor for the rest of your life for—well, say for twenty thousand dollars?"

Twenty thousand dollars! Ferrand thought of the men he had known,

Commanding Attention.
"You say that article of yours has aroused vigorous comment?"
"Yes, indeed."
"I didn't know it had been published."

"It hasn't. But it kept the families awake in four adjacent flats while I was pounding it out on the typewriter."

Depends on the Man.
"It takes a long time to learn a man's likes and dislikes."
"O, I don't know. I hadn't been acquainted with you five minutes before I found out that you had a decided antipathy to using soap and water on your hands."

White House Artist.
Mrs. Woodrow Wilson, the new "First Lady" of the United States had an exhibition of her paintings in Philadelphia recently. Her pictures are in oils, and are for the most part landscapes. What Mrs. Wilson realizes from the sale of her pictures goes to charity.—Montreal Herald.

He Stammered Out His Love.

struggling to maintain families on two thousand a year—all he could ever hope to rise to, after years of service. For Ferrand had not the money-making instinct.

"Yes, sir," he said.
"Come in, Miss Kent," called the lawyer briskly and Edith Kent stepped comely into the room from Mr. Hopper's office.

"Now, Ferrand, the situation is this," said Mr. Mills. "Miss Kent inherits four million dollars if she marries within a certain period. That period expires tomorrow night. She, like yourself, is not inclined toward matrimony. If you will go through the form of marriage with her, you will receive not twenty but fifty thousand dollars. Immediately after the ceremony you will depart and never see her or me again. I know I can rely on your honor. Do you agree?"

John thought of the mother whom he supported, of his little sister, destined to the druggery of a stenographer's desk unless—
"I agree," he answered.

Love at first sight, at which we practical people scoff, is nevertheless, a not infrequent phenomenon. The strangeness of that agreement, a haunting memory of Miss Kent's blue eyes, her hauteur, her superb manners, her charm—above all that indefinable and elusive thing which we suddenly see in someone of the other sex, which sets the pulses throbbing and the heart yearning—this kept John Ferrand awake all night. And when the brief ceremony in the lawyer's office was over, Ferrand realized that for the first time in his life he was in love—deeply and wildly in love with this woman, his wife, whom he was never to claim. He choked; he could not look into her face.

"I thank you, Mr. Ferrand," she said comely. "And now, since we shall never meet again—well, you may see me to the Pennsylvania terminal. I am going west to visit my sister. You have been paid?"
"More than paid," he stammered.

There were two hours to wait. They sat down in a restaurant to dine. Ferrand never afterward knew how it happened; he was conscious only of the misery of the impending separation. Like a man in a dream, or one delirious, he stammered out his love. He asked only a chance to win her some day, when he, too, had gone west and made a man of himself, demonstrated his right to win her. He ended by tearing the check to atoms and casting them on the floor. All the while Edith listened gravely.

"I don't think I have the right to utter a positive refusal, Mr. Ferrand," she answered. "You were foolish to

destroy that check—but I honor you the more for it, and I shall not press the money on you. But I must think—I don't know."

But afterward, in the taxicab, she related. He held her hand and poured out the words that bubbled to his lips unchecked. When they reached the hooking office he knew that she could be conquered. If only there were time! Nevada...riches...then to renew his suit...

She had purchased her ticket and stood on the step of the train. Her purse was in his hand. The train moved. He wanted to leap aboard hesitated; it moved more swiftly. Presently he was alone on the platform, still holding the little purse.

Edith opened the purse. "Suppose you look in that envelope," she said. "They are not papers, as you seem to believe."

John Ferrand tore open the flap. Inside was neatly folded a long printed slip—a railway ticket. Then from the released folds there fluttered—a second ticket. Ferrand stared at it dully.

"Good God!" he muttered. "What a fool I have been. If I had known! Edith!"

Edith was smiling now. "I am staying at the Hotel Lafayette," she said softly.

(Copyright, 1912, by W. G. Chapman.)

