

BRIEFS AND PERSONALS.

Disrupt yet the violets, Bluebirds find the storm, But the college baseball team Has begun to form.

Considerable tobacco was for sale on the warehouse floors yesterday. Miss Janet Davidson is visiting her friend, Mrs. J. A. Davidson, of Farmville.

Neither frogs nor wild geese have been heard up to this time in this section. Arrangements have been made and invitations issued for a dance at the Armory tonight.

Robin Red-Breast is remaining shy of this locality. Not a dozen have been seen up to this time. The Alpine Entertainers will hold the boards of the Opera House on the night of the 20th inst.

County Treasurer Ewing is confined to his home, and the affairs of his office are being attended to by Mr. T. H. Bruce.

Miss Edith Spratley, of Richmond, who has been attending the exercises at Hampden-Sidney, is the guest of Mrs. E. Scott Martin.

Grip ridges on every wind that blows. Be careful. Dry feet save doctors' bills and regular habits will spare you many an ache and ill.

Postmaster Bugz still holds the reins to the salutation of ninety-nine of every hundred patrons of the office. May he continue.

Mr. A. E. Howard, who has been traveling for the past six months, is home for the remainder of the season, having completed his work.

"Eat and be merry" for our food is "pure" and all drugs and all drains, at least Uncle Sam says so, and like I told George "never told a lie."

At the store of Messrs. Bugz & Son, today the Nat'l and General Company will give a public demonstration. See advertisement in another column.

Many land-seekers come, and many depart. This week there have been more than a dozen among us looking over the farm lands of this section.

A large number of people read the Herald who are not privileged to look at the Spring prints so gracefully arranged in our store windows. Moral: Advertise.

The move for a public library is one in which every man, woman and child in Farmville should feel a deep interest. It is an educational step in the right direction.

Miss Elvira La-Join, whose home is at "Hickory Hall," Buckingham county, spent yesterday in Farmville, and will leave today for Clifton Forge to visit relatives.

We will not agree that Prince Edward officials are "hunglers" but we will agree that all the hangings of the future in Virginia should be done within the penitentiary inclosures.

At 3 o'clock Sunday morning snow began falling here, and continued until three inches was upon the ground. Monday the sun shone so brightly as to carry nearly all of the "beautiful" away.

We were greatly shocked to hear of the tragic death of Col. E. C. Tredway, of Emporia. He was a Prince Edward boy who has honored the place of his nativity in the home of his adoption.

Right Rev. B. T. Tucker, Bishop Coadjutor of the Diocese of Southern Virginia, will preach and hold Confirmation Services at the Episcopal Church, Sunday evening, March 10th, at 8 o'clock.

"Charlie's Aunt," a comedy given last Saturday night at Hampden-Sidney by the students of the college, will be presented to the people of Farmville at the Opera House in the near future.

Worse than a cutting comic valentine are some of the modern-day post-cards, among the most cruel of which is one showing a grinning bear with the inscription, "What is home without a bear."

An engagement has been made with Victor's Venetian Band to give a matinee performance at the Opera House on Saturday, March 23rd. This is one of the largest and best known musical organizations in the United States.

While Johns Memorial Church is without a rector the Rev. George M. Matchett, of St. Ambrose Church, Philadelphia, is holding services there. The congregation is to be congratulated. His sermons are unusually forceful and eloquent, and that they are appreciated is proven by the large attendance upon the services.

The order of Odd Fellows in Farmville is steadily growing and great interest is being taken. On the 6th inst. the members of the local lodge will be addressed by one of the State officers, and an enjoyable evening is anticipated. This order stands today as one of the champions of the home and family.

Hon. John J. Owen, who for ten years has served Prince Edward county in the legislative halls has not decided to stand for re-election, but would he do so there will probably not be any opposition to his candidacy and election. He has made a faithful and efficient servant of his constituency, and what more could be asked?

