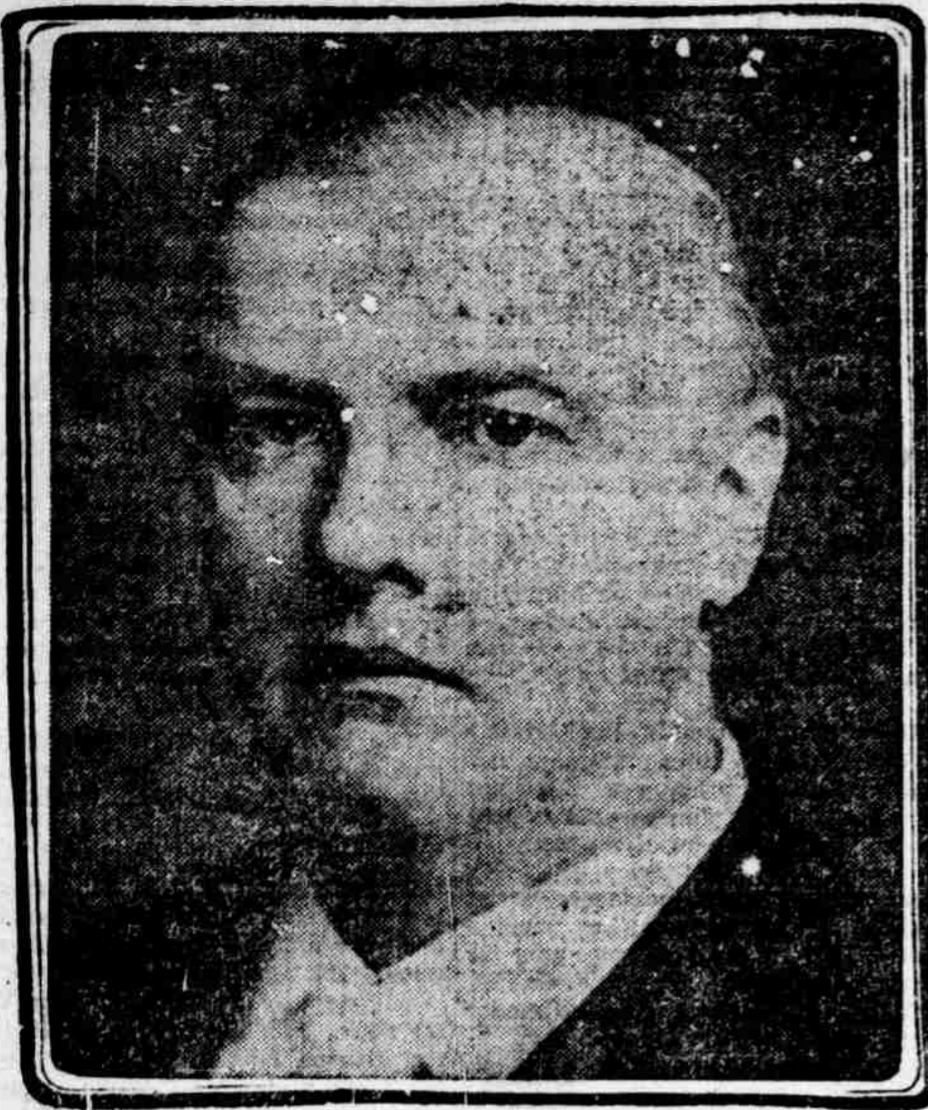


GERMAN EDITOR WHO SUCCEEDED HASKELL ON DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE



HERMAN RIDDER.

Ridder is the editor and proprietor of the New York Staats-Zeitung, who succeeded Gov. Haskell of Oklahoma, as treasurer of the democratic national committee. He has already started things moving around him.

PRISON FOR DEBT

Way Law is Made to Fit the Case in England is Shown.

JAIL FACES THE DEBTORS

It is commonly supposed that in these days there is no imprisonment for debt in England, but the supposition is wrong, both in substance and in fact.

True, the term "imprisonment for debt" is done away with, perhaps because the debtor does not pay his debt by going to prison, yet to prison he goes for it all the same, although in the eyes and in the phraseology of the law he goes there for "contempt of court," whereas in 90 per cent of such cases the poor defaulter suffers his seven, fourteen or twenty-eight days "close confinement" solely because of his inability to pay the monthly sum ordered by the judge or the magistrate.

Nor, as already said, does the incarceration pay what is owing. For if the creditor chooses to do so he can have the debtor committed again immediately after one term has been served and so on as long as the debtor lives, because the judgment goes on forever unless the amount of it be paid.

But a second commitment on the same judgment is very rare.

At the jail in a certain eastern country, where the writer of this article spent fourteen days, he was not received quite as a felon would be, but decidedly not as a nonlawbreaker should be received and treated.

The time of arrival was 2 p. m.