Old and New London.
Stories come from London of the discovery of oil in one of the business quarters at a depth of 5,000 feet, and also of the uncovering at the corner of Paternoster row and St. Paul's alley of an ancient wall. This wall was part of the rampart which inclosed the old St. Paul's. The part uncovered, about 60 feet long, is made of chalk and rubble, and was built in the twelfth century. On the same site pieces of a Roman amphora, Roman vases and some Sarnian ware have also been found. Other "finds" include a camel's skull unearthed in High Holborn and a large quantity of pipes of the eighteenth century. Under some old stables in Bartholomew-close—one of the oldest parts of London—three Norman arches have been found. They are close to one another, and are believed to have formed part of the cloisters of the priory which once stood on this site. Their excavation is likely to be a matter of considerable difficulty, as they are built in with stones and bricks for the new buildings which have been laid against them.

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A Bird of a Fish Story.
Two clever kingfishers have established a home in a gravel bank within a few rods of Highland lake, near Whistled, Conn., where fishing boats assemble every morning. The birds watch operations from the holes in the bank, and when the fishermen begin to pull in fish, generally perch and rock bass, the kingfishers swoop down upon the fishermen, seizing the fish as they are lifted above the water.
Sometimes the fish are so securely hooked that the kingfishers cannot snatch them from the hooks, but occasionally they are borne away by the long-billed birds. Now fishermen returning empty-handed tell stories about "the big ones" that the birds swiped on them.

H. T. WILLIAMS

Boot and Shoe Repairer

All work neatly and promptly done.
Ladies' and children's shoes a specialty.
Shop at rear of Scott Bros.
MARION, VA.

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to be without the news of your county.

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will consider of first importance the matter of thoroughly covering the news of Smyth County. News of the State and Nation will be given in condensed form.

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VEGETABLES

We pay highest market price for Country Produce, Cash.

Canned Fruits of all kinds.
A fancy line of Headley's Candies. Fresh stock received every week.

C. A. PICKLE & CO.

MARION, VIRGINIA

TOWN LOTS

FOR SALE

I have just finished laying off a number of town lots at the west end of Marion, adjoining and immediately south of the Sexton Addition.

These Lots Are Large

With Good Street Frontage
Fine Drainage

and will have convenient and ample access from Main and Cherry Streets. I have placed reasonable prices on the lots, and will sell them on

EASY TERMS

Will take pleasure in showing them to prospective buyers. Map can be seen at my office.

WM. C. PENDLETON

MARION, VIRGINIA

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS

R. C. Gwyn, the cattle king of Rich Valley, was in town Tuesday on business.

F. L. Sanders, of Seven Mile Ford, was a business visitor to Marion on Tuesday.

Miss Bessie Hull has returned from Washington Springs very much improved in health.

Mrs. Jessie Hughes, of Chatham Hill, was in town last Saturday on a shopping expedition.

E. F. Groseclose spent the better part of last week visiting his son, J. K. Groseclose, at Pulaski.

Jno. T. Hanshew, one of Rich Valley's well-to-do farmers, spent Tuesday in Marion on business.

Miss Elizabeth Pritchett, of Danville, Va., is visiting Misses Lillian and Marguerite Thomas at Marion.

Eugene, the little son of J. K. Groseclose, is visiting his grandparents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Groseclose.

Miss Myrtle Eller left Monday for Chatham Hill where she will be the house guest of Miss Agnes Gass.

Mrs. W. S. Stone, of Mt. Carmel, is visiting her mother, Mrs. James Hoofnagle, at Catlett, Fauquier county, Va.

We keepin stock Screen Doors and Window Screens, and put them in on sho t notice. SEAVER & MORRIS.

Misses Willie Belle and Carrie Lou Johnston, of Knoxville, Tenn., are visiting their sister, Mrs. W. E. Francis, at Marion.

Dr. and Mrs. William Killinger, of Washington, D. C., are on a visit to the doctor's mother, Mrs. M. E. Killinger, who lives near Attoway.