For the benefit of the Women's and Children's Library Association a concert will be given at the Normal School Auditorium Monday night by a special company composed of talent from the Illinois Conservatory Entertainment Bureau. The program will be a splendid one, and we trust that a crowd will attend. Seals now on sale at Crute's Drug Store.

Few business men have more to contend with than an editor. The only means the editor has of making a living for himself and family is by selling space in the columns of his paper. His newspaper columns are the same to him as the shelves of dry goods are to the merchant. No one thinks of asking the merchant to give him the dry goods from his shelves, but few editors who hesitate to ask the editor to give him a few columns free in his paper.

A Surprise Marriage.

On Tuesday last a surprise marriage was celebrated in Farmville when Mrs. Holly Johnson Seigel, of Prospect, became the bride of Mr. John Wesley Watkins, of Norfolk. The ceremony occurred at 2 o'clock at the Methodist parsonage, by Rev. Samuel C. Hatcher, the only witness being a brother of the bride, a young lady with him and members of the parsonage household.

The bride is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson, of Prince Edward, a d and groom a prominent young man of Norfolk, being the superintendent of the street railway of that city. Mr. and Mrs. Seigel left the same afternoon for their home by the sea.

The Times-Dispatch of yesterday has the following to say of the marriage: The announcement of the marriage at Farmville, Va., on Tuesday of Mrs. Holly Johnson Seigel, widow of Louis H. Seigel, of this city, to Mr. John W. Watkins, of Norfolk, came as a surprise, even to the family of the bride.

Mrs. Watkins, as she now is, had for years resided in this city, but since the death of her husband some years ago, she had spent the greater part of her time at her parental home, the residence of Mr. and Mrs. R. M. Johnson, of Prospect, Va. She is a sister of Mrs. W. J. Bradley, of Manchester, and of Mrs. John Nokes, of this city.

The engagement was known to her family and a few friends, but the announcement of the wedding in the Times-Dispatch yesterday was the first information of the wedding, even to her relatives here.

With no higher motive than mere policy as a reason, I would ask: What is to be gained by removal? It has done noble work in the past as attested by her scholars that are now in middle life scattered all over this union the peers in intellect and character, as preachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., of all others it is flourishing now and still improving and keeping pace with modern thought as shown by facts and figures of her talented and untiring president, Rev. Mr. McAllister.

Will anybody dare say that the late Paul W. McKinney would have been an able lawyer, a better governor, a purer man, had Hampden-Sidney been located in a noisy, wicked city at the time he was a student there?

No, Mr. Editor, it is not anxious interest in the material or moral welfare of young men that towns like Farmville or cities like Richmond are grasping for colleges and universities within their borders; it is that evergrowing, insatiable, despicable greed for commercial gain that is rampant throughout our land.

If Farmville is desirous of keeping Hampden-Sidney College on the far famed hill "as present site, she must flume, and crush out every rising thought of material advantage to herself, for just so sure as consent to its removal anywhere is conceded, just so sure will Richmond be its new home, and the pride of more than a century will be but a memory in Prince Edward county.

Death of Mr. Gillespie. Bookingsham, Feb. 25, '07. Death, very sad under the conditions on which it came, claimed our aged countryman, James R. Gillespie, on Monday night, the 15th of February. He was and had been for many years our county surveyor, and although in his 78th year was almost daily called at his work in the field.

On last Monday he left home with his chain, compass, etc., to go several miles to do a job of work and told his children he would not be able to get through in time to return and not to look for him. He hired a horse from Mr. Meigsion, who lives about one-half mile from his home. Finishing his surveying earlier than he expected, he returned and left the start of his horse's about dusk and started home afoot by a winding path through the woods.

He never reached home, and the family not expecting him were in ignorance of his movements. The next evening he was found by some child, and he was cold and stiff in death within a few hours of his home; he had died 24 hours earlier.

