

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

THE AMERICAN

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

ROOSEVELT AWARDED NOMINAL DAMAGES

Geo. A. Newett Retracts Statement and Expresses Regret That It Was Published.

Marquette, Mich., May 31.—Colonel Theodore Roosevelt today won his libel suit against George A. Newett who charged the colonel with drunkenness and waived damages after the defendant had uttered a retraction. The jury awarded the normal damages of six cents, provided in such cases by the laws of Michigan. Each party to the suit will have to pay his own expenses.

Judge Flannigan instructed the jury to bring in a verdict for the plaintiff which they did without leaving their seats. The colonel left for Chicago and the east at 5:30 this afternoon, less than two hours after the conclusion of the case. When the afternoon session opened the air was electrical with expectancy. Rumors were flying that the suit would be terminated. Attorney Van Benschoten for the plaintiff, however, resumed the reading of depositions. It was noticed, however, that he ignored the testimony of some witnesses. The next move was sudden.

"The plaintiff rests," remarked the attorney, James H. Pound, in a manner. William P. Belden, of Ishpeming, who, with Horace Andrews, of Cleveland, was Mr. Newett's attorney, said, "the defense will call Mr. Newett."

A ruddy cheeked man, whose color did not disguise the fact that he is still suffering from a serious illness, took the stand.

In his hand he carried a manuscript. When the defendant began reading, Colonel Roosevelt moved to the edge of his chair and betrayed an excitement, which his rigid jaws could not hide. Mr. Newett was well along in his reading before the colonel, whose position seemed like that of a man about to leap forward, lost the tense look on his face.

"It is fair to the plaintiff to state that I have been unable to find in any section of the country any individual witness who is willing to state that he has personally seen Mr. Roosevelt drink to excess." At this the plaintiff smiled and relaxed. The colonel broke into a grin again, when Mr. Newett said, with reference to the mass of testimony adduced by the plaintiff, "I am forced to the conclusion that I was mistaken."

The statement admitted that a search of the country had been made to investigate stories of persons alleged to have knowledge that Mr. Roosevelt drank to excess, but in every case the stories flattened out to mere opinions or hearsay. The libel was published in good faith, Newett said, in the belief that it was true and he believed it was true, until the trial opened. No demand for a retraction ever had been made, he stated, and when the bill was filed against him, there was nothing left for him to do but make preparation to contest the suit. Forty depositions were taken in various parts of the country, but to use or attempt to use them, would be to continue an injustice, which had already become apparent to him and to his attorneys. Leaving the stand Mr. Newett looked in the direction of Colonel Roosevelt, but the latter was whispering to his counsel. Attorney Pound then said: "With the court's permission the plaintiff would like to make a brief announcement."

The judge nodded and Mr. Roosevelt arose. Bowing to the court, the colonel said he would waive the matter of damages, save for the nominal amount provided by law. Speaking of his purpose in instituting suit, he said: "I wished once for all during my life to deal with those slanders so that never again will it be possible for any man in good faith to repeat them."

Here recess was taken. Judge Flannigan read his charge to the jury immediately after recess. Speaking of Colonel Roosevelt as the plaintiff, Judge Flannigan said: "Certainly he has convinced the court, not only that he never was drunk, but that he is now and always has been a temperate and abstemious man."

At the same time court held that Mr. Newett, in publishing the editorial was "not actuated by actual ill will toward the plaintiff and that he acted in good faith."

But as the court held, the injury to the plaintiff, had he not waived his right to damages, would have sustained a verdict in any sum up to the amount claimed in the plaintiff's declaration of \$10,000.

As soon as the foreman, William Matthews, a miner 31 years old, reported the verdict as directed, the court adjourned and Colonel Roosevelt stepped forward to take the hand of each juror.

Each gentleman, each of whom was a member of the jury, was congratulated by the colonel and youth. "It was splendid," said one of the jurors, "and much more than I deserved."

Supervisors Meet. On last Monday the Board of Supervisors for Smyth county held a meeting, and audited outstanding accounts against the county.

As ninety thousand dollars of the bonds to be issued for road purposes have been sold, an order was made to advertise for bids for the building of a road between Marion and St. Clair districts.

Women's Club. The Women's Club of Marion held a meeting at 3:30 p. m. on Wednesday evening, June 3, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Parks.

Superior, never for a moment during the 24 hours and 45 minutes actual time of the trial, extending over five days, lost its dramatic interest.

Hour after hour, Mr. Newett, although suffering from a serious malady and with pain always visible in his face, sat listening to testimony given against him by former members of Col. Roosevelt's cabinet, literary men, doctors, naturalists and others of national reputation. Ten feet away sat Col. Roosevelt, the plaintiff. The balconies and the seats behind the lawyer's inclosure were always filled.

The first witness was Col. Roosevelt and the last one for the plaintiff was Admiral George Dewey, whose testimony was introduced, was a deposition. Between them were James R. Garfield, Robert Bacon, former secretary of state and ambassador to France; Gifford Pinchot, Truman H. Newberry, former secretary of war; Major General Leonard Wood, chief of staff; Dr. Lyman Abbott, W. Emelen Roosevelt, George B. Cortelyou, Dr. Albert Shaw, William Loeb, Jr., Jacob A. Riis and many newspaper men, all of whom testified orally or by deposition that Col. Roosevelt did not "get drunk" as charged.

While Col. Roosevelt, smiling delightedly after the verdict, was chatting with various persons, Mr. Newett was speaking with friends in the room, while everybody else was watching to see if the two principals to the suit would get together. Mr. Newett was the first to leave the court room, but although stopped frequently by persons who wished to express their admiration of the manner he had acknowledged himself in the wrong, he was on his way home in Ishpeming before the colonel left the building.

The colonel had to hurry to catch his train, which left at 5:30 o'clock, and on it besides the colonel, were James Garfield, William Loeb, Jr., and others.

The libel of which Colonel Roosevelt complained was published October 12, 1912, in Mr. Newett's weekly paper at Ishpeming, the Iron Ore. It took the colonel to task for "preaching" to others when "he himself gets drunk and that not infrequently, as all his intimates know."

Death of James F. Curran.

On last Thursday, May 29, 1913, James F. Curran died at his home in Rye Valley, one and a half miles east of Sugar Grove. He had been in ill health for several years, but his death was sudden and unexpected, being caused by hemorrhage of the brain.

The deceased was born about two miles east of Marion on the 1st of March, 1856, making him 60 years, 2 months and 28 days old at the time of his death.

In December, 1878, he was married to Miss Eliza F. Pierce, daughter of the late Alex. Pierce. He has survived by his wife and eight children, seven sons—Robert Benton, John A., William H., Charles Lincoln, George W., Oden B., and Andrew W.; and one daughter, Mrs. Robert Rector. All these were present at the funeral and burial of the deceased.

On Friday afternoon funeral services were held, partly at the home of the deceased and partly at the grave, conducted by Rev. C. H. Wright, preacher in charge of the Rye Valley circuit of the M. E. Church South. Hundreds of the relatives, friends and neighbors of the deceased attended these services. He was highly esteemed as a neighbor and citizen.

The Woman's Club.

The Civic Club met at the school on Friday, May 9th, with sixteen members present and eight visitors. An excellent report of the Clifton Forge meeting was read by Mrs. J. C. King, after which a vote of thanks was given her for the way in which she had so ably represented the club and for her very fine report.

Mrs. B. E. Copenhaver read a pledge for school boys which has been adopted in New York, and followed this by giving to the club the address she gave at Clifton Forge. It is to be regretted that not only the entire club, but the whole town did not hear her. She took for her subject "The Purpose of Our Work." It is not enough for a mother to feel thankful that her children have had advantages of home and school and are not as other children are; her duty is not done until she and her children realize that those very advantages lay them under a debt to the community, the debt of service for those less fortunate.

The program closed with an article entitled, "Advice to Mothers," read by Mrs. E. M. Copenhaver.

Four members were added to our list bringing our total up to forty-seven.

Supervisors Meet.

On last Monday the Board of Supervisors for Smyth county held a meeting, and audited outstanding accounts against the county.

As ninety thousand dollars of the bonds to be issued for road purposes have been sold, an order was made to advertise for bids for the building of a road between Marion and St. Clair districts.

Women's Club.

The Women's Club of Marion held a meeting at 3:30 p. m. on Wednesday evening, June 3, at the home of Mrs. J. H. Parks.

JAPAN ACCEPTS BRYAN'S PLANS

Ambassador Chinda Formally Notifies Secretary that His Country has Agreed in Principle to Proposed Universal Peace.

Washington, June 2.—Viscount Chinda the ambassador from Japan late today called upon Secretary Bryan with formal notification that Japan had accepted in principle the proposed plan advanced by the United States for universal peace.

Signatories of the treaty proposed in Mr. Bryan's plan, would agree to refrain from hostilities for a period of at least nine months, while any conflicting claims were under consideration by an international joint commission.

In the case of Japan as with the ten other nations that have received the proposal favorably, the response applies solely to the general principle involved and none has committed itself to approval of any of the details of the plan. Therefore it may be many months before the tentative draft, which will receive their unqualified approval.

The statement by the Japanese ambassador that his government was prepared to give careful consideration to the peace proposal has no bearing whatever upon the negotiations now in progress between the two countries regarding the California anti-alien land law. During his call upon Mr. Bryan today the ambassador discussed this subject from various angles for half an hour, but without any definite result. The Japanese foreign office has not yet cable the ambassador definite instructions regarding the submission of its rejoinder to the last American note and it is known that it is conducting an original investigation as a basis for its rejoinder!

Pedestrian Journey to Tazewell.

On last Saturday evening Mr. J. M. Brisco and his daughter, Miss Ruth; and Dr. E. M. Copenhaver, his daughter, Miss Elizabeth, and son, Preston and Mr. Bruce B. Copenhaver organized themselves into a party to make a pedestrian trip to Tazewell. Dr. Copenhaver was making the journey to attend the meeting of the Dental Society at Tazewell, and the other members of the party were on pleasure bent, expecting to greatly enjoy the scenic beauty of the country through which they would travel.

On Saturday afternoon the party left by train No. 30 for Rural Retreat. After arriving at that point they walked six miles in a northwest course on the road to Ceres, Bland county, and spent the night with Mr. Dix. Sunday they journeyed on through Bland county, via Ceres, and reached Burke's Garden, where they passed the night at the residence of Mrs. Henry Groseclose, who is a daughter of the late Judge Jno. A. Kelley and well known to many people at Marion. After spending the night with Mrs. Groseclose, the party on Monday morning struck out for Tazewell, a distance of twelve miles, arriving at that beautiful town, situated in the center of what is known as "God's Country," at 2 p. m.

Mr. Brisco and daughter and Elizabeth, Preston and Bruce Copenhaver remained at Tazewell until 6:30 p. m., when they boarded train No. 6 on the Clinch Valley Division and went to Bluefield, W. Va., where they spent the night. On Tuesday morning they left Bluefield and arrived that afternoon at 1:15 at home. Dr. Copenhaver and "Sport," whom we have not heretofore mentioned as a member of the party, remained at Tazewell to attend the Dental convention.

Mr. Brisco was delighted with all he saw in Tazewell county and town. He says Burke's Garden is the most beautiful spot he has ever seen, and many there are who will agree with him in this conclusion. The trip was greatly enjoyed by all the members of the party.

Salting the Baby.

(From Tit Bits.) An old superstition is that if a newborn baby is carefully and abundantly salted he will be strong and hardy when he grows up and that moreover evil spirits will never be able to pursue him. And this custom is still clung to in various parts of the world, though the method of procedure is different with different peoples.

In certain parts of Russia, especially among some of the Armenian settlements, the salting of an infant is an occasion of great celebration, an event in the life of the youngster which is going to influence the whole of his life. The baby is rubbed well with fine salt, which is left on for about five hours, and during that time songs are sung, food and drinks partaken of and all the relatives and friends join in the celebration. If this ceremony is neglected bad luck is certain to follow the child even to the last years of his life.

Mountain tribes of Asia Minor indulge in the same belief, though with them the baby is generally left from 30 to 35 hours in salt. The longer the duration of time the better chances for good fortune has the infant.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Parks and family are at Roanoke, Va., visiting relatives.

U. D. C. CELEBRATE PRESIDENT'S BIRTHDAY

Very Interesting Exercises Are Held With Number of Veterans Present.