The Misses Ansley, of Atlanta, Ga., will arrive at Marion this evening and will spend the remainder of the summer at Mr. E. H. Buchanan's.

Dr. Copenhaver will attend the Southern Dental Association at Old Point, and will be out of his office from next Tuesday to Friday, inclusive.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union will meet in the Methodist church annex, Friday, July 25, at four o'clock. All members are urged to be present.

Mr. and Mrs. Elbert Hull, who had been visiting Mr. Hull's parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. N. Hull, returned to their home at Roanoke Tuesday evening.

Bring your wool to The D. H. Mitchell Co. They will pay the highest market price on day of delivery.

Edmund Pendleton, the Wytheville road contractor, was here on Monday looking after the contract he is about to secure for building or rebuilding a section of the road east of Marion.

The Ford Sales Co. have sold the following citizens of Smyth county the car load of Automobiles received Tuesday p. m.: James G. Bare, Dr. B. H. Earley, Mr. L. Phipps and J. Ellis Dickenson.

Mr. William A. White and Miss Viola C. Sprinkle, of Groseclose, this county, came to Marion on Tuesday and were united in marriage, Rev. E. M. Harris, of the Baptist church, performing the ceremony.

We pay top prices for your butter eggs, poultry and farm produce, cash or trade. We carry a complete line of staple groceries. Prices reasonable; quality best. MARION FRUIT AND PRODUCE CO.

Mr. Joe T. Leffler, the well known commercial traveler, was in Marion on yesterday. He is a great friend of THE AMERICAN, and we are always pleased to meet him. He and Mrs. Leffler are located at Radford for the summer.

Misses Belle and Nannie Humphrey, of Seven Mile Ford, who had been visiting relatives and friends at Sugar Grove for two weeks, were in Marion Saturday on their way home. They made a pleasant call at the office of THE AMERICAN.

Most of our subscribers have nothing but good words for THE AMERICAN. Call the attention of your friends and neighbors to the paper and advise them to become subscribers. The editor is kept so busy trying to give you a good paper that he has little time to solicit subscribers.

Hawkins-Copenhaver Co. have put in the center of their store a section of shelving, and are preparing to put in several more sanitary cabinets and will in the future keep all of their clothing free from dust. This improvement adds greatly to the looks of the store as well as a saving of wear on the clothes.

S. W. Kent, clerk of the circuit court, has issued marriage licenses during the present week to the following persons: William A. White and Viola C. Sprinkle, Andrew Hash and Daisy Phillipi, John L. Autherith and Minnie L. Testament, Schooler Blevins and Sarah McDaniels, John H. Hensley and Ettie Belle Walton.

John A. Nunn, a citizen of Washington county, living on Southfork of the Holston, near the Woolen Mills, was a visitor to Marion Tuesday. He is a hale and hearty man of seventy years, and is the father of thirty children, by two marriages, and has fifty-one grand children. He is a broom-maker by trade, and says he can earn from two to two and a half dollars per day at his trade.

Shipments of early cabbage from Marion have already begun. Last week Messrs. B. H. and J. A. Eller shipped three car loads to Southern markets—one car on the 9th, one on the 11th and the other car on the 12th inst. The cabbage was of very fine quality and brought excellent prices. We hear the cars netted the shippers fifteen hundred dollars. The Messrs. Eller grew the cabbage.

All Men's \$4.00 Oxfords at \$2.75, all Men's \$3.50 Oxfords at \$2.50 at Marion Bargain House.

H. E. McClung, of Roanoke spent Sunday in town with friends.

Hunter Bros. Popular Priced Show will be at Marion all next week, and will show each night under their own tent on the lot next to the Table Works.

Mrs. Fred Smith and her two children, of Bristol, Tenn., are here on a visit to her mother, Mrs. P. W. Atkins.

Messrs. B. F. Buchanan and J. C. Campbell, who had been on a business trip to Asheville, Black Mountain, Blue Ridge and other points in North Carolina, got back home on Tuesday.

