The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
South Richmond.....1101 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau....109 N. Sycamore Street
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BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
Daily with Sunday.....	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.50
Daily without Sunday...	4.00	2.00	1.00	.32
Sunday edition only.....	2.00	1.00	.50	.22
Weekly (Wednesday)....	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs) and Petersburg—

	One Week.
Daily with Sunday.....	14 cents
Daily without Sunday.....	10 cents
Sunday only.....	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

WEDNESDAY, JANUARY 11, 1911.

A DAY IN THE SUPREME COURT

There is a small room in the Capitol Building at Washington, lying half way between the representatives of the people on the one hand and the representatives of the States on the other. In that room the law sits enthroned and from the high altar there erected Justice issues her decrees. There the law is supreme, and "all things in heaven and earth do her homage—the very least as feeling her care, and the greatest as not exempted from her power."

Only a few months ago the case of Pink Franklin, a negro doomed to death in South Carolina, was seeking succor here, and a little while before the sheriff of Chattanooga and his assistants were here committed to imprisonment for failing to guard the dignity and respect the mandate of the law. Here every day some plaintiff or other presents his petition for final determination. Things on the earth, things under the earth, things on the sea and things on dry land, the interpretation of a statute, the issuing of a patent, the rights of the States and the liberties of the humblest citizen, the composition of whiskey and the purity of articles of food, the settlement of a form of procedure or the definition of a Trust; here into this place before the bench of nine upright and learned men, "who are judges alike of the facts and the laws," come every year a host of men, whose sole purpose it is "to behold a continued righteous administration of justice, a preservation of our constitutional government, the fructification of all the activities of our vast country for the benefit of the whole people, the abiding of tranquility an dhappiness in all the homes of all our land, and the continued enjoyment by all our countrymen of individual liberty restrained from license and safeguarded from oppression."

This was the vision caught by Chief Justice White, in his tender and exquisite tribute, on Monday, to the late head of the Supreme Court, Melville W. Fuller, who has passed into the shadows, and whose "faith in the power of good over evil; faith in the capacity of his fellowmen for self-government; faith in the wisdom of the fathers of our institutions; faith, unshaken faith, in the efficiency of the system of constitutional government which they established and its adequacy to protect the rights and liberties of the people," "will be a beacon leading both Bench and Bar to a perfect dedication of all their powers to the complete discharge of their whole duty."

The Supreme Court room is a small space into which may be packed by rather uncomfortable crowding, probably three hundred people. In form it is a parallelogram and it is covered with a ceiling, richly ornamented, looking like the half of a great shell, or an old-fashioned sounding-board sometimes yet to be seen in the churches of the Colonial period, or the hall of an unfinished dome. At one side of the room is the bench of the judges, of whom there are nine; in an open space before this tribune are seats for the bar and a stand from which the lawyers make their addresses to the court; while arranged around the room in semi-circular rows are seats for the press and the plain people who are interested in the proceedings of the court.

Into this place there was packed on Monday and will be packed again today and until the case is concluded, lawyers and judges and men and women who are interested for one reason or another in the hearing of the great case against the American Tobacco Company and others, for an alleged violation of the Sherman Anti-Trust Act in establishing a monopoly in restraint of trade. It is a most important case, as upon it hangs the last word of the last great Court of Appeal which will not only affect the millions of dollars invested in the business of the Tobacco Company, but will set a new pace in competition in which there will be the same everlasting fight between the weak and the strong which has been going on since the world began. The case was decided by the Circuit Court of the United States for the Southern District of New York, in May, 1908. Four judges sat in the case. After a most exhaustive hearing, the Circuit Court dismissed the petition as to the American Tobacco Company generally speaking, but enjoined certain of the corporate defendants. Three of the judges in the Circuit Court concurred in the judgment of that body, and one dissented. Cross-appeals were taken, errors assigned and the case has now come up before the United States Supreme Court. The briefs that have been submitted form a library, and contain, it is assumed, all the facts in the case upon which the court will base its conclusions. These briefs are now being supplemented and reinforced by oral arguments of the lawyers on both sides, and there has rarely appeared before the court a more distinguished array of counsel: lawyers for the Government, under the immediate direction of Attorney-General Wickersham; lawyers for the Trust, under the direction of that distinguished North Carolinan, Colonel Fuller; lawyers from England and lawyers from all about watching the course of events like hawks; steel against steel, diamond cut diamond. The other day there were Wickersham and MacReynolds for the Government, and Johnson, of Philadelphia, and Hornblower, of New York, and Delancey Nicoll, fresh from trampling the disfigured remains of the Man with the Big Stick in the dust in the libel case against the New York World, and several score of other bright-eyed fellows waiting their turn in this or in other cases in which there may yet be a living for the men who do not live by their art alone.

