

WORK OF CORBIN IS UNAVAILING

His First Entrance Into Politics Proves to Be Grave For Him.

ACTED AS DOVE OF PEACE.

ATTEMPTED TO HEAL BREACH BETWEEN TAFT AND FORAKER BUT HEARST KNOCKED PLANS INTO COCKED HAT.

Washington, Oct. 10.—In all presidential campaigns there are things grave and things gay, and the present campaign has been no exception. The case of Gen. Henry C. Corbin, U. S. A. retired is both grave and gay, though it must be confessed Gen. Corbin himself has not shared in the gayety. His heart is heavy with sadness and his brow freighted with gloom.

When Gen. Corbin was on the army's active list he ran a close second to Gen. Nelson A. Miles as the beau ideal of a soldier. Six feet and some inches in his stockings and built on generous lines, in uniform he was a sight to gladden the eyes; a very incarnation of Mars, a valiant knight, an officer and a gentleman equally at home on the tented field or in midday's drawing room. Also he was reputed to be some shucks as a politician. Indeed, when he was stationed here in Washington as adjutant general of the army it used to be charged that he spent more time playing politics up on Capitol Hill when congress was in session than he did with his strictly military duties. That charge probably was inspired, however, by those who envied Gen. Corbin his military and social successes.

However, that may be, he must have gotten in Washington a sufficient taste of politics to whet his appetite, for having reached the statutory age and been retired he determined that politics should engage his remaining days and wreath his brow in whatever spot it might chance military renown had left a vacant space. As an earnest of his intention, he left his beautiful home in the environs of the capitol and returned to his native township in Ohio.

Awaited Call.

There he settled down in dignity and with what patience he could muster to await the lightning's bolt. In order that his fitness for further service to his country might not escape attention, he announced his willingness to daily a term or two in congress while awaiting the call to a more important post. His friends and neighbors received the suggestion and recorded it in their notebooks for future reference. The time might come when they would want Corbin as their representative in congress. Who could tell.

But wasn't that a trying role for a warrior, a man of arms and action? Corbin found it so and began to look about him for some activity that need not wait upon the call.

In the candidacy of Judge Taft he saw opportunity looming large. What more fitting, more appealing to the masses, than loyalty to his former chief should bring the retired soldier forth from his seclusion into the fierce strife of the campaign and the blinding glare of the spot-light? Taft's cause he espoused and made his own.

Never had a candidate more earnest, more tireless, more ubiquitous supporter. Like Henry of Navarre's white plume, wherever the fight was thickest there was Corbin, full panoplied for the conflict, an inspiring figure of militant partisanship, the war-light in his eyes, his soldierly breast heaving in rhythmic cadence to the braying of the bands. A leader whom the legions of the party might gladly have followed to the death, but a leader willing to charge all alone should the legions not elect to follow him. Oh, there is not doubt at all that as an embattled warrior for his party's honor, a valiant striver for the glories and the usufuct of politics, Corbin was all the cheese.

Trip to Heal Breach.

But the tale is not yet ended. Would that it were. One sad and misguided day Corbin turned mollycoddle. Instead of the snorting warhorse, champing at his bit as he drank in the smell of battle, he essayed the role of peace's dove. Trained as a soldier, schooled to heroic deeds and ensued to scenes of slaughter, what right had he to venture on the slippery ways of intrigue and conciliation? Yet Corbin must have his try. Was he not now

The General Demand

of the Well-Informed of the World has always been for a simple, pleasant and efficient liquid laxative remedy of known value; a laxative which physicians could sanction for family use, because its component parts are known to them to be wholesome and truly beneficial in effect, acceptable to the system and gentle, yet prompt, in action.

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That is one of many reasons why Syrup of Figs and Elixir of Senna is given the preference by the Well-Informed. To get its beneficial effects always buy the genuine—manufactured by the California Fig Syrup Co., only, and for sale by all leading druggists. Price fifty cents per bottle.

LECTURE COURSES ONE OF PROMISE

Many Excellent Features to Be Offered This Winter.

The popular entertainment course that is to be given this winter under the auspices of Earlham College and the Y. M. C. A. will no doubt prove to be one of the most popular features ever held in Richmond. The first number will be Tuesday, October 20, by the Marguerite Smith company.

Besides Miss Smith, there is Miss Ethel Phettis who comes from the best musical school of the west and is undoubtedly one of the coming pianists of the country. Besides this number there are several other features.

Miss Smith is the originator of the famous child impersonations and it is said she has no rival.

GOV'T. CLERKS REFUSE TO VOTE

Recent Ruling of Civil Service Commission Frightens Them.

URGED TO RETURN HOME.