Any music lovers in town who are interested in vocal music will please meet at the College tomorrow (Friday) night, when steps towards the organization of a choral society will be taken.

Three hundred pairs of Women's, Misses' and Children's Oxfords at 50 cents pair, \$1.50, \$2.00 and \$2.50 values, at Marion Bargain House.

On yesterday information was received that Rush F. Nickels, formerly a resident of Marion, died this week at his home in Missouri. He was mayor of Marion for one term, perhaps two, and he moved to Missouri about twenty years ago. His wife was a Miss Atkins, daughter of Robert Atkins, and a sister of James R. Atkins who recently moved from Marion to Rural Retreat.

Hunter Bros. carry nothing but ladies and gentlemen with their show, and every performance is clean, free from vulgar suggestion or action. Program changed completely every night.

Notice has been received at Marion of the marriage of Miss Bonnie Moore, daughter of Rev. and Mrs. J. E. Moore, of Ukiah, California, to Dr. Raymond Arthur Babcock. The marriage took place on the 4th inst. The father of the bride is a native of Marion, and is well remembered by the older residents. He is a brother of Mrs. L. C. Wright, of our town, and he still has many friends living here.

All Men's \$4.00 Oxfords at \$2.75, all Men's \$3.50 Oxfords at \$2.50 at Marion Bargain House.

TOUCH SYSTEM IS SUCCESS

Private Known as "Lucky Bill" Tells Comrade How to Secure a Pension From the Government.

Private William McDermott, better known to his comrades as "Lucky Bill," was being examined by the regular army surgeon in order to have his claim for a pension verified. In his right hand he carried a heavy stick which he used as a support. Each step was accompanied with a conspicuous limp, while his face was contorted almost beyond recognition, as with pain.

"What's the matter with your leg?" asked the surgeon.

"Shot, just below the knee," returned "Lucky Bill."

The surgeon examined the injured limb, winked at his assistant, and turned again to the applicant.

"Why, man, there's nothing wrong with your leg," he said. "Your wound is almost entirely healed, and while it may cause you to limp a little it will never hinder you from making a living."

"Oh, yes, it will," argued Bill.

"But how?" asked the surgeon.

Bill hesitated a moment. Then his face brightened. "I'm a song-and-dance artist," he said; "maybe you can tell how I'm going to dance with a stiff leg?"

Bill got his pension.

When he returned to camp a friend asked him how he made out.

"First rate," answered Bill; "why don't you go over?"

"I would if I had been injured," answered his friend.

"You lost the tip of your index finger, didn't you?" said Bill. "Just tell them you are a typewriter and use the touch system."

Library Etiquette in Kansas.

Don't throw down the quarter or dime as if your real intention was to make holes in the delivery desk, says the Kansas Industrialist. The fine charged on your overdue book is only a reward for your own carelessness, and, contrary to the ideas of some persons, is neither a peace offering to the librarian nor a contribution to her pin money box.

If you must chew gum, seek the privacy of your own room. Do not approach the delivery desk during the operation. Many a librarian has been called a "grouch" because she did not hasten to serve a careless schoolgirl, who accosted her thus (between chews): "Say, I wish you'd get me sumpin' on George Elliot, or, if there ain't anything about him, Dickens, I'll do." Any librarian is delighted to help every borrower to get the most good from the library, but, like the gods, she pleases to help those who help themselves by being courteous.

Not Easily Perturbed.

"The American girl," said Mayor Ainslie, at a bachelor dinner in Richmond, "is noted for her beauty and intelligence, and she is also noted for her adroitness. Circumstance can never confound her."

"A typical American girl," he said, "is beautiful, sat with her clear eyes fixed ardently on the orbs of a young man who, seated at her side, poured forth his soul in a declaration of love. 'Suddenly the girl's brow darkened. A look of pain overspread her face. With a queenly gesture she silenced the love-stricken youth. 'Wait, wait!' she cried. 'The next moment the sneeze came, and at once the ardent and tender glow stole back into her eyes, and, laying her hand on the young man's sleeve, she murmured: 'As you were saying, Alfred?'"