Holston Chapter, United Daughters of the Confederacy, celebrated the 106th anniversary of the birthday of Jefferson Davis, president of the Confederate States, on the 3rd inst.

The chapter was organized on the 19th of January, 1909; and since its organization has been doing everything possible to contribute to the honor of the deceased veterans and the pleasure of those who are living. At the present time Mrs. Z. T. Atkins is president of the chapter, Mrs. John R. Sexton is corresponding secretary, and Miss Hazel Francis, recording secretary.

The stage of the auditorium was brightly and prettily decorated with Confederate flags; and the National colors were gracefully draped over a stand placed at the left side of the stage.

It was the first celebration given by the Holston Chapter it has ever been our pleasure to attend. The lady members who were in charge assured us it was not as largely attended as some former occasions, but all united in declaring that it was equally as successful and enjoyable as any similar meeting of the chapter.

The Marion Concert Band furnished excellent music, and Judge G. H. Fudge, commander of Gibson-McCready Camp of Confederate Veterans, presided over the meeting and announced the several numbers of the program. His remarks introducing the speakers were brief but felicitous.

The exercises were as follows: Prayer—Rev. J. J. Scherer. Music by Band. Address—Rev. J. B. Greiner. Music by Band. Recitation—"The Conquered Banner,"—Miss Virginia Buchanan. Address—Judge Jno. A. Buchanan. Address—"What the Crosses Stand For"—Geo. F. Cook. Reading Rules for Bestowal of Crosses—Mrs. Z. T. Atkins.

Pinning on Crosses by young ladies of the U. D. C.

As indicated by the program the exercises were opened with a very earnest prayer made by Rev. J. J. Scherer, D. D. Rev. J. B. Greiner was then introduced as the first speaker of the occasion. He was a former member of the Confederate army, a great admirer of Jefferson Davis, and his address, though brief, was a forceful tribute to the life and character of the great Southern leader.

Dr. Greiner's address was followed with the recitation of Father Ryan's splendid poem, "The Conquered Banner." This beautiful poem, so dear the hearts of all who fought under the Stars and Bars, was feelingly and charmingly recited by Miss Virginia Buchanan.

Judge John A. Buchanan, who was the chief speaker of the occasion, was then introduced by Judge Fudge. Both of these men, when mere youths, entered the Confederate service as members of the "Smyth Blues"—as gallant band of soldiers as ever marched to battle—and were attached to the immortal "Stonewall Brigade" from its formation until the surrender at Appomattox.

Judge Buchanan's speech was a strong presentation of the Southern side of the causes that led to the war of secession and an able defense of the record made by the Confederacy in its conduct of the war. His superior training at the bar and on the bench, together with his extensive experience, gained in the field and in prison, as a private soldier, qualified him peculiarly to speak on the questions he discussed. His address was listened to with marked interest by an attentive audience.

The final speaker, Mr. George F. Cook, the young Commonwealth's attorney for Smyth county, was introduced. His recital of the origin and history of the organization known as the Daughters of the Confederacy, and explanation of "What the Crosses Stand For," was couched in elegant language and most pleasingly delivered.

Mrs. Z. T. Atkins, president of Holston Chapter, read the rules for the bestowal of crosses, and Crosses of Honor were then given to the following or their representatives:

C. H. Carper, James William Fell, deceased, John E. Hester, deceased, E. J. Haller, H. T. Killinger, J. Woods Mitchell, Capt. James W. Sheffey, deceased, Thomas Wallace, deceased, and J. M. Jones.

We endeavored to get a complete list of the veterans who attended the celebration, but as there was no roll call we fear we did not secure the names of all of them. As nearly as we could secure them, they were as follows:

A. J. Harris, Thompson Atkins, G. H. Fudge, H. T. Killinger, D. D. Hull, Jno. A. Buchanan, George R. Rider, W. F. Goodman, J. M. Boothe, W. P. Francis, Jno. R. Tilson, J. N. W. Snider, J. C. Gowins, S. N. Copenhaver, W. M. Copenhaver, T. M. Rosenbaum, J. Henry Sayers, James Sayers, J. B. Greiner, Thos. Lazenby, E. J. Haller, John Folden, W. E. Copenhaver, W. R. Henegar, Lafayette Wolfe, J. H. Arnold, G. W. Bobbitt, J. H. Barber, Frank Hawks, T. C. Oaks, B. C. Wilson, Bedford Overbey, A. M. Heninger, Wm. C. Pendleton.

It was our purpose to write and publish in connection with this article a brief history of Gibson-McCready Camp of Confederate Veterans, and also a condensed sketch of the war record of the Smyth Blues. Having failed to get sufficient data to make this work entirely accurate, we have deferred it, but promise it to our readers in the near future, knowing that it will be interesting to all the people of Smyth county.

ROOSEVELT'S ENEMIES OFFER AID TO LIBELER

They Supply False Witnesses, Shower Money Upon Him and Profer Legal Services Gratis.

Marquette, Mich., May 31.—One of the most important depositions made against Colonel Roosevelt is sworn to by J. Martin Miller, former consul to Rheimis.

Miller was removed by the then President Roosevelt long before the expiration of his term. Since then Miller's attitude toward Colonel Roosevelt has been anything but friendly.

He describes in legal phraseology the doings at a birthday party given to Uncle Joe Cannon at his home in Washington, in April, 1908. According to the affidavit, all official Washington relaxed and the festivities ended in an all-around spree.

Miller who appeared to be impervious to the alcoholic germ at the party dwelt in detail in his testimony upon the geniality and warmth of Colonel Roosevelt. There was punch, brain disturbing cocktails, Scotch, Irish, and American whiskeys, champagnes, Burgundies, brandies, liquors and some harmless light wines, claret and sauternes which were allowed to blush unseen and let severely alone, says Miller.

The powerful political foes of Roosevelt showered contributions and suggestions upon Editor Newett last fall. Legal services were proffered gratis from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland and St. Louis. Thousands of dollars came rushing into the little newspaper office in Ishpeming. The contributions were made exclusively by individuals. The stream of dollars poured in for a month.

In the meantime Newett was compelled to engage extra office assistance to return the money. He enclosed a note stating that he would fight the case single-handed. Many of the suggestions were acted upon by the defense.

Chicken Thief Caught and Sentenced.

For some time a number of persons near Marion have been losing their fowls by theft. The chickens and turkeys would disappear mysteriously in the night time and no one was able to trace the thief.

Recently a man was arrested who was charged with the theft of a white man by the name of Will Sweeney, who would come to the town periodically and then disappear. He was seemingly without any known occupation, but would quite often dispose of chickens to dealers and housekeepers. Suspicion was further directed to Sweeney by a phone message Sergeant Neikirk received from Wytheville requesting his arrest for crimes committed there. He was run down and arrested by Sergeant Neikirk on Tuesday night at a point about two miles east of Marion, brought to town and lodged in jail.

On yesterday he was brought before Mayor Greer and tried upon two charges, one for stealing chickens from Dr. J. D. Buchanan and the other for stealing fowls from W. W. Stephenson. Sweeney was found guilty in both cases and sentenced to serve six months in jail and pay a fine of seventy-five dollars for each offense. This means that he will have to work sixteen months on the roads—a much more useful occupation than chicken stealing.

Reports have it that Sweeney's depredations have extended from Chilhowie to Rural Retreat.

Engineers at Work.

A corps of civil engineers working under and connected with the State Highway Commission is now at work with headquarters at the Valley House. The following gentlemen constitute the force: B. E. Rhoads, of Big Stone Gap, M. L. Appleton, of Lynchburg, and J. P. Stover, of Appalachia, Va.

They have been sent here by the State Highway Commission to make surveys and estimates for the construction of all the roads that are to be built in the county under the recent bond issue.

We are pleased to say that Messrs. Rhoads, Appleton and Stover are quietly but actively proceeding with the work assigned them; and that they have proved themselves most capable in other fields by doing similar work.

Bishop—Ward.

Tazewell, Va., June 4.—Miss Lillie Rose Ward, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. S. B. Ward, of Thompson Valley, and Mr. Leon Bishop, of Barre, Vermont, were married at the bride's home in Thompson Valley at 2 o'clock this afternoon by Rev. W. W. Carson, of the Presbyterian church. Mr. and Mrs. Bishop left tonight for a visit East before returning to their home in Vermont.

Miss Josephine Buchanan, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. B. F. Buchanan, returned today from Hollins College, as a graduate of that celebrated institution. On yesterday the final exercises were held and the scholarship medal was awarded Miss Buchanan. This is the only medal given by the college and goes to the student who has received the highest grade.

Miss Buchanan attained the highest grade given to any student of the college during the past seven years.

DEATH OF JOHN R. VENABLE

He Passed Away This Afternoon at 2:25 O'clock in the Great Regret of the Entire Community

Just before we go to press the very sad news comes to us that John R. Venable had passed away at 2:25 o'clock this afternoon. He had been very sick from typhoid fever for nearly two weeks and for the past three days all hope for his recovery had been abandoned.

The deceased was the son of Richard J. and Lousia P. Venable, and was born in Amherst county, Va., on January 4th, 1853. In the spring of 1856, shortly after the first trains had reached Marion, over what was then the Virginia & Tennessee Railroad, his parents came to Marion, where his father engaged in the mercantile business at a point just west of the present freight station of the N & W Railway.

In 1873 the deceased went to Richmond, Va., and entered the wholesale shoe house of Gardner, Carlton & Baldwin. Since that date, with the exception of a few years engaged in the mercantile business at Marion, he had followed the business of commercial traveler, being recognized as one of the most popular and successful men of that occupation who has ever traveled this section of Virginia.

With his friends and acquaintances he was known as a man whose kindness of heart made him generous almost to a fault. This kind of man could not be otherwise than popular with and beloved by all classes of people.

For many years he had been a member of the Methodist church and was one of the most liberal contributors to his church that ever lived in the community. He was a zealous Mason, thoroughly devoted to its tenets, and especially fond of Knight Templar Masonry.

On June 28th, 1876, he was married to Miss A. Maude Bowe, of Peakes, Hanover county, Va.; and is survived by her, by two sons, Charles R. and J. Leith; and four daughters, Mrs. Maggie Andes, and Misses Bruce, Lucy and Natalie Venable.

He is also survived by six grandchildren—Blanche and Celeste Rowlett, children of his deceased daughter, Mrs. Louise Rowlett; Maggie Andes, Maggie Pollock Venable, daughter of Charles, and Richard and Caroline Venable, children of J. Leith Venable.

The deceased is also survived by seven sisters: Mrs. Jno. S. Pendleton, Mrs. Mollie Fornsell, Mrs. Lucy Haverly, Mrs. Cora Clemmens, Mrs. Ida Harris, Mrs. James E. Johnson and Mrs. Carrie Patient. Mrs. Johnson was the sister with whom he had his sickbed when death came.

All of his children, except Leith, were with their father during his last moments.

The death of John R. Venable has deprived the town of one of its most devoted citizens, the church one of its most devoted members, and the Masonic fraternity of one of its most zealous brothers.

Back Home

George W. Wright, Grand Lecturer of the Virginia Masons, after an absence of four months, engaged in the performance of his official duties, is back home and will remain here for about ten days. He is very highly esteemed by the fraternity throughout Virginia. A few days ago his Masonic and personal friends in Lynchburg presented him with a beautiful gold watch and forwarded to him through the mails the following communication:

Lynchburg, Va., May 30, '13. Mr. Geo. W. Wright, Marion, Virginia.

A number of your Masonic and personal friends—notably those who run with the rhythm of the ritual—members of Marshall and Hill City Lodges, desiring to give you timely reminder of their love and regard, not only for your devotion to our order of orders, but also as a token of their appreciation of your "white flower of a blameless life," herewith ask your acceptance of an improved hour glass which, while it tells you "how swiftly the sands run," will with equal pace, remind you of the affection, esteem and good will of your brethren residing in Lynchburg.

Faithfully and fraternally, T. N. DAVIS.

Marion Girl Wins Distinction.

Miss Josephine Buchanan, daughter of Hon. and Mrs. B. F. Buchanan, returned today from Hollins College, as a graduate of that celebrated institution. On yesterday the final exercises were held and the scholarship medal was awarded Miss Buchanan. This is the only medal given by the college and goes to the student who has received the highest grade.