It was a great day, was Monday, in the Supreme Court. The plain people on the back seats could not hear all that was said either by the court or by the lawyers; but they caught enough to keep their heads on edge all the time—we wish the court would require the lawyers not to mumble their words; but the acoustics of the room are very bad and the lawyers were speaking to the court and not for votes. Mr. MacReynolds spoke for the Government, and we are glad that he has put his case into a brief, for we do not think he touched the meat of the case except in a few high spots, although he gave the audience fine entertainment for more than an hour in watching exactly where the next question by the Court would strike and how deep it would go. The Court seemed to be in excellent form and fine humor and the countrymen present could not conceal their admiration at the quickness and pertinency of the Court's catechism.

After Mr. MacReynolds had finished, Delancey Nicoll opened for "the prisoner at the bar," so to say, and what he had to say moved along in regular order, just as a deep river moves within its banks, and with no sound of the shallows. We do not know whether what he said was good law or not; that is to be determined by the Court; but to the plain people over in the Amen Corner it sounded as if he knew what he was talking about, and there is a great deal of virtue in that. We do not know how the case will turn out; the court itself does not yet know, but that it will turn out exactly as Law and Justice between man and man, between the Government and the Company, having abundant faith in the integrity and ability of the Court, we have not the least doubt.

The scene in the Court-room on Monday would have attracted any artist with either brush or pen—the dignity of the Court, the splendid order of its proceedings, the fine behavior of the crowded audience, the distinguished men who were present. On the bench there sat five judges, holding their commissions from President Taft, himself, in his time a brilliant ornament of the American bench, and four Judges from the South, three of them Judges by appointment of Mr. Taft and three of them belonging to the Democratic party, and the most impressive figure on the bench the Chief Justice, of the South by nativity, but of the country in aim and purpose.

Then seated with the bar there was Keith, the Chief Justice of the Court of Appeals of Virginia, and Carter Scott, of the Circuit Bench of Virginia, and William H. White, a distinguished member of the bar of Virginia, all intent upon the hearing and thinking their own thoughts and making up their own minds, into themselves, about the relevancy of what the lawyers said, and rejoicing out loud whenever they had the chance, that the Court in whose presence they sat was their Court and that its judgments were just and righteous altogether. Then there were other men of prominence in the Court—the man with the pompadour hair being none less than the Hon. Coleman L. Blease, shortly to assume his duties as Governor and Commander-in-Chief of the military and naval forces of the proud old State of the grand old State of South Carolina, and "there were others," and a great gathering of American citizens waiting for the last word from the greatest Court in the world, and all joining in the prayer of Chief Justice White for "the continued enjoyment by all our countrymen of individual liberty restrained from license and safeguarded from oppression."

SPEAKER CANNON "COMES BACK."

It is a poor rule that won't work both ways. This at any rate, appears to have been the Democratic idea in the House on Monday when the Democratic members of that body went back on themselves in the vote on one of Speaker Cannon's rules. At the last session of Congress there was tremendous excitement about the tyranny of the speaker, and upon a proposed amendment to the House offered on the floor the question was raised whether or not such a proposition was of high constitutional privilege. Democrats in the House, with the aid of the Insurgents, broke the back of Speaker Cannon and cast him out where there was weeping and gnashing of teeth. The Speaker came back in the House on Monday, and made a ruling on precisely the same question which resulted in his downfall about six months ago, and by a vote of 232 to 53, his ruling, against which the House prevailed on the first round, was sustained, nearly every Democrat in the body voting with the Speaker. There were several old-fashioned fellows on the Democratic side who tried to steer a straight course, among them Representative Sims, of Tennessee, who declared that he "would rather be ignorantly honest than knowingly dishonest," but he was overwhelmed along with the rest of the sticklers for consistency.

