

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."

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

MOTHERS' DAY EXERCISES.

Interesting Services Are Held in Methodist Church on Sunday.

The Lodge of the Junior Order United American Mechanics, of Marion, observed Mothers' Day last Sunday with a celebration held in the Methodist church at 3 p. m.

About fifty-two members of the order marched to the church from their lodge, where a service was conducted by Rev. T. C. Schuler, D. D. The church was filled with an interested audience that greatly enjoyed the service. Music was supplied by the Methodist chorus choir, and excellent music it was. Mrs. W. E. Francis presided at the organ and Mr. Wilson Scott accompanied with the cornet. The following was the musical program:

- Voluntary—Steersman.
- Vocal Solo—My Mother's Prayer—Mrs. D. D. Staley.
- Hymn—Pass It On—Choir.
- Hymn—Beautiful Robes—Choir.

An open bible, supported by the national flag, emblems of the Order, was placed upon the altar in front of the pulpit.

DR. SCHULER'S SERMON.

There are three generations mentioned in this text, Timothy, his mother Eunice, and his grandmother Lois, and all have honorable mention. Timothy was an able minister of the gospel, well versed in the scriptures which he had known from a child. These had been taught him by his mother, Eunice, who herself had been taught by her mother Lois. Descending from such parentage it is no wonder, therefore, that Timothy was a great, good, and useful man.

Sometimes one passes down a street and catches a glimpse of a beautiful child, and hears but for a moment its blithe, joyous laughter. But that face and that laughter, though seen and heard for so short a time, can never be forgotten, and both are all the sweeter because seen and heard for so short a time; and the imagination works out a thousand charms associated with the home, home training, and home influences governing the life of that child. So it is with the picture in the text. It is one of the briefest biographical sketches ever drawn, yet one of the most complete and most satisfactory.

I see beyond what is written here a neat Grecian cottage of simple architectural design—for they were Hellenistic Jews—with vines climbing about the wall, a small vineyard back of the cottage, which stands on the roadside just on the outskirts of a quiet village. It is the hour of sunset, and there hangs over the whole scene that dreamy poetic quietness so common to such a village. Just on the inside of the door, seated among cushions on an oriental rug is an elderly woman whose once raven locks are now streaked with gray, and in her hands is a roll of the Hebrew scriptures. At her side is a bright-faced little boy, who listens with eager attention while she reads to him the story of Samuel. Busy about the room is a beautiful young mother preparing the evening meal. The home is not sumptuously rich, nor is it abjectly poor, but strikes that happy medium of frugal plenty. When the evening meal is over they sing together the twenty-third Psalm, and turning their faces toward Jerusalem engage in the evening prayer. Something of this kind is repeated every evening, and under this holy influence the boy grows to manhood. That is Lois, Eunice, and Timothy. This is the influence and training that made Timothy a great man; and this is the influence and training that have produced more good men than all others combined.

Now let us go back to a simple country home where you who still revere the Bible, and are loyal to your country's flag, were born and reared. Back, where your mother taught you the same sweet old Bible stories, and taught you to say "Our Father who art in heaven," and look in the old familiar scenes again, which I pray God you may never forget, and ask whose influence was it that taught you to love the Bible, to reverence God, and to serve well your country? To that question comes but one answer, borne by a chorus of voices, as in your hearts you answer "mother."

O mother, we came to do honor to you today! To you, who went down into the jaws of death to give us birth! To you, whose tireless hands led us along the inexperienced and mysterious paths of childhood! To you, whose counsel guided our wayward feet in the slippery paths of youth! To you, whose love, like the polar star, holds us true to duty in manhood's fields of strife, and the silvery notes of whose musical voice is calling us heaven and home! And we are coming, mother, coming, like we used to run home from play, when the evening shadows began to grow long across the meadows and the birds sought shelter in the pine trees on the hill. Yes, we are coming, for it is cold and dark here, and we long for rest, we long to see thy radiant face again, to hear the music of thy voice once more, and to sit down in the home of light, and love, and plenty,

and know no sorrow nor care, and wonder from thee no more forever.

The home is the unit of our civilization. Everything that God has created bears the mark of individuality. While there is a strange similarity running through all creation, there is also an endless variety and a distinct individuality running through it all. Every organ in every living creature has its own peculiar function which it must perform if the body remains normal. Every creature in the animal kingdom, from the least animalcule to man, all through the vegetable kingdom, and up to the earth on which we live, is built on exactly the same model. There is the spinal column, or what answers to it, the arterial system, and the nervous system in everything God has made. Take man as an illustration, and without going into tedious detail, he has the spinal column, the arterial circulation, and is strung all over with a million electric wires which we call nerves. Now lay beside him the least insect that floats in the air, and it has all these. Take a tree, and it has the trunk answering to the spinal column, the sap, answering to the circulatory system, and some mysterious something, answering to the nervous system, for it almost cries with pain when you drive an ax into it. Take the earth itself, and it has its great rock-ribbed mountain chains, answering to the spinal column, its great ocean, rivers and branches, answering to the heart and arterial system, and if it does not have a nervous system why does it shake and quiver to its very center when Vesuvius erupts? All are built on the same model.

But in all this there is endless variety. No two men are exactly alike, no two plants are exactly alike, and no two birds. And if there seem to be it is due to our imperfect observation. The mother always knows the difference in her own and another; and it is back to this maternity that all things trace. For, let me say it reverently, there is maternity in God. Birds go in covies, animals in herds and droves, and men in all grades of social order, yet all trace themselves back to the maternal home. Every bird has flown from the maternal nest, every beast has roamed from the maternal home where the mother watched over him with an altruistic devotion that is marvelously kind, and every man, be he great or small, is the product of the maternal home.

It is easy now to see that the home is the unit of our civilization. The aggregate of our social fabric can never rise above the aggregate of our homes. As true as water seeks its level so true will society seek the level of its homes. You may force water above its level, but remove the force and it will immediately return. So with society. By artificial means a few men seem to rise far above the homes that produced them, but remove the artificial pressure and they are quickly back where they started. There is, therefore, but one way by which society may be permanently elevated, and that is by elevating the home. The home is one institution that survived the wreck of Eden, and God left it for the nursery of man. Destroy it and all is gone. The lodge cannot save society, neither can the State. The Sunday school cannot save it, not even the church—nothing can save society but the home. If, therefore, we wish to perpetuate and save society, we must perpetuate and elevate the home.

The mother is the moral unit of the home. She it is who makes the home, and gives it its moral tone and power. There is far more truth than poetry in that adage, "the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world." There has never been a throne built yet in this world that some mother's hand did not rule it. The mother governs the child longer and more cautiously than any one else. Through the periods of nursing and training up to the age of his adolescence the child is almost entirely under the mother's care, and, if she is wise, by that time she has his moral and intellectual life so securely fixed that he will never get away from it. And if she is unwise the same is true—only on the reverse side. If you will show me the mother ideal of today and I can pretty accurately forecast the man of tomorrow. If the mother of today is foolish, vain, and selfish, so will be the man of tomorrow. If she is strong, devoted, and clear-headed, so will be the man of tomorrow. You cannot interpret George Washington till you interpret the mother that bore him and the home that trained him. In the great Civil strife between the States in 1861-65 two great towering figures silhouetted against the dark war clouds that overhung the country—figures that grow longer as the years recede, and that will never be forgotten while the pages of history live—they are Abraham Lincoln and Robert E. Lee, but to interpret these great heroes you must first interpret the hearts and brains, and know the controlling ideals of Nancy Hanks and Anne Hill Carter. I do not discount the paternal ancestors of these great men, but they sprang from the brains and wombs of these great mothers, and were nursed and guided by their maternal instincts and ideals, indeed the days of great mothers have always been the days of great men. Ancient Greece was never greater than when its mothers could look down on the dead faces of their soldier boys and say through their sobbing, "Greece I love these sons for thee." No such soldiers ever lived

as those who followed Lee, but they were the sons of mothers who were not ashamed of their homespun dresses and straw bonnets. No devastated and ruined country has ever so rapidly recovered as the South, but that is due, not alone to the thrift of her sons, but to the frugality of her mothers who knew how to maintain their dignity in calico dresses. We do right to spend this day in honor of mother, for she has proved herself worthy of all honor both in war and peace.

But times are changing. Womanhood's ideal is changing. The modest, blushing maiden is almost extinct, and in her place has come the "bachelor" girl and the suffragette. Indeed one of the old school mothers said in the City of Nashville, Tenn., at a mother's meeting a few years ago, "the blushing girl is about gone. It has been so long since I saw a girl blush that I have come to think it is a lost virtue, when once it was considered her most excellent charm." She now asks for the ballot, and the right to take her place beside her brother in the riotous hustle of political strife; and I think it is coming, and we may as well make up our minds to it. What the result will be no one can foretell. She may still be mother, wife and sister; she may purify public morals, and bring to pass civic righteousness; but it may be another case of eating forbidden fruit. Let come what may it will be the result of honest and sincere, even if a mistaken, effort to improve the race. Whether she will then be able to hold her powerful influence in the home no one can now tell. That there is a risk in it both thoughtful men and women acknowledge, that there is hope in it many truly believe. But if her political ambition is to be gratified at the expense of the home—if the mother is to be lost in the politician—it will not only be a calamity—it will be a tragedy.