Miss Buchanan attained the highest grade given to any student of the college during the past seven years.

Silver Tea.

The Silver Tea which was to have been given by the Methodist Missionary Society at the residence of Dr. Frank Repass, Thursday evening, has been indefinitely postponed.

Rev. Henderson N. Miller, recently elected president of Marion Female College, will preach at Royal Oak Presbyterian Church Sunday morning, June 8th, at 11 o'clock.

In our luggage department you find all kinds of traveling bags and suit cases. HAWKINS-COPENHAVER Co.

SENSATIONAL TURN IN SENATE'S LOBBY INQUIRY

Subpoenas Are Issued for 60 Men Identified With the Sugar "Interests."

Washington, June 4.—The "lobby" hunt took on a new and sensational turn today when the senate began issuing subpoenas for nearly sixty men, all of whom are said to be identified with the sugar interests.

A flock of sergeants-at-arms started out today to summon the witnesses for next week, by which time the investigators will have finished taking testimony of senators and can plunge into an examination of the so-called "lobbyists."

It is generally assumed here that President Wilson furnished the names of those about to be subpoenaed.

Frank C. Lowry, known in legislative circles here as the "free sugar man" and secretary of the so-called wholesale grocers committee; Henry G. Oxnard, one of the best sugar men, and Truman G. Palmer are among those for whom summonses have been issued.

This new turn of affairs, many believe, is "one of the suggestions" President Wilson made at his recent conference with Chairman Overman and Senator Reed, or the investigating committee, and many of the president's friends predict it will be Mr. Wilson's answer to the testimony of many senators that they have seen no lobbyists in Washington and know of no attempts to influence congressmen against the Underwood bill.

While the subpoenas are being served and the committee is preparing for the examination of the witnesses, senators will continue to be examined. When the committee reassembled today it had nearly half of the senate still waiting.

"Social lobbying" in Washington justifies every word President Wilson uttered in regard to the presence of an "insidious" lobby at the capitol, Senator Kenyon, of Iowa, declared on the witness stand yesterday. It was the first unequivocal statement in support of the president's attitude since the inquiry began.

The Iowa senator explained that he believed the most "insidious" and powerful lobbying possible was the practice of flattering senators by having them out to dinners, to theatres and on automobile rides, ingratiating the host with the distinguished guests.

Edward Hines, a "lumber king," before the Lorimer election investigation, that he entertained senators at a local hotel at dinners at a time when the lumber schedule in the Payne-Aldrich bill was before the senate, Senator Kenyon declared it was his belief that senators were being entertained in this "insidious" way at present.

He also denounced ex-senators for capitalizing their privilege of the floor by using it to lobby. Referring to one ex-senator representing many railroads in Washington and often seen on the floor of the senate, he advocated the enactment of legislation to prohibit an ex-senator from being a lobbyist.

Senator Hughes, of New Jersey; Senator James, of Kentucky, and Senator LaFollette, of Wisconsin, suggested that legislation for registration of lobbyists would be a good thing.

Four years ago, Senator LaFollette said, he was interviewed in regard to hides, the interviewer informing him that he already had engaged a page or two of advertisement in LaFollette's magazine. I told him if he didn't hurry to the telegraph office, I would beat him in ordering a cancellation of his advertisement," declared the senator.

Replying to question about persons being maintained in Washington to look after legislation, Senator LaFollette said the American Federation of Labor and the Seamen's Union kept men here. "Under my definition of the term, that is lobbying," he declared.

Senator James said he had seen swarms of tariff men in Washington, but he was not certain whether they were lobbyists. A lobbyist he described as one who "hung around and nudged up to say something to you about legislation every chance he got."

Answering Senator Reed, he said there was no doubt that a determined effort was being made to keep up the tariff rates.

Senator Martin, of Virginia, testified that if an obnoxious lobby existed in Washington now or in the past, it had never bothered him.

No Filibuster from Republicans.

Washington, June 4.—"I am going to work in my garden; get in my overalls and old shoes and dig around my plants and my flowers," said Republican Leader Mann, of the House, and he left today for Chicago, for a brief vacation.

"I don't know when congress is

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY At Marion, Virginia WM. C. PENDLETON Editor and Proprietor

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION IN ADVANCE By mail, postage paid, one year \$1.00 By mail, postage paid, six months .50

ADVERTISING RATES Furnished on Application

Entered at the postoffice at Marion, Va., as second class mail matter.

THURSDAY, JUNE 5, 1913.

IMPISH INGENUITY DEFEATED.

There was no need for Theodore Roosevelt to bring and prosecute the libel suit, which terminated at Marquette, Michigan on last Saturday, to vindicate his good name in the esteem of the unprejudiced intelligent citizens of the United States and of the civilized world. Its only object, or necessary purpose, was to silence those who have been so embittered by political or personal prejudice that they were willing to believe and contribute to any slander that would destroy his influence with the American people and defeat his resolute purpose to once again make this "a government of the people, by the people and for the people." And that this was the impelling motive which moved the greatest living American to bring the slanderer and his backers into court is proved by his declaration made by permission of the court, immediately following the testimony of the defendant, Mr. Newett, who had voluntarily admitted that his publication was libelous, and that he could not find one single reputable person in the land who could sustain the slanderous charges. Then it was that Col. Roosevelt stood up and said:

"I wished once for all during my life to deal with these slanderers so that never again will it be possible for any man in good faith to repeat them."

How appropriate it will be for Col. Roosevelt and his friends to now quote from an editorial published in the Richmond News Leader the day after the ex-President sailed from New York to make his wonderful trip through Africa. In part that article said:

"No president since Washington has been the object of vilification more venomous, bitter or intense than has been showered on Roosevelt. All the intellects and of the most impish ingenuity have been exhausted in efforts to injure, belittle and wound him. Notwithstanding it all, the masses of the people have retained unflinching confidence in the man they chose and accepted as leader. His enemies and detractors are few, and so far as practical results and effects go are very feeble. They are forced to the miserable fate of standing by watching the man they hate so horribly gain strength and popularity and accompanied wherever he goes by the plaudits of the public; the sneers and accusations directed against him unlike unheeded blown back by the public voice to sting the faces of those who emit them."

The very same brightest perverted intellects and the same impish ingenuity that sought by vilification intense and bitter to injure him while President were the originators of the slanders that Editor Newett unwisely gave libelous publication. A press report from Marquette, Mich., dated May 31st, and published in this issue of THE AMERICAN says:

"The powerful political foes of Roosevelt showered contributions and suggestions upon Editor Newett last fall. Legal services were proffered gratis from New York, Chicago, Philadelphia, Cleveland and St. Louis. Thousands of dollars came rushing into the little newspaper office in Ishpeming. The stream of dollars poured in for a month."

It is highly creditable to Editor Newett that he refused to accept the money contributions, but unfortunate that he accepted the suggestions of Roosevelt's unscrupulous enemies and undertook to reiterate and sustain his libelous publications. Now, that the editor has had the courage to go upon the witness stand and say: "I am forced to the conclusion that I was mistaken;" that a search of the country had been made to get reputable witnesses to support the charges without any being found; and that to use or attempt to use the depositions taken for the defense, "would be to continue an injustice, which had already become apparent to him and to his attorneys," Mr. Newett ought to reveal the names of the impish conspirators who led him to his course of folly, and the names of those who with their proffered unclean dollars and willing witnesses were eager to lead him deeper in the mire where impostors had already enticed him.

When Col. Roosevelt was nominated for President in 1904 by the Republican party, the same disposition to cast aspersions upon him was shown by his political foes as last year. The whispering slanders went about declaring that

he was insane and unsafe. They wanted to make his mental and moral unfitness the chief and only issue in the campaign.

The Hon. John Hay, who was private secretary to President Lincoln, who had been ambassador to Great Britain, and who was then Secretary of State, the same position now filled by Mr. Bryan, made a speech at Jackson, Mich., on the 6th of July, 1904, to celebrate the fiftieth anniversary of the birth of the Republican party at Jackson. Mr. Hay is recognized by men of all parties as one of the best men and ablest diplomats among the many good and gifted patriots who have served this country in national office. We publish a part of his speech at Jackson, which referred to Theodore Roosevelt, the then candidate of the party. The testimony of such a man as John Hay should have closed for all time the mouths of the slanderers, but it was not sufficient to smother the political hate that rankled in the hearts of Roosevelt's foes last year.

Read the extracts from Mr. Hay's speech, which we publish on this page of THE AMERICAN.

WE MAKE DENIAL.

We publish in another column an interesting article from the Richmond News Leader, headed, "Paste this in your Hat." The purport of the article is to show that the tax-payers are not only the victims of wasteful and incompetent public servants; but that the average tax-payer does not desire honest and efficient government; that the people want grafters in office and prefer to be buncoed by corrupt politicians.

That the people are, and for many years have been, the slaves of self-seeking politicians and the victims of extravagant and incompetent officials is an indisputable truth. No where has this condition been more prevalent than in Virginia in recent years. No matter how many millions it may cost to run the government, the average tax-payer has been found to be an easy mark and the plunderer has profited by its system of legalized graft.

But we dispute the charge that the average citizens of Virginia want grafters in office or take pleasure in being buncoed. Upon the contrary they wish to have honest, efficient and economical government. If they haven't been receiving and enjoying such government, the lack of it has been occasioned by crafty politicians who have been imposing upon the people.

ed for the making of a new constitution did so with the full understanding that the purpose of the new organic law was to reduce government expenses—State, county and municipal. That the pledge made by the politicians has not been redeemed is no fault of the people, for they believed the promise an honest one.

For a long while the tax-payers of Virginia have been lulled into silent acceptance of the situation by partisan politicians. These latter have played upon the feelings of the people by telling them that the new constitution has destroyed the negro vote, and the objectionable white vote, and made Democratic rule permanent and complete in every department of the State government. This they claim is sufficient blessing to more than outweigh the burdens of taxation superinduced by the extravagant and wasteful administration of the revenues of the State. But the people in every section of the State are beginning to realize that the "political brigands" or "officeholder's trust," as they were called by Hon. Carter Glass, have been buncoing them. The burdens of taxation are now galling the tax-payers, and they begin to see that the only way to get rid of the burdens is to get rid of the inducement.

We do not believe that the people of Virginia have got just what they want now, or that they will make good the accusation that they like to be buncoed.

WHAT DO YOU STAND FOR?

"Now we are coming to the crucial point and the decisive test on the tariff question. The Democratic senators will answer squarely how much faith and belief they have in the doctrines of their own party, how far they are ready to stake party success and the prosperity of the country on practical application of those doctrines. The next two or three weeks will tell and show."—Roanoke Times.

The Times has repeatedly declared that free trade is the fundamental tariff principle of the Democratic party. And the Times has as often declared that it would not do to make a tariff on a free trade basis. We would like for the Times to set forth its views as to what are the doctrines of the party, and which of those doctrines it would have its party put in practical operation. Does the Times stand for a tariff law framed upon a strictly revenue basis? Or does it favor a law that is partly for revenue only and partly for protection? Note: We published the above in our last issue, but The Roanoke Times did

not respond. Maybe the busy editor of The Times overlooked it. We give our contemporary another chance to explain. Come along brother. Don't be afraid.

HAY ON ROOSEVELT.

The Hon. John Hay, then Secretary of State, delivered an address at Jackson, Mich., on July 6th, 1904. The subject was: "Fifty years of the Republican Party." His speech was made on the fiftieth anniversary of the origin of the Republican party. It was a great speech, that came from a great statesman and a good and noble man. In that speech he made a splendid defense of Theodore Roosevelt who was then the candidate of his party for President. His estimate of the worth and mental and moral make-up of Col. Roosevelt not only outweighed all the evil that was then being said of the President by his enemies, but is sufficient to put to flight the slanderers who have continued to assail him in these latter days. Mr. Hay, in part, said:

"Even on this narrow issue they will dodge most of the details. Ask them, Has the President been a good citizen, a good soldier, a good man in all personal relations? Is he a man of intelligence, of education? Does he know this country well? Does he know the world outside? Has he studied law, history, and politics? Has he had great chances to learn, and has he improved them? Is he sound and strong in mind, body, and soul? Is he accessible and friendly to all sorts and conditions of men? Has he the courage and the candor, and the God-given ability to speak to the people and tell them what he thinks? To all these questions they will answer, Yes. Then what is your objection to him? They will either stand speechless or they will answer with the parrot cry which we have heard so often: He is unsafe!

