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THE FALL FESTIVAL.

The merry makers on their way home from the military ball last night saw the wreckers at work taking down the decorations on Main street, and no doubt some of them said: "The Fall Festival is over."

But to the reflective eye, it only meant that the ephemeral part had gone and had left the solid benefits.

These benefits will not come at once nor on the other hand will they vanish at once. The man who plants an orchard of young trees does not expect his permanent crop all the first year. And so the effects of the fall festival will and must be cumulative rather than immediate. It is well to point this out lest there be some who will complain of the lack of quick returns.

This is only the beginning!

But what a beginning!

As to the exhibits which were brought here in competition for the prize list, they were far above the average. The fall festival exhibits had all the merits of the best county fair and none of the demerits. The principal thing to note was that the exhibits came from the immediate vicinity of Richmond and were therefore indicative of the real enterprise and progress of our home people. The exhibits were none the less good than if the place had been overrun with shows which make a business of taking prizes. Everyone remembers the magnificent horses which had been bred by a local farmer who does not even sell his horses—there was little professionalism about the show. Take one thing—the horse show; it compared favorably with the horse shows of the larger places—and to have people

realize that all this was "home grown" was more than worth while. Congratulations are in order to all the agricultural exhibitors. The showing made by Richmond merchants and manufacturers was a surprise to every one, even those who thought they knew. Enterprise and excellence of wares and products was manifest in every detail. It was not a perfunctory compliment which the Cincinnati men paid the business men of Richmond—they really had no idea of the scope and magnitude of the business of the Quaker City. Besides this the whole performance was of a substantial nature and the look-on could not fail to see that these things represented solid work and were not the enterprises of a night or the showy spectacle of a boom town.

The crowd which has been attracted to the city by the extensive advertising, was conspicuous not only in regard to numbers, but in regard to its personnel. Here were no rowdies, no village cut-ups and none of the vicious elements which invade the county fair. The people who came to look on were prosperous owners of homes and farms, business men from other towns and none of the riff raff which is too often present at such a place. As an observer remarked "Too often agricultural communities raise sleek pedigreed stock and spend hours in grooming their animals and when the family goes to the county fair their wives and children are out at heels and elbows—the crowd here showed that the people regard their families as above their stock and every one knows how fine that stock was." That was a compliment worth while.

Never before has Richmond been so well or so systematically decorated. The test came when the rain came up on Wednesday—the winds blew and the rain came and next morning the decorations were in as perfect condition as before. All the foregoing, simply means that those in charge of the fall festival not only knew their business but acted on it. Every detail had been carefully planned to the minutest detail and the gigantic undertaking went through without a hitch or a flaw. It was evident that every thing which human ingenuity and forethought could accomplish, had already been done before the event. No praise is too high for those in charge and yet the satisfaction of work successfully accomplished will be a more lasting one than the well earned compliments which are on everyone's lips.

But with all the efforts of the committees little could have been accomplished without the hearty co-operation and the unselfish spirit with which with few exceptions every one has labored for the cause of a New and Better Richmond.

Perhaps the most important result of the fall festival is the single motive which has filled every man to work with everyone else for the general improvement.

The movement should not and will not stop here. The out of town people are now almost as interested in Richmond as our own people—they realize that the larger and more prosperous Richmond is the better for all concerned. We have seen what the Real Richmond is. It is a mutual benefit.

There should be no let up in the new spirit and plans should be formulated now for the perpetuation of the fall festival while the experience gathered from the first attempt is still fresh in the minds of every one.

Don't stop!

The game has just commenced.

The fall festival of next year can be made many times as good now that the wheels have been started.

We stand for a larger and greater Richmond and a greater fall festival.

The two go together.

This is only the beginning.

A fine beginning.

A fine beginning.

A fine beginning.

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ROOSEVELT WORKS FOR GOV. HUGHES

President Desirous That Republicans Win in His Home State.

WHITE HOUSE CONFERENCE

MEN HIGH UP IN POLITICAL AFFAIRS DISCUSS NEW YORK SITUATION—OUTLOOK IS GROWING BRIGHTER.

Washington, Oct. 8.—If President Roosevelt has any influence with the republican voters of his own state, there will be no scratching of Governor Hughes.

Although convinced that Taft will carry New York by a reasonably large majority, the confidential information submitted to the president by his visitors from that state is not reassuring regarding the probable chances of the governor.

It is admitted that the state ticket will be out on account of the unpopularity of some of the policies enforced by the governor during his present term, but how for this scratching will extend, the republican managers are not yet able to answer with satisfaction to themselves.

They understand the condition that exists throughout the state. The situation there and how best to meet it has been the main subject under consideration at the numerous white house conferences of the past three or four days.