POLITICAL RALLIES BEING HELD IN CAPITAL CITY FOR PURPOSE OF AROUSING THOSE WHO VOTE AT HOME.

Washington, Oct. 10.—The mandate of the civil service commission against the political activity of government employees in the classified service is bearing fruit not counted on. The clerks were given such a scare that now they are afraid even to go home to vote. At least those who are disinclined to journey from Washington to their respective homes are offering the civil service ruling as an excuse.

It goes without saying the commission had no thought of forbidding any government employee who has a voting residence elsewhere from exercising his right of franchise, but its mandate against "pernicious political activity" is causing a lot of bother to those committees of both parties whose duty it is to see that merely because a man holds a government job he doesn't ignore his obligation as a citizen and a partisan.

Both parties maintain in Washington elaborate organizations, under the auspices of which political rallies are held for the purpose of arousing the enthusiasm of residents who are voters elsewhere, but the primary object of which is to see that the voters go home for election day. The railroads give reduced rates for voters and in a number of close states the expenses of those who cannot be prevailed upon to return otherwise are paid by the state committees. A recent estimate placed the number of democrats in Washington who have voting residences elsewhere at 3,000. The number of qualified republican voters residing here must be considerably larger.

As these voters are drawn from every state of the union, the number from any one state, except Maryland and Virginia, is not large, but in a close contest every vote counts; so the doctrine is industriously preached that it is the duty of every man who has a voting residence anywhere east of the Missouri river to return and cast his ballot. Voters from the far West are not asked to take the journey except in drastic cases.

That party managers are perturbed over the reluctance this year of government employees to go home to vote is evidenced by the number of prominent speakers who have addressed the residents of Washington on the subject. Virginia has been sending some of her most notable speakers here to urge that "Virginia expects every man to do his duty," and other states have not been slow to follow Virginia's example.

in politics and must not be run the gamut through?

The breach between Taft and Foraker caught his eye. Now a breach is a thing a soldier is supposed to storm, but the unhappy thought came to Corbin that this one should be healed. Gen. J. Warren Keifer, also a soldier-politician but whose daylight spittle coat proclaims him of an older school, was consulted and agreed to join in the adventure. Together they journeyed to Middle Bass Island, where Taft was to be found. What they did, what they said, never will be known, but in some way they brought about a meeting of Taft and Foraker at which friendly words were spoken. Verily, they quoth in their elation, peace hath her victories no less than war.

But now comes the denouement, the tragedy of the tale. Victory is turned to route, rejoicing to sorrow, those who were idols yesterday, today are smashed to smithereens. William Randolph Hearst puts a meddlesome finger in the pie, and more evidence is adduced that when "Bobby" Burns quote the "best laid plans," etc., he was prophet as well as poet. Those followers of Taft who had hailed the reappointment of Taft and Foraker wished they hadn't, and unfeeling partisans snatched from the Jove-like brow of Corbin the wreath they had placed there but a day before.

Corbin is still brave, and is still waiting, but his political sword is unsheathed again and he has a spear that knows no brother.

THE THEATER



Feltman's Famous Tramp Last

Worn and endorsed by the officers of the

10th U. S. Infantry

The army officers here during the Fall Festival bought quite a number of our famous

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and after wearing them about town for a day and evening they sent their friends to us, stating that Feltman's Tramp Last is the most comfortable shoe ever worn. You can tramp for days and months and still have no foot trouble. Feltman's Famous Tramp is almost like the government orders by the car load for their enlisted men. What Uncle Sam does is well done.

For Men and Women who are looking for foot comfort and yet want a lot of style—should wear Feltman's Famous Tramp Last. Made in Vic Kid with heavy or light soles, in Velour or Calf Blucher with two full double soles clear back to the feet. We also have them in Tan Calf and Patent Calf.

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We have the Tramp Last in all styles for ladies

MILLIONAIRE HOBO MUCH DISAPPOINTED

J. Eads How Unsuccessful in Organizing Grand Army Of Hoboes.

TELLS OF HIS BELIEFS.

IS GRANDSON OF GREAT JAMES D. EADS, NOTED ENGINEER DISTRIBUTED FORTUNE TO SINGLE TAXERS.

New York, Oct. 10.—New York heard much about J. Eads How, sometimes called the "millionaire hobo." Mr. How is now going away from here, back to the West, whence he came some five months ago as a missionary to the unemployed of Gotham.

How admits that his work here has not been productive of the fruits anticipated and that he has been able to reach only a small number of the unemployed.

"But we have managed to insert the thin edge of the wedge," he said. Even since he came to town How has been besieged by reporters, but to all he refused to talk as a matter of principle. He broke this rule yesterday to a Times reporter and made the only authentic statement he has ever given. He is a soft-voiced, slender man, possibly 5 feet 10 inches in height. He is 40 years old. A four-dollar suit of clothes, a twenty-nine-cent shirt and a second-hand derby scarcely differentiate him from his hobo associates. His friends hardly knew him yesterday because he had a ten-cent hair cut.