No one can accurately measure the age in which he lives. He is too much a part of it. His prejudices, his opinions, his likes and dislikes all enter into and distort his views. A hundred years from now some one will be able to draw the measure of the new woman and set her in her true light, and some one will have it to do, for she is here and here to stay. And when that is done some of us who have been much disturbed by her presence may hold a most unenviable place on the page of history. But let one thing be said of us, whether she is a new or an old woman, let it be said of us we never failed to honor her, nor forget that she is wife, mother and sister. We must be and remain gentlemen. That is our part and we must not fail to perform it. Chivalry is as much a virtue among men as modesty is among women, and if she enters the fields of politics, commerce, and professions, we must honor her there just as we do now in the home and the church. Let us never, by word or deed, contribute one thing that will help to array sex against sex. She must forever receive chivalrous treatment at our hands. Only by so doing can we have common respect for ourselves.

I have an idea, however, that she will never cease to be woman, with all the instincts and virtues peculiar to her sex. She will still be found in the home. Still training her children for high and holy purposes. Still making beautiful the home of her husband. Still ministering to the sick and dying. Still weeping with those who weep, and rejoicing with those who rejoice. Still singing the same old songs. Still, in her angelic sweetness, to be found in the homes of poverty, sorrow and death, binding up the hearts that bleed, drying the orphan's tears, and covering the graves of our dead with the emblems of our holy religion. All this I think she will be with ever increasing activity and tenderness. For this, I think we have little to fear from the presence of the new woman.

Let me in conclusion call your attention to a few things we owe our mothers. If we do not mean to pay her what we owe her, this service in mother's honor is a most hollow mockery.

We owe her first of all protection—protection of her person, her home, and her virtue. I said we are to be chivalrous men, but if our chivalry is not sufficiently pronounced to protect woman-kind in these respects it is entirely too feeble for any practical use in this world. As said above, the home is sacred, and if woman is the moral unit of the home then the home must be protected at all hazards. The old English law that recognized a man's home as his castle, and allowed him to defend it at all hazards has been sufficiently emphasized in our social life. Now what about the woman's home? That calls for another phase of this subject. Not only should I defend my own home, but chivalry should rise to the point of defending your home. No man but a coward would stand by and see a woman's person abused, but he is worse than a coward who would knowingly see a woman's home destroyed. Her virtue is the crowning jewel in her life, and any man who attacks and destroys that is far less a man than a beast. He who would destroy the virtue of another's wife or sister has no right to complain if the virtue of his own wife or sister is destroyed. Our civilization is advancing by slow degrees, but we are not fully civilized 'til the virtue of the humblest girl is safe in our keeping. Let us, therefore, set ourselves to protect virtue wherever it is found.

In the second place, we owe it to mother to love her, and therefore to

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There is another point here that we ought to take into account. We ought to pay some attention to that vast army of boys that are coming on right behind us. They are mother's boys, and our younger brothers, and we should act the part of big brothers to them, and by our good examples and wiser counsel help them to be men of honor—men who will gladden the hearts of their mothers in a higher degree than we ourselves have been able to do for ours. This would lead up to an altruism somewhat related to the splendid altruism of our Elder Brother, and mark us as the sons of God.

But above all should we love with a sincere devotion our own mothers. If she is yet with us we should go to her and put our arms about her and tell her that we love her, but as actions speak louder than words we should show her that we love her by every kindly deed possible to us. I have scant respect for that young man whose reckless life has taken the roses out of his mother's cheeks, and then, with tardy negligence, lays a costly floral offering on her coffin lid in a vain attempt to make amends for his long neglect.

She is old, faded and wrinkled now, but to you your own dear mother should still be beautiful. She cannot meet your fashionable company, and talk of music and poetry, of literature and art; her language is lame, her rhetoric faulty, her grammar bad; her dress is cheap and old fashioned, her hands wrinkled, her knuckles enlarged, her form stooped, but these do not detract from the beauty of her person in your eyes. Her faith is strong, her devotion pure, and she still prays for you—love her in spite of her infirmities. When she comes to see you set the easy chair out for her, give her the warmest room and the best bed, put your head down in her lap again and say, "Now I lay me down to sleep" as you did when you were a child, make her know that you love her and God will bless, and the angels will smile on you. Then, when some day she slips away to be with the Lord there will be no remorseful regrets, and the parting will not be one half so sad.

One of these days she will leave you to come back no more, forever. Then you will take one long last look at the pale, peaceful face as it lies in the narrow casket, the tired hands restfully folded across her motionless breast, and you will turn away with a sad "good bye," but if you have been a dutiful son, and lived up to the ideals she has taught you your farewell will be only a "good night" with blessed thought of an early "good morning" in a fairer clime.

NORTH HOLSTON NEWS.

PROVIDE A PLACE FOR LOVE-MAKING

Courtship a Legitimate Institution Which Every City Should Recognize.

(Richmond Journal 10th inst.) That every city should provide a place for love-making couples and that courtship is a human institution which should be accorded much consideration, were the declarations of George A. Parker to the Recreation Congress at the Jefferson Hotel auditorium last night in an address which was unique in its frank dealing with a question which under ordinary conditions tends peculiarly to embarrassment.

"Courtship is essentially a leisure-hour occupation," he said, "and wherever a city has through industrial changes deprived its young people of the opportunity to make love under decent surroundings, it should make good the deficiency. It is the part of a city's duty to provide every girl who needs it with a respectable place in which she may be courted."

"My observation has convinced me," said Mr. Parker, "that one-fourth of the population of every manufacturing city of 100,000 or thereabouts possess more of the world's conveniences than they need. One-half of the population have about what they need, and one-fourth have less than they need. These I call, for convenience, the superfluous, sufficiency and deficiency classes."

"The deficiency class is practically without provision for the needs of its young girls. It lives in crowded tenements and privacy is practically unknown. There is no such room as a parlor in which the young woman may receive callers without intrusion from the rest of the family."

"In Hartford, as in every other city of similar size, we have always with us from 6,000 to 8,000 young men and women ranging in age between sixteen and twenty-three years, and many of them fall in the deficiency class. Their only opportunity for cultivating each other's acquaintance under favorable conditions is in the city parks, and to my mind a park could not be put to better use."

"I see them often—these young lovers—and I sympathize with them. The very surroundings lend themselves to their state of mind. Nature, beautifully and symmetrically arranged, is, in my opinion, an attribute of love-making. I see them every day. I see their struggle for self-expression. Sometimes it takes the form of cutting initials in the benches. I don't even stop that—I know they must have something to do."

Mr. Parker spoke on the subject, "The Right of Every Girl to Be Court- ed Under Decent Conditions."

PUBLIC SCHOOL NOTES

The inter-high school contests and spelling match were held on April 25th. Large crowds attended all the exercises. The gross receipts from sale of tickets were \$115.00. Contribution from G. & C. Merriam, publishers, \$6. Expenses to be deducted: Rent of opera house, \$15; medals, \$16; dictionary, \$12; express, \$1; printing, \$1.50. A balance, therefore, of \$75.90 is added to the library fund, to be divided among the schools represented in the speaking contests.

The following schools have recently closed their terms: Riverside, with a sermon by Prof. Hunter, and address by Judge Hutton; Lansdown, address by President Weaver, of Emory & Henry College; Sugar Grove, sermon by Dr. Schuler of Marion, and address by Dr. Neighbors of Sullins College; Atkins, sermon by Dr. Wilson; Long Hollow, sermon by President Carson, of Stone-wall Jackson Institute.

The patrons of the Riverside school have made up a fund of \$2,000, and are asking of the school board a similar contribution on a proposed new school building to take the place of the present one.

The First District school board met a large gathering of citizens at the old Ebenezer school house on the 3rd of May. The proposition of providing adequate equipment for that section of the district was discussed at length by those present.

Pupils of Smyth County schools who desire to learn the conditions upon which entrance may be had to the inter-county contests to be held at Marion in June are requested to communicate with the division superintendent of schools. Special attention of the teachers and pupils of the county are called to these contests.

The patrons of Newman's school are taking steps looking to the erection of a new school house early in the spring. Seven Mile Ford school has just concluded a session of eight months, the last month being paid for by the enterprising School League of the community.

Miss Lucy Lynn of the primary department of Marion High School, gave a pleasing entertainment on Saturday afternoon for the patrons of her department.

Fifteen white teachers and one colored teacher were examined for license to teach in the public schools, at the examinations just held.

MEETING CROWDED IN OPERA HOUSE

No Standing Room Left When Col. Roosevelt and Dr. Shaw Speak.

(Woman's Journal.) Equal suffrage had a great innings in New York on May 2nd and 3rd. Every feature was a success.

At the mass meeting in the Metropolitan opera house on May 2nd, every box and seat was sold in advance, and 450 persons paid a dollar apiece for standing room. This was the full number permitted by the fire laws.

Dr. Anna H. Shaw addressed the great audience as "Fellow-suffragists," adding, "If you are not all suffragists yet, you soon will be." She spoke of the great growth of the suffrage movement during the past sixty-five years, and said that during all that time its advocates had nothing of which to be ashamed. She continued:

"We have felt keenly what has been written in a recent book by the President of the United States. He says if there is any part of the people of the United States who want to be taken care of and to be under guardians instead of having freedom, he is sorry for them, because a continued state of tutelage must weaken the manhood of America. It has weakened the womanhood of America, and we rebel against continued tutelage."

"I protest against American women being refused the ballot because of what women in any other country have done. The ballot might as well be refused to American men because of what men have been doing in Mexico or Egypt or Bulgaria, or even in some parts of our own country, where men take other men and burn them at the stake. No men could vote if they had to wait till all men deserved it. There is no lawless militancy in the American suffrage movement. In slang phrase, search us! We want liberty, but we also respect law:

"O daughter of the bleeding past!
O hope the prophet saw!
God grant us law in liberty,
And liberty in law!"