The president went over the ground with W. R. Wilcox, former postmaster of New York. William L. Ward and Treasurer Sheldon had a long talk with the executive Wednesday, and Secretaries Root, Cortelyou and Strauss, all of New York, have been in almost daily conferences. Today Congressman Herbert Parsons, chairman of the New York republican county committee was expected to visit the white house.

To all of those men the president has said with emphasis that Hughes must carry the state and that the republican party must not be charged with responsibility for his defeat. The reports that come from New York, it is said, indicate a turn in the trend of public sentiment; that things are looking somewhat better for the state ticket.

CHURCH PREPARES FOR COMMUNION

Services at First English Lutheran Tonight.

In view of the fall communion of the First English Lutheran church next Sunday, the preparatory services will be held at the church this evening at 7:30. A full attendance of the membership is requested.

The Sunday services will be in the nature of a rally and roll call meeting and all the members are requested to be in attendance. At this time the members from out of the city will respond when their name is called and all those who will be unable to attend will send communications which will be read. A communication has been received from the Rev. J. W. Kapp D. D. of Cincinnati, former pastor of the Richmond church, which will be read at this service.

FINNS REFUSED TRANSPORTATION

Feared That They Might Be Infected With Cholera.

Copenhagen, Oct. 9.—Passengers from Finland were refused passage to New York on the Scandinavian-American line steamer Hellig Olav on the ground they might be infected with cholera.

The steamship company acted on the advice of the American consul here, who has been instructed by the state department to apply the quarantine regulations against Finland as well as Russia proper. The passengers will be delayed here two weeks.

DIES AT BATTLE CREEK.

John M. Smith Was Known at Milton.

Milton, Ind., Oct. 9.—John M. Smith, of Pasadena, Cal., died Tuesday at Battle Creek, Mich. He was a brother-in-law of the late A. Z. Hoffman and was well known here. He was a very wealthy ranchman and had at times more than 50,000 sheep on a Montana ranch which he owned.

ELECT OFFICERS.

Day Students at Earlham Prepare for Active Year.

At the election of day students at Earlham Carl Ackerman was chosen president; Alice Laning, vice-president; Ethel Henderson, secretary and Raymond Tebbits, treasurer. The day students expect to have some interesting social functions at the college this year and this is the cause for the early organization. The day students expect to take prominent part in the affairs of the college.

The KING of DIAMONDS.

By Louis Tracy.
Author of "Wings of the Morning," "The Pillar of Light," Etc.

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He regretted the ship. He was known to the tribe of Jesus on account of his generosity to their charities. Moreover, was not one of the order his horse-master?

The girl laughed, with a delightful merriment that relieved the tension. "You acted like an indolent person," she cried. "Do you know, I felt that you would have banged the heads of those men together in another instant."

Their vehicle slackened pace and curved toward the pavement in a quiet street.

"Here I am at home," she said, and Philip assisted her to alight.

"Oh, my music!" she wailed suddenly. "I left it in that horrid cab."

Philip repressed a smile.

"Tell me your name," he said, "and I will recover it for you early in the morning."

"Are you sure? Oh, what a trouble I have been! How good you are!"

"It is not the least trouble. I took the cabman's number."

"Indeed, indeed, I am grateful to you. My name is Evelyn Atherley. I would ask you to call some day and see my mother, but—but—"

"You do not wish her to hear of your adventure tonight? It would frighten her."

"She would be terrified each time I went out alone. Believe me, I can ill afford a hansom, but I take one late at night to please her, as the walk from the nearest bus route is lonely."

"I will be there. By the way, my name is Philip Anson."

The girl's big eyes—she fancied they were blue, but in the dim light he could not be sure—looked into his.

There was a sparkle of merriment in them, he thought—a quick perception of a hint delicately conveyed. But she said quite pleasantly:

"My last song is at 10:15. I will leave the hall at 10:30. I hope my mother will be with me. I will be most pleased to see you there and thank you more coherently than is possible now, especially if you recover my music."

The quick trot of a fast driven horse came round the corner.

Philip was assuring her that they would certainly meet next evening when a hansom pulled up behind the waiting vehicle, and the driver said:

"Beg pardon, miss, you left this." And he held forth the lost portfolio.

The cabman was anxious to atone for his share in the night's proceedings.

Philip tipped him in a manner that ceased the man to murmur his renewed regret, but he was sternly told to go. Philip's own reward from Miss Atherley was a warm handshake and a grateful smile.

He drove homeward, wondering how he could best help her in her career.