"In a certain sense we will have to admit this is true. To every grade of lawbreaker, high or low; to a man who would rob a till or a ballot box; to the sneak or the bully; to the hypocrite or the humbug, Theodore Roosevelt is more than unsafe; he is positively dangerous.

"But let us be serious with these good people. What are the coefficients of safety in a Chief of State? He should have courage; the wisest coward that ever lived is not fit to rule. And intelligence; we want no blunder-headed hero in the White House. And honesty; a clever thief would do infinite mischief. These three are the indispensable. With them a man is all the more safe if he has a sense of proportion, a sense of humor, a wide knowledge of men and affairs; if he seeks good counsel; and finally, if he is a patriot, if he loves his country, believes in it, and seeks in all things its honor and its glory.

"Such a man as this will make few, and no grave ones. "Such a man is our President and our candidate. He is prompt and energetic, but he takes infinite pains to get at the facts before he acts. In all the crises in which he has been accused of undue haste, his action has been the result of long meditation and well-reasoned conviction. If he thinks rapidly, that is no fault; he thinks thoroughly, and that is the essential. When he made peace between the miners and the operators, it was no sudden caprice but the fruit of serious reflection, and this act of mingled philanthropy and common sense was justified by a great practical result. When he proclaimed anew the Monroe Doctrine in the Venezuela case his action was followed by the most explicit acceptance of that saving policy which has ever come to us from overseas. He acted very swiftly, it is true, in Mississippi, when the best citizens of a town threatened the life of a postmistress for no fault but her color. He simply said, "Very well, gentlemen; you may get your letters somewhere else for a while."

"We could desire no better fortune, in the campaign upon which we are entering, than that the other side should persist in their announced intention to make the issue upon President Roosevelt. What a godsend to our orators! It takes some study, some research to talk about the tariff, or the currency, or foreign policy. But to talk about Roosevelt! It is as easy as to sing 'the glory of the Graeme.' Of gentle birth and breeding, yet a man of the people in the best sense; with the training of a scholar and the breezy accessibility of a ranchman; a man of the library and a man of the world; an athlete and a thinker; a soldier and a statesman; a reader, a writer, and a maker of history; with the sensibility of a poet and the steel nerve of a rough rider; one who never did, and never could, turn his back on a friend or an enemy. A man whose merits are so great that he could win on his merits alone; whose personality is so engaging that you lose sight of his merits. Make their fight on a man like that! What irreverent caricaturist was it that called them the Stupid Party?"

Preaching at Cedar Bluff Baptist church, Saturday night the 7th and on Sunday following at eleven. Also at Middle Fork at three o'clock of the same afternoon. Everybody cordially invited to these services.

M. M. Seaver who attended the annual convention of the Virginia Funeral Directors' Association, held at Richmond last week, was elected one of the Vice-Presidents for the ensuing year. Mr. Seaver was also elected a delegate to the National Convention, which will be held in Milwaukee on October 10th, 1913.

(From the Japanese Advertiser.)

Among the many oddities in Japan which are enormously big in the outward form, but are in reality exceedingly small, we must count the Kwannon of Askusa, which is scarcely three inches in height and yet is housed in a colossal edifice known as the Kwannon Temple.

On the other hand, there are not a few things which at first sight appear extremely small and insignificant and which in truth assume gigantic dimensions. To this latter category belongs the saisen (offerings) daily, hourly, nay, every minute, unceasingly thrown into the offertory chests before the same Kwannon Temple of Askusa.

At certain stated days all the saisen coffers are emptied under the joint supervision of four responsible priests, and mountains of coins of various descriptions are piled up. One-half of these coins are five rin coppers, while 40 per cent of the whole are sen coins, the remainder being nickels, small silver and old-fashioned rin coins with square holes. Sometimes the priests find paper money, even of as high denomination as 5 yen and 10 yen.

Every 10 days these heterogeneous masses of small coins are exchanged into convenient and uniform currency of checks. Two money changers named Messrs. Yamada and Hayakawa are regularly entrusted with this custom. The receipts vary according to various seasons, and in the festive season of the flower season, such as the present, no less than 1,500 yen is obtained every 10 days. Even when the season is unfavorable the receipts will not go below 700 or 800 yen, and the average monthly income from the twenty offertory coffers amounts to 4,000 yen.

The manner of exchange is somewhat unique. It is not conducted on the commission basis usually adopted. The coins are exchanged, not ad valorem, but specifically, so to say. All the coins are jumbled out upon large scales and weighed, and the exchangers take them in indiscriminately by weight, paying 5 yen for every kwan of the heterogeneous.

Paste This in Your Hat.

(Richmond News Leader.)

"It is only the government that can smile at extravagance, waste and incompetence among its executives and employees. Why? Because however many millions it may cost, the tax-payer is there to pay," says the New York Evening World!

There are two principal reasons for this condition, which is to be found in practically every large city, Richmond not excepted. First and foremost "public servants" give too little, if any, serious thought to their responsibility to the wishes and welfare of the public they are supposed to serve. Secondly, the average tax-payer is the easiest mark and the softest picking to be found on the globe. He does not take any interest in the administration of his city's affairs, other than to "beef" about high taxes and obijurate after a blunder has been made by his representatives.

Several months ago "The Woman," a theatrical production based on political corruption, incompetency and neglect of civic duty, was produced in Richmond. No one saw this play without learning a great deal about the subtle workings of politics, travesties upon government, and the insidious way in which legislation is influenced. In the course of the dialogue between a confessed grafter and his noble minded son, the parent philosophizes as follows: "Certainly I'm a grafter. The people want grafters in office. They like to be buncoed. Why, my boy, do you suppose for an instant that if the people wanted honest, efficient government they couldn't get it. Why, it's absurd to think about. The day the people cease to want dishonest and inefficient government, they will rise up and say so and put the grafters and the incompetents out of office. The people have got just what they want now, and when they wish a change they will make it."

Noble truths these. Exhilarating to "Jones, he pays the freight."

Straightening a Crooked Path.

(New York World.)

Judicial construction of the scope of patent monopoly has heretofore followed a crooked path which is now in the way of being made straight.

It has been good sense all along that the owner of the patent loses control of his product when he has first sold it. This is now made good law by the United States Supreme Court, which even a dissent of four justices is not likely to overcome.

The patentee's exclusive right to "vend" his product is not inclusive of a right to hold up the price after the product has left his ownership. The Sherman Anti-Trust law weighed against his attempt to maintain a monopoly in the after-selling by wholesalers and retailers. By this decision the patent laws themselves deny to him any such right.

If this decision by implication reverses the decision in the Dick mimeograph case, when the patentee was allowed to extend his monopoly over articles to be used in connection with the patented device, then so much the better. Only seven judges sat in that case, and the same four who dissented Monday made that court's decision, which was virtually a minority judgment.

ERRORS OF BEGINNER

Element of Common Sense Often Is Woefully Lacking.

Having Blundered in Initial Move He Now Proceeds to Crowning Folly or Purchasing Cheap Stock—Way for Success.

Practically all beginners are honest in their belief in the business, but it seems at times that the simple element of common sense is woefully lacking in the majority of cases—perhaps because common sense is not so common after all, writes W. B. Thomas, in Utility Pigeons.

Having blundered in his initial move, he now proceeds to the crowning folly of which he can be guilty—he buys cheap stock because it is cheap. He is either victimized by the proverbially conscienceless dealer, or he takes the stock of some fellow who has already demonstrated himself a failure; in either case he gets a sorry lot of birds.

Now suppose that instead of committing the usual folly, the beginner applies a little of that golden specific that I mentioned above,—common sense. Instead of an old shack, suppose he provides a good rat-proof house, built on plans approved by experienced breeders; then suppose he looks up some good, reliable breeder



Squabs One Week Old.

and invests in a few, well-mated working birds. Then, having posted himself as fully as possible by reading good pigeon literature, let him give his stock that careful attention indispensable to the well-being of all living things, and it will not take a very talented prophet to predict a result quite at variance with the one first outlined.

Squabs die in the nest or are found on the floor or do not fatten up properly, when the old birds are not fed properly. A young squab is not to be compared with a young chick. A very young chick can run about and help itself to food and water and the other necessities of life; whereas the squab is utterly helpless at its birth, and is unable to walk and must be fed in the nest by the parent bird and with whatever the parent birds may feed it.

The watchful pigeon man is the one who gives his flocks the best of care. He keeps them in health by noting the first signs of ailment.

Hay Should Not Sunburn. The feeding value, as well as the market value, and palatability of hay is lowered by being sunburned. The feeding value is probably hurt most by the loss of leaves. Sunburned clover and alfalfa lose a large part of the leaves in handling, and this is the best part of the crop.

When the sun is shining very brightly the alfalfa or grass should not be left in the swath long. A large part of the curing should be done in the windrow and the cock. Most of the hay is then shaded and so the damaging effect of intense sunshine is reduced to the exposed portion. And a stock cover will still further lessen the injury from the sun as well as from rain.

POULTRY NOTES

There is nothing the matter with the hen that shows a bright eye and a red comb.

Exercise is a better laying stimulant for the hens than heat-producing condiments.

Establish, if possible, a brand of eggs which will in itself be a guarantee of good quality.

Green food of some kind is necessary to make hens do their best in the line of egg production.

Eggs ought to weigh a pound and a half to the dozen or fifty-five pounds net to the thirty dozen eggs.

It is poor policy to change the quarters of hens or pullets while laying, for it usually checks or stops egg production.

Experiments show that chickens with strong vitality and plenty of masculine characteristics make the largest gains.

The best place for the incubator is

the one where the temperature is most nearly uniform from day to day, under natural conditions.

Collect the eggs regularly at least once, better twice, a day in moderate weather and more frequently in very warm and very cold weather.

Where green out bone is fed, about 4 ounces a week fed in small quantities at a time is a good average allowance per hen. It need not be fed every day.

If taken at a very early age chickens can be taught to come and go at certain times, to feed in a certain way and do other things that will save time and annoyance.

Do Not Feed Moldy Corn. Moldy corn will produce blind staggers in horses, and it should never be fed to them. Every year there is considerable trouble with this disease in the west, and in almost every case the cause is moldy corn. If this corn does not produce blind staggers, it will tend to injure the physical condition of the animal. So don't feed it, and be careful about pasturing the horses in stalk fields where there is moldy corn.

Miss Ruth Seaver, who had been a student at Martha Washington College the past year, got home on Tuesday evening. She expresses much pleasure at being at home again.

The street sprinkler was put to use for the first time on Tuesday afternoon. The range of the sprinkler is inadequate as it covers less than one-fourth of the roadway of Main Street, and when the weather is dry will have to be kept almost constantly at work to keep the dust laid.

H. T. WILLIAMS

Boot and Shoe Repairer

All work neatly and promptly done.

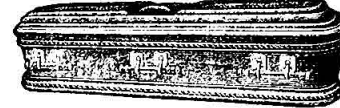
Ladies' and children's shoes a specialty.

Shop at rear of Scott Bros.

MARION, VA.

SEAVER & MORRIS

Undertakers and Funeral Directors



We have just received the largest stock of Screen Doors and Windows we have ever brought to Marion. We can put them up on short notice.

The New York Racket Store

WE want the public to know that we send in orders every two weeks for Novelties and up-to-date goods in all the lines we carry. This gives our customers fresh, clean, new goods. If we haven't what you want when you call for it, rest assured we will have it in a few days.

The greatest bargains are always to be found at our store.

J. L. THORNTON & COMPANY

Geo. W. Seaver M. M. Seaver

W. C. Seaver & Sons

We are now showing in our large warerooms the handsomest assortment of

FURNITURE

that has ever been seen in the town. We have a very fine line of Druggets, Carpets, China and Japanese Mattings. If you want a range in your kitchen—the best in the world.

With modern equipment, including the newest and most fashionable type faces, with labor-saving devices, and with skilled workmen, we are in position to do

JOB PRINTING

Of the Better Class

and to deliver promptly, at reasonable prices.

For Catalogues, Briefs, Commercial and Office Stationery, Circulars, Dodgers, Etc., try

The American

Hanna's Green Seal "The Made-to-Wear Paint"

If you expect to do any painting, you are interested—you should be—in the quality of the paint to be used.