"Jimmy" Gillespie, as he was familiarly called by his intimates, and they were legion, was an honorable man, of highly nervous temperament, easily irritated, he was wont on occasions to be hasty in speech, but he had an abiding faith in God, and of all men whom I have known, expressed himself most positively of his absolute assurance of a heavenly home.

I have heard him express himself thus on several occasions: "If I were stricken dead this moment I should go straight to heaven I am sure of it."

In the Valley of Virginia. Editor Herald:—I have recently crossed the Blue Ridge barrier and am making headquarters in the great Valley of Virginia where the people are so well satisfied with what God has given them that they are content to live and die in the spot in which they were born.

I was only yesterday at the home of one of these loyal sons of the favored section who was living in the same home in which his father lived and died, engaged in the same work, eating at the same table, sleeping in the same beds, sitting in the same chairs looking out of the same windows, drawing water from the same well, digging vegetables from the same squares, cutting wood from the same forest, working the same fields, worshipping at the same altars and though he had been married 25 years "he hadn't spent 25 nights from under his own roof." Happy man!

The lands are stronger than on the other side of the mountains and are devoted to grain and grass growing, cattle and fruit. Not a plant of tobacco and instead of buying hay they are selling it in large quantities. I looked upon a goodly sight just now. Six sixteen hundred pound horses are being sold in the market.

It is hard for me to realize that one farmer raises enough hay for those half-dozen monster horses and yet help to supply the markets of the world. It is that farmer's money crop, however, and must be a most satisfactory one to raise in this day of uncertain labor. Some of the landowners of this section tell me that they feel all they raise on their farms to their own stock and that it pays the

best. I never met with a poor horse or a small one, while mule teams are scarce and not a steer calf to be seen. While the lands are rich and could well support the people of the Valley, those who live in town as well as those who live in the country, I find that manufacturing plants are dotting the entire Valley. I was this morning in a small town, about one-third the size of Farmville, and there I found four flourishing plants, a woolen mill, furniture, stove and extract factory. I did not know of the demands of the extract business on our forests until now. The amount of chestnut wood which has been accumulated at this extract factory was simply enormous and day by day the trees are falling to satisfy the hunger of this tree gourmand.

And the poplar is pressed to it to service to make our paper, and surely it must be truly said, "of making many papers of which there is no end."

There is one serious objection to this valley mode of living and that is so often they have cold bread, and in the average Southside Virginian this is a cheerless sight and makes a dreary meal. True they have "pies and things" but these by no means compensate for the loss of hot biscuits and muffins. I think I know at least one dear lady, whose home is South of the James, who if fed on cold bread for a month would waste away to a shadow.

But when the hired cooks all die, or resign, or go North it may be that the era of cold bread will be inaugurated even in Southside Virginia. I have met with five rural mail carriers recently who are the best workers I have ever seen in any work field. They leave their homes in the morning at eight, make the 20-mile round and return at 1 P. M. From that time until dark one works in a blacksmith's shop and the other on a farm doing a full man's full day's work. Such men were not born to be "downed."

The \$60 monthly from the government is clear gain. And such men are not grumbling because of hard times. Our fathers knew nothing of "sprayers," now they are in general use on our orchard sections and many of them are costly. But to have the fruit they must have them and prudent, successful men all buy them. The farmers of the Valley are not so busy as are ours of the tobacco growing Southside. Here the grass grows, there the light is to kill grass. "With all her faults I love her still."

Hampden-Sidney's Removal.

ARCANUM, VA., Feb. 25, '07. Editor Herald:—I was sorry to read in a late issue of your paper that the citizens of Farmville were inclined to consider and discuss the feasibility of removing the college of Hampden-Sidney to your town.

This question of removal, as you know, has been agitated again and again in past years with Richmond the claimant for its home, and I trust have been made in your columns against every such move, mainly on the grounds of historic associations of the old college at its present site.