"The antis claimed to have won Michigan. They have not won it; they had it before. They never can win anything. The antis have got all that they ever can get; every change is in our favor. We really won Michigan last November, but it was stolen from us, and the same people who stole it then were able to keep it stolen. But we were not obliged to take the tenth star off our flag, as the antis told us to do, for to the far North in Alaska, free men wanted to be mated by free woman, and so, after all, we have a tenth star bigger than all New York and New England."

(Special Correspondence.) Misses Ida Anderson, Ethel and Maggie Wolfe, who have been calling on friends in Adwold for the past few days, returned to their homes in Washington county Friday afternoon.

Mrs. James Wolfe, who has been visiting her parents, Mr. and Mrs. George E. Miller, of Ore Knob, N. C., for the past three months, returned to her home here Monday afternoon, accompanied by her aged mother, who will remain with her for some time.

Mr. Victor Copenhaver has recently added a large stock of dry goods, watches and jewelry to his well filled stock of goods.

Mr. Dudley Sherwood has been hauling corn to Marion for the past week for his employer, C. E. Anderson.

Mr. Levi Blankenbeckler was calling on Miss Tabitha Hockett, of Stony Battery Sunday.

Messrs. Freeman, Lester and Eads, of Chilhowie, came up on their motorcycles Sunday on a visit to Mr. N. R. Parks.

Miss Mary Henritze, of Redstone, was calling on Miss Alys Blankenbeckler Sunday.

Mr. Charles Vernon and son, Arthur, of South Fork, passed through Adwold Monday en route to Marion.

Mr. Roy Copenhaver, of Pulaski, was visiting his brother, V. B. Copenhaver, of this place, Saturday and Sunday.

Messrs. N. R. Parks, J. L. C. Anderson, W. E. Daniel and other Odd Fellows of this place, attended the annual session of the Grand Lodge at Roanoke Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

Commencement Marion Female College.

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The Outlook in a recent number commended Governor Sulzer's determined fight for reform of the primary and election laws of New York State. The Outlook said: "New York is in some respects one of the most backward States in the Union." In support of this The Outlook says that the people are demanding that primary and election laws shall be reformed and shall cease to be a partisan question. It is further declared that the political bosses of the Democratic and Republican parties in that State have joined to thwart the will of the people, and that "the present New York law, which nominally establishes direct nominations, is notorious for its success in thwarting the very objects of real popular primaries."

Realizing that nothing could be accomplished in the way of reform by keeping the question a partisan one, Governor Sulzer, after sending a message to the Legislature in favor of a reform law, called together representatives of the three parties in his State—Democratic, Republican and Progressive—and asked their assistance in passing such a law. Governor Sulzer by this action indicates his purpose to take this important question out of politics. The Governor is right, and it is to be hoped he will succeed in his undertaking.

Virginia in primary and election law reforms is also one of the most backward States in the Union. It was upon her soil that the first settlement made by the white race on the American continent was founded. Virginia was the first colony to defy the mother country and declare its independence of Great Britain. She was the first State to be called the "Mother of States and Statesmen." Yet, today she is not only one of the most backward States in the Union in the way of fair primary and election laws, but she is sadly backward in many other important matters. Virginia is backward in public education; backward in submission as the plaything of political bosses; backward in her methods of taxation; backward in the management of her finances; backward in efficient and economical management of the State government, and backward in the proper enactment of efficient legislation against the trusts.

WILL MEAT BE CHEAPER?

We recently saw in the columns of the Richmond Journal an editorial headed, "A New Meat Supply," which would prove interesting reading to the graziers of Southwest Virginia, and to the consumers of this section.

The Journal was relating how the packers at San Francisco and Chicago were already having steamships built to convey the carcasses of beef and mutton in cold storage from Australia to San Francisco.

Will the great continent of Australia be able to furnish enough to supply the deficiency in beef and other meats that is said to exist in the United States? And if Australia can do it, what assurance can be given that the price of meats will be reduced to the consumer? From what the Richmond Journal says the packers and meat trust are already taking steps to control the output of meats from Australia. Armour and other packers are taking possession of the field, just as they have heretofore partially gotten control of the meat output of Argentina.

The meat trust is the most vicious of all the trusts. It has long fixed prices both for the producer and to the consumer. The cattle men of Southwest Virginia know this is true; and it seems that Congress, by the enactment of laws, has been unable to accomplish anything in the way of breaking down the power of the cruel trust. Importations of meats from Australia and South America may give the trust opportunity to grind down the prices they will pay cattle raisers; but we doubt very much if it will lower prices appreciably to the consumer.

We confidently believe the only way to control the trusts is through government regulation by a commission.

UNDERWOOD BILL AND WILSON BILL.

Is the Underwood tariff bill, which has just passed the House of Representa-

tives, to meet the fate in the United States Senate that the Wilson bill received, just twenty years ago, in the similar legislative body?

It will be remembered that the Wilson bill as passed by the House of Representatives had the entire approval of President Cleveland. After it was sent to the Senate the bill was so thoroughly altered in many of its provisions, through the influence and manipulation of Senator Gorman, of Maryland, as to cause its future name to be changed to the Wilson-Gorman bill. The changes made by the Senate were so obnoxious to President Cleveland that he refused to affix his signature to the measure; and he declared the bill a disgrace to his party and thoroughly undemocratic. This action of the then President put him so completely out of touch with the representatives of his party in Congress that antagonism continued through out the remainder of his second administration.

If current reports be true, some of the features of the Underwood bill are meeting with serious opposition from certain Democratic senators. This may cause enough of these dissatisfied Democratic senators to unite with the Republicans to modify or change the Underwood bill as the Wilson bill was altered in 1893. Strangely to say, the changes most desired by Democratic senators are the provisions which put sugar and wool on the free list. These are the very items about which President Wilson has been most insistent and over which he has expressed greatest concern.

If the Senate should change the Underwood bill, which is sanctioned and championed by the President, so as to put protective duties on wool, sugar and other articles, what will the President do if the House shall concur in these changes? Will he sign a modified bill which does not conform to his views, and which he believes violates the platform of his party on which he was elected? Or will he do as did Mr. Cleveland with the Wilson-Gorman bill, refuse to approve and sign the new tariff measure?

GIVES WARNING.
(Roanoke Times.)

"Some of the boys out in the Ninth district who have been shouting against the Machine and its damnable suffocation at the Norfolk and Baltimore conventions of the voice of Virginia patriotism and who, at the same time, have been passing their plates under the table for postoffice pie, had better look out. Martin and Swanson are said to be the accepted advisers for that district, as is natural and proper in the absence of a Democratic representative in congress, and the senators being from the whole State. So it will be well for the boys to hedge a little. Martin and Swanson are not regarded at Washington as political outcasts. They stand very well with President Wilson, Secretary McAdoo, Postmaster General Burleson, even with Secretary Bryan. In the Ninth they will have a good deal to say. It is a mighty bad scheme to be too eager to kick a supposed corpse before you are sure it is sure enough dead; or to jump up on the fence and crow before you know which side the corn is being scattered on and who is likely to be handling the dish-pan from which it is to be distributed."

It is passing kind in the Roanoke Times to thus warn the original Wilson men in the Ninth district that it will be well for them to stand in with the Machine.

Does this warning of the Times mean that Senators Martin and Swanson will have control of the patronage in the Ninth; and that they will dispense only to their faithful adherents? If so, it will be pretty rough on the boys who refused to obey the commands of the Machine and help to send a delegation from the district that would vote against Wilson. But such is the fortune of those who engage in political war.

DEATH OF JOHN S. WISE.

It was with very deep regret the editor of THE AMERICAN heard of the death of Captain John S. Wise, a former congressman from Virginia and one of her gifted sons. We had known him since early boyhood; and as playmate in early life and friend and intimate associate in mature manhood, the writer had learned to measure him as a man of great intellect and esteem him as a citizen of unimpeachable worth.

From 1879 to 1886 Captain Wise was very prominent in the politics of the State. He united his fortunes with the Readjuster party, and in 1882 was elected congressman at large from Virginia, defeating John E. Massey, who had been made the candidate for that position by the Democratic party after his desertion of the Readjusters. In 1884, along with the bulk of the Readjusters, he joined the Republican party, and in 1885 was nominated by that party as their candidate for Governor of Virginia. Many persons at Marion and throughout the State will remember the brilliant campaign he made against Fitzhugh Lee, who was the candidate of the Democrats. It was charged and believed by great numbers that he was defeated

through the employment of fraudulent methods for Governor, and this wounded Captain Wise that he left Virginia and located in New York, where he successfully practiced his profession and gained distinction as a lawyer.

His heart was always yearning for and turning to his mother State. Four years ago we heard him speak at Tazewell; and shall never forget his pathetic allusions to Virginia and that part of his life which had been spent in this Commonwealth. Even the hearts of former political foes, who were present, were melted by his tenderness and their eyes were filled with tears.

Captain Wise died on the 12th inst. at the summer home of his son, Henry A. Wise, near Princess Anne, Md.

ROANOKE TIMES AFLAME.

The Roanoke Times has again been greatly incensed against the Richmond Times-Dispatch. The occasion of the latest exasperation of the Roanoke paper is the statement made by its Richmond contemporary, that the selection of Peyton St. Clair by the Democratic Executive Committee of the Ninth district for collector of internal revenue will lose that appointment to the district.

It seems that the Times-Dispatch has assigned as a reason for its conclusion the fact that Mr. St. Clair has been an active member of the "old element," or the "machine element," that has heretofore dominated the Ninth district Democracy. And it appears that the Times is especially provoked by the statement of the Times-Dispatch that Mr. St. Clair will fail of appointment because he opposed the nomination of Wilson.