In any given job of painting, labor represents practically two-thirds, material one-third the cost.

It stands to reason that with so much expense in labor, the enduring quality of the paint is all important.

Why have the painting done unless the protection and durability of the job is sought?

How is one to determine the true value and obtain paint that may be depended upon for durability?

HANNA'S GREEN SEAL PAINT IS NOT A SECRET. This paint the printed formula on every package.

The makers have confidence and take pride in the quality of the composition of the paint.

IS THIS OF ANY VALUE TO YOU? IT OUGHT TO BE.

FOR SALE BY

W. C. SEAVER & SONS, J. S. MORRIS,



CHURCH DIRECTORY

Methodist Church
Preaching every Sunday at 11 a. m. and 8 p. m. Prayer meeting every Wednesday evening at 8 o'clock.
T. C. SCHULER, D. D., Pastor.
Sunday School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
H. B. STALEY, Supt.
Junior League every Sunday afternoon at 2 o'clock.
MRS. MAUD THOMAS, Supt.
Senior League every Sunday afternoon at 4 o'clock.
MRS. ERNEST STEINER, Pres.
The public is cordially invited to all these services.

Lutheran Church
Preaching every first and third Sunday in the morning at 11 o'clock, and every second, fourth and fifth Sunday in the evening at 7:30 o'clock.
Sunday School every Sunday morning at 9:30 a. m.
PROF. B. E. COPEHAVER, Supt.
Services every Wednesday evening at 7:30 o'clock.
The Boys' Junior Missionary Society meets every first Sunday evening at 7 o'clock.
The Girls' Missionary Society meets every second Sunday immediately after the Sunday School service.
You are cordially invited to attend all the services.
RUFUS E. KERN, Pastor.

Baptist Church
Preaching every Sunday morning and night, except first Sunday.
Bible School every Sunday at 9:30 a. m.
L. P. COLLINS, Supt.
Prayer Meeting every Wednesday night.
The B. Y. P. U. meets every Sunday afternoon at 7:30 o'clock.
REV. E. M. HARRIS, Pastor.

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

SECRET ORDERS

Lyon Commandery, No. 9, Knights Templar
Meets second Friday night in each month.
R. K. SANDERS, E. C.
JNO. A. GROCECLOSE, Recorder.

Marion Royal Arch Chapter, No. 54
Meets first Monday in each month.
H. A. MILLER, H. P.
L. P. COLLINS, Secretary.

Masonic Lodge, No. 31, A. F. & A. M.
Meets third Monday in each month.
S. J. CARSON, W. M.
J. SHEFFEY PENDLETON, Secretary.

COUNTY DIRECTORY.

Hon. F. B. Hutton, Judge Circuit Court.
S. W. Kent, Clerk.
Geo. F. Cook, Commonwealth's Att'y.
J. L. C. Anderson, Treasurer.
M. D. Cassell, Sheriff.

Term: The 1st Monday in January, March, May, September and November.

B. E. Copenhaver, Division Superintendent of Schools.

GEORGE FRED COOK

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

SMALL VALUE OF HUMAN LIFE

According to Legal Decisions Few Men Need Have High Opinion of Themselves.

That "human life is cheap" would appear from a study undertaken by a well known lawyer of the legal decisions handed down in this country with reference to the "cash value" of a man.

It is estimated that at ten years of age a boy of the laboring class is worth \$2,061.42; at fifteen, \$4,263.46; at twenty-five, \$5,488.03, from which time the decline is steady, a man of seventy, by this legal decision scale, rating at only \$17.13! By the same practical method of computation one eye is worth \$5,000; one leg, \$15,000; two legs, \$25,000; one arm, \$10,000; one hand, \$6,000; one finger, \$1,500, and permanent disability, \$25,000. This, it is pointed out, is merely an average as far as decisions have been examined.

It should be added that the estimates of the value of a man's life are based upon an idea not of his value to himself, but of his value to the community. The figures in individual cases would vary greatly with reference to the fact whether or not the person's death caused hardship to others who were dependent upon him.

The value of a man to himself is, it is further pointed out, unimportant after he is dead—from a legal point of view. His value to society at large cannot be considered in a cash estimate other than physical return to those who look upon him alone by his estate.

THAT BLESSED KITTEN

Stray Black Cat Innocent Means of Reuniting Lovers Who Had Quarreled.

By WHEELER M'ILLEN.
"Me-a-ow!"
The despairing cry of a shivering, homeless kitten penetrated to Bently's room. Bently hated cats; and he was out of a job.

"But," he declared to himself, "this is too cold a night for even a worthless cat to be out."
The kitten's miserable "me-a-ow!" again rose above the shrieks of the zero wind. It sounded as if the victim of the frosty blast was giving its last howl before lying down to freeze in the snow. The tenderness of Bently's heart overcame his long-fostered aversion for anything feline. As he held the door open, the keen wind drove fine particles of snow over the rug.

The cat's cry sounded across the street. "I could never find it there," Bently slammed the door, and crawled up on top of the radiator, which seemed to have given up all effort to warm the room.
Fuller than before of the agony of the cold, the cry again reached Bently's ears. He opened the door. As the snow sifted over his slippers, he heard soft feet patter across the porch, and a black kitten slipped into the room.

Bently picked the cat up in one hand. As its four feet dangled in the air, he examined his guest. Ice and snow still hung in its bedraggled black fur. The kitten, grateful for warmth and attention, began to purr. Bently drew a chair close to the radiator, and put on it, warm side up, the cushion that had been on top of the heater. On this he carefully deposited the cat. He settled himself in the one rocker that scarcely could be said to adorn the room. A whimsical mood stole over him, as he gazed at the kitten, which was comfortably pushing its claws into the cushion as it purred loudly.

"So you're out of a job and up against it, too, are you, Puss?"
Puss seemed more inclined to absorb the heat that the radiator had begun in honor of the occasion, than to engage in conversation. Bently continued his interrogations and observations, himself beginning to enjoy the situation as much as the cat appreciated it.

"I don't generally like cats, but I believe that you and I will be fine friends. That reminds me that we haven't been introduced—but geniuses hate formalities, too." Bently halted in his soliloquy.
"I said I didn't like cats; but I know of some one who does. I'll bet she'd like to have one like you for a pet. She would call you a beauty, though I don't quite agree. Would you like to hear of this person who likes cats?"

For answer, Puss ceased the abominations that were engrossing her attention, yawned comfortably, jumped from the cushion to Bently's knee and sat down sociably in his lap.
"Well, by the shades of old maids, I do believe you are really interesting! Must tell you all about her."

"Once upon a time—no, not 'once upon a time,' because she is still very much alive. But it is 'once upon a time' so far as I am concerned, so we'll let it go that way. Once upon a time, there was a sweet and independent young woman, who lived in a room something like this, only more homelike for having a woman in it, in this very city. Her name was Margaret. Margaret made her living by writing things for newspapers and magazines. One day, while she was working at space rates for the paper on which I was a reporter, I met her. Puss, are you listening? Well, we became good friends. We became such good friends, indeed, that I went very often to see her, and we planned how we would furnish the flat we were going to have together when both of us were a little more successful—when she had sold her serial and I got a raise in salary.

"But she insisted on liking cats, and would always have two or three around to care for. I told you a while ago that I hated cats. At least I had always pretended to hate them, so I had come to believe that I really did.
"We quarreled the other day about that. Then, some other things went wrong, and we quarreled worse than ever. That was terrible, Puss. You must never quarrel with any one you love.
"By the way, wouldn't you like to see Margaret's picture?"
When Bently's voice paused, the kitten looked up and began to purr again.

"I guess you mean you do."
Bently reached for the picture that was lying on the table. As he held it up where both could get a good look at it, the kitten stood up and lightly touched with its own cold nose the nose of the image on the card, saluting in cat fashion.
"Then when I went to work," Bently continued, "I was so out up about it, and so out of fix with everything for having quarreled with her, that I flunked on an important interview. When the city editor called me for it, I cursed him much, and he fired me. Don't blame him much, do you, Puss?"
"I went back to see the girl. I wanted to ask her forgiveness, and wanted her kisses and sympathy for having lost my job. Her landlady informed me that she had moved, cats and all, and hadn't left any address. That's about all there is to tell, Puss."
Bently put the sleeping cat back on the cushion and went to bed. A soft touch on the cheek awakened him early. Puss was just starting to walk across his face. As soon as he was dressed he went out to purchase some for kitten and a morning paper for himself.

Scanning the "wants" for a job, Bently was able to fill, he

black kitten left foreleg, at Room Twenty-fourth

Taking the kitten away from the milk it was lapping, he found the scar.

"Well, honored Puss," he exclaimed, "it appeareth that thou hast friends as well as misfortunes. When I have partaken of my repast, we'll sally forth to seek whom these friends may be."

With the kitten in his arms, Bently strayed out after breakfast for Room 8, No. 2042 West Twenty-fourth street. On the steps he met the postman, who handed him a letter. The kitten, for some reason fathomable only by the minds of felines, gave a leap for liberty. Bently shoved the letter into his pocket and pursued the cat. He shouted to a policeman ahead. Puss was unafraid of the man with the copper buttons, and suffered herself to be coaxed into his big hands. The wondering patrolman handed the kitten to Bently, who hurried on, after a laughing word of thanks.

A sudden idea seized hold of Bently's brain. "Room 8" indicated that No. 2042 West Twenty-fourth street was a house where furnished rooms were rented. Margaret had moved. Who on earth but Margaret would ever advertise for a fool black kitten? He started to hail a taxicab to get there quicker, but restrained himself on reflecting that he was out of a job.

The surmise that No. 2042 was a rooming house proved true. Bently stood almost trembling as he knocked at Room 8.
It most assuredly would be Margaret who would answer, he thought. What would she say?

The door opened. The fair sweet Margaret did not greet the young man with the kitten in his arms. Instead, he was unable to state his errand; but the old man relieved him of the necessity on spying the kitten.
"Oh, you found the black kitten, did you? Come right in. You think it queer that I should advertise for this cat? Not at all. You see, I have been studying cats all my life, and am writing a great book about the feline tribes. The work has made me very poor, though I shall be rich when it is published. For a long time I have been hunting a black cat without a single white hair. They are exceedingly rare. I needed such a specimen to complete my book. When I bought this—"

That this was the place where Margaret had said she could sell the pretty black cat, was the thought that came to Bently. It must have been she that sold it.
"Pardon me," he interrupted, "but from whom did you buy this remarkable feline?"
"From whom did I buy the cat? I bought it only yesterday from a young woman."

"Was she tall?" Bently almost snapped in his eagerness.
"Was she tall? I don't see why this young lady should interest you so much. The cat was the important thing. No, she was short and stout, and spoke as though she were German or Hungarian."

That ended it, for Margaret was tall, and her pure English would have shamed the sentences of a college professor.
With the fifty cents the old man had made him take for returning the cat, Bently walked slowly down street. He was in no hurry, for there was no work to go to.

The letter was still in his pocket, where he had pushed it when the black kitten had escaped from his arms. He behought himself of it, and drew it out.
Had he been demonstrative, after he read the letter Bently would have thrown his hat into the air and shouted in orthodox story-book fashion. The letter was from the editor who had discharged him.

"I have just learned something of the unfortunate circumstances under which you were working the last day you were on our staff. Also, I was unduly hasty. You are too good a man to lose. Report for work tomorrow as usual, at \$5 more a week salary."

Bently was reading the letter a second time, when a familiar voice spoke behind him. He turned to see Margaret smiling at him.
"Sweetheart," he blurted out. "I've been wild with trying to find you! Where are you?"
"I am right here, now, dear," she laughed. "But my room is No. 14, 2042 West Twenty-fourth street. I saw you leaving there a bit ago."

The interchange of affectionate terms told each that there was no quarrel any more. Bently briefly told her what had happened to him.
"I was just going to mail a note to you," she began. "I sold my serial for \$600—think of it, \$600! And the magazine wants another one. I just couldn't go without telling you, even if we did quarrel. I was wrong, anyway. Why, Harold, I don't want to go back that way now!"

Bently had wheeled around, and was leading her toward Twenty-fourth street.
"Yes, we do," he smiled. "We are going right back after that black kitten. We will want it in our flat."