It is the thin edge of the wedge entering the huge log that causes its final opening and splitting; and if the lovers of Hampden-Sidney once concede the point that its removal is a desirable question, then the choice of its new location is only a matter of majority votes, and in her colossal greed for everything, in sight, Richmond will outtalk, outbid and outvote all competitors, and the old college like the seminary will be engulfed in her insatiable maw.

I have no personal interest in Hampden-Sidney. I had not the privilege in youth of being a student within her classic walls but I revere the memory of those, my countrymen, who in their wisdom located and founded that world-famed institution, and I re-echo the command of Holy Writ: "Remove not the ancient landmarks which your fathers have set."

With no higher motive than mere policy as a reason, I would ask: What is to be gained by removal? It has done noble work in the past as attested by her scholars that are now in middle life scattered all over this union the peers in intellect and character, as preachers, lawyers, doctors, etc., of all others it is flourishing now and still improving and keeping pace with modern thought as shown by facts and figures of her talented and untiring president, Rev. Mr. McAllister.

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I am told that the Valley is the healthiest section of the State, and yet I have no where found such busy doctors. When I find the subject at the people who live here they reply by saying it is the "grip." It may be true and a wide-spread grip it must be. I met a public school teacher of the male persuasion who has recently passed through a novel and thrilling experience. He had occasion to "keep in the school" and it so angered the fond father that he at once went in search of the said teacher with blood in his eyes and a big stick in his strong right hand. When he reached the scene of action he proceeded to lift his blood-greave to strike down the boy-like instructor, who doesn't weigh more than 130 pounds while the assailant tips the beam at 180. But the boy was a trained boxer and dodging the blow fell the strong man to the floor. He arose and down he went again. I mention this occurrence to admonish our prospective teachers to look well to their muscles as well as their minds.

Thoughts on Organization.

Rice, Va., February 29, '07. Never in the history of Virginia farmers, has there been manifested so much indifference as to planting a crop of tobacco, as there is the present year. There is, beyond all doubt or denial a positive determination in the minds of the majority of the farmers to reduce the acreage from last year.

One reason for this indifference, is, not so much on account of the scarcity of labor, as it is not having control of it. I will mention two causes, that I believe, prevent the farmers from employing and controlling the labor.

First, by being "run by the mission merchants" as the negro calls them. With all due respect to the merchants, for among them I have many warm personal friends, and knowing, in the eyes of the law, they are doing a legitimate business, I must say, candidly and honestly, and I believe I express the opinion of every thoughtful farmer, that the commission merchants, by advancing provisions and money, are doing more to demoralize and destroy the labor than anything else, and if this condition of affairs continues to exist, they will kill the goose that lays the golden egg.

This is a self-evident proposition. Think of it my commission friends, and "choose ye this year, whom you will serve," your colored customers or the people of your own race, upon whom rest the welfare of our entire country.

Another cause why farmers cannot control labor, is that railroads and saw mills pay more for their laborers, than we can afford to pay, at the present prices we are getting for our farm products.

Why can they afford to pay more? Simply because they have organized. One of the most prominent lumber dealers in our section said to a neighbor of mine, "that they had been organizing for ten years, and now they could get the value of their lumber and with a kind sympathetic feeling advocated and advised the organization of the farmers for their mutual protection and prosperity, and I might say for their only prospect of future success."

We readily see from the prices of lumber now and ten years ago, the advantage of organization. Yet when the farmers begin to organize and make an effort to protect their interest, we find men who reproach, ridicule and even abuse as "for doing that which all other classes of men have done, even to the boot black."

To show another instance of organization, I will bring to the minds of those who may see fit to sketch these scattering thoughts of an old clock-knower, an incident that occurred in a warehouse in the town of Farmville.

There was a pile of tobacco being sold on the floor, and one of the inspectors, knowing the price offered was below the cost of production, gave the auctioneer a sign for a bid, and with the keenness of a hawk's eye one of the buyers saw him, and this inspector was arraigned, not before a court of justice, but before the tobacco board of trade, and made to pay a fine. This shows that the gentlemen who compose this board are organized, not in the interest of the farmer, but to protect their own interest, which they have a right to do. Then why should the farmers not have the same right to organize to protect their interest?