Now, this is not our fight, as we have announced our purpose to take no part in the family quarrels of any party. However, we are not surprised at the anger of the Times, as it is now the most ardent champion of machine politics in Virginia, and the zealous supporter of "the old element." When we recall the fact that Mr. St. Clair was one of the co-workers of the Roanoke Times in the scheme to take the three counties of Tazewell, Bland and Giles from the Ninth and attach them to the Sixth Congressional district, we are less surprised at the friendly attitude of the Times to the Giles county man.

It does seem hard and unjust on the men of the Ninth who fought for Wilson's nomination to be supplanted, at the instance of Senators Martin and Swanson, by men who aligned themselves with the senators in a desperate effort to prevent his selection as the Democratic candidate for president.

Sideways Launching.
(Richmond Journal.)

One of the more difficult problems in connection with the increased size of Atlantic liners is their launching. To launch the giant Cunarder, Aquitania, it was necessary to widen the Clyde opposite to the ways and to deepen the channel to give this great 43,000-ton ship a safe passage to the sea.

These costly precautions have started the discussion whether, with the increasing size of steam ships, it will not be necessary to resort to sideways launching.

"Widening a river is a process that has readily perceptible limitations," remarks the Boston Transcript, "while the probability is that vessels of more than 900 feet over all will in the next few years be commoner than they are today. Displacements are much greater than they were even twenty years ago. The first 20,000-tonner dates from 1893, when the Campania was put overboard at Glasgow. Today there are many steamers of similar dimensions which imply great length, and at least a score with displacements in excess of 30,000 tons. The dredging operations at Boston and New York and the controversy the latter city had with the War Department are reminders that while we have no leviathan steamers under our flag, the displacement problem still has an American end."

Sideways launching is not new in this country. It is regularly practiced on the Great Lakes, and was followed by the Trigg shipyard in Richmond in launching the cruiser Galveston, the Chesapeake and Ohio steamer, Virginia, and other vessels constructed at that yard. The water in which these vessels were launched, one in the slip and the other in the canal, was hardly more than double the width of the vessel itself.

Without knowing any of the technical reasons or the relative cost we have often wondered why ships were not launched sideways instead of end on.

Not only is the Valley demanding a reduction and equalization of taxation, and the abolition of the fee system, but the cry for relief comes from all sections alike. Vote for no man who refuses to let the people know his position! This is a right of the people on one side, with the officeholders and would-be officeholders on the other. Elect the right man—and all is well! Take nothing for granted. Let the people act.—Page Valley Record.

GEORGE FRED COOK

Lawyer
Marion, - Virginia
Office in Court House—Up Stairs

THINGS ONE CAN'T LOSE

By GENE DUEY.

"Hold still a minute, while I fasten your collar pin, Gert," commanded the girl with the snappy black eyes. "You'll be losing that wonderful good as gold pin some day if you don't keep it fastened."

"That's just what I'd like to do," announced the girl with the pin and the imitation Irish lace waist. "Honest to goodness, Carrie, I've had that pin three years, and I simply can't lose it! I lost a solid gold, 18 carat pin one day, and I stopped in at a ten cent store and bought this one to use temporarily, and I've used it ever since. My real gold pin I had three days when I lost it, but this little old cheap one sticks to me like a mortgage on a farm."

"That's always the way with anything you want to get rid of. You simply can't lose it. A friend of my mother's gave her a vase for Christmas one year; got it as a premium with some laundry soap, I guess. It was the awfulest looking thing you ever saw, with big, red roses standing out on it like doorknobs. Ma said she would be so thankful if somebody would accidentally tip that thing off the mantel and break it."

"Well, I pulled it off the mantel once when I was dusting, and it rolled across the carpet and turned its awful red roses up at me without even a chip in it. And ma has another little ornament that she just sets her heart on. It's cloisonay, I believe they call it. One day I was just passing the piano and jarred it a little, when down it went on the piano bench and chipped a big piece out of it, and put a dint in the piano bench as big as your hat!"

"It surely is funny the way things stick to you when you don't want them—that's a fact," agreed the young woman with the snappy black eyes.

"I was going down the street one wet day and I had on a pair of rubbers that were just about worn out. One of them kept slipping off at the heel, until it nearly drove me crazy, so I decided to kick it off and let it go. I gave my foot a flirt and off came the rubber, and I trotted along peacefully in the rain."

"About half a block down the street somebody touched me on the arm, and I turned around and there was a



"Beg Pardon," He Says.

good looking young man holding out my old battered rubber. 'Beg pardon,' he says, 'but I saw you lose this. May I put it on for you?'

"What could I do but stick out my foot and let that nice young man put on my old mangled rubber? But I was so mad at him that I wanted to tell him not to meddle with—my affairs."

"If it had been a new rubber there wouldn't have been a soul in sight to see you lose it or to play the fairy prince to your Cinderella," remarked the girl with the imitation Irish lace waist.

"You know Mrs. Brown, who runs the boarding house where I live. She fixes up lunches for me to bring to the office. Of course, I pay extra for them, but I get kind of tired of them sometimes. One day last week she tied up a lunch in a newspaper for me, and I didn't put the string around it very tight, and before I got over to the station the string was off and I had visions of myself stewing pickles and doughnuts all over the train, and I thought I would just ditch the whole package in the station and buy a lunch downtown."

"Well, when I went to get on the

train I had left the package on the seat in the station and made a dash for the car steps. Just as I was comfortably seated an old lady dashed into the coach and squeezed past the crowd until she got to where I was sitting. What did she have in her hands but my lunch, bursting out on all sides of the newspaper!

"Of course, I had to thank her. I didn't dare to leave that package in the train for fear somebody else would follow me over to the office and present it to me again, so I had to carry the feed over to the office as tenderly as if I loved it. So I had to eat it at noon, after all. If that newspaper had contained something really valuable I'll bet neither wishes, pleadings nor threats would have restored it to my aching heart again."

"It surely is the limit, Gert," declared the girl with the snappy black eyes.—Chicago Daily News.

MIDDLE OF THE ROAD BEST

Pretty Good Path to Travel If One Is Sure He Has Selected the Right Highway.

In spite of all the talk, most of us would still rather travel on a railroad than in an aeroplane or submarine boat. You don't have to get clear off of the road to keep out of a rut. You have known those who would give up a position and make an entire change in business for "a lot more money." They would come around at noon, all rigged out like the flags of all nations, and tell you about the "snap." Then they would disappear, and the next you would hear of them they would be needing plugs for the holes in their shoes or wearing a straw hat in October.

It is a pretty safe guess that it will pay you to go to the end of the road that you are on if you keep in the center of it. If it is straight enough and wide enough for you to see those who have reached the end of it; if you care to go the way the best of them went, for the best they got for the going, keep going.—Exchange.

Senses of Plants.

The sense most developed in plants is that of sight, which enables them to see light but not to distinguish objects. This sense limitation is found among many living creatures, such as the earthworm, oyster and coral, etc., which possess no localized visual organ, but give proof of their luminous impressions by the contractions that they manifest when exposed to a ray of sunshine. Similarly, it is easy to gauge the influence of light on plants. Cultivate a plant in a room with a window only on one side and its stalks in growing will incline toward the source of light. Physiologists explain this by suggesting that the side to the dark grows more quickly than that exposed to the light. There remains, however, the fact that the plant has reacted to the light of whose effect it was conscious.

A sense common to many plants is that of touch. Of this the most illustrative example is, as its name implies, the sensitive plant. Another leaf, responsive to the touch, is the catch-fly, whose two halves close down upon the other by means of a central hinge.—Harper's Weekly.

On Life's Road.

All our weariness of suffering is without avail to leave even a little memory among those for whom the work is done. All that is wrought in despair, all that is loveless and mechanical, falls to the ground. We live for even so much as a brief life only in that which carries the breath of our being, the love of our heart. It is not in ceaseless routine and grinding that we live, nor in what is small and anxious. Machines will continue the tale of that forever. No cog will ever be missed in that endless chain! But we shall not wholly die in the song we carry in our heart, the love with which we love the being of another, the smile we give another wayfarer at dusty noonday.—Collier's Weekly.

Colors of Grapes.

The dark-red color of certain grapes is due to a compound of tannin which all varieties of the vine contain. The color seems to depend on the combined action of the air, light and heat. The change in color is produced naturally in the vine by means of a specific ferment which carries the oxygen of the air to the grape. These ferments are often the agents of coloring in vegetable substances, as they are often seen in apples and in potatoes which have been cut open and thus exposed to contact with the air. The grapes that are white on maturity owe the absence of coloring to the absence of this ferment.

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Junior League every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
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Bible School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
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Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.
The B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday afternoon at 7:30 o'clock.
REV. E. M. HARRIS, Pastor.

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LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT

By JULIA LEITCH.

When young Winthrop met Elizabeth at the Griffith's dance he wondered if the sensation he experienced would not in prehistoric times have been called love at first sight. He danced with her as often as possible and with nobody else, and in between the dances he propped himself against the wall and watched her. When toward the end of the evening she mentioned that she was invited to the Porters' dance the next week he urged her to promise that she would dance every other dance with him.

"But I didn't say I was going," Elizabeth protested laughingly.
"But you will go, won't you? And whether you go or not, won't you promise to dance with me anyway?"
"Oh, I'll promise that," Elizabeth assured him, "but I'm not at all sure that I'll go."
"But if you do so—"
"If I go," promised Elizabeth, smiling.

To Winthrop's great disappointment Elizabeth did not go. He met her sister Dorothy, however, and from her he received the explanation that Elizabeth had decided that she couldn't come. Winthrop felt abused.