He had no dinner, so after his pockets had been emptied and the articles tabulated he was given six ounces of brown bread and four ounces of "Harriet Lane"—i. e., tinned Australian mutton.

He was then put into a "receiving cell" eight feet by four feet six inches, with a concrete floor six feet below the level of the earth and decidedly damp as was proved by the wet salt kept there for the prisoner's use.

FREE--\$3,000.00 in Gold

For Just Writing the Best Last Line to the Following Tabasco Limerick

\$1,000 for the Best; \$750 to Second; \$500 to Third; \$250 to Fourth, and \$5 Each to the Next 100 Winners.

TABASCO LIMERICK.

A soubrette who worked for Papasco One day kicked up quite a fiasco, As the hair on her head Turned from yellow to red

The last word of the last line must rhyme with the last words of the first two lines.

All that is necessary is to send us what you think is the best last line to our Tabasco Limerick with your name and address. Contest closes May 1, 1909, and prizes announced May 15, 1909.

Get busy now; tell your friends. Here's a great chance to win an income free.

Remember, this contest is open, free to everybody. Someone must win the above prizes. Why not you?

McILHENNY'S

VANILLA EXTRACTS

None equal to McIlhenney's Pure Concentrated Flavors of Vanilla and Lemon. We pack only pure Vanilla and Lemon flavors. Price 25c at all grocers and used everywhere.

MEXICAN VULTURES

How These Birds Haunt the Arid Alkali Plains For Prey.

PICTURE OF WILDERNESS

At night the moon looks down upon a desolate, arid plain, stretching away to the great Sierra Madre mountain chain, deep, shadowy blue, against the western sky. The air is chill, and a bleak wind searches out every fold in our blankets—we might almost be spending a night on the tundras.

With scarce a moment of dawn the sun floods everything, a most welcome warmth for awhile, soon to make one gasp in its breathless heat. Long before the rainy season actually begins vegetation seems to feel a quickening in the air; the plants scent the coming moisture weeks beforehand; the rushing streams, swollen with the melting snows from the lower mountain tops, bring life to the lands through which they flow; spring is awakening everywhere—except on the alkali plain.

Where a thin rind of red brown grass roots partly covers the white dust, parched mesquite bushes find root and strange, uncouth organ cacti rear their columns, like mammoth candleabra. Here wild eyed cattle roam uneasily, nibbling occasionally at the bitter grass stems.

Farther out in the desert, where even the mesquite and cacti fall, we ride slowly across the parched surface, wondering if a single living thing can endure the bitterness of the earth. In the distance move the whirlwinds of dust, tall, thin columns with perfectly defined outlines, undulating slowly here and there, both life and death in their silent movement.

Most remarkable it seems to us when a stray great blue heron now and then flies silently up from the desert (what can possibly attract these birds to such a place of death as this, distant even from the bitter pools?) and flaps slowly out of sight. Twice a great ebony raven sails through the dusty air over our heads—the same bird reappearing. No other life is visible save the balanced black specks high against the blue, as invariably a part of a Mexican day as are stars of the night. Herons, vultures, raven—all move slowly, seeming less alive than the distant dust columns.

But we feel the real spirit of the eternal desert when, as we turn to retrace our steps, we spy a something white, different from the surrounding earth, and the spell of past ages falls upon us. The bitter water is ever drying up, the whirlwinds carry the dust from place to place, the birds come and go as they please, but this relic of an elephant of the olden time brings past and present into close touch.

What scenes has the desert looked upon since this mammoth staggered dying into the quagmire which proved its tomb? Our eyes smart from the dust as we reluctantly turn our horses' heads on the back trail, for we should like to stay and search out these fossils—more fascinating in a way than the living beasts and birds which people the tropics beyond.

One of the most wonderful of the exhibitions of bird life vouchsafed to us in Mexico comes as we leave the alkali plain and ride away among the mesquite scrub. A confused mass of black appears in the air, which soon resolves itself into hundreds of individual specks. The atmosphere is so deceiving that what at first seems to be a vast cloud of gnats close at hand is soon seen to be a multitude of birds—blackbirds, perhaps, until we approach and think them ravens and, finally, when a quarter of a mile away, we know that they are vultures. Three burros lie dead upon the plain. This we knew yesterday, and here are the scavengers. Never have we seen vultures so numerous or in such order.

A careful scrutiny through the glasses shows many score of black and turkey buzzards walking about and feeding upon the carcasses of the animals. From this point there extends upward into the air a vast inverted cone of birds, all circling in the same direction. From where we sit upon our horses there seems not a single one out of place, the outline of the cone being as smooth and distinct as though the birds were limited in their flight to this particular area. It is a rare sight, the sun lighting up every bird on the farther side and shadowing black as night those nearest us.