Hunger Strikes.
The problem of the hunger strike was not known in the seventeenth century. Then, however, it was allowed to solve itself. John Evelyn, for instance, in 1656, found martyrs to their beliefs in Ipswich, and entered the fight and its sequel in his diary: "I had the curiosity to visit some Quakers here in prison," he noted on July 8, 1656, "a new fanatic set, of dangerous principles, who show no respect to any man, magistrate or other."
One of these was said to have fasted 20 days; but another, endeavoring to do the like, perished on the tenth, when he would have eaten, but could not. There is no question of forcible feeding here!—London Chronicle.

Diseased Trees.
It is well to remember that the old and diseased trees not only take up valuable space in the orchard, but they are liable to spread disease among the healthy trees, and they always harbor pests that are injurious to the entire orchard.

DUNDERHEAD'S LUCK

After Numerous Mistakes and Accidents He Gets the Girl He Was After.

By CLARA INEZ DEACON.
Er-Judge Rosser of Marion was a widower and lived on the interest of the money he had been wise enough to lay by in his younger days.

Colonel Grafton was the owner of the Grafton Woolen Mills, and making money out of the capital invested.
Fate was going to bring these two men together, but she was in no hurry about it. They had lived in the same town for five years and had never met either in a business or a social way. They simply knew each other by sight.

The judge had a daughter named Bessie. At the time the happenings that follow took place to stir up the country and almost precipitate another panic Miss Bessie was twenty years old. Her aunt was her chaperon and her father's housekeeper, and a large and fresh assortment of young men were seekers after her hand and her father's cash.

The colonel had a son Burt who was making his way through college. Making his way does not signify that he was sawing wood, hoeing corn or cutting ice to make good for his board and tuition. It simply means that he was somewhat slow and absent-minded, and did not get a grip on the higher studies as the majority of students did. He was a good boy but a little slow!

Young Mr. Grafton had come home on his summer vacation. He was going to learn the office work at the Mills, fish, sail and take trips here and there in an auto.
Miss Bessie Rosser was also home on her vacation. She also had plans, but every girl is liable to change her plans at a moment's notice. She did not know of the existence of such a young man as Burt Grafton.

On the morning after his arrival home young Grafton started for the Mills to devote half an hour to learning the business and then go fishing. There was one busy street corner in the town and he struck it. He also struck a tall, slim man with bowed shoulders and a chip conveniently ready to be knocked off. It was Judge Rosser. His walk abroad was always aggressive and his look defiant. He had somehow imbibed the idea that he personally owned most of the sidewalks in the busy burg.

Of course young Grafton did not know this. He was used to walking where he pleased at college, even if one of the professors stood in the way, and as a consequence there was a collision between him and the judge, and the judge arose to shout at him:
"What do you mean, you dunderhead, by bullying your way through a crowd like this!"
"I didn't see you," was the apologetic answer.

"Then you're blind!"
"I hope—hope."
"Hope nothing! You shouldered against me and ought to be led around like a dancing bear!"
"I apologize, sir."
"But I don't accept it! You are a dunderhead, sir—a dunderhead! You ought to be obliged to give public notice when you are going to charge through the streets!"

The judge was sized up for what he was—an irascible old man who loved a row—and the younger man passed on with a bow. On the next block he turned into a store to shake hands with a merchant and laughingly said:
"Just met a raging lion and had a narrow escape from death."
"What do you mean?"
"Happened to bump into an old chap who was on the wrong side of the street and he gave me down the banks in great shape. Called me a dancing bear and a dunderhead. Thought he was going to haul off and paste me one."
"Huh! Wonder who it could be?"
"Some old crank living here in town, I suppose."

A young lady who had been at one of the nearby counters and heard every word arose and left the store, and as she passed the young man she bestowed upon him a look so full of contempt and scorn that he whispered to the merchant:
"If I've stolen her purse or gobbled up her dog I ask her forgiveness."
"You've done worse than that, young man!" was the reply.
"How? Which?"
"I guess it was her daddy you fell foul of. Sounds very much like him. That's Miss Rosser, the belle of the town."

"Just my luck! Well, I hope she forgets my face, for that girl looks good to me. So long."
Having learned all about the woolen mill business during the remainder of the day, young Grafton bled him to a fishing-tackle store next morning to procure an outfit. He had jointed a rod and was flourishing it about when a man entered the store just in time for his plug hat knocked off and sent rolling.

"So it's you again!" he shouted as he faced the man who had done the damage.
"A thousand pardons—let me pick it up," replied the assailant.
"No, sir—no, sir. I want no such—"
And they both stooped for the hat, and there was a collision that bumped them to the floor. When they regained their feet Mr. Rosser, for of course it was he, held out the ill-used tile and wrathfully exclaimed:
"You meant to do it, sir—you meant to!"

"I beg your pardon."
"You are a bull in a China shop—a China shop sir."
"I plead guilty to carelessness, but—"
"I won't accept of an apology! You are a blunderer and a dunderhead. You are a bear and a beast! You ought to be looked up sir!"
"I have said that I was sorry," answered young Grafton with dignity.
"Get a guardian, sir—get a guardian, and a rope!"

With that the judge jammed the battered tile down on his head and stalked out, and the young man gave up his idea of purchase and walked

after him. Three days later, having nothing else to do, he brought out his auto for a ride, driving it himself.

Miss Bessie Rosser had an electric runabout, but had not yet acquired the confidence to run it herself. The judge had to act as instructor, and this was one of the mornings he took the daughter and the vehicle out. There was only one good road in and out of the town, and he naturally took that.

So did young Mr. Grafton—but he was miles ahead. He had a long spin and ran over a hog or two before turning about to retrace his way. Half-way home he met the judge and his daughter and recognized them. Perhaps the judge was a bit of that day. Perhaps the daughter reached out to take the steering lever from him. It was something of the sort that brought the two machines together with a crash and dumped their occupants out upon the dusty road. A few bruises and no great damage. Young Grafton was up first, but the hand he extended to the girl was ignored, and the judge had only got the dust out of his mouth when he sat up to shout:

"Same man! Same dunderhead!"
"If it was my fault sir—," began the young man as he lifted his cap to the girl.
"It was—it was! You did it on purpose! You wanted to kill us!"
"Father! Father!"
"But he did. He's the dunderhead I spoke of."
"But I think it was your fault as much as mine, though I am willing to pay all damages. Hope you are not hurt, sir, and that your daughter has escaped with the scare alone."
"I don't care a dum what you hope!" exclaimed the judge. "You are the biggest dunderhead in seven states, and if I ever get back to town I'll have you indicted as a nuisance. Yes, I will!"

At the spot where the vehicles had come together the highway narrowed and there were high banks on either side. A hundred feet below was a turn in the road and bushes to hide what might be coming. Of a sudden, cap in hand, young Grafton sprang over the vehicles and raced for the turn.

"Didn't I say he was a dunderhead!" said the father as he pointed after the flying figure. "Why, Bessie, he's gone clean crazy!"
But the next instant brought a pair of runaway horses into view. They were running as if mad with fear, dragging the wreck of a carriage behind them. At the turn waited young Grafton to spring and setze a flapping rein and to be carried into the roadside bushes and flung down and have a leg broken. But he had stopped the runaways and saved the two people up the road from being trampled to pulp. They knew it as they walked down to him—as they knelt beside him—as the girl wept and the victim gasped. And the father carefully helped the sufferer to a better position and muttered to himself:

"Darn romance! It's going to take Bessie away from me, but I shan't get such a dunderhead for a son-in-law after all!"
And he won't. He's already taken a strong liking to the to-be and as for Miss Bessie, she isn't a girl to oppose romance.
(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

STARTING OF SEEDS INDOORS

Soil Must Be Kept Warm and Moist, but Not Too Wet—Avoid Crowding of Plants.

Shallow boxes or flats are considered best for starting seeds indoors, but pots do not take up so much room, and are less unsightly, so for starting just a few seedlings or to try choice seeds we often use a pot, writes Lulu G. Parker in the Farmer's Wife. We have started pansy and other seedlings often in the big pots in which rubber plants or clematis, or other things which do not shade the soil, are growing.
The soil must be kept warm and moist, but not wet. For this purpose a piece of glass over the top of the pot will help to hold the moisture, but this glass must be tilted up somewhat in order to let in some air or the soil will sour and the seedlings mold or damp off.
Sift the soil for the top layer and cover the seeds about twice as deep as the seed is thick. Press the soil firmly over the seeds with the palm of the hand or a little board before giving water so that they will not be washed out. For very fine seed it will be a good plan to spread a damp cloth over the soil and then sprinkle the water on the cloth until the seeds begin to sprout.
After the seeds begin to sprout they must be kept in the lightest window and never allowed to get too dry or to grow too crowded.
The rest depends upon the seed itself, therefore always buy from a reputable seedsman.

GENERAL FARM NOTES

Sweet corn is a very profitable crop. One reason for this is because it is so easily handled.
Don't wait until June to set your plants. Do it just as soon as you can get the ground in good tilth.
The best garden seed is not always found in the packages on which are found the prettiest pictures.
Thick neck onions are usually seen during such seasons as have wet weather at the usual time of ripening.
On a small scale, vegetable seeds may be started in small boxes or flats, placed under the kitchen stove.
One of the secrets of successful gardening is the thorough preparation of the seed bed and its cultivation.

Fill in about the houses and barn wherever there are low, wet places. No matter what the weather, go dry shod.
Don't plant the large varieties of cucumbers, expecting to raise as many as if the cluster kind were used.
When it is seen that the lima beans are rotting, replant the hills immediately, to make sure of a perfect stand of plants.

Fighting Perennial Pest.
The dandelion is a perennial pest, and worse some seasons than others. There are two methods of getting rid of it. One is to take a sharp knife and cut the plants off just below the crown. The other—and this method is recommended for larger areas—is to spray the young and tender plants with a strong solution of iron sulphate or green vitriol. This puts the plants out of commission, but does not seriously injure the grass.

Fertilize Properly.
Farmers are paying out millions of dollars each year for fertilizers. Probably the greater part of this money is well spent, but it is possible that it might be better spent by a more careful selection of the goods used, by adapting the fertilizer to the crops and soil, and by buying on the basis of the plant food they contain, rather than by seeking goods that sell at a low price.

Mr. J. K. Groseclose came up from Pulaski and spent Sunday with his parents, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Groseclose. He brought along his two sons, Ballard Preston and Richard Payne.

FOR SALE

A nice ten-room House with bath, electric lights and all modern improvements. Good outbuildings with good garden.

Price and terms reasonable.
"H", Box 107
Marion, Va.
Phone 246

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

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

Among the Indispensables

Is what all housekeepers say of

FRESH FRUITS

We are trying to make these one of the leading features of our business. Now have in stock

Apples, Strawberries, Pineapples, Oranges, Lemons and Bananas

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

C. A. PICKLE & CO.

MARION, - - - VIRGINIA

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.

TOWN AND COUNTY NEWS

Some of our subscribers have responded to our modest request. Many have not.

Mr. G. B. Whitaker, of Broad Ford, was a business visitor to Marion on yesterday.

Mr. L. C. Wright, of Marion, is opening a general merchandise store at Teas, in Rye Valley.

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

A granolithic sidewalk is now being constructed on the north side of Main Street from the bridge to Water Street.

Several citizens of the town went to Bristol today to see Buffalo Bill's show—among them Mayor Greer, H. B. Staley and Wilson Scott.

Baptizing at South Fork Baptist church Saturday, June 7th at eleven o'clock. All candidates will meet at the church promptly at the hour for a short service.

Dr. Thomas F. Staley, Specialist in Eye, Ear, Nose and Throat will spend Monday, June 16th in Marion. He can be found in Dr. Sherrill's office.

S. Brown Wassum, one of Atkins most prominent farmers came to Marion last week and purchased from Messrs. King and Dickinson a handsome new Ford automobile.

Mr. H. C. Justice, one of the attendants at the Southwestern Hospital, was taken yesterday to Johnston-Willis Hospital, at Abingdon, Va., for an operation for appendicitis.

Sheriff Mike Cassell requests us to announce that a phone has been placed in the county jail, and that persons who wish to become occupants of that building can notify the jailer by phone message.

All millinery at Mrs. B. C. Eilers is now being sold at greatly reduced prices.