After several days he persuaded a mutual friend to take him to call on Elizabeth.

The day following his call, feeling that his acquaintance was sufficiently assured to warrant the proceeding, he telephoned her an invitation to go with him to the theater. She would "perfectly love to," she trilled over the telephone, and accordingly they went. The evening was one of such unalloyed enjoyment to Winthrop that he called the following week and ventured another invitation. He was surprised and somewhat disconcerted by the way she received it. She hesitated, said she would like to awfully, but really—here she glanced at her sister Dorothy, who was present—she was afraid she couldn't.

Temporarily disheartened, Winthrop restrained himself from calling for a week, at the end of which time he dropped in casually with a gift of violets, and, finding Elizabeth exceedingly cordial, invited her to go to a concert. Her evident delight was as balmy to Winthrop. Surely, he told himself, he had been unduly affected by her previous refusal.

The concert was a beautiful success to Winthrop at least, though it was little he heard of the music. Elizabeth

was evidently enjoying herself immensely, yet when Winthrop ventured the suggestion that there was another concert the following week he was met with a dampening vagueness. Elizabeth knew she'd enjoy it, she was really crazy to go. Anyway, she'd let him know the next day.

The following morning there came what Winthrop considered a very chilly note. Elizabeth had decided after all that it wouldn't be possible for her to arrange to go.
Winthrop decided savagely that he would let her alone. The world was full of girls.

Nevertheless, a week or so later he found himself once more calling on Elizabeth. Her cordial greeting and unconcealed pleasure in his company soothed and encouraged him. She certainly didn't seem like the girl who would blow hot one minute and cold the next. Why, then, he wondered, did she behave in such a strange way? He made up his mind to find out and presently his opportunity came. Elizabeth had just spoken of a play that she was anxious to see.

"Well," said Winthrop meaningly, "you know you can go if you want to."
Elizabeth blushed. "How?" she asked.
"With me," said Winthrop, boldly. Elizabeth fidgeted with the sofa cushion. "Oh, I'd love to," she began, "and I will if—"

"If what?" insisted Winthrop.
Elizabeth sank back in her chair with a little sigh of disgust. "Oh, you obtuse man," she cried. "I suppose you're going to keep at me until I tell you."

"Yes," said Winthrop, firmly, "I am."
"Well, then," said Elizabeth, "I'll go if it happens to be my turn for the suit."
"By your turn for the suit, Mr. Paul Pry," rejoined Elizabeth. "And if you must know all about it, I suppose I may as well tell you now. The whole painful truth is that dad was so hard up this winter he couldn't afford to get Dorothy and me each a good suit and a good party dress. As we can wear each other's things perfectly well, we got one nice suit and one silk slip and we drape the slip with different overdresses, and as we've always worn nearly the same kind of clothes, anyway, lots of people don't know the difference."

She paused and looked into Winthrop's astonished face for an instant. Then she laughed. "Isn't it funny?" she asked.
"It's—it's—tragic," said Winthrop. "But the world's full of clothes and I've always intended to furnish Mrs. Winthrop with a complete set of 'em. Wouldn't you—couldn't you—won't you see if they'll fit you?"—Chicago Daily News.

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ALL PARTIALLY COLOR-BLIND

Extent of This Infirmary Is Not Generally Known Except to the Scientific World.

The various tests for color-blindness have come into practical use in the examination of railroad engineers and the like, where the ability to distinguish colors is necessary, so that these tests are no longer peculiar to the laboratory. But it is not generally known outside the laboratory that that is, in certain parts of the field of vision. The most normal individual can see all the colors only when he looks directly at them. If looked at from an angle of about 15 degrees, red and green can no longer be seen, but in their places will appear shades of yellow or blue. This region of the eye is known as the yellow-blue zone. If the color be removed still farther to the side, the yellow and blue will disappear and only gray can be seen. This region is known as the zone of complete color-blindness. An interesting theory in regard to these zones is that every normal eye represents three stages of evolution. The zone of complete color-blindness is the lowest stage, and appears in such animals as the frog, whose vision is known as shadow vision. The blue-yellow zone is one step higher in the scale, although not clearly marked off in the animal kingdom. And the appearance of the red-green zone marks the highest stage of evolution. Cases of color-blindness are, according to this theory, a lack of development beyond the early stage in the individual life.—Professor Poffenberger in the Strand.

ACHIEVE SUCCESS BY STAGES

Elevation to Leadership Is On a Basis of Prestige, and Must Be Maintained.

As soon as a certain number of living beings are gathered together, whether they be animals or men, they place themselves instinctively under the authority of a chief.

As enthusiasm becomes inflamed, it happens most often that the then leader is he who started as one of the led.

He has himself been hypnotized by the idea whose apostle he has since become. It has taken possession of him to such a degree that everything outside it vanishes, and every contrary opinion appears to him an error or a superstition. In time by affirmation, repetition and contagion great power is given to his ideas, and he acquires that mysterious force known as prestige. Every successful man, every idea that forces itself into recognition, ceases ipso facto to be called in question.

The proof that success is one of the principal stepping stones to prestige is that the disappearance of one is almost always followed by the disappearance of the other. The hero whom the crowd acclaimed yesterday is insulted today should he be overtaken by failure. The reaction indeed will be the stronger in proportion as the prestige has been great.—LeBon, in his book upon "The Crowd."

Fortunate.
Uncle—I understand that young Brown is utterly ruined by speculation.

Niece—How lucky that we agreed to keep our engagement secret.—Fitzgibbon Blaetter.

GILFADDEN'S GOLDFISH

By AMELIA COWAN.

Gilfadden was hastening down the street toward the dock where he was to take his boat to cross the lake when he caught the glint of red gold in a shop window.

"Say!" he muttered to himself as he paused and watched a number of goldfish darting to and fro in the clear water. "That's just the thing for the porch at the cottage! Nice aquarium among the fern boxes—why didn't I think of it before?"

Gilfadden tramped into the store and when he emerged he was tenderly encircling with one arm a globular parcel. It was a large glass globe containing eight goldfish. The young person who had waited on him had large and melting eyes and her gaze had so bewildered Gilfadden that he accepted what she gave him with no question. She had murmured something about her best people never carrying a bowl of goldfish with a wooden handle, so he had meekly taken his slippery burden under his arm.

Everybody bumped into that extended elbow and whenever there came a bump there was a splash and some of the water in the bowl jumped out. The young person had explained that the top of the bowl must remain uncovered to give the fish air. When Gilfadden reached the dock so much water had splashed out that he hastened to the water cooler to replenish the supply.

"Hey!" called an elderly man with whiskers. "You'll kill 'em! Don't you know that's ice water, an' ice water isn't what goldfish like? Dip it up from the river!"

With the assistance of the elderly philanthropist with whiskers, Gilfadden tied a string to a tin can and lowered it into the river. His hat blew off while he was doing this and he paid a boy a quarter to fish it out with a pole. Grimly he watered the goldfish and again boarded the boat.

The attendant at the foot of the stairs leading to the upper deck gazed suspiciously at Gilfadden's parcel. "Anything alive?" he demanded. "Can't take it to the stateroom!"

"No," fibbed Gilfadden. "Just a glass aquarium I'm carrying over." To ease his conscience he told himself that fish die unexpectedly sometimes and for all he knew his might be dead as door nails by this time.

Reaching his stateroom, Gilfadden set down the bowl carefully and then, removing his hat, he mopped his brow and said, "Whew!" He had not imagined that carrying a bowl full of water would have been such a strain on his muscles. Then he went out on deck.

When he came in he was greeted by a large and angry man who had the upper berth.

"Wha'd yuh mean," began the large man fiercely as he stuck his head over the edge of his bed, "by endangering a respectable man's life with wild animals? I stepped into that confounded bowl and might have cut myself and bled to death!"

"Did you kill my fish?" roared Gilfadden, rushing to his pets.

"I hope so!" snapped the large man. "Nice thing to step on with your bare foot—a cold, squirmy fish! I could have the law on you!"

"You've killed one!" cried Gilfadden, holding the corpse up by the tail. "A perfectly good, innocent little goldfish! They're imported, I'd have you know, and that fish'll cost you 50 cents! What right have you to interfere with my luggage? It's a penitentiary offense!"

"Aw, go soak your head!" growled the fat man. "And you whistle for that 50 cents, will you?"

He crawled under his covers and low rumblings of wrath continued to emerge. The boat was beginning to roll unevenly and Gilfadden prepared for bed, with one eye on the goldfish bowl. It got rougher and at each pitch water splashed out from the bowl. Sitting on the edge of his berth, Gilfadden took the bowl in his arms and cuddled it. By easing the roll he managed to keep most of the water inside the bowl. Once in a while there would be a particularly vicious roll and he would receive a splash of the liquid against his chest. When this happened and he said "Ouch!" the large man protested and threatened to call the steward and have Gilfadden put out as crazy.

All that wretched night Gilfadden clasped the bowl of goldfish to his bosom except when he periodically refilled it. When dawn came and he gazed at his swimming bed, Gilfadden decided that he might just as well have turned the goldfish out on the blankets and let them paddle happily around while he took a nap.

Red eyed, disheveled and miserable, Gilfadden disembarked and headed for his lunch. He slung in his suitcases and as he balanced himself and stepped in the involuntary contraction of his arm smashed the goldfish globe, already cracked from the adventure with the large man's feet. Gilfadden slumped down upon a seat and began tearing off the paper wrappings like mad. The water trickled all over his neat gray trousers.

"Save 'em!" he begged, weakly, of the staring launchman. "Get some water!" On the opened paper wrappings seven goldfish flopped half-heartedly and expired.