"I mean to let my beard grow. It costs too much to shave," he said. Asked about his fortune, he reluctantly gave the facts. His grandfather, he said, James D. Eads, a noted engineer, who built the Eads Bridge at St. Louis, left a large fortune, considerably more than a million dollars. The bulk of it went to How's mother. She is now very sick and lives in a mansion on Lindell avenue, St. Louis. Only recently she gave \$10,000 to the St. Louis University.

A complete musical comedy in one act will be presented by the Davenport brothers and Miss Francis, who come after a successful year in greater fields, and whose talents have made a trip into vaudeville an assured success.

Too Much For One.

"I am looking for my son," said a sharp featured woman recently entering an office building in Washington, where she found the janitor sitting at the entrance tipped back in a chair. "Have you seen him? He's a tall, slim boy."

"Very tall, was he?" asked the janitor.

"Very and slender."

"I think I saw him here a minute ago."

"Where was he?" demanded the woman.

"Well, madam," replied the janitor, "as nearly as I could make out, he was on the first and second floors."—Lippincott's.

Immunity.

Satan had just ordered more coal thrown on the fire.

"By Tumidous," he cussed, "but that last arrival is a tough proposition. The more I try to roast him the more he smiles."

He called the chief stoker.

"Well, what luck?" asked Satan.

The stoker shook his head.

"He's still smiling," he answered.

"Where's he from?" cried Old Nick, out of patience.

"New York. He used to be a baseball umpire in—"

"Sulphurous serpents! Why didn't you say so before? Take him down; we can't roast him."—Bohemian Magazine.

"I have not earned it. It is not mine. I shall not use it," he declared. Straightway he called in John McCann, a St. Louis lawyer and single taxer and asked him what to do. McCann wanted to know if the money came from land.

"Some of it did," said How.

"Call a meeting of the people and see what they say," advised McCann.

GREAT STOCK SHOW

The Event Will Be Held in Kansas City Beginning Monday.

ALL DEPARTMENTS LARGE.

Kansas City, Oct. 10.—The American Royal Live Stock show, at the Kansas City stock yards the week of October 12, will have a larger number of pure bred beef cattle, horses, swine, sheep and goats, an more mules than have ever before been exhibited at the Royal, and more in some departments than have ever been shown at any event. There will be about 1,000 registered beef cattle of the Hereford, Shorthorn, Galloway and Aberdeen Angus breeds, scores of carloads of native feeding cattle of these breeds, and at least a hundred carloads of range cattle, which are of mixed breeds.

The horse department will have full classes for Percherons, Belgians, Clydesdales and French and German coach horses, with an exhibit of Shires. There will be 150 mules, from aged animals down to sucking colts.

The sheep department will contain full classes for Cotswolds, Hampshires, Shropshires and Southdowns, and an exhibit of Oxford—more than 200 pure-bred animals in all.

There is also a department for range sheep in carloads.

The swine department will contain at least 300 Berkshire and good displays of Durac Jersey and Chester Whites, in the classes for those breeds, and an exhibit of Poland Chinas.

"You want to marry my daughter, eh? May I ask what chance you have for getting on in the world?"

"I have an automobile, a yacht and an airship."

"Well, you seem to have every means for getting on. She's yours, my boy."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

"Maria, you let that young Bobster stay last night until 1 o'clock."

"But, mamma, you told me I must give him time to propose."

"But five hours!"

"Well, mamma, you know very well why he stutters!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Red Tape in Russia. Duties of newspaper correspondents in Russia are not light. In Revel, for instance, a journalist had to get permission from five different police authorities before he could work unmolested—the secret police, the ministry of the interior police, the gendarmes, the palace police, the Revel police. Each police official acts independently, so as to make the confusion as complete as possible. One of the first precautionary measures adopted by the Russian police was to photograph the special correspondent and circulate his portrait among the police authorities. He was then enclosed by a cordon of secret police of both sexes, who kept a vigilant espionage. He was kept perfectly free to do his worst.

Famous Wrestlers Clash

COLISEUM

Thursday, Oct. 15

The Unconquerable Turk

vs. Joe La Salle

Champion of Canada

Two Best in Three Falls

Two good preliminaries, one COLORED

Seats on sale at Simmons' Cigar Store

Theatorium

J. H. BROOKHALL, Mgr.

Monday and Tuesday:

A Ranchman's Love

A Picture Story of the Great Divide.

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Medical Aid for the Brain
Pills in Steel and Gold Container
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