And she, after kissing her mother "good night," went to her room to wonder also, but her wonderment was mixed with regret. For such a nice young man as Philip Anson must have troops of friends. He must be rich. He must be far removed from the orbit of a girl who, whatever her birth and breeding, was driven in the flower of her youth to earn her living on the concert platform.

Jowkacy won his laurels with superb ease. Philip, listening to the Polish genius, found himself hoping that the fair English girl might achieve some measure of the rapturous applause bestowed on the long haired enthusiast. He murmured the thought in guarded commonplace to his musical friend.

"Impossible, my dear fellow," was the instant verdict. "She is mediocre; just an average singer and no more. Music is divine, but its exploiters suffer from the petty jealousies of house maids. Jowkacy can have no rivals tonight. Eckstein is a master, of course, but a necessary evil as an accompanist. The other artists are mere fill ups—good or they would not be here, but not in the front rank. Listen. I am connected with a choral society in my country, and we once engaged a leading tenor and a second rate baritone. The tenor had a name with fourteen letters, and the baritone only owned four. The unfortunate local printer selected his type to fill the lines on the bills by size and not by merit. The moment the tenor saw the four letter man looming large across the poster he absolutely refused to sing a note unless fresh bills were printed with his fourteen letters in larger type. And we were compelled to humor him. That is music from the agent's point of view."

When Miss Evelyn Atherley advanced to the front of the platform Philip thought he had never seen a woman so beautiful. She had the grace of a perfect figure and the style of an aristocrat. She was dressed in light blue chiffon, with a spray of forget-me-nots the color of her eyes arranged across the front of her bodice. Anson experienced a thrill of pleasure when he saw that the bouquet he caused to be forwarded to her contained flowers of a kindred hue. The skill of the florist had correctly interpreted his description, which, indeed, was largely guesswork on his part.

A high forehead and a mouth and chin of patrician mold gave an air of caste to an otherwise sweetly pretty face.

"By Jove," whispered the critic, "if she sings as well as she looks, I may be mistaken."

Her first song was Goring Thomas' "A Summer Night." Instantly it was perceptible that her voice was true, the outpouring of a soul. In volume it was in no way remarkable, but its melodious cadence was fresh, innocent, virginal. The notes were those of a joyous bird.

Anson, biased by other sentiments, thought he had never heard her equal, but his friend, after joining in his vigorous applause, gave him a douche of accurate judgment.

Why should she fear to face them simply because we are poor?" "I think, Mrs. Atherley," he said quietly, "that you are very rich, far richer than many a mere de famille we shall meet at the restaurant." This neat compliment turned the scale of the mother's hesitation. Indeed, she might well be proud of her beautiful daughter.

The two ladies seated themselves in the luxurious landau with an ease that



"I think, Mrs. Atherley," he said quietly, "that you are very rich."

showed familiarity, but Mrs. Atherley, being a woman, could not help being troubled in the matter of dress.

"The Savoy!" she murmured as the rubber tired vehicle glided away noiselessly. "I have not been there for years. And people at supper are always attired so fashionably. Could we not?"

The girl put her arm around her waist.

"Just for once, mamma, you shall not care a little bit, and none may be the wiser. Here is Mr. Anson—quite an elegant himself—he would never guess that our gowns were homemade."

"The women, dear one—they will know."

"Oh, you deceive! You said my toilet was perfect, and I am quite sure yours is."

This logic was incontrovertible. Mrs. Atherley sighed and asked what took place the previous night.

Philip imagined that the girl hung back, so he boldly undertook an explanation. By describing the cabman as apparently intoxicated and certainly impudent he covered a good deal of ground, and the rest was easy.

When they reached the Savoy, the anxious mother had relegated the incident to the limbo of unimportant things. Only one other matter troubled her—the somewhat unconventional origin of her daughter's acquaintance with this pleasant mannered young gentleman.

She was far too tactful to hint at such a point just then. It should be reserved for home discussion.

Meanwhile they were early arrivals. The head waiter marshaled them to a window table. Mrs. Atherley smiled. She knew her London.

"You were sure we would accompany you?" she cried.

"Not at all sure; only hopeful," said Philip.

(Continued.)

"Oh, do let us go, mamma! I am famished. I candidly admit it. Mr. Anson, I have subsisted since luncheon without a morsel."

"We will be delighted!" began the older lady, but her attention was attracted by the footman holding open the door of the carriage.

"Is that carriage yours?" she said to Philip.

"Yes."

"Where do we sup?"

"At the Savoy."

She flushed slightly.

"Not the Savoy," she faltered.

"Why not, mother?" cried the girl spiritedly. "Mr. Anson, my mother does not care to meet associates of—of other days. I tell her she thinks far too much of these considerations."

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