Peril to Aviators.

A bill which has just passed the British parliament declares that foreign aviators who undertake to fly across the country, without making a declaration of the objects of their journey, will do so at their own peril. If they should pass over forts, royal dockyards or arsenals they are liable to be shot down. Notice of this act has been communicated to foreign governments.

A STAR'S UNDERSTUDY

She Played a Star Part After All.

By SPENCER L. CLARKE.

Miss Graziella Fernald was understudy for the leading actress of the Eastern Stock company. Her greatest ambition was to be given an opportunity to show her skill and ability as an actress. Night after night she stood at the stage door waiting to hear if her services were needed, and when word was given that Miss Warrington was in good health and able to appear, she heaved a sigh of disappointment.

Julian Forsyth had been her devoted admirer since their childhood days, but now he craved for something more than mere friendship. He had little sympathy with her aspiration to become an actress. After repeated controversies on the subject, he said to her: "My love for you is greater and more sincere than all the applause you will ever receive. Why not marry me and be satisfied with the career of becoming my adored wife?"

"Marry! I should say not, when I have this wonderful chance of proving how much better I can act than Miss Warrington. I have studied and studied the part until I could even say it backwards and could act it in my sleep."

"Graziella, this is absolutely the last time in any shape or manner that I will ask you again," said the young man with a determined air. "I have an offer to go west to investigate some farm lands. Shall we go together? I hate to think of you here all alone in this big city."

"Don't worry about me. I'm fully capable of taking care of myself."

"All right," responded Forsyth, yearning to take her in his arms, vowing that he would do his utmost to prevent her from receiving fervent stage kisses and embraces from some stranger before an audience of hundreds of people.

The following morning Miss Warrington received a note from Julian Forsyth, asking her to allow him to call in regard to an urgent personal matter. The messenger boy returned with the answer that she would see



"Let Me See if This Ring Fits Your Finger."

him at three o'clock the next day. Promptly at three he presented his card and was admitted into Miss Warrington's private room.

"Oh!" she ejaculated, "are you the son of Julian Forsyth?"

"Yes, but my father has been dead for many years; did you know him?" he inquired, wondering at how old and haggard she looked now, while in the evening from behind the footlights she seemed youth personified.

"Please be seated," she said in her most charming manner. "You look just as your father did years ago, and all the applause and glory cannot recompense me for the honest, true devotion that he offered me, and which I scorned and cast aside, dazzled by the glamor of the stage."

When she had finished, Julian confided to her how similar his father's experience was to his own. A long silence ensued, for Miss Warrington's heart was filled with conflicting emotions as she reviewed the past, and realized that another young girl endeavored to do exactly as she had done. Her thoughts were interrupted by Julian's voice. "At first I thought you might think it presumptuous on my part to bother a stranger with my affairs, but I'm glad I came now, and I hope you will let me come often."

"Certainly. I will always be delighted to see you. We must be friends, and to show that I mean it, for the first time I shall be too ill to act tomorrow night."

"Thank you for your kind intentions; but what good will that do?"

"Graziella will then have her chance. She will also show that she isn't at all capable of taking the part. When she realizes her failure, no doubt if you ask her again at the crucial moment she may give up all hopes of a stage career."

The stage manager could hardly believe his ears when he heard that the leading lady was too indisposed to appear at the evening performance. He spent hour after hour trying to urge her to make one great effort to act. "You know," he insisted, "that the little understudy will spoil the whole piece. I never would have engaged her if I had thought there was the remotest possibility of using her services. The next time I let my sympathies run away with my better judgment it won't be my fault." The only answer she gave was that it was utterly impossible for her to leave the hotel. Desperate, he sent a telegram to Miss Fernald, requesting her to report immediately at the theater.