"Geel!" said the launchman, still staring. "Is that some new kind of bait?"

Gilfadden was too angry to reply.

All the Difference in Appetite.
Mrs. Brown—Is this hotel on the European plan?

Mr. Brown (in preoccupied tones from behind his paper)—Yes, my dear.

Mrs. Brown—I'm not feeling hungry this morning. I think I'll merely take some coffee and rolls.

Mr. Brown (laying aside paper)—What were you asking me, dear? On the European plan? No, it is not.

Mrs. Brown (to waiter)—You may bring me an omelet, some shad, nut chop, with a bit of bacon, baked potatoes, rolls and coffee, and afterward some griddle cakes and sirup.—Harper's Magazine.

HOW TO PREVENT OAT SMUT

Grain Should Be Treated With Formalin Solution in Morning and Drilled in Same Day.

To prevent oat smut, the grain should be treated with formalin. It takes about one ounce of formalin for every five bushels of grain to be treated.

Clean a space on the barn floor and thoroughly sprinkle it with the formalin solution before spreading the seed grain. The oats should be run through the fanning mill twice to remove all light grain, as only heavy clean seed should be sown. Spread down the seed grain, then sprinkle the grain with the formalin solution made as follows: Formalin, one ounce; water, two and one-half gallons; mix thoroughly. The solution can be applied with a fine rose watering pot; shovel the grain over so that every seed is coated with the solution. When all the grain is coated, shovel the grain into a round pile and cover with sacks for not more than two or three hours, then spread out, and as soon as the oats will not stick together it is fit to sow or drill. The grain should be treated in the morning and drilled in the same day. The drill should be set to drill two and one-fourth to two and one-half bushels to the acre, as the oats, having absorbed considerable water are larger than dry oats. Have the ground thoroughly mellowed; drill the oats in with 250 pounds to the acre of some good bone fertilizer. Even if the ground is in good order, it will pay to use the fertilizer. The fertilizer will ripen the grain early, the straw will stand up stiff and cannot be blown down by summer storms and the yield will be increased fully 10 to 12 bushels per acre.

STAPLE FOOD FOR CHICKENS

Hens Cannot Give Best Results When Fed Grain Alone—Fowls Demand Variety of Feed.

Grain is the staple food for poultry, and will be used for that purpose as long as fowls are kept on farms, but hens cannot give good results on grain alone. It is beneficial to them and will be at all times relished, but the demands of the hens are such as to call for a variety. In the shells of eggs as well as their composition are several forms of mineral matter and nitrogen, which can only be partially obtained from grain.

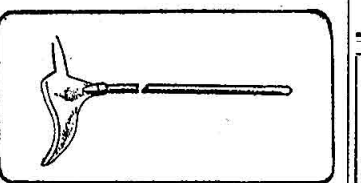
Even grains vary in composition, and when fowls are fed on one kind for a long time they will begin to refuse it, as they may be oversupplied with the elements of the food partaken and lack the elements that are best supplied from some other source. For this reason they will accept a change of food, which is of itself an evidence that the best results from hens can only be obtained by a variety of food. Corn and wheat may be used as food with advantage, but must be given as a portion of the ration and not made exclusive articles of diet.

FOR CUTTING PRICKLY PEAR

Implement Invented by Texas Man for Quickly Clearing Land for the Purpose of Cultivation.

In describing an implement intended for cutting and handling prickly pear, invented by R. H. Brown of San Antonio, Tex., the Scientific American says:

This invention pertains to implements for clearing the ground for purposes of cultivation, the object being to provide an implement which may be easily and quickly handled for the



Prickly Pear Implement.

purpose of cutting and handling prickly pear. Broadly, the improvement consists in the provision of an implement which embodies a handle and a transversely elongated head at one end of the handle, having an outer cutting edge and an engaging prong or the extending from one side thereof.

Most Serious Problem.
Infectious abortion among cattle has become one of the most serious problems for cattle owners so far as infectious diseases are concerned. It is well entitled to rank in importance with tuberculosis, hog cholera, and Texas fever. Two new medical treatments have recently appeared, either one of which may possibly prove to be of very great importance. One, abortion, is used like tuberculin, and is a diagnostic, and the other is a vaccine, which it is hoped will immunize heifers against the infection. There is not sufficient reliable information available as yet, upon which to justify any definite statement. Breeders should keep these things in mind and watch for future developments.

Swine for Breeding.
When the pure-bred swine are kept for breeding purposes they should be given every opportunity for bone and muscle development rather than production of fat.

Speedy Courtship.
A man recently in New York laid a wager that he would woo, win and marry within an hour a young lady whom, with his companions, he had just seen arrive at the hotel where he was living.

There is nothing in the American marriage law to prevent this dispatch. He introduced himself to the damsel, she smiled upon his suit, a minister was called in, and they were married within an hour.

The wager, of no inconsiderable amount, was handed to the bridegroom, who left with his bride the following day. It was shortly afterwards discovered that the couple had been man and wife, and that they had been traveling about playing the same trick at various hotels.

FAMOUS OLD LONDON STREET

Typical Thoroughfare of the Great City as It Was Some Two Centuries Ago.

Think of the street itself, with its gable-ended houses starting from the dark shadow of Temple Bar. From each house hangs a heavy sign, indicating in some abstruse fashion the trade followed within. There are the red lion, green dragon, hog-in-armor, queen's head, crooked billet, golden bottle, fiery devil, rainbow and others, each one painted in bright colors, and hanging threateningly over the pedestrians. But the street is narrow, with a gutter in the center, along which runs all the refuse of the houses, and through which trot the horse, carriages and chairmen, splashing showers of mud over the passers-by, who fight for the wall side as they walk.

At night, the Mochocks, some of them being among the fine and fashionable men of the day, roam about the neighborhood, breaking windows, stealing knockers, beating the watch, insulting women, or surrounding a quiet citizen, whom they stick with their swords, the victim being happy to go free with his life. Footpads steal along the walls, and hired ruffians wait in ambush to effect some fine gentleman's revenge.

At this time, too, Fleet Street is the favorite site for showmen, who exhibit many marvelous things—man-trikes at a penny a peep; an old she dromedary and her young; an armless, legless, and, to make the matter certain, we are told, footless and handless man, who writes, threads a needle, shuffles cards, and plays skittles. Giants, dwarfs, fire-eaters, posture makers, abnormalities and deformities of all sorts are from time to time on show in some tavern, court, or in the street itself.

Here came Swift, fearful of the Mochocks; here came Addison and Steele, Congreve, Johnson and Boswell, Bolingbroke and Chesterfield, Nash and the witty Selwyn; and here also came a crowd of men, young and old, whose object in life was to dress handsomely and to live softly, to share in intrigues and take part in the conversations of wits.—Jerrold, Beaux and Dandies.

Hongkong University.

The Hongkong university is now in full operation. It has seventy undergraduates in residence, which is many more than the sponsors of the school had even hoped for. The university consequently begins its career under encouraging circumstances. Some of the students enrolled, writes a consular agent, have been transferred from the college of medicine—students who may be regarded as doing second, third or fourth year work. The majority of the first year students have elected to be trained in engineering science, and, in fact, one-half of the total number matriculated, including the number entering from the college of medicine, are students in the technical courses. It was the chief object of the founders of the university to train Chinese along technical lines; to graduate men as engineers for waterworks, for the development of mines and the extension of railways in China. There are already demands for hundreds of technically trained Chinese, which at present cannot be met, and for years to come the graduates of the Hongkong university will have exceptional opportunities for lucrative and brilliant careers in their own country.

False Economy.
It is not economical at this season to cut down the food supply to save money. The day of pur-

Brighten Up



NOW is the time for repainting your house, both for protection against the weather and for the sake of its appearance. Then there is nothing that will show better returns for the time and money spent at house-cleaning time than paint and varnish used inside the house. Tell us what you wish to paint or varnish and we will show you a Brighten Up Finish that will do it—and do it right.

SHERWIN-WILLIAMS Brighten Up Finishes

are a line of Paints and Varnishes which do exactly what they are intended to do—give a right treatment to each surface. It is impossible to obtain one paint or varnish that is suitable for a wide variety of uses, so it is very important to obtain a product that is exactly suitable for the purpose you have in mind. Come in and talk it over. We may be able to help you with suggestions.

STALEY-GREEVER HARDWARE CO.
Marion, - - - Virginia

Power of Habit

To have a habit is better than to have a maxim. For a habit is a living maxim. It is the steam applied to the engine.

You can make a dozen maxims of business economy, but they are not, all combined, as powerful as the habit of using the best

Paints and Varnishes

Almost any man can select low priced goods. But that's not the question. Generally speaking, economy is universally related to low priced goods. This is especially true of Hardware and kindred lines.

The question is, what will the goods return to you on their cost? That's where the question of long distance business sight comes in. And that's where

KURFEE'S PAINTS

SHOW THEIR ECONOMY

Everyone who selects Kurfees Paint shows that the calibre of his judgment isn't dock-tailed—he can "look to the end," as Lord Clifton said:

"He who pays too much for a good thing, loses something."
"He who pays little for trash, loses ten times as much; for he has nothing at either the beginning or the end."

At our store no trash is ever found. All merchandise sold is good. Yet the prices are always little, and the economies always safe.

Spring Things

This, May 1st, and the weather man is not doing business at the old stand—don't forget that. Better think about garden tools—hoes, rakes—and think about Kalsomine wall finish.

SPRING SUNSHINE—It's timely to talk about poultry wire, lawn mowers, screen doors and windows, hammocks, fishing tackle and baseball goods. If you are posted on the value of such things, just drop in and take a look. Everything for the springtime in Hardware and kindred lines.

