

The Daily Press.



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THURSDAY, JANUARY 10, 1907.

POSTOFFICE SCANDAL ECHO.

Samuel A. Goff is dead. He is the second man, generally believed innocent, to die of a broken heart as the result of the famous postoffice investigation trials conducted by former Fourth Assistant Postmaster General Bristow. The first was the late ex-Postmaster General Tyner, who closed a career of forty years in the government service characterized by nothing but honor, sinking into his grave with the knowledge of an honorable acquittal at the hands of the law, but stung by public denunciation based on expert statements, Samuel A. Goff was police officer of the District of Columbia. He had served twenty years on the force and was about to retire on a pension, for which he had applied. Previously he had served in the civil war, being made first sergeant for bravery when under eighteen years of age. His talents for mechanics led to the invention of the device which fastens letter boxes to the iron posts so they can not be removed except from the inside. It was an undeniably meritorious invention but when he sought to market it to the officials of the Postoffice Department he found himself against the famous "rake-off" system. Just how far he was involved in the transaction which sent him to the Mountville, West Virginia, prison, with A. W. Machen and Diller B. Goff, has never been absolutely shown, but the special counsel for the government, Hon. Holmes Conrad, thought sufficiently well of his conduct to make a special plea to the jury to acquit him. To the surprise of every one the jury disregarded the plea and convicted Mr. Goff.

During his long term of service on the police force, and through his inventions, he had accumulated some money—estimated at from \$10,000 to \$30,000. Most of it was expended during the trial. The government ceased to pay for his patented letter box holder on the ground of collusion and fraud. The District government refused his police pension because of his conviction. He left the penitentiary a broken, old man, crushed in spirit and finances. Feeling his brother could have saved him by a frank explanation, Samuel A. Goff left the penitentiary at the same time as Diller B., but they took separate paths and never spoke.

Goff is dead and another chapter in the famous postoffice frauds case is closed. The majesty of the law has been vindicated, but after all the question is whether the great United States escaped with glory from that slough. Machen is still in the penitentiary; so is Beavers, who confessed and took his medicine while the man charged with being his accomplice went to trial and was acquitted. When history writes the story of those cases she will put down on one side the killing of Gen. Tyner and the bankrupting of his nephew; the sentence of death of Sam Goff; the ruined reputation of Metcalf and the penitentiary service of Messrs Machen and Beavers. On the other page of the ledger she will write the expense of half a million dollars, the turn-

ing topsy-turvy of the Postoffice Department, and the retirement into innocuous desuetude of the chief investigator. Maybe history can strike a balance.

BLUE LAWS IN BOSTON.

Boston has gone back to the days of Cotton Mather and about the only thing you can do in the Hub on Sunday without fear of arrest is to breathe and go to church, and the whole trouble has been started by District Attorney Moran whose great ambition in life is to see his name occupying the headlines in the papers. A few weeks ago he arraigned the police officials of Boston in no uncertain manner for not enforcing the liquor laws of that city. The police have retaliated by enforcing a whole stack of blue laws which had been forgotten but which have never been annulled: A week ago last Sunday, everybody who was seen by an officer doing a stroke of work was summoned before a magistrate for decision whether the work was one of necessity. Twelve hundred persons in all were thus brought to justice and a great many of them paid fines. Sweeping sidewalks, delivering ice cream and other permissible articles of food, shipping theatrical scenery and effects, the playing of orchestras in hotels—these are typical instances of the kinds of Sunday work which the police made arrests.

Last Sunday the people were not so reckless in attempting to do work but here is a list of offenses for which a great many were placed under arrest.

- Harnessing a pair of horses. Checking bags and parcels at the North station. Repairing fire alarm line at Jamaica Plain. Selling fruit at the South station. Washing windows at the South station. Chinaman ironing. Towboat captains in harbor. Keeping bakeries open after hours. Washing sleeping cars at South Boston yards. Moving theatrical scenery. Raising railroad tracks at Dudley street. Carting sand for L. railway. Shining shoes after 11 a. m.

The enforcement of the blue laws without regard to common sense is mighty inconvenient for the people in the city but it is also holding the town up before the world in ridicule and cannot help but fail to injure it to a more or less extent. In the end, however, this rigid enforcement of a lot of old dead laws will be a good thing for Boston as it is arousing the people to the fact that their statute books need a thorough overhauling, something that has not been done for years because of moral cowardice or because they were forgotten. The pages on which they are printed have grown yellow with age and long ago outlived their usefulness, if they ever had any at all, and Boston will be a better town when they cease to be laws.