"Hurray, hurrah!" she exclaimed. "At last I am going to be a star for one night, and who can tell? Maybe forever." In great haste she

changed her gown, put on her hat and cloak, and fairly flew out of the house. In a fever of excitement she reached the theater. Just as she was about to go to the manager's office she tripped on the step and turned her ankle. She tried to suppress a scream, but the pain was agonizing. Two or three persons rushed to her assistance and helped her to her feet, and when the manager heard of the trouble a doctor was sent for instantly. The doctor announced that it was a bad sprain and probably Miss Fernald would not be able to walk for three weeks. The manager stormed around and used all the choice oaths in his vocabulary. Graziella's disappointment was too keen to give vent to in words. She was the picture of disappointment. Once again the manager took up the phone and informed Miss Warrington of his dilemma. After a brief statement of the accident, he received the promise that she would appear as usual. Her illness had miraculously passed.

One of the men assisted Graziella to a cab, and she burst into a paroxysm of tears as soon as she was alone. When Julian heard of the accident he hurried up to the boarding house and inquired for Graziella.

"I'm so glad you came, Julian. I had my chance and lost it," she said mournfully.

"Well, suppose you give me a chance this time," he pleaded.

"But I'm all damaged now," she replied, pointing to her bandaged foot.

"I thank the heavens for the accident, Graziella. Let me see if this ring fits your finger," he said, slipping a solitaire on her finger.

She smiled. "Perhaps I may, after all play a star part—and with the support of a good-looking leading man," she said demurely.

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HE FOLLOWED HER ORDERS

Nurse Finds That Chinese Are Literal, but Experiment Proves Costly.

"I've always heard that the Chinese were literal," said a trained nurse.

"Last week I satisfied myself on that subject. As I was hurrying off for a few days' rest I made up two brown paper parcels, which happened to be about the same size. In one was a bunch of collars and cuffs for the Chinese laundry. I was to leave this on my way out.

"The other package contained a yard of blue velvet and two handsome feather ornaments. My milliner was to call for these and have my hat ready for me on my return.

"Starch! Starch!" I said to the Chinaman as I pointed to my package and hurried out. Four days later, on my return, I stopped on the way from the station, presented my check, paid 44 cents, and came home with my package.

"There was my millinery parcel still uncalled for! I decided to fasten the trimmings on another hat and opened the paper, only to have fall out my collars and cuffs, which I thought had been at the laundry.

"Naturally, it took but a few minutes to open the package I'd just brought from the laundry. Yes, the Chinese are literal! My velvet and my two feathers were starched as stiff and ironed as smooth as though they'd been the shiniest of linen! They were ruined past hope!

"I took them to Mr. Laundryman. He shook his head sadly but firmly.

"You say, 'Starch! Starch! Starch!'" he repeated. My 44 cents was gone and my velvet and feathers ruined. But I had fully proved that the Chinese are literal!"

NO GAY WIDOWS LIVE HERE

When Husband Dies in Madagascar His Wife is Subjected to Many Cruel Treatments.

There are no gay widows in Madagascar—not, at least, for one year after the husband has died. In Madagascar, on the death of any man of position, on the day of the funeral the wife is placed in the house dressed all in her best clothes and wearing her silver ornaments, of which in general she possesses a considerable quantity. There she remains until the rest of the house have returned from the funeral.

As soon as her relatives return they begin to revile her in most abusive language and tell her that it is her fault that she has been stronger than her husband and that she is really the cause of his death. They proceed to tear the ornaments from her ears and neck and arms and give her a cloth and a spoon with a broken handle and a dish with the foot broken off. Her hair is disheveled and she is covered with a coarse mat, under which she remains all day long and can only leave at night. And she may not speak to anyone who goes into the house. Neither is she allowed to wash her face or hands, but only the tips of her fingers.

All this the Madagascar widow endures for a year, or at least for eight months, and even when this is over her time for mourning is not ended for a considerable period.