Mrs. B. C. Eller and her niece, Miss Lena Hale, the latter from Spring Valley, Grayson county, Va., went to Abingdon on Tuesday to attend the closing exercises of Martha Washington College. Miss Hale will be in Marion two weeks visiting her aunt.

A marriage of much interest in Marion took place in Front Royal, yesterday, June 4th, when Miss Susie E. Ford and Mr. J. L. Dickinson were united in marriage. Misses Lucy and Ruby Dickinson, and Mr. Winston Dickinson were in Front Royal for the wedding.

C. W. Repass has sold his lot located east of G. T. Hull's residence property in the Sexton addition to Mr. Hull. It is a very beautiful lot and will greatly add to Mr. Hull's already valuable property. Property in the west end of the town is constantly growing in demand and increasing in value.

What is called "June meeting," which is held annually by the Primitive Baptists at their church at St. Clair's Bottom, will be held next Friday, Saturday and Sunday. For nearly three quarters of a century these meetings have been held at that point, and they always bring together thousands of people.

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

Rev. H. N. Miller, the new president of Marion Female College, arrived yesterday morning and will remain for a few days to familiarize himself more with the situation. He will return to Columbus, and we learn, expects to bring his family here by the 1st of July.

Dr. J. H. Wilson and Rev. E. E. Kern attended the Western Conference of Southwest Virginia Synod at Corinth church, Wythe County, Va., on last Friday and Saturday. On Sunday they attended the dedication of the new Lutheran church at Kimberling in the same county.

Rev. and Mrs. J. P. Miller left on Tuesday for Charlotte, N. C., where they will make their future home; and where Mr. Miller will become identified with Elizabeth College as a member of its faculty. The people here regretted deeply to have these good people leave the town and community, and they will continue to have the very best wishes of all our citizens.

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

The missionary address or lecture delivered at the Lutheran church on last Sunday night by Rev. E. C. Cronk attracted an audience which the house would not accommodate. The lecture was illustrated with stereopticon views of scenes in Japan, where the Lutheran Church is most interested in foreign missionary work, and other countries. It was a most interesting lecture and was greatly enjoyed by the audience.

On Wednesday morning at about seven o'clock James, the infant son of Mrs. and Mrs. W. A. Kennon, of Greenville, Tenn., died at the residence of Mr. J. M. Brisco from a complication of diseases. Mrs. Kennon is the sister of Mrs. Brisco, and was here on a visit with her son and five year old daughter and Miss Brown, of Greenville. The remains were taken today to Greenville for burial.

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

A severe hailstorm passed across the middle valley east of Marion on last Friday evening. It was about four miles in width, extending from the top of the hill about half a mile east of the passenger station to Nix Creek, one mile west of Atkins. The hailstones fell thick and fast. Some were very large, and measurements of one that fell near the house of M. D. Cassell showed it to be 2 inches long, 1 1/2 inches wide and 1 inch thick.

Jno. W. Rice made a business trip to Bristol the first of the week.

Mr. Creed Carter, of Rich Valley, was in town yesterday and today.

Walter Robinson, who holds a position at Black Mountain, N. C., was called home yesterday by the continued illness of his father, John Robinson.

The Polk Miller entertainment Monday evening was witnessed and enjoyed by a well filled house. The work of the colored male quartette stood out prominently as the feature of the entertainment.

The illustrated lecture given in the Lutheran church Tuesday evening by Rev. E. C. Cronk in the interest of the Missionary Education Movement, and particularly the Blue Ridge Conference, which is to be held at Black Mountain, N. C., June 27th to July 6th, was instructive and interesting. The Missionary Education Movement is a part of the interdenominational plan which purposes "the evangelization of the world in this generation."

A Pattern of Sobriety. (Norfolk Virginian-Pilot.)

Of course the Virginian-Pilot did not know that never, no never, in the whole course of his life as boy and man, had Theodore Roosevelt looked too long upon the wine when it was red or gone to the length of taking "just one wee drop too much" of the juice of grape or barley-corn. About two years ago reports were generally rife that he occasionally drank intoxicants beyond the bounds of moderation, and there were those, claiming the opportunity to know, who went to the length of citing times and places at which such excesses had been committed. Such rumors about public men who have active ambitions and are the storm centers of bitter political controversy always find ready circulation; and in Mr. Roosevelt's case the amount of credence they received was not so much due any corroborating evidence as to the fact that he was sometimes guilty of outbreaks of temper, to violence of language and conduct, which suggested even to the charitably inclined that he could not have been in his sober mind.

When, however, such insinuations assumed more substantial form and found their way, as they did in the closing months of the Colonel's administration, into type, the Virginian-Pilot took early occasion to express the opinion, to which it has adhered, that no man displaying continuously the mental and bodily vigor uninterruptedly exhibited by Mr. Roosevelt, could possibly be addicted to intemperance in drink. He was constantly engaged in brainwork or bodily exertion neither of which could have been performed by a person whose faculties were clouded, whose energies were benumbed, or whose nerves were unstrung, as must be those of a person who is habitually or even periodically given to drunkenness. Temperaments like his stand in no need of artificial stimulation; if resorting to it they invariably go to an extreme the reaction from which would be inevitable betrayal of the preceding excess.

We are not surprised, therefore, at the array of unimpeachable testimony, furnished by those best acquainted with Col. Roosevelt's habits of life, to the effect that he has been master of his appetites so far as liquor is concerned, that he has as a rule abstained from the use of ardent spirits and been abstemious in indulgence in wine even of the lighter sort. The record approaches much more nearly one of total abstinence than we expected, though doubtless the fact that he even drinks the social glass will be viewed by a certain class of unco guid as excluding him from the ranks of those entitled to stand and fight with the warriors of righteousness at Armageddon. "Hardly ever," will be constated by these Dryasdusts as equivalent to a plea of guilty. To the great body of the sober God-fearing American people, however, the Colonel will appear to have made a very satisfactory showing in this respect. If every one else in the country could produce so clean a page, the Publican and the Prohibitionist would both have to put up their shutters and retire from business. And if the Colonel himself were as moderate in thought, judgement and utterance as he has proven himself to be quaffing from the flowing bowl, he might not have fewer political opponents, but he would have many more personal admirers among those.

More in His Line. Signor Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraph, was seated at dinner beside a lady who gushed. Unfortunately, the lady had mistaken the inventor for his compatriot Mascagni, the composer of "Covallier Rusticana."

"Oh, signor," she exclaimed, "I would so love to hear you play your beautiful intermezzi!"

"Certainly," Marconi replied, quickly. "I shall be delighted, if you have a wireless piano."—Washington Star

No saw-edged cuffs or neck bands will come your way when you buy shirts here. Even our dollar shirts can stand the roughest handling in laundering. HAWKINS-COPENHAVER CO., INC.

For Sale or Trade At a Bargain

One 20-horse power gasoline engine, almost new, and a Faukery thresh box in first class condition; capacity 1,000 bushels per day; the only outfit for threshing. It cuts out the freman, wood and water wagons; no waiting to get up steam. If you are looking for a first class outfit at a bargain come and see me.

D. HUTTON

BOBBY'S FIRST FIGHT

It Was Over the Existence of Santa Claus and He Lost Out.

By LILIAN DUCEY.

"We don't believe in Santa Claus," Bobby landed his bomb shell at the dinner table—after the last possible morsel had been disposed of.

The eyes of the mother and father leaped together—a swift look that asked and answered volumes. Then their eyes veered to Bobby.

"W—w—w?" it came in a chorus.

"Tom Bellows and I," Bobby spoke largely, as became one who, at a drop of the hat as it were, had put all childish nonsense behind him. Bobby was six. Being the only child, he was dimly aware that all he said carried weight.

"Don't believe in Santa—eh?" The twinkle in Mr. Crawford's eye belied the solemnity of his tone.

"Nope," Bobby gae back with uncompromising positiveness.

"Humph!" was all the father said. "But where, sonny—" the mother began, when she caught the look in her husband's eye, which reading aright she knew to mean: "Leave it to me, Justine." (Her name was Justine, and this was his fond version of it.)

"So you and Tom Bellows don't believe in Santa Claus?" the man just fed the conversation.

"Nope. It's just a make-believe to fool kids."

"A little more of that puddling. Justine. It's bully. I'd be willing to bet every Christmas present I'm going to get that you made it yourself."

"I did," Mrs. Crawford laughed a little. And the question of Santa's identity suffered a momentary eclipse, for she plunged immediately into a minute account of the divers paths that same recipe and traveled before it reached her. During the recital a large part of Bobby's big-minded complacency left him.

"It's just the fathers and mothers. They buy the presents," Bobby almost choked in his haste as chance made his mother pause. "We heard it all Mother! Daddy! Listen!—Tom and I were hiding in the next room. It was Tom's aunt—the one that goes to college. Santa Claus isn't any more real than a fairy story. And—and now-a-days they don't believe in bringing up children to believe in him or fairy stories either. So we don't believe any more! And we're going to tell all the other boys tomorrow."

It was curious, but in spite of the interest his face had portrayed, Bobby suddenly noted that his father did not lend himself to the conversation. Instead—and in absolute silence—he slipped a hand into his inside coat pocket.

The hand came out with an envelope, which was wordlessly handed to Bobby. And to Bobby's complete consternation he saw it was the very letter he had written to Santa a week or so ago. Bobby looked hard at his father.

"What's the use of it now?" Mr. Crawford spoke kindly, though in a tone of finality that put the foolish letter in its corner—and incidentally Bobby also.

Bobby, however, tried a joke on him delivered with all his newly acquired grown-upness. Oh! It was fun all right—to believe.

"Take it how you like, Santa is mighty good fun," Bobby felt seized with a sudden panic.

"I'll tell you what's in the letter father—" it was only a spluttering boy who spoke now—"a bicycle like Ted Carson's, a train of cars that run on a track, a play circus, a scout's uniform—and—and a good drum!"

The words had fairly tumbled out of the boy's mouth.

"I say, son!" he suddenly exclaimed as if the remembrance had just leaped into his mind. "Look in my right hand overcoat pocket. I've got something for you. A man came into my office today selling the dandiest book for boys: 'The Adventures of the Giant Gogoo.' And the pictures are great. I said to him: 'Here I've got a little chap just wild about that kind of a fairy story—give it to me. Such a bright little shaver he can read them himself now!'"

But Bobby was off before the compliment could touch him. "The Adventures of the Giant Gogoo!" Why it was a title to conjure with! Returning, he found the dining-room empty.

"We're in here, sonny," his mother called softly from the living room. "But we've only the logs for 't, so read at the table in there."

Being so anxious to begin Bobby made no demur. He spelled through the first page. Half way down the second something his father said to his mother made him prick up his ears.

"I remember it so well," Mr. Crawford was saying. "I was just about Bobby's age, too—quite as determined to air my suddenly acquired knowledge. 'Father, I said, 'I don't believe in Santa Claus any more. I'm too big.'"

"Father was a slow man. 'Not believe in Santa' He was astounded."

"No," I emphasized my words with a strut. I'd been thinking for an hour or more and had all my arguments pat. "The boys say there isn't any. I went on. 'And I don't believe there is. Anyway how could a man live all the years and years and years. He'd have to die sometime, or he wouldn't be a man.'"

"Father looked so solemn one might have thought I had forsworn belief in God. He looked and looked at me, and finally out of the silence, said: 'Santa Claus is a spirit, son, an ubiquitous spirit that descends upon us at Christmas time—that fills our hearts and minds and souls with the desire to give of our bounty just as God gave us Jesus out of his great love. Santa Claus is the spirit of Christmas, Santa Claus is the love in our hearts, the peace, the good will that we feel toward our fellow men.'"

"But he don't give us the presents!" I heard my tones shrill through the echo of his solemn voice. "It's our parents."

"Son," he put his hands on both my shoulders, "since this has come up, I'm

going to tell you something. Your letter that you wrote to Santa a few weeks ago has worried a poor father. Had you believed I should have made a frantic effort to get you that bobbled. But as it is—since you are the man you are you will realize how poor we are this year, and how impossible it is—"

Bobby's breath caught. His eyes fairly stood out from his head. Hadn't his mother said that very day, "Son we can't afford to spend any money, so foolishly." A great fear clutched with icy contraction at Bobby's heart.

"How's the book, son?" His father stood in the doorway.

"The book?" There was such a vast area of emotion making havoc of Bobby's pulse that "book" touched his understanding only as some sort of an echo.