When Representative Mann, of Illinois, exclaimed to the Democrats, "When you voted to overrule the Speaker, you admit you engaged in an unlawful enterprise," Mr. Fitzgerald, of New York, replied, "It was not unlawful; it was necessary." And when Champ Clark, who is to be Speaker of the next Congress, was told that the 26 Democrats who voted with the Insurgents on the proposition Monday would ally themselves hereafter with the Insurgents, he disposed of the matter by saying: "Poppycock! Every man voted as he pleased. That was my advice to them. The vote had no significance whatever as a party proposition."

It is a peculiarly interesting situation, and it seems to fit in with the declaration of a South Carolina statesman some years ago who, when being appealed to in a matter of supposed political importance, observed: "A loo-loo hand wins only once." There is a great deal of difference between being on the inside and being on the outside; between being responsible for the legislation of the country, as the Democrats will be in the next House of Representatives, and being responsible for the defeat of partisan measures when the Republicans were in control. Speaker Cannon is said to have been much gratified by the reversal of Democratic judgment upon his ruling at the last session of Congress, and we do not blame him, but as the question this time appears to have been only a trap to catch the unwary, the Democrats do not appear to have lost any substantial ground by changing their minds. It was a good political play, even if the cards were marked; a play for position without much regard to the rules of the game.

We must confess that we do not like it. It does not seem to be statesmanlike and we are much disturbed by the statement of Representative Underwood, of Alabama, and Representative Fitzgerald, of New York, who admitted that when the same question came up before the House last March they voted against the Speaker, notwithstanding the fact that they believed him to be right in his ruling then, a ruling which was wholly consistent with all the precedents of the House. According to Mr. Underwood, they voted against the Speaker on the original proposition not because the Speaker was wrong, but because they thought the time had come for a revolution. In the circumstances, we are not much surprised that Mr. Sims, of Tennessee, and twenty-six other Democrats who appear to have some conscience left should have objected to this sort of politics. The only man who seems to have come out of the scrap with a fair degree of satisfaction is Speaker Cannon himself. It begins to look as if it will be necessary for the Democratic House to adopt some of the rules for the government of that body which have enabled Cannon and his crowd to keep the thing going, if they really intend to do any serious business.

MORGAN'S LAST GOOD DEED.

Several days ago the Carnegie Trust Company in New York was closed by the Superintendent of Banking in that State. Immediately the circulation of alarming reports about the instability of several other financial institutions in New York began, and there promised to be a little flurry in financial circles, which would have much impeded financial operations and have resulted probably in disastrous consequences but for the timely aid rendered by Pierpont Morgan, who supplied the necessary money to help the embarrassed institution, and that with only a momentary disturbance in the financial world. The three banks involved were kept on their feet and the course of business is running along smoothly and as if nothing had happened, or threatened to happen, of a serious character.

The Financier speaks o fMr. Morgan as "the financial saviour of the nation." This is rather an extravagance of speech, but it affords us the opportunity of saying that, in spite of the many severe criticisms of this great figure in the financial, commercial and industrial world, he has done many good turns for the country. We regard Mr. Morgan as the greatest and best of the very rich men of the day. He possesses the confidence of the American people in a very marked degree. He is worth a great deal of money; he will doubtless make more money by his action in the present occasion, and there is no reason why he should not make more money; but it should not be forgotten, and it will not be forgotten by those who are sincerely concerned in the business affairs of the country, that he has saved the stockholders and depositors in the three shaky concerns in New York their savings and enabled them to go ahead with their activities without serious interruption. That was worth doing, whether Morgan did it or somebody else; and if Morgan had not done it, it would not have been done.

MR. COOK HAS "COME BACK."

That is a very striking letter from Dr. Frederick A. Cook, the Original Discoverer of the North Pole, to a friend of his in Charlottesville, Va., in which he says: "The Polar conquest is an accomplished personal venture in spite of bitter campaign waged against me. I urge you to await with patience the final judgment on this problem, for in the end right will prevail and we are sure to win out."

What did we tell you, dear contemporaries? Have we not insisted all along that you were wrong and that we were right in our approved judgment of Dr. Cook's immortal achievement? We were sure he would come back, and he has come back; come back to his own dear America to fight for his rights and for the truth of history.