If we do not, we are virtually allowing other people to act as our custodians and saying to them, take the fruits of our labor, use them as they see best for their advantage, and when they are satisfied give us the small portion that they think the farmer can live on. There are men all over the country who do not hesitate to say they believe they ought to hold their tobacco, but are still holding off, plucking the fruit from the trees planted and are being cultivated by the members of the association. Let me say to these farmers consider too question earnestly, solemnly and prayerfully, and if you conscientiously believe it is your duty to pool your tobacco, even at a sacrifice, and help us to protect the interest of our loved ones, and that of the whole farming community, how can you longer refuse to follow the dictates of your conscience?

Some will say it is impossible to get the farmers to organize and work together. When we remember that Peter, one of the Disciples of Christ, denied his Master, and the many of our day who fail to keep the sacred vows they once made to their God and have broken the pledge of allegiance to their church, we are not surprised to find some unfaithful to their pledge made the association. But it is surprising that some who profess to be Christians, and to have within them the spirit of Christ, filled with a desire to thwart the efforts of the farmers, should rejoice whenever a member of the association violates your pledge. My brother, examine your heart and see if the spirit of God prompts you to do this, or is it the prompting of a heart filled with a selfish desire for ill gotten gain? B.

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PRINCE EDWARD COUNTY.

Hampden-Sidney. Feb. 25, 1907. The most successful of Intermediate occasions in a number of years has just passed. On the 22nd of February of each year representatives (chosen from the Junior and Senior classes) of the two literary societies of the College render a program of public speaking, the occasion, of course, commemorating the birth of Washington. The following program was most delightfully carried through this year: "The Discipline of Difficulties" by Mr. L. Burke O'Neal, of Fayetteville, W. Va., Junior orator from the Philanthropic Society; "John Randolph of Roanoke" by Mr. Royston Jester, Jr., of Lynchburg, Va., Philanthropic Junior orator; "The High-water Mark of the Confederacy," by Mr. Samuel B. Hannah, Jr., of Arbovale, W. Va., Junior orator from the Union Society; "The Relative Influence of Men and Women," by Mr. J. M. H. Fitzgerald, of Blackstone, Va., Philanthropic Senior orator; "Should We Despair of Our Republic?" by Mr. Tom K. Young, of Kayford, W. Va., Union Junior orator. The speeches, which were of unusual merit, were delivered in attractive manner to a large, applauding audience. It was greatly regretted that the Senior orator from the Union Society, Mr. E. C. Barnard, of Roanoke, was necessarily detained at home.

On the next evening, Saturday, February 23rd, the Dramatic Club of the College rendered the play "Charlie's Aunt" before a full house, the following young men taking part in its production: Messrs. E. Grigg Elean, of Sheppards, Va., Tulane Atkinson, of Champ, Va., Carl Fleming and James Sinton, of Richmond, Wm. S. Hubbard and Wm. Hoy, of Charlottesville, W. Va., Goggin Crockett, of Tazewell, George Richardson, of Farmville, L. Burke O'Neal, of Fayetteville, W. Va., and Harry R. Martin, of Oak Park, Ill. The play was a success from every standpoint and about \$50 was netted to go to the College Annual, which, by the way, is going to be a superb volume.

On Sunday evening, the 24th, Dr. Milledge, of the State Normal School, delivered a most interesting address on "The Spread of Christianity in Europe." The review of the gradual advance of the Christian religion until Europe has been Christianized, and the gradual falling back and then the extinction of paganism in the same territory, was graphically portrayed.