The last straw consists of the fact that she is not allowed to go home to her own relations until she has been first divorced by her husband's family.

Cross Legs in the Car.

A young man and a young woman sat near the door of a Columbus avenue car, the young man having his legs crossed and one of his feet stuck out so that all who entered or left the car wiped their clothes on it, relates the New York Press. At 79th street a man and his wife got up to leave the car. The man stopped before the foot-protruding youth, took off his hat and said, "If you will kindly take your foot down it won't be necessary for my wife to wipe her dress on your shoes." Down came the foot, and apparently the most astonished young man in New York at that particular moment was the youth who had been rebuked. But a moment later there was an even more astonished man in that neighborhood. For when the man and his wife reached the street she said, "Why did you trouble to do that? I always give the foot of a man like that a good kick when I pass it."

Steady Work for Horses.

Grain, hay and help are all very high just now and this combination forms one good reason why farm work teams should have steady work on the farm every day when the weather is favorable for them to be out.

Nearly Washed.

Ragged Haggard—You had a mighty close call in dot lodgin' house fire, didn't you?

Seldum Fed—Bet yer neck! Dem fremen squirted water widin two feet o' me!—Puck.

Turn of Phrase.

The Cigar Smoker (facetiously)—Still studying the sea, professor?—You must know it upside down by now.

The Professor (feelingly)—Say, rather, inside out!—Sketch.

EXCELLENT FOR HORSE FEED

Pennsylvania Station Finds Silage Good Ration, Economic in Character and Wholesome.

Silage is an excellent ration for horses, economic in character and wholesome in use. The Pennsylvania station gives the results of horse feeding test where silage was compared with hay and other forage.

"The horse fed silage as a portion of their ration consumed less grain, made their gains at a lesser cost per pound, were sleeker and better finished than those fed on rations not containing silage."

In this test they noted that silage could be fed in amounts varying from five to twenty pounds per day. They recommended silage free from mold and made from corn fairly well matted. They also advised against feeding horses large quantities of silage, especially after coming in from heavy work when they are in a heated condition.

The Michigan Experiment Station has been feeding horses for many years on silage and favors its use, especially for horses not at heavy work. In a test made some years ago with seven teams of work horses, one horse of each team was fed hay and grain, while the other received small amounts of hay and grain with about fifteen pounds of corn silage. These teams were doing moderate work. The experiment lasted twelve weeks and the following results were noted:

The silage-fed horses showed an average gain of five pounds per head. Besides the increase in body weight the driver noted that the silage fed horses worked fully as well and did not appear to be any softer than those not receiving silage. The silage-fed horses showed a better finish and sleeker coats.

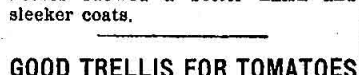
GOOD TRELLIS FOR TOMATOES

One Can Be Put Together by Using Discarded Telephone Wires and Few Strong Stakes.

I use one by four inch pieces, plank eight feet long. One end sharpened and driven in the ground, in a perfect straight line. The wires are discarded telephone wires, No. 14 or 15 the size of wire used here. These I can get at junk prices, about 25 cents per 100

pounds. The stake second from the end should be set in the ground about two feet as there is considerable strain on it when the tomato vines are laden with fruit. The method of bracing is shown in the pen sketch. The end stake should also be set deep enough that it will not be pulled out by the weight of the vines and fruit. The wires should be well stapled to the stakes.

The second stake is set five feet from the first one. The others are set ten or twelve feet apart.



GENERAL FARM NOTES

Rust and abuse wear out more tools than work.

Bonny Best tomato is a very desirable early variety.

Try the most promising new varieties of vegetables, but don't rely on them.

Don't forget to have a row of sunflowers; the seeds are excellent for poultry.

Sow the Queen onion thickly for picklers. The little white bulbs are very attractive.

When short of room, train squash vines on trellises or wire fence; they are good climbers.

For the land's sake and the improvement of the ration grow plenty of clover and alfalfa.