As a little bit of corroborative detail, the Philadelphia Inquirer prints a dispatch from Holland, Michigan, where Royal A. Stanton, of Cobleskill, New York, is now a student in the Western Theological Seminary. "Mene," one of the Esquimaux who accompanied Commander Peary on his trip into the Arctic fourteen years ago, and who took part in the preparations for Peary's dash to the Pole, has written to Brother Stanton, under date of September 2, 1910, from Kjobenhoan, in which he says:

"I know you will expect something about Cook. Well, Bob, I have gone to the bottom of the matter, and nobody up here believes that Peary got much farther than when he left his party. His name up here is hated for his cruelty. Cook made a great trip north. He has nothing in the way of proofs here that I can find. I believe that he went as far as any one, but the pole is yet to be found. Cook is loved by all, and every Eskimo speaks well of him and hopes that he had the honor of Peary. Has he? I will know all soon and will let you know. Come up here and I will show you how to find the North Pole. I will make you king. Then, if you want me, I will go back to New York with you. I will wait for you here, but come before I am frozen in the igloo with the crow's head pointing west."

It is explained that "Mene" accompanied Commander Peary on his dash for the Pole in 1909. We are not inclined to accept his statement without further investigation, which, of course, we cannot hope to conduct at this distance from the witness, and it looks very much like a dog fall, as, according to "Mene," "the Pole is yet to be found," and when found it will probably not be worth having, but the letter from Brother Stanton contributes something new to one of the most interesting controversies of the day.

HOW TO WEAR THE HAIR.

We knew that it would come in time—a return to common sense in the way the women should dress their hair. A writer in the New York Times, whom we assume to be Adolph S. Ochs, says that the large pompadours are utterly out, that the hair should fall low on the forehead in a soft clinging way, that the swirl used last year is still used, but in a different manner, being now placed snugly around a central Psyche knot or group of curls instead of being swathed around the whole head, that the closely swathed head of last year becoming to only a small number of women, and even when it suited, gave a very undressed appearance, and, finally, that the whole tendency of this season's coiffing is toward softness and natural lines. "It is a blending of waves and tendrils to display the shapeliness of the head, and, seen at its best, it is an infinitely becoming coiffure."

Of course, if there is no natural shapeliness of the head it is clearly within the power of the woman so disfigured by nature to make the most of any artificial aid that offers; but it is always apt to lay her subject to suspicion, as having found that there is so much that is false in the make-up of the coiffure it need not be wondered at if men and women, and particularly men, should reach the conclusion that there has also been tampering with other parts of the human form divine. As we wear neither curls nor Psyche knots, it does not matter in the slightest how they wear their hair; as a watchman on the tower it is only our duty to tell them what's what.

WAR-TIME PRICES.

The high cost of living is the great economic question in the country today, but many people who passed through the War Between the States speak of war-time prices as the highest point ever reached in the cost of necessities. The South was blockaded; but the situation was different in the North.

The New York Sun has recently shown the Northern situation—the brighter side. It reprints the bill of fare issued to patrons of the Putnam House in New York in 1863. Beefsteaks were to be had for 7 cents, a porterhouse steak for 25 cents, chicken for the same price, eggs 3 cents each, coffee and cake 6 cents, oysters, any style, 13 cents.

Contrast these low prices with the famine prices that prevailed in Richmond at the same period. Our information is derived from the Macon Telegraph, which in turn gets its information from a recent life of Alexander H. Stephens, Vice-President of the Confederacy.

"Delicately bred ladies" were delighted to get coarse brogan shoes at $100 the pair in 1863-4. Calico sold at $10 the yard, and later at $25. As far South as Georgia, early in the war, ordinary 15 cent muslin sold at $2.50 the yard. Richmond physicians were obliged to charge $30 the visit. The price of medicines was almost prohibitive. "Throughout the South the prices of all necessaries soared upward." This was due to the depreciation of Confederate currency, the scarcity of merchandise and food, the lack of transportation facilities, the ever-tightening blockade.

Vice-President Stephens in 1864 paid in Richmond $30 the day for meals and a room. Fuel, lights and extras generally cost him $30 a day more. Think of board in Richmond being $60 the day!

In 1863, quinine sold at $100 the ounce. In April, 1863, at Richmond, flour sold for $36 the barrel; in October it was $70 the barrel. A year later it sold in Richmond for $275 the barrel. In January, 1865, it was worth $700 the barrel; on March 20 it was worth $1,500 the barrel. Many people "suffered for the want of food and the majority lived on short rations." In 1864 bacon was worth $20 the pound, meal $140 the bushel. At the Oriental Restaurant in Richmond in 1864 a boiled egg cost $2 and a cup of coffee $3 and on up the scale for meats and other dishes. In the meantime, New Yorkers were eating roast turkey at 15 cents.