An unusual number of young ladies have been visitors here during Intermediate, among the number being Misses Dunnington, McKinney, Nellie Johnson, March Edmunds, of Farmville, Miss Caldwell, of the Normal, at Maj. A. R. Venable's; Miss Rose Watkins, of South Boston, at Prof. Brock's; Misses Eggleston, of Charlotte C. H., at Mrs. H. P. Lacy's; Miss Annie Muller English, of Richmond, Minnie Blanton, of Farmville, and Mary Shreebise, of Staunton, at President McAllister's; Miss Harrison, of the Normal, at Prof. Whiting's; Misses Anne Richardson and Carrie Kyle, of Farmville, at Prof. Winston's; Misses Mildred Richardson and Hattie Bugz, of Farmville, and Haller, of Potomac, at Mrs. John Venab's; Miss Watkins, of Danville, at Miss Adie Venables; Miss Spratley, of Richmond, May, of Tazewell, and Reed, of the Normal, at Miss Carrington's. Miss Shreebise will remain for some days as the guest of President and Mrs. McAllister.

Work on the General Catalogue is progressing finely under the editorship of Prof. J. H. C. Bagby, of the Department of Physics. The printers will be running off the first, or tentative, edition within a few days.

Briefly. Mr. John Barksdale died at 2 o'clock on Monday at the home of his son Mr. George Barksdale, after a severe illness of grip. He was quite an old man, 84 years of age and up to a few weeks ago was healthy. About two hours later and at the same place Mrs. Emily Moore passed away after a lingering illness. She was a widow and is survived by seven daughters. The two were buried at Mt. Pleasant Church at 2 o'clock on Tuesday, 29th. The families of Mr. Barksdale and Mrs. Moore have the sympathy of the entire community.

On Thursday 21st at 6 A. M., James Douglas, the infant son of Mr. and Mrs. Dance Spencer died of pneumonia at their home near Abilene. The burial took place at Beulah Methodist Church the following day at 11 o'clock.

Mr. G. W. Reidd, of the Star Warehouse, has been confined to his home near here with a severe cold on his neck.

Mrs. Ella Jeffress spent several days of last week with Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Reidd.

Mr. and Mrs. Porter, and Miss Mary Lizzie Anderson were guests at Mr. W. E. Chappell's on Friday of last week.

AMELIA COUNTY. Farley. Feb. 26th, '07. Mr. Frank Pillow, near here, lost his dwelling house and contents by fire some days since. Mr. Pillow is a worthy man with a large family, and he has the sympathy of all who know him.

The Tip Top Soap Stone quarry is a new industry near Dentonsville which promises to develop into something big.

Most of the timber in this section has been sold, and many saw mills are in active operation.

Miss Edith Glenn is in Lynchburg. Miss Annie Davis will soon leave for Houston.

Many birds were killed in this neighborhood the past season, but plenty left for seed.

Our former neighbor—jolly big-hearted Jim Fremwell, now one of your efficient policemen is much missed, and his friends wish him great success in his new home.

Yours truly, W. W. DEVOE & CO. P. S.—J. F. Walton & Co., sell our paint.

Lingerer, Batiste, Linen Lawns, Colored Linens and Linene. N. B. Davidson.

Nothing New in ladies' oxforde that cannot be found at "Hillman's."

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Forty-Five Thousand Dollars For Five Hours of Pleasure.

"Mrs. Vanderbilt engaged 'The Wild Rose' company, playing at the Knickerbocker Theater, in New York, to give a single performance on her lawn on an August night. For this single item of the entertainment she gave the management her check for seven hundred dollars," writes Anna Stevie Richardson in Woman's Home Companion for March. "For the production she had erected a temporary theater, which gave employment to a small army of carpenters for a full week, and enough electricians to wire a small Western city. The rough board walls were hidden by white and gold bunting, draped with gilt wicker baskets filled with real roses, and the florist's bill alone was said to be eight thousand dollars, and the caterer's bill even more. The driveway leading to the house from the street was converted into a Midway, conducted without charge to guests by fakirs from Coney Island.

"The first guests arrived shortly before eleven