Through one's partly closed eyes the whole mass appears as a myriad

GRAND OPERA LOSES ONE OF GREATEST STARS



MME. EMMA CALVE. Mme. Emma Calve, who has arrived in this country, announces that she will never again appear in opera. She says her decision is final.

of slowly revolving wheels, intersecting and crossing each other's orbits, but never breaking their circular outline. The thousands of soaring forms hold us spellbound for minutes before we rode closer. Now a change takes place, as gradual but as sure as the shifting clouds of a sunset. Until this moment there had been a tendency to concentrate at the base of the cone, that portion becoming blacker and blacker, until it seemed a solid mass of rapidly revolving forms. But at our near approach, this concentration ceases and there is perfect equilibrium for a time. Then, as we ride up a gentle slope into clearer view, a wonderful ascent begins. Slowly the creeping spiral wings upward; the gigantic inverted cone, still perfect in shape, lifts clear of the ground and drifts away; the summit rises in a curve, which, little by little, frays out into ragged lines, all drifting in the same direction, and before our very eyes the thousands of birds merge into a shapeless, undulating cloud, which rises and rises, spreading out more and more until the eye can no longer distinguish the birds, which from vultures dwindle to mere motes floating and lost among the clouds.—C. William Beebe in New York Post.

Said the optimist, "If a man gets into the habit of hunting trouble he's sure to find it."

"Yes," replied the pessimist, "and if he is so lazy that he always tries to avoid it, it will find him. So where is the difference?"—Catholic Standard and Times.

"KING OF ROOTERS"

This is Title That Will be Given Rockefeller by Cleveland Fans.

THEY WANT HIS MONEY

Cleveland, O., Oct. 3.—All Cleveland is suffering from an aggravated attack of baseballitis, and unless plans miscarry John D. Rockefeller is to be crowned "king of the rooters."

That is, if Cleveland wins the American League pennant, which \$43,891 rabid fans here declare it will, and if Mr. Rockefeller is willing to \$5,000 for a title, which, it is declared, will be as bona fide as that found for him in the dusty archives of European libraries by an expert genealogist.

Should "Larry" Lajoie and his assistant ball tossers obtain the right to contest for the premier base ball honors of the world with the National League champions, Cleveland wants to give Mr. Lajoie a celebration that will go down in history.

The first question was one of funds. County Clerk Salen appeared on the scene with a brilliant idea.

"Let's ask John D. Rockefeller to donate something and head the list."

"Fine," was the echo.

So Mr. Salen is now practicing a little speech, which will be delivered to the Standard Oil magnate—if Cleveland wins.

Mr. Rockefeller is known as a sport enthusiast, but so far his favorite diversion has been golf—not the national game. But Mr. Salen and the other base ball fans think that in view of the prospective victory of Cleveland, the oil king will be willing to head a subscription list with a paltry \$5,000 in order to see that his native town does things up brown.

And if he does hear the list Mr. Rockefeller will be given the title of "king of the rooters," and he will also be allowed to sit at the right hand of Lajoie at the banquet and will also be introduced to "Addie" Joss and Birmingham.

Greater honors than these are not conceived in the mind of a Cleveland fan.

Bismarck and the French. Bismarck had no great opinion of the French. He believed that they are too easily swayed by popular catchwords.

"Talk to a Frenchman about liberty, equality and fraternity, tell him that his nation is the greatest in the world, and you can do anything with him. You can impress the French more than any other people if you tell them it is done in the name of freedom."

Asked his opinion in the case of a certain French spy, he said: "It's a sad case. You've got to hang him, but do it with the utmost politeness, so as not to hurt his feelings."

QUEEN HAS BOOK BINDING HOBBY



QUEEN ELENA OF ITALY.

The Queen has now become known as an expert book binder and binds the State papers of her Royal household.

..Krone & Kennedy..

EXTRAORDINARY SHOWING OF MEN'S and YOUNG MEN'S CLOTHING FOR the FALL and WINTER WEARING

WE ARE READY

To show you our collection of fine ready-made clothing. We are anxious to have you see them. We think that we have collected a galaxy of stars and are anxious to have you confirm our judgment. These clothes are high grade in every particular, the tailoring all that could be desired, the style "up-to-the-minute." We are keeping abreast of the times.

Suits \$10 to \$22.50

Overcoats \$10 to \$22.50

The Latest Styles in Hats, Neckwear and Furnishing Goods

See Our New Boys' Dept.

New Fall Shirts

Our stock is now at its best. We want you to give our line of shirts a careful inspection. We'll be more than pleased to show you.

A standing invitation to Fall Festival visitors.

K = ONE PRICE
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SMITH & KINDER

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RICHMOND'S MOST POPULAR

GROCERY, invites you to call here during Fall Festival, Oct. 6-7-8. Specials all week. Trading Stamps given with all purchases. A FEW REMINDERS:

Peaches Jersey Sweet Potatoes Potatoes Turnips
Cucumbers Lima Beans Plums Apples
Bananas Cranberries Pears Etc.