Nowhere in the history of the world did the people ever suffer more from the high cost of living than here in the South nearly half a century ago. Uncomplaining, brave to the last, half-starved but not subdued, they fought until famine and death placed the bitter draught of defeat to their lips. What know we of this day and time about the high cost of living? What know we of privation and suffering and sacrifice?

HEAVENLY SECURITIES.

Under the law of Tennessee the administrator or administratrix of an estate is required to give to the clerk of the county court an inventory of the estate of the deceased. It became necessary this month, therefore, for Mrs. Cora Harris, wife of the late Lundy H. Harris, to make an inventory of the remaining property of her husband, who lately committed suicide in a small Georgia town, worn by years of faithful and efficient work, his mind unbalanced by continued troubles and ecclesiastical persecution. A rare scholar, a fine type of Christian, Dr. Harris went down into the chambers of death.

The inventory of his estate written by his wife has been published all over the country. It was not intended for publication. It was and is the sincere, earnest tribute of an unusual woman to "one of the sweetest, cleanest spirited men who ever lived."

When this "circuit rider"—for such he was—died, he had $2.35 in his purse, $116 in a bank, 400 books, and the coffin in which he was buried.

As to the spiritual estate of this man, his wife says:

The major part of his estate was invested in heavenly securities, the values of which have been variously declared in this world and highly taxed by the various churches, but never realized.

He invested every year not less (usually more) than $1,200 in charity, so secretly, so inoffensively and so honestly that he was never suspected of being a philanthropist and never praised for his generosity.

He pensioned an old outcast woman in Benton county, and an old soldier in Nashville.

He sent two little negro boys to school and supported for three years a family of five which could not support itself.

He contributed anonymously to every charity in Nashville; every old maid interested in a "benevolent object" received his aid. Every child he knew exacted and received penny tolls from his tenderness. He supported the heart of every man who confided in him with encouragement and affection.

He literally did forgive his enemies and suffered martyrdom September 18, 1910, after enduring three years of persecution without complaint.

He considered himself one of the chief of sinners and was ever recognized as one of the largest bondholders in heaven. You can see how large his estate was and how difficult it would be to compute so as to furnish you the inventory you require for record on your books.

Of such is the kingdom of Heaven.

A SUCCESS OF GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP.

Vienna has furnished a striking example of the success of government ownership. The great Vienna telephone exchange is the source. The girls there employed are treated courteously, and, though their wages are low, the government watches over their health and comfort, and sells good things to them to eat and drink at cost prices.

These "hello" girls have to wear a uniform while in service. It is a green dress, with gold lace on the collar. They have soft slippers to insure quietness. Each girl serves 80 subscribers, and is allowed ninety seconds to get a number.

The girls who work at night are paid 40 cents more than those who work in the daytime. When they get through they are allowed four hours' rest in government beds, so that they may not have to go home in the dark. The beds are very comfortable, and the linen is changed just as soon as the occupant has left. The bed rooms are well heated—a rather unusual fact in Vienna.

For these telephone girls there is also a hospital and plenty of recreation; also a restaurant, where coffee, with cream, is sold for two cents the cup. A roll here is worth only half a cent, while a cup of milk is just the same price.

When Mr. Rogers, the advertising representative of Harper & Brothers, was here the other day, he said that "Mary Cary" is the best seller of the present year's literary output of that publishing house, that it is now running through its hundredth thousand, and is good for a much larger run. The most interesting part of Mr. Rogers's story was that this charming story is the work of a Richmond woman.

Last Sunday the Houston Post printed on its editorial page a short sermon from the text, "The truth shall make you free," and in the next column this paragraph:

"Do not forget that this beautiful sunkissed Sabbath morning is the ninety-sixth anniversary of the great Democratic victory old Andrew Jackson, of North Carolina, won in New Orleans on January 8, 1815."

"Old Andrew Jackson, of North Carolina!" It is seldom that so infamous a misapplication of sound Scripture is made even in Texas. In North Carolina a statement of this sort might have been excused, or at least explained; but in Texas there was no reason for it except upon the hypothesis that knowledge of the truth gives the Houston paper the right to misstate history.