There was an increase of over \$14,800,000 in the amount of money in circulation during December, the most notable individual increases being one of over \$6,600,000 in gold coin and one of over \$7,400,000 in gold certificates. As compared with January 1 last year there was on the first day of this month an increase of over \$212,300,000. The most notable individual change was an increase of over \$99,400,000 in gold certificates. Likewise noteworthy were increases of over \$57,800,000 in national bank notes and over \$38,400,000 in gold coin. The total volume of money in circulation on January 1 was \$2,882,500,328. On the basis of a population estimated by the Treasury experts at 85,367,000, this represents a per capita circulation of \$33.78, an increase of 13 cents as compared with the preceding month, and of \$1.96 as compared with the corresponding date a year ago.

It is not a particular edifying spectacle to see court room doors closed against a crowd of women who wanted to attend a murder trial because there were some highly sensational features attached to it. Such, however, was the case at Laray, this state, where the Good murder trial is in progress.

That dismissal of seventy-two members of the Virginia Military Institute has a long string attached to it. The Shah of Persia is dead. Such is the solemn announcement made in the papers of yesterday. Well what of it? The world is going on just the same.

It is stated that American naval officers will have a chance to see the great British battleship Dreadnought some time this winter. Perhaps England is sending her over here with the thought that perhaps she is going to scare somebody. If that is the case she has another guess coming.

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The Appropriations committee of Congress had said no to the project of fortifying the mouth of the Chesapeake bay, but that does not necessarily mean that the plan is dead forever. It is only a matter of time when the fort will have to be constructed.

Carrie Nation is in Norfolk. That is near enough for Newport News people, thank you.

Culpeper is once again on the map. This time it is the black man who is in the limelight.

It looks as if the Ponce was to be added to that long list of mysteries which the ocean so thoroughly hides.

A woman is terribly afraid of getting her skirts dusty when she has on pretty stockings.

WITH THE PARAGRAPHERS

Talking of cruel and unusual punishment, a New York judge read some of his own poetry to a man he sentenced.—Norfolk Ledger-Dispatch.

A French flying-machine inventor, died recently, leaving his patent to the poor of Paris. Perhaps he figured that, since they were already impoverished, flying-machine experimentation could not make matters worse for them.—Baltimore News.

Roosevelt's unerring choice of enemies is again exemplified in his selection of Harriman.—Detroit Free Press.

How much shaper than a serpent's tooth it is for a Tammany boss to elect a thankless mayor?—New York World.

Anyway, the Twenty-fifth Infantry has won more attention than a dozen campaigns could give it.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Of course the President is going to drop the tariff question. He is now studying the effect of Gans' "left hook" on Herman.—New York Herald.

A lusty national sweat at the deadly technicality would be worth more than all the sermons on lawlessness preached in the sanctum or pulpit.—Atlanta Constitution.

Captain Hobson considers it his duty to occasionally remind the country that Japan could take the Philippines from us without any trouble, but we are willing to wager that Japan would get a big bunch of trouble with them.—Washington Post.

Mr. Hearst has laid a big job for Attorney General Jackson if he purposes to have Mr. Jackson investigate police and law-enforcement conditions in New York over the head of District Attorney Jerome.—Buffalo Express.

A Wonderful Happening. Port Byron, N. Y., has witnessed one of the most remarkable cases of healing ever recorded. Amos F. King, of that place says: "Bucklen's Arnica Salve cured a sore on my leg with which I had suffered over 80 years. I am now eighty five." Guaranteed to cure all sores, by the Ideal Pharmacy, 25c.

THE LAND OF ROMANCE. Spain and the Peculiar Temperament of Its People.