Plan cucumbers in level rows; in dry seasons they do better than when grown in elevated beds.

Nitrogen is gathered from the air by the clover, and deposited in the soil; a gain in humus results.

Fertility, barnyard manure and crop rotation are old subjects, but of vital import to thousands of farmers.

Wire fences grounded at about every fifth post will be practically proof against harm by lightning.

A row of gladioli along the edge of the kitchen garden is a thing of beauty and a joy to the farmer's wife.

As a general rule the finer the manure and the more evenly distributed the more accessible it is to the crops grown.

A dipper of very warm water turned over cabbage heads several times during the season, will destroy cabbage worms.

Clover is the pivot about which a good rotation hinges. Corn is scarcely second in importance. The grains are third.

Be careful in the adjustment of seed drills. Too heavy seeding causes heavy and unnecessary expense in thinning.

The Soy bean is becoming more popular in northern districts. Many vegetable growers could use it to advantage as a soil improvement crop.

Service-Giving Rugs

As Much Less than Worth

A special sale that is sure to interest every housekeeper who has need of new Floor Covering.

The spring house cleaning has, more than likely, revealed worn places in the carpets now in use. Some of these may be covered with new, small rugs; in other rooms you may desire new room-size rugs.

This week's sale will prove most opportune, in that you may secure exactly what you desire, and at a considerable saving in price.

Rug Rugs—pretty colorings, serviceable quality: 25x50 inches, reduced to 75c.; 30x60 inches, reduced to \$1.; 36x72 inches, reduced to \$1.30; 4x7 feet, reduced to \$2.50; 6x9 feet, reduced to \$3.75; 8x10 feet, reduced to \$6.

9x12 feet Fibre Rugs, reduced to \$10.75.

9x12 feet Tapestry Brussels Rugs, reduced to \$8.25.

9x12 feet Axminster Rugs, reduced to \$19.50.

9x12 feet Axminster Rugs, reduced to \$17.75.

9x12 feet Wilton Velvet Rugs, reduced to \$34.25.

9x12 feet Wilton Rugs, one-piece, reduced to \$36.75.

Precious Stones as Medicine.

A few centuries ago the "apothecaries" would regularly prescribe the various precious stones to be taken internally in the form of a powder.

Pearls were especially popular in this respect, being used not only for many stomachic disorders resulting from overeating, but also by ladies in the hope of making their skin pearly white. However, as the dose was invariably a small one, fatalities rarely resulted.

County School Board Meeting.

The annual meeting of the County School Board will be held in Marion on Saturday, August 2nd. At this meeting the settlement with the county treasurer will be made, and other important business transacted.

All the members of the board are urged to attend.

Respectfully,
B. E. COPENHAVER, Chairman.

D. D. HULL, President E. H. COPENHAVER, Vice-President
JAS. WHITE SHEFFEY, Cashier

The Bank of Marion

Incorporated 1874

Capital \$61,650.00
Surplus and Undivided Profits, more than 70,000.00

MARION, VIRGINIA

Farms and City Properties For Sale

No. 92. 42 acres of nice land, new dwelling and good water and orchard, located on a good public road, in a delightful neighborhood, and in less than a mile of two schools and two churches, at the price of \$3,550. Terms usual. This place is 6 miles southwest of Marion, Va.

No. 91. About 40 acres of land, two dwellings and two barns and two orchards. One dwelling contains 6 rooms and the other a nice new and up-to-date cottage with 5 rooms. The land is splendid river bottom land, smooth and in a high state of cultivation; fine water, and located in sight of churches and schools, and good neighbors. This is the property to buy right now at \$4,000. Easy terms.

No. 89. 200 acres of fine blue grass land in Rich Valley, of which there are about 160 acres cleared for cultivation and the balance in timber. Price \$70 acre. Terms to suit buyer. Will sell this land as a whole or in tracts of 10 acres and upward.

GOOLSBY REALTY COMPANY
Office in Court House, MARION, VIRGINIA