Marion Hardware Co.

The House for Quality
MARION, - - - VIRGINIA

A Checking Account

with this bank will focus on your business the helpful interest of a strong financial institution; paying your bills with

The Marion National Bank

checks will impart some of the prestige of this large bank to your affairs.

Your income may be administered with safety, convenience and conservatism through the helpful medium of a checking account with this bank.

THE MARION NATIONAL BANK
MARION, VA.
Capital \$40,000.00 Surplus \$25,000.00

W. L. Lincoln, Pres.
H. B. Staley, Vice-Prest.
T. E. King, Cashier.
Jno. A. Groseclose, Assistant Cashier

You Can't Afford

to be without the news of your county.

The American

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.

The subscription price of The American is

One Year \$1.00
Six Months .50

Leave your subscriptions at The American office.

A PLEASANT TRIP TO RYE VALLEY

The Extract Works a Wonder as Seen by Editor of American

On last Monday morning the editor of THE AMERICAN made a trip to Teas and Sugar Grove. It had been nearly twenty years since we had been in that section of the county, with which we were in former days so intimately acquainted.

Sheriff Cassell had told us soon after our return to Marion that there had been more progress in Rye Valley in recent years than in any section of the county. We found upon our visit to the valley on Monday that there had been a wonderful transformation there. Life and activity have taken the place of the old-time happy-go-easy ways that not only prevailed in that part of the county but that were general throughout the county twenty-five years ago. In an agricultural way Rye Valley has made great progress. The beautiful bottom lands that lie along the course of Southfork of Holston River, as well as the hills and slopes adjacent thereto, are showing marked evidence of improved farming methods, and all the lands are growing more fertile and attractive each year.

When we arrived at Teas we were met at the station by our friend, J. T. Calhoun, who is deputy sheriff of the county; and we are greatly indebted to him for his courteous attention during our stay of a few hours in the bright and pushing town that has been created by the Marion Extract Company.

Mr. Calhoun first conducted us to and showed us through and over the immense plant of the Extract Company. Its magnitude and excellence were truly astonishing to one, who had never before inspected such works. The building of the plant was commenced in July, 1910, and shipment of the products began in Feb., 1911. It is the second largest extract works in the world, with a capacity for handling 200 cords of bark and wood each day of twenty-four hours. The plant is equipped with twelve 200 horse power boilers. The largest engine is of 600-horse power. There are 48 large leeches or tanks where the ground wood and bark is conveyed to a quadruple-effect vacuum pan, where the extract is concentrated. This pan has a capacity of three hundred thousand gallons per day of 24 hours. Chestnut wood, hemlock bark and oak bark are the materials used for manufacturing the extract.

Between eighty and ninety men are employed by the company, there being both day and night shifts. Nearby and around the main works forty-one neat cottages have been erected for the use of the employees at a moderate rent, each one supplied with an abundance of as pure and fine water as ever flowed from the earth, and with ample ground for vegetable gardens. Five prizes of \$10 each will be given this year to the five employees who keep the neatest yards and have the best gardens. The sanitation is excellent, the cottages being fitted up with screen doors and windows, and cleanliness of the premises being a requirement of all who live upon or work there.

The extract is manufactured in both liquid and powdered forms, the liquid being shipped in large tanks on cars and the powder in bags. The output is mostly consumed by the northern and eastern states of this country, but very considerable quantities are shipped to England, Germany and Japan. The location of this plant in Rye Valley, together with other industrial plants further up the valley, has been a great benefit to that section of the county.

We expect to go next week to Sugar Grove, which is two miles east of Teas, and meet our friends at and about that place. We will give an account in our next issue of what we see and find about Sugar Grove and that vicinity.

Sad and Sudden Death.

Mrs. Laura Blankenbecker, wife of Prof. D. J. Blankenbecker, died at her home near Groseclose, in Smyth county, Monday morning. She was sick only a few days. The cause of her death was mastoiditis. Funeral services were conducted at her home on Tuesday morning by Rev. E. M. Harris, pastor of Marion Baptist church. The remains were then conveyed to Rich Valley and buried on Wednesday in the family graveyard, near her father's home. She was the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Jerome B. Harmon, of Rich Valley, and was a most estimable woman. Her husband and two children survive her. The deceased was at Marion about two weeks ago visiting her aunt, Mrs. E. F. Groseclose, and was then seemingly in the best of health.

How Synge Gets His Material. No more man of letters ever knew the life of the Irish peasant better than Synge. Books about Irish life do not appear to have interested him. He went to the people themselves for his information. Wandering about the country with his fiddle, he encountered some strange companions—farmers, tinkers, beggars, ballad singers—a motley crowd. He observed them closely, their mode of life, their manner of speech, and what he saw he reported faithfully. Unlike the majority of writers on Ireland, he is entirely free from mawkishness or sentimentality. There is no Celtic glamour in these pages. The aged peasant in his whitewashed cabin, who bewails the conquest on an alien tongue, may possibly exist, but Synge does not appear to have met him.

Uncle Jerry. "Don't call a man a calf just because he happens to have a cowlick," advises Uncle Jerry Peebles. "I once got a black eye that way."

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS

Mrs. J. N. Barksdale, nee Miss Mary Miller came up from Roanoke today and will spend two days at Marion.

Bring your wool to The D. H. Mitchell Co., and get the highest market price.

W. P. Buchanan, of Locust Cove, was a visitor to Marion on Tuesday, and had his name entered on the subscription list of THE AMERICAN.

Mr. J. J. Hankla, of Seven Mile Ford, attended the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows at Roanoke as the representative of the lodge at his place.

The music pupils of Mrs. Maude Thom will give a recital Friday evening at 8 o'clock at the Court House Auditorium. The public is cordially invited.

Soda Fountain for sale. Will sell at a sacrifice. Apply to J. H. PARKS.

James White Sheffey is at Richmond attending a meeting of the board of Radford State Normal School, of which board he is a member.

Edward Lewis, of Bristol, Va., who is a brother of our townsman, W. G. Lewis, has been very sick for the past six weeks with acute rheumatism.

Miss Edna R. Brown's music pupils will give their closing recital at Court House Auditorium, Tuesday, May 20th, 7:30 p. m. Public cordially invited.

T. E. King, who is agent for the Ford Motor Company, of Detroit, Mich., received last Saturday a car load of the machines of that celebrated make.

Mr. and Mrs. Joe L. Lee, who had been visiting their daughter, Mrs. H. B. Jeffrey at Marion, left for their home at Lynchburg, Va., on last Monday Morning.

Saturday, May 17th, we will sell balance of \$1.00 dress shirts for 47c, all sizes. W. E. HODGES CO.

Mr. Walton Suddeth, of Cedar Bluff, Va., was in Marion this week on business. He is in the employment of the Walton Construction Company of Falls Mills, Va.

Dr. J. H. Wilson is in Floyd county, attending the sessions of the Eastern Conference of the South West Virginia Synod, and looking after the interests of Marion College.

We keep in stock Screen Doors and Window Screens, and put them in on short notice. SEAVER & MORRIS.

President Miller, of Roanoke College, leaves tomorrow for Charlotte, N. C., where he delivers the Y. W. C. A. address at the finals of Elizabeth College. He expects to return the first of next week.

A charter has been granted by the State Corporation Commission to the Marion Drug Company, with the following as officers: J. D. Buchanan, president; C. Lee Richardson, vice-president; O. C. Sprinkle, secretary and treasurer.

Misses Emma Showalter and Mabel Ginevera Jones, assisted by L. Richard Cooper, soprano, will give their graduating recital on May 17th at 8 p. m. A very attractive program of classical selections has been arranged for the occasion.

Messrs. J. P. Crockett, H. T. Whisman and R. L. Slomp, of Sugar Grove, came to Marion Monday evening on the Marion and Rye Valley Railroad and went to Roanoke on Tuesday morning. They were delegates to the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows, representing the Lodge at Sugar Grove.

When your subscription expires for Country Gentleman, Saturday Evening Post or Ladies' Home Journal, have it renewed. R. J. MITCHELL, Agent.

Perry Short, aged eighty years, died at the home of his son, S. D. Short, in Marion, on last Monday morning at 5 o'clock. The remains were taken to Clark's Summit, Wythe county, Va., on Tuesday and buried at that place. The deceased was born and raised in Smyth county, and was a Confederate veteran, having served four years in the army of the Confederacy.

Mr. S. C. Plumer, of Grant, Grayson county, Va., was at Marion Monday afternoon en route to Roanoke, Va., to attend the Grand Lodge of the Independent Order of Odd Fellows, which began its annual session in that city on Tuesday. Mr. Plumer is one of the most prominent citizens of his county and is Supervisor of Wilson district in Grayson.

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

J. W. McInturf, postoffice inspector for this division, was at Marion on Monday and Tuesday. When here he announced that Marion postoffice would be put in the second class on the first of July. The volume of business has increased so during the past year as to make the earnings of the office eight thousand dollars or more, which entitles it to be placed in the second class.

On June 3rd, next, Holston Chapter U. D. C., will meet in the Court House Auditorium for the purpose of celebrating the birthday of Jefferson Davis, president of the Southern Confederacy. An address will be delivered by Hon. Jno. A. Buchanan, Judge of the Supreme Court of Appeals of Virginia, and other appropriate exercises will take place. The public is cordially invited to attend.

Hoot, Mon, Then! "Oh, teacher," cried the older of two little girls, running breathless into the kindergarten room, "we are going to have a new baby at our house; mother says so, and the carriage is downstairs, and the nurse is there waiting for it."