If I were asked to sum up the dominant impression that the survival in Spain of the old world mediaevalism makes, I should say that Spain is in the precise and specific sense of the word the home of romance. The special character of the Spanish temperament and of Spanish developments in literature and in art is marked by a quality, rising and sinking with the rise and fall of Gothic, which we call the romantic spirit—a mixture, that is, of the mysterious and grandiose with the grotesquely bizarre of the soaringly ideal with the crudely real, a mixture which to us today has the cunning fascination of art, but was really on both sides the natural outcome of the experiences and feelings of the men who created it. This romantic spirit was once the common possession of all Christendom, but the Spanish temperament peculiarly lent itself to the romantic attitude, and it is in Spain today that we may catch its final vanishing echoes. It is the church, always the most powerful stronghold of tradition among any people, which enables the stranger most vividly to realize how well the romantic spirit has been preserved in Spain. Notwithstanding invasions from without and revolutions from within, especially during the early years of the last century, Spain is still the country where the mediaeval spirit of romantic devotion is most splendidly embodied and preserved.—Havelock Ellis in Atlantic.

THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

A Member May Drink There, but is Not Allowed to Eat. The British house of commons has its own code in regard to the partaking of liquid and solid refreshments. A member making a long speech may take a drink, and the house is liberal enough not to care whether the color of the contents of the glass is white or brown or black, whether, in fact, the glass holds water or whisky or beer. Mr. Gladstone's egg flips, which his wife carefully compounded for him and he brought to the house in a bottle, are classic.

But woe betide the man who scorns drink and must have meat. Contemporary recollection only recalls one member rash enough to disregard this rule. It was a number of years ago, in the stormy time of the home rule debates, that an Irish member, in the small hours of the morning, produced from his pocket a paper bag and drew out a bun, which he proceeded calmly to eat. The house was instantly in an uproar. There were loud cries of "Order! Order!" and that bun was never finished. No member may read a newspaper in the house. If he had the temerity to smoke, the sergeant at arms would quickly place him under lock and key.—Appleton's Magazine.

Mexican Church Legends. Queretaro was a town before the Spanish conquest and was made a city in 1655. A legend of Queretaro is that an Otomite chief, Fernando de Tapia by name, undertook to convert the city to Christianity in a way that seems novel to us, but was common enough to his day. He came from Tula with a challenge to the people of Queretaro to a fair stand up fight. If he won, the people surviving were to be baptized. The challenge was accepted, but while the fight was in progress a dark cloud came up and the blessed Santiago was seen in the heavens with a fiery cross, whereupon the people of Queretaro gave up and were baptized. They set up a stone cross to commemorate the event on the site of the present church of Santa Cruz. There is scarcely a church in Mexico which has not a legend of this kind attached to it.

Misjudged. The manager of an office had advertised for an office boy. In consequence he was annoyed for an hour by a straggling line of boys of all sizes, claiming various accomplishments. "Well," he said to a late applicant, "I suppose you can read anything, and write anything, and figure a little, and use the typewriter a little, and"— "Now!" interrupted the boy. "If I could do all them things I'd strike yer fer yer own job. I ain't nothin' but an office boy." He got the position.—Bohemian.

Remedy For Excess In Eating. A hint to those who may thoughtlessly at some time or other indulge in excess in eating. If this indiscretion is committed, especially in high seasoned things with rich sauces, a draft of cold water acidulated with lemon juice will take off the sense of weight at the stomach and assist the digestive process by moderating the alimentary fermentation.

Old English Elections. As an illustration of the violence that was once common during political campaigns in England is a quaint bill from a lawyer after an election at Andover in 1768: "To being thrown out of the George inn, Andover, to my legs being thereby broken, to surgeon's bill and loss of time and business, £500."

A Loophole. "But, Tommy," said his mother, "didn't your conscience tell you you were doing wrong?" "Yes'm," replied Tommy, "but I don't believe everything I hear."—Philadelphia Press.

The Purchasing Agent. "Dad," asked Bobby, "what is biology?" "Go ask your mother," replied dad curtly. "She spends the most money."—Harper's Weekly.

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Martial Law for Scranton. SCRANTON, PA., Jan. 9.—As a result of the typhoid epidemic the city is practically in a state of martial law. In language noted for its vigor, Mayor Dimmick addressed the police force, stating that "the fever epidemic practically demands martial law in the city for the next few months." ARE YOU IN THE DARK? SEE ME. T. G. COBURN. Electric, Gas and Gasoline Construction and Supplies. COMPLETE STOCK. Both Phones 148—Residence Bell Phone 148-Y; Residence Citizens Phone 418. Office and Store 2917 WASHINGTON AVENUE.