"Oh!—I forgot," Mr. Crawford smiled a little. "You don't care for fairy stories any more."

There was something in Bobby's face that spoke straight to the mother's heart as she came and joined them. He was not so grown up after all. He was her baby, and his eyes said so. Silently she gathered him close. After a long intimate moment she said softly, "Time for little boys to go to bed." And the little boy didn't resent it one bit the being made a baby of. In fact he felt unaccountably small and his mother's arms felt good. He allowed her to lead him off to bed.

Tucked away in his bed, Bobby's mind began to work. It was much more fun to believe. Why it didn't seem like Christmas at all not to believe. He wasn't so big after all, but what he could still believe. (For the time being he quite forgot Tom Bellows' aunt with her ultra modern ideas). He—would believe. He didn't care what anybody said, he would—

Having arrived at this decision, something else occurred to him. He must also make his father see that he believed. But how?

Bobby stared wide-eyed at the ceiling for an inspiration. He heard the footsteps of his parents as they passed his door. He saw them switch off the light in the hall—in their room. He breathed hard in the darkness; then he crept from his bed. Frightened, but determined, he stole down the dark stairs to the dining room again. But with the envelope that contained his letter to Santa in his hand, panic overcame him. He fairly flew to the upper floor, stumbling, tumbling up the stairs. As if hurled from a catapult he landed on his mother's and father's bed. And in the darkness he thrust the letter into his father's hand.

"Isn't only cause I want the toys Daddy!" he burst out breathlessly. "Truly, 'tisn't that only. I like to believe. And—and I'm going to!"

(Copyright, 1912, by the McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

USING PACKING BOXES

Farm Poultryman Will Find Them of Much Convenience.

Portable Colony Houses May Be Employed for Part of Hatching With Hens—Coops Can Be Made That Are Easily Cleaned.

Where packing boxes can be bought from the stores at reasonable prices they can be used in different ways by the farm poultryman at a considerable saving in material and labor. We do part of our hatching with hens and set them in a portable colony house 8x10 feet. The house has a shed roof, open front, a six-sash window in one end and a door with both a wooden and a wire sash in the other, writes Thomas L. Bayard of Green County, Pa., in the National Stockman and Farmer. Nests for the sitting hens are made from grocery boxes that are not less than 24 inches long, 18 inches wide and 16 inches deep. The top of the box is removed and made into a partition dividing the box into two halves, each 12x18x16 inches or larger. An inch board 6 inches wide is nailed lengthwise on the top. The box is then set on its side and makes two nests. A board 12 inches wide is hinged on this 6-inch board and raised and lowered at will, thus confining the hens whenever desired. A 2-inch space is left at

the top of this hinged front for light and ventilation. By putting the boxes the one on the other quite a number of hens can be accommodated in a small house. See illustration.

Boxes smaller than this can be made into coops. The top is removed and the ends sawed slanting. A removable top is made and covered with two-ply felt roofing. It can be hinged if desired. The bottom is removable. If desired a door can be cut in the side and hinged on. This makes a coop that is easily cleaned and can be stored in a small space.

Colony houses for universal hovers are made from drygoods boxes 3x4x3 feet and larger. The top is removed and placed in a slanting position by elevating one side of it on a superstructure. A door and a window are cut in front, being careful to nail cleats before using the saw. The bottom is removable. The top, back and sides are covered with two-ply felt roofing. If this is painted every year with a roofing paint, costing twenty-five cents a gallon here, it will last many seasons and can be used for sheltering poultry during the winter.

Return From Use of Manure.

The net return realized from a ton of yard manure under general farming conditions depends upon, the soil, method of cultivation and crops grown. The Ohio experiment station has obtained an increase amounting to \$4.69 per ton from yard manure used at the rate of eight tons per acre in a five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy; four tons being applied to corn and four tons to wheat, this return being the average for the third five-year period; the average return from yard manure used in all tests in which rotation is practiced has been \$2.97 per ton for the whole time.

As an Owner Should Be.

Whilst it is each man's interest that not only ease and convenience of living, but also wealth or surplus products should exist somewhere, it need not be in his hands. Often it is very undesirable to him. Goethe said well: "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it." Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions. Others cannot; their owning is not graceful—seems to be a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can administer, not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the great proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars, but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path for all. For he is the rich man in whom the people are rich; and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor.—Emerson.

Renew Rhubarb Bed.

If the rhubarb bed is several years old this month will be a good time to renew it. Dig up part of the roots, split them and reset. Next spring there will be a healthy growth of large shoots.

Danger for Him.

It was on a crowded car one day last summer that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, would touch him with foot or hand. Finally he turned toward the woman and inquired, in a tone audible to those near him:

"Ah, beg pardon, madam, but has this child anything—ah—contagious?"

The nurse was a motherly looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked, meditatively:

"Well, now, I don't know, young man, but—ah—it might be to you. She's teething!"

Nitrogen from the air is now got artificially by the form of sulphate of ammonia by a new chemical process at a cost of \$20 a ton, besides a by-product that will revolutionize gas manufacture. These are remarkable claims, and if half of them are true the cost of nitrogen for fertilizing will be universally reduced. But we await a practical demonstration of these claims before accepting them.

USING PACKING BOXES

Farm Poultryman Will Find Them of Much Convenience.

Portable Colony Houses May Be Employed for Part of Hatching With Hens—Coops Can Be Made That Are Easily Cleaned.

Where packing boxes can be bought from the stores at reasonable prices they can be used in different ways by the farm poultryman at a considerable saving in material and labor. We do part of our hatching with hens and set them in a portable colony house 8x10 feet. The house has a shed roof, open front, a six-sash window in one end and a door with both a wooden and a wire sash in the other, writes Thomas L. Bayard of Green County, Pa., in the National Stockman and Farmer. Nests for the sitting hens are made from grocery boxes that are not less than 24 inches long, 18 inches wide and 16 inches deep. The top of the box is removed and made into a partition dividing the box into two halves, each 12x18x16 inches or larger. An inch board 6 inches wide is nailed lengthwise on the top. The box is then set on its side and makes two nests. A board 12 inches wide is hinged on this 6-inch board and raised and lowered at will, thus confining the hens whenever desired. A 2-inch space is left at

the top of this hinged front for light and ventilation. By putting the boxes the one on the other quite a number of hens can be accommodated in a small house. See illustration.

Boxes smaller than this can be made into coops. The top is removed and the ends sawed slanting. A removable top is made and covered with two-ply felt roofing. It can be hinged if desired. The bottom is removable. If desired a door can be cut in the side and hinged on. This makes a coop that is easily cleaned and can be stored in a small space.

Colony houses for universal hovers are made from drygoods boxes 3x4x3 feet and larger. The top is removed and placed in a slanting position by elevating one side of it on a superstructure. A door and a window are cut in front, being careful to nail cleats before using the saw. The bottom is removable. The top, back and sides are covered with two-ply felt roofing. If this is painted every year with a roofing paint, costing twenty-five cents a gallon here, it will last many seasons and can be used for sheltering poultry during the winter.

Return From Use of Manure.

The net return realized from a ton of yard manure under general farming conditions depends upon, the soil, method of cultivation and crops grown. The Ohio experiment station has obtained an increase amounting to \$4.69 per ton from yard manure used at the rate of eight tons per acre in a five-year rotation of corn, oats, wheat, clover and timothy; four tons being applied to corn and four tons to wheat, this return being the average for the third five-year period; the average return from yard manure used in all tests in which rotation is practiced has been \$2.97 per ton for the whole time.

As an Owner Should Be.

Whilst it is each man's interest that not only ease and convenience of living, but also wealth or surplus products should exist somewhere, it need not be in his hands. Often it is very undesirable to him. Goethe said well: "Nobody should be rich but those who understand it." Some men are born to own, and can animate all their possessions. Others cannot; their owning is not graceful—seems to be a compromise of their character; they seem to steal their own dividends. They should own who can administer, not they who hoard and conceal; not they who, the great proprietors they are, are only the greater beggars, but they whose work carves out work for more, opens a path for all. For he is the rich man in whom the people are rich; and he is the poor man in whom the people are poor.—Emerson.

Renew Rhubarb Bed.

If the rhubarb bed is several years old this month will be a good time to renew it. Dig up part of the roots, split them and reset. Next spring there will be a healthy growth of large shoots.

Danger for Him.

It was on a crowded car one day last summer that a middle-aged woman, carrying a fretful baby, was forced to squeeze herself into a small space left vacant beside a dapper youth of possibly twenty years. His countenance had all the expression of his immaculate white suit, except for a look of disgust which he assumed as the baby, in its restlessness, would touch him with foot or hand. Finally he turned toward the woman and inquired, in a tone audible to those near him:

"Ah, beg pardon, madam, but has this child anything—ah—contagious?"

The nurse was a motherly looking woman. Glancing compassionately at him through her gold-rimmed spectacles, she remarked, meditatively:

"Well, now, I don't know, young man, but—ah—it might be to you. She's teething!"

Nitrogen from the air is now got artificially by the form of sulphate of ammonia by a new chemical process at a cost of \$20 a ton, besides a by-product that will revolutionize gas manufacture. These are remarkable claims, and if half of them are true the cost of nitrogen for fertilizing will be universally reduced. But we await a practical demonstration of these claims before accepting them.

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

The Bank of Marion

Incorporated 1874

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

MARION, VIRGINIA

Small Farms For Sale.

No. 71. 50 acres of fine land two miles northeast of Marion, Va., all in high state of cultivation. No buildings, but splendid land for grain and grass. Price \$2,650.00.

No. 72. 30 to 50 acres of valuable land, with good buildings and orchard, close to railroad and rock road, and nice neighborhood; for sale at \$150 per acre. This land is especially adapted to the growth of cabbage and other truck.

No. 59. 8-room house, barn and other outbuildings, orchard and good water, with 16 1/2 acres of good land, all in clover, and about 8 acres river bottom, balance a little steep. A nice home for some one. Price \$1,500.00.

GOOLSBY REALTY COMPANY

Office in Court House, MARION, VIRGINIA

WEDDING FLOWERS

Wedding Bouquets, plain or showered, of Lilly of Valley or White Killarney Roses, made right, packed right, and shipped promptly

25,000 Killarney Rose Plants to cut from. Don't experiment with your order for wedding flowers.

D. M. SMITH DRUG COMPANY
Agent for FALLON, Florist
ROANOKE, VA.

How About Your Straw Hat Summer Underwear And Other Furnishings?

See Our Window Saturday, June 7th

THE W. E. HODGES COMPANY, INC.

Dominion Poultry Powder

(Prepared under license from Pure Food Commission of Va.)
A Specific for All Poultry Diseases The Greatest of Egg Producers

Read following testimonial from a Smyth county lady, who is one of the most successful poultry raisers in the county:

Marion, Va., May 20, 1913.

Dominion Poultry Powder Co., Marion, Va.

Gentlemen: I have been using Dominion Poultry Powder for more than a year and know it is the best powder I have ever seen for poultry, both old and young. I never fail to cure my chicks with gages when they take it. I have less trouble with them and they grow much faster and are more healthy and always in a thriving condition when using this powder. I cannot say too much for Dominion Poultry Powder.

Respectfully,
MRS. R. C. HASH.

Manufactured by
DOMINION POULTRY POWDER COMPANY
MARION, VIRGINIA

THE VANCE WAGON

Is made under contract with the Marion Foundry and Machine Works and we have exclusive sale of this superior make of wagons.

Specifications require that only the best material obtainable shall be used in its construction:

Yellow Locust Hubs, White Oak Spokes, Clear, Tough Axles, Select Oak for other Gear Parts, Heavy, Substantial Ironing, including Tires, 3-4 in. thick on all two-horse Wagons. All wood to be thoroughly seasoned and the wagon to be well painted and neatly finished.

We could easily cheapen these wagons from \$5.00 to \$10.00 and they would still be equal to other wagons sold for as much or more than THE VANCE. Our reputation and guarantee are back of the wagon sold about one hundred of these wagons in Washington counties in the last year, one dissatisfied owner. Made in all in one-horse size.

James L. Vance

When You Buy A Wagon You Want the Best

The Look & Lincoln is the best Wagon made for the money. We could make them cheaper but prefer to make them better.

When ready to buy a wagon see a Look & Lincoln or write for price list.

Look & Lincoln