"Will it be a Scotch baby?" asked an envious small boy, who had no babies at home, but had just become the proud owner of a Scottish bonnet like Harry Lauder's.

"No, stupid," said the first mite scornfully. "It'll be a boy or a girl."

Getting On. "Has Maud succeeded in getting into society yet?"

"No; but she's rising in the social scale. She's been snubbed by a better class of people this year than last."

WILLIAM C. SEXTON GOES TO HIS REWARD

Died Last Night, 15th Inst., at 11 O'clock. Will Be Buried on Saturday.

On last night, the 15th inst., at 11 o'clock, Mr. William C. Sexton died at the home of his son-in-law, A. T. Lincoln. For more than fifty years he had been the most prominent and popular citizen of the county; and had he lived until the 30th of this month he would have reached the venerable age of eighty-five years. He was elected clerk of Smyth county in 1858, entering upon the duties of that office the 1st of January, 1859; and serving continuously as clerk until January 1st, 1905.

Mr. Sexton ever since reaching manhood had been a zealous member of the Methodist church; and for many years served as a member of the official board of his church at Marion.

The cause of his death was old age, which was, possibly, hastened by a surgical operation that became necessary about ten days ago.

He is survived by two sons—Joseph, of Arkansas; and Dr. Edward, of North Dakota; and three daughters—Mrs. W. P. Dungan, of Elizabethton, Tenn.; Mrs. A. T. Lincoln, of Marion, and Mrs. Frank Cass, of Bristol, Tennessee.

The funeral will be held at the Methodist church on Saturday evening at 3 o'clock, conducted by the pastor, Rev. T. C. Schuler.

EXCELLENT AS HOTBED

Essential Details Given for Making Cheap Greenhouse.

Modern Contrivance Is All Right for More Experienced Gardener, but for Beginner It Is a "Delusion and a Snare."

Six years ago, when I started to raise garden stuff on about two acres, I bought 10 old hotbed sash for \$1 each; got seven chestnut posts, some second-hand lumber, one roll of building paper, 20 feet of six-inch sewer pipe, and some 2x3 for a ridge and rafters, says a writer in the Rural New Yorker. I now set up the posts in two 10 1/2 feet apart, and 15 feet from corner to corner long way, using the one post in center of south end and post four feet from ground to top. I nailed boards on three sides, double, with paper between, nailed a six-inch board on top for rafters to rest on, fitted in sash bars to receive glass, batted in, not lapped, boarded up north end and arranged a door here. I set up chimney at southeast end by digging a hole three feet deep, filling with concrete and setting a sewer pipe on end here, then at the right height I placed a T so as to receive fire from under bench through hole out in wall somewhat larger than pipe and well cemented around to guard against fire. I dug a pit 4x4 feet in northeast corner of house, just deep enough to accommodate good size potstove, and connected with pipe flue running under bench. This flue must be well cemented at joints and have a raise of at least one foot from stove to chimney, supported on bricks or stone here and there. In this little house I arranged board benches leaving a walk

of two feet in center high enough so plant boxes came within eight to ten inches of lower end of sash. This small house cost me but a few dollars in actual cash and compared to a hotbed, it just beats it "all hollow." You will succeed much better than with hotbed if you are a beginner. This article is only meant for the beginner. Hotbeds are all right in the hands of experienced gardeners, in the hands of a novice they are a "delusion and a snare."

CURE FOR POULTRY DISEASES. Ailments Usually Are Not Difficult to Handle if Understood—Isolation Is Essential.

Poultry diseases usually are not so very hard to handle, if they are understood, and hens are cared for properly. One important thing is to isolate all diseased birds, so they will not infect the rest of the flock.

Here are the common poultry diseases and the remedies: Colds and Roup—Disinfect drinking water as follows: To each gallon of water add the amount of potassium permanganate that will remain on the surface of a dime.

Chicken Pox—Apply a touch of iodine and carbolated vaseline to each sore.

Gapes—New ground and vigorous cultivation will often remedy this trouble.

Scaly Legs—Apply vaseline to affected parts, and after twenty-four hours soak in warm, soapy water. Repeat treatment until cured.

Diarrhoea in Hens—Low-grade wheat flour or middlings is good for this trouble.

Bowel Trouble in Chicks—Well-bolled rice mixed with a little charcoal will often check this complaint.

Keep Chicks Quiet. Keeping the egg chamber darkened during the hatching will tend to keep the chicks quiet, as they would be under the broody hen. If the front of the incubator is of glass it may let out too much heat and also encourage the chicks to pick up the lighter portions of their droppings.

Keep Out the Wind. The doors to the farrowing-house should be placed in the center with a wing at the edge in order to prevent the wind from blowing on the sow and the young pigs.

Lloyd George's First Narrow Escape. Mr. Lloyd George will never die from ennuil. The suffragettes will see to that. But it is interesting to recall how his life nearly ended abruptly when he was a year old. He was seized with croup one winter's night at Haverfordwest, where his parents lived, and his mother had to hurry through the snow to find a doctor. He arrived when the baby was almost at his last gasp and barely succeeded in pulling him through the attack.

Many years later at Cardiff the same doctor came up to the present chancellor of the exchequer after a meeting and told him of this incident, adding that as he went home that winter's night he had wondered whether it had been really worth while to save the baby's life, since there was no prospect before the baby but the life of an agricultural laborer.—London Chronicle.

HE LISTENED WHEN TOO LATE

Short-Tempered Old Gentleman Insisted on Silence, and Result Increased Irritability.

At a recent literary gathering Charles Garvice, the well known novelist, told a story of an irritable old man who hurried into a barber shop one afternoon.

Addressing the man he found in charge, he snapped: "I want you to cut my hair, and do it without talking. I can't bear to have a barber talking to me while he's cutting my hair."

"Yes, sir," was the reply, "but you see—"

"There you are!" broke in the old gentleman. "You want to start at once, and you'll cackle-cackle all the time. I know you and your tribe. You cut my hair and hold your tongue."

"Yes, sir; but I should like to tell you—"

"And I don't want to listen," retorted the old gentleman; "just you cut my hair, and don't talk."

"But surely, sir, you'll allow me to say—"

"I won't allow you to say anything," snapped the other. I don't want to listen to you. I don't suppose you've got anything to say that I don't know already. Your business is to cut my hair and hold your tongue, and I'll be obliged if you'll make a start."

The old gentleman glared defiantly, plumped into the chair and shut his eyes as a sign that he wouldn't hear another word. The barber, with an air of desperation, grabbed a pair of scissors and set to work with them. When the operation was finished the old gentleman grunted, opened his eyes and stared at himself in the glass. Every remaining hair on his head quivered with indignation and horror.

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"Call that hair cutting!" he shouted. "Why, it's disgracefully done! It looks as if it had been gnawed by a rat! Do you call yourself a barber? You're no more a barber than I am!"

"No, sir; you're right at last, sir!" roared the man in reply. "I'm a pork butcher from round the corner, and I'm only taking care of the shop while the barber has gone out for his tea."

—Pearson's Weekly.

FAMOUS OBELISK IN DANGER

Eminent Engineers and Architects Fear Destruction of One of Rome's Great Monuments.

Several well-known Italian engineers and architects, after examinations of the famous Obelisk of St. Peter, claim that the giant monolith is in such a state, as to its supports, that it may tumble over at any time.

This famous monument that is giving the gentlemen in question so much anxiety is of red granite and 132 feet in height, standing in the center of the piazza of St. Peter's in Rome, and is sometimes referred to as the Obelisk of the Vatican.

It was brought from Heliopolis to Rome by the Emperor Caligula between the years 37-41 A. D. and placed in the Vatican circus. During the pontificate of Sixtus V. this huge stone, estimated to weigh 500 or more tons, was moved on rollers from its original position and placed on its present site.

This great triumph of mechanical skill was accomplished under the superintendence of Domenico Fontana. The Obelisk of St. Peter enjoys the unique distinction of being the only monument of the kind that has never been overthrown in the many wars and internal disorders that have taken place in the Eternal city.

No Sun Here. In the valley of the Lyn, near Lynchmouth, North Devon, there is a quaint little hamlet called Middleham, where for three months in the year the sun is not seen.

The cluster of houses forming the hamlet is surrounded on all sides by hills so steep and high that from November until February the sun does not rise high enough to be seen over their tops.

The first appearance of the sun is eagerly looked for, and it is first seen on February 14, the inhabitants call it their valentine.

If the day should be foggy or cloudy so that it cannot be seen, there is great disappointment, especially among the children. For the first few days after the fourteenth the sun is only seen for a very short time, but as the sun rises higher in the heavens the time it is in sight increases daily until its height is reached, when it gradually begins to fade from view again until in November it entirely vanishes from sight for another three months.

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complaint, it would seem that an extra session of the General Assembly would be necessary. It has been amply demonstrated that no Legislature with only sixty days in which to work can satisfactorily bring about any great reform, and that is even more true in the case of a complicated question like our tax system. This reform is being demanded from one end of the State to the other but in order to get it the Governor must either convene the next General Assembly in extra session after the regular session ends, or else the matter must be postponed for two years and in the interim placed by the Legislature

in the hands of a tax commission, whose business it shall be to prepare and submit to the General Assembly of 1916 bills to meet the situation. If in a sixty-day session the Legislature attempts to bring about a change in the present laws it can be assumed in advance that the attempt will prove abortive.—Free Lance.

Mr. W. W. Byars, son of the late James M. Byars, of Washington county, Va., was at Marion several days the first of the week. Mr. Byars is Southern agent for A. Hooper live stock and commission merchant of Lancaster, Pa.

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