COUNTESS NEMEROW ONLY FIVE YEARS OLD

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

LITTLE five-year-old Countess Nemerow, whose name appears for the first time as such in the Almanach de Gotha for 1911, received her title last year from her grandfather, the reigning Grand Duke of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, in order to avoid the necessity of her ever being compelled to use the plebeian name of her French father. Her mother is the eldest daughter of the grand duke, only sister of the Crown Princess of Montenegro, and in an unfortunate moment, while staying in France with a chaperon, allowed herself to be induced to wed the good-looking George Jametel, son of an apothecary of Fontainebleau, who had made a fortune by means of a patent medicine. The marriage, which took place not in Germany, but at Kew, in England, in the presence of the duchess's aged grandmother, the Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg, who is an English princess, and the only surviving grandchild of King George III., turned out very unhappily. Jametel, who, although his royal bride was a Lutheran, had considered it necessary to obtain from the Vatican a title of count, managed to give offense even at the wedding ceremony at Kew, to Queen Alexandra, and to Queen Mary, then Princess of Wales, who were present, and made so disagreeable an impression upon his bride's royal relatives that, anxious as they were to please and help her, they were compelled to hold aloof.

The couple took up their residence in Paris, and Count Jametel, finding that he had failed to obtain any social advantage by the union; that his wife's grandfather and, after that, her father, as rulers of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, declined to bestow any princely title upon him, or to receive him at their court, and that the doors of the leading Paris clubs and salons remained closed to him, commenced to neglect his wife. Indeed, his treatment of her became such that, exactly two years ago, she obtained a divorce from him, received the custody of the only child of the union, a daughter of the name of Marie, and returned to Germany to live, resuming, with the consent of her father, the title and dignity of a royal duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz. She now lives with her little daughter, who is Countess of Nemerow in her own right, with the venerable Dowager Grand Duchess of Mecklenburg-Strelitz, at Dresden, and Jametel, who is well known at Washington and New York, is merely now a disagreeable memory.

Queen Helen of Italy is probably the only feminine occupant of a throne who has ever accorded absolution to a dying person; and while there are those who will be disposed to question her ecclesiastical powers in the matter, yet there are few who will blame her when the dramatic circumstances of the case are explained. It may be recalled that when the terrible earthquake took place at Messina, King Victor Emmanuel and his consort hastened to the scene, and were among the very first to arrive. The approach to Messina was terrible. It was not only the smoking ruins of the once so stately and beautiful city, but the thousands of corpses that were floating in the bay, and being dashed by the waves against the sides of the ship on which the King and Queen were making their way into port.

It is useless to repaint here the horrors of the scene and of the starving, dying people in every direction. But as the Queen passed through the streets on the water front, she found an old, white-haired woman, who had been so horribly crushed and burned that she was dying. She was filled with terror at the notion of passing into eternity without receiving absolution, and kept imploring those around her for a priest, beseeching them in the most piteous accents to save her from the fate that she was certain awaited her in the hereafter if she expired without receiving absolution and pardon for her sins. While the clergy did their duty nobly at the time of the earthquake at Messina, as on all analogous occasions, there was none at that time within reach, and a look of indescribable agony, worthy of the brush of Gustave Dore, came over the face of the old woman at the notion that she was going down to eternal damnation. Moved thereby, Queen Helen threw herself on her knees and exclaimed:

"Listen! I am the Queen. I, the Queen, you understand. Well, I absolve you of all your sins, because I am the Queen. Have you understood? Rest in peace. You now have absolution." Uttering these words, the Queen placed her hand on the head of the dying woman, whose look of terror gave way to one of complete peace and resignation, and who a moment or two afterwards breathed her last with a gleam of religious ecstasy in the eyes, and that smile which has sometimes been described as "the taste of Paradise hovering on the lips."

There are no people in the world to whom the solemn words "Requiescat in pace" constitute a more hollow mockery than to those who belong to sovereign families. And particularly is this the case when they have occupied thrones. In the event of a revolution their remains are almost certain to be disturbed and profaned; fortunate, indeed, if they escape the fate of all those royal dead who were torn from their tombs in the Abbey of St. Denis by the mob during the Reign of Terror at the close of the eighteenth century. Sometimes they are disinterred under the pretext of historic investigation, for the mere purpose of satisfying morbid curiosity, as was the case when the unsavory King George IV. insisted on opening the coffin of Charles I. at Windsor, one of his attendants retaining a little finger by way of a relic. In Lisbon all the dead kings are on public view, in glass-lidded coffins, and until the revolution last summer the corpse of a queen who had died near 300 years ago was paraded, uncoffined, in solemn procession through the streets each year, on the anniversary of her death. Historians delve into their private lives, and, laying bare all their shortcomings, destroy the kindly illusions with which the passage of time has enveloped their memory.

