

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 gaiety. 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 military 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 breathe his brow in what ever 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 that 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 panted for the conflict, an inspiring figure of militant partisanship, the war-light in his eyes, his soldierly bearing 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 usufruct 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, clamping 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 Phetis 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 employees 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 resident 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 he 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 spiketail 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 rout, 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 prophesied as well as poet. Those followers of Taft who had hailed the rapprochement 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



THOS. E. DEPEW.

Depew-Burdett Stock—Gennett.

Seldom one has the chance of seeing what is termed as the best repertoire company on the road, but the people of Richmond will enjoy that opportunity next week, when the Depew-Burdette big stock company plays an engagement of one week at the Gennett, starting Monday. The feature play of a repertoire of the latest successes is Chas. Dickens' masterpiece "Oliver Twist," a story of the White Chapel district of London, a part of the city known as the slums. Mr. Dickens probably knew character better than any other of the writers who deal with character fiction. Every part in this great play is a character study. A play not made up of slapstick and dull comedy, but a play that possesses food for thought. The first act shows the den of Fagin, the Jew, who conducts a school where he teaches young boys to be thieves. Oliver Twist, a London street urchin is put into Fagin's den, where his career starts as a vagabond. The next act we see Bill Sykes, an accomplice of Fagin lifting Oliver through a window to rob a house. Oliver in time runs away and seeks to lead a better life. Fagin sends the artful dodger in search of him and brings him back to renew the old life.

The third act shows the garret home of Bill and Nancy Sykes, here one of the most brutal murders in criminal history is committed. Bill Sykes is one of the lowest types of man, a brute in human form. Nancy pleads with him to lead a better life. He teases and tortures her by sticking her with a needle. In a fit of rage he seizes an ax and crushes her skull. With the blood streaming over her she crawls across to him to kiss him before she dies. He again seizes the ax and delivers a blow that renders her lifeless. In the last act we see the gallows, a procession, with Bill Sykes handcuffed to the sheriff. He is placed upon the trap, the black cap and cloak adjusted and hung until dead. This is executed in full view of the audience. Fagin, who has been convicted of a number of crimes is in prison. When looking through his cell window he sees Bill Sykes hanging and knowing that will be his fate he chokes himself to death, thus the curtain falls on one of the most horrible blood curdling and tragic plays of the age.

The representative for the Depew-Burdette company claims that in a number of cities women and men have fainted. The Depew-Burdette company gives an excellent production of this play. Mr. Depew will be seen as Fagin, while the portrayal of the character of Bill Sykes will be in the hands of Mr. Thomas Brower, an actor of sterling worth. The cast includes such well known people as May Boyce, Jessie Egan, Ruth and Nalima Wheeler, Fannie Dewey, Harry Wayne Kinsay, Edw. F. Silvers, O. J. Mowbray, H. D. Smith, Fred K. Lanham and Mrs. F. Wheeler. The big sensation of the season is carried by this company, it being the great Salome dance.

Vaudeville at the Phillips.

Hindu mystery has always been regarded as the highest type of all magic. It is for this reason that those that appreciate this sort of amusement will take to the New Phillips this week. "The Great Hindu Mystery" plays an important part in the bill. The very latest tricks, and also the oldest, those that have made India famous will be seen.

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.



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

Tramp Shoes

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 Vici 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 Colt.

Only \$4.00

Per Pair

CHAS. H. FELTMAN, 724 Main St.

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. Ever 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-spoken, slender man, possibly five 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's 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 \$100,000 to the St. Louis University.

How was raised with all the advantages wealth can give, and after he left college was sent to Oxford university, where he put in two years. It was while in England that he gained his present ideas. Association with the Fabians gave them to him. When he got home about twelve years ago he was told that there was a legacy of about \$10,000 awaiting him and more to come.

"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.

How's mother tried to dissuade him from surrendering his money, but he finally accepted the McCann plan. A mass meeting was called and as motley a gathering as can be assembled by a public advertisement in a big city met. Unanimously they declared that How was right. The money was not his. It was theirs—the people's.

The legacy was informally turned over to a board of five trustees, three of them single taxers. They did not know what to do with it. Invest it in land they could not. It would not do to benefit from the unearned increment. That, too, was the people's. Put it in a bank? Impossible! They could not accept interest.

"I believe they did finally put it in a bank, though," said How. "They wanted me to give a quit claim, but that was not necessary."

How said he was now one of the five trustees and the money is being used for educational purposes for "the people."

How said he is not a Socialist. "I believe in the religion of life, love, and service," he said. "I am absolutely opposed to charity. I neither give nor accept save for some service. Since we have been in New York not a penny has been given away save for some service. It may have been simply passing hand-bills, but always something."

"Do I expect to get any of my mother's money?" he asked. "Well, she's not much in sympathy with me. I do not know."

Asked if he regretted his choice of a life's work he said he did not. "Sleeping in some of the lodging houses built by your philanthropists has its drawbacks," he said. "One such place is terrible. I made a complaint, but got no satisfaction. I pity men who must go there."

How said he was a believer in non-resistance to evil, and a good deal of a Buddhist. He never eats meat. He was much disappointed by the failure of the trade unionists and Socialists to co-operate with him in his effort to organize his Grand Army of Hoboes.

"There is much good in this great mud-sill of society," he said, "and the world will soon learn it. My experience tells me that our Socialist friends will be greatly disappointed in their remedy. Love and service! That's the way out."

Immunity. Satan had just ordered more coal thrown on the fire.

"By Tamasius," he cursed, "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 feast him."—Bohemian Magazine.

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, and more mules than have even 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, Gallaway 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 Duroc Jerseys 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!" "Why, mamma, you know very well how he stutters!"—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

GENNETT THEATRE
Harry G. Sommers, Lessee and Manager
One Week, Starting Monday, October 12th
The Depew-Burdette Stock Co.
Do you remember Tom Depew, that funny comedian, funnier than ever this year.

Special—Great Salome Dance
Opening Play—"The American Girl"
Seats on sale at box office.

Prices 10--20. Ladies Free Monday Night.

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 naval 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 encircled by a cordon of secret police of both sexes, who kept up 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. BROOMHALL, Mgr.

Monday and Tuesday:
A Ranchman's Love

A Picture Story of the Great Divide.

CHICHESTER'S PILLS
THE PLEASANT REMEDY
FOR ALL THE COMMON
ILLNESSES OF THE
DIGESTIVE SYSTEM
SOLD BY DRUGGISTS EVERYWHERE