And now a new species of inquisition has been inaugurated, namely, by physicians possessed of wealth, and with a taste for history, who are able to devote their time and their knowledge to research into the real causes of the death of the former kings and queens.

There is no monarch in French history whose career is more pathetic and more strange than that of King Charles VI., of whom Froissart and other contemporary chroniclers have left such curious records. One of the richest and most renowned physicians and alienists in France, Dr. Dupre, has been delving in all this ancient and modern literature about this King Charles, from the point of view of the physician and of the specialist of nerves and mental maladies, and in a most erudite and interesting work just published not only clears up all the mysterious features of his maladies, explaining their causes and their various developments, but goes on to show how, with the treatment now adopted in such cases, the King could readily have been cured.

But then, if the King had been cured, there would probably have been no English victory of Agincourt to inspire Shakespeare, and, above all, there would have been no Joan of Arc to become the national heroine of France, and an object of such patriotic enthusiasm that only ten years ago two of the leading public men in France fought a sanguinary duel in consequence of a dispute about her fair name.

Professor Dupre's work, and especially the attention and interest which it has excited, cannot fail to encourage other scientists possessed of similar means and tastes to embark on analogous researches, and the prospect of having all the ailments from which the monarchs of the Old World have succumbed in ages past investigated in the most inquisitorial manner and laid bare, not merely in medical works, but in the lay press, cannot be contemplated with either pleasure or satisfaction. Indeed, the dead, especially the historic dead, should be permitted to rest in peace.

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JULIEN H. HILL, Cashier.

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REPORT OF THE CONDITION OF THE

Merchants National Bank,

AT RICHMOND, IN THE STATE OF VIRGINIA, AT THE CLOSE OF BUSINESS JANUARY 7TH, 1911.

RESOURCES.

Loans and discounts		$5,642,601 68
Overdrafts, secured and unsecured		1,414 [illegible]
United States bonds to secure circulation		200,000 00
United States bonds to secure United States deposits		15,000 00
Other bonds to secure United States deposits		$5,500 00
Bonds, securities, etc		243,808 95
Banking house, furniture and fixtures		126,000 00
Other real estate owned		396 92
Due from national banks (not reserve agents)	$359,545 69	
Due from State and private banks and bankers, trust companies and savings banks	606,920 05	
Due from approved reserve agents	514,489 49	
Checks and other cash items	2,240 01	
Exchanges for clearing house	112,782 78	
Notes of other national banks	26,700 00	
Fractional paper currency, nickels and cents	2,306 48	
Lawful money reserve in bank, viz.:		
Specie	115,292 50	
Legal tender notes	141,800 00	
Cash and due from banks		1,882,077 03
Redemption fund with United States Treasurer (5 per cent. of circulation		10,000 00
Total		$8,206,299 31

LIABILITIES.

Capital stock paid in		$ 200,000 00
Surplus fund		750,000 00
Undivided profits, less expenses and taxes paid		225,145 90
National bank notes outstanding		197,500 00
Due to other national banks	$ 960,958 52	
Due to State and private banks and bankers	889,495 21	
Due to trust companies and savings banks	265,027 91	
Due to approved reserve agents	214,271 51	
Dividends unpaid	990 00	
Individual deposits subject to check	4,132,076 14	
Demand certificates of deposit	154,772 02	
Certified checks	5,871 52	
Cashier's checks outstanding	39,931 67	
United States deposits	86,590 05	
Deposits of United States disbursing officers	13,638 83	
Deposits		6,763,653 41
Reserved for interest		73,000 00
Total		$8,206,299 31

State of Virginia, City of Richmond, ss:

I, Thomas B. McAdams, Cashier of the above named bank, do solemnly swear that the above statement is true to the best of my knowledge and belief.

THOMAS B. McADAMS, Cashier.

Correct—Attest:

JOHN P. BRANCH,
THOMAS B. SCOTT,
M. C. BRANCH,
Directors.

Subscribed and sworn to before me this 10th day of January, 1911.

G. E. VANDERSLICE, Notary Public.

"Safest for Savings."