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SUNDAY, JANUARY 10, 1915.

Canada Repairing a Wrong

CANADA is doing everything that she can to make reparation for the causeless shooting of two American duck hunters by Canadian militiamen. The Dominion government already has expressed its purpose to make financial compensation to the wounded man and the family of the one who was killed, and the constable and soldiers who did the shooting are now in jail, where they ought to be, and where they are held without bail.

Incidentally, the actions of Canada, its apparent appreciation of the seriousness of this wanton offense and pronounced willingness to make proper amends and impose adequate punishment, are in curious contrast to the stand taken by some American newspapers, who saw in the shooting nothing at which this country should take offense.

Shipping Bill Made an Issue

PRESIDENT Wilson has made an issue of the shipping bill. He has challenged his foes in Congress, Republican and Democratic alike, to make their attacks a little more definite and their alternative remedy, if they have one, visible to the naked eye. He appeals to the country for support of this measure, which, he declares, not impulsively and on the spur of the moment, but soberly and after months of careful and thoughtful consideration, is needed exigently to conserve and advance the country's commerce.

In plain words, in his speech at Indianapolis, he dared Republican Senators to carry out their threat and talk the bill to death. Perhaps they will take up the offered gage, but our own guess is that they will decline it, after the customary preliminary flourishes. If they should disappoint this expectation and give battle, it will be interesting to observe what aid and comfort they receive from within the ranks of the Democratic party.

Cupid With a Gun

DR. SIMON BLOOM, of New York, seeking annulment of his marriage to Eva Mowitz, tells a terrible tale of Cupid with a gun that ought to make joy in the heart of the author of "Potash and Perlmutter." Without cracking a smile or spitting over his shoulder, the good doctor says in the most solemn way that, after proposing to him at intervals, the lady finally approached him with a sad smile and a huge revolver. Using the sad smile as a special pleader and the revolver as an irrefutable argument, she led him right up to the license clerk, made him get the license, and then escorted him into the very jaws of matrimony.

The lady's reply is that she used no coercion whatever, but that she did furnish $5,000 for the completion of Bloom's medical education in Baltimore, in consideration of which Bloom had given her a first mortgage on his unsullied heart, which appears not to have been worth quite so much.

Cupid with a gun has often been misrepresented from the masculine side of the difficulties, but never before in the memory of the oldest inhabitant has he been robbed of his bow and arrows and invested with a six-shooter by Her, who should approach her destiny in a spirit of shrinking romance. It is a sign of the times, and if things go on this way the bachelor population may well tremble.

Roumania on War's Border

IF Roumania plans now to enter the great war, on the side of the allies, and without waiting for Italy to act, as the announcement of the mobilization of her reserves would seem to indicate, it will mean probably the complete destruction of the military power of Austro-Hungary. If Italy, on the southwestern frontier, should launch her forces against the Italian provinces of Austria, the crumbling of the dual monarchy will become certain.

Even with Roumania's first held army of half a million co-operating with Russia, Servia and Montenegro, it is difficult to see how Austria can survive the blows that will be dealt. Certainly her offensive will be destroyed. Thereafter she must wage defensive war, retiring again and again before the advancing masses of Russia and her allies.

Under the circumstances, it is not difficult to understand that there should be in Austria and Hungary strong sentiment for a separate peace. Apparently, it has not reached the government, but that may be because the government understands that it cannot obtain peace on any terms compatible with national self-respect.

In fact, every probability points to the conclusion that this tremendous conflict will be waged to the bitter end. Peace in terms of the status quo would not be granted by the allies, nor would they consent, with the fortunes of war as they now stand, to a mere re-establishment of boundaries as they existed before hostilities began. More than this, certainly, Germany would not be willing to concede, and it is wholly unlikely that she would concede so much. The war must go on.

Segregation Promises Lower Taxes

MANY citizens of Virginia pay too much—more than their fair share—in taxes. This is generally agreed. Then how is the burden to be equalized and lightened? Opinions differ, but it seems to us that no method will prove so certain as partial segregation. Partial segregation has the one incomparable merit of ending the complicated and uneconomic partnership of State and localities in real estate and personal property taxes. It will give each community the privilege of working out its own salvation by fixing for itself the levies on the principal objects of taxation.

Only by a comparison of figures is it possible to see what a boon this is. All values have risen in Virginia, but in nothing has the increase been so marked as in tangible personal property and real estate. Whereas twenty years ago farm lands in Virginia were sadly cheap, they now begin to command prices that compare favorably with those of the best agricultural districts in the country. Likewise, the amount of taxes paid into the State Treasury in the past decade has increased enormously—but the rate of taxation has not gone down. Nor is it probable that real estate and personal property rates will decrease so long as the State shares these taxes; no matter how much money flows into the treasury, means will always be found to spend it. New departments will be created or demands which have gone unheard will be satisfied.

In 1903 the horses in Virginia were worth $12,663,713; the cattle, $7,871,005; sheep, $712,631; hogs, $1,158,672. In 1906 the value of horses had risen to $16,410,746; cattle to $8,801,441; sheep to $898,380, and hogs to $1,149,156. In 1913 horses were worth $26,784,969; cattle, $12,070,666; sheep, $1,001,411, and hogs, $1,584,227. In other words, within the short space of ten years, horses, cattle and sheep had nearly doubled in combined value.

The figures for land values are even more striking. In 1903 real estate in Virginia was worth $336,627,978, and personal property taxes, including real estate, amounted to $2,247,807.14. In 1906 real estate values came to $378,977,079, and personal property taxes yielded $2,554,879.30. By 1913 real estate had risen to $521,065,297, and personal property taxes to $4,144,213.57.

The import of these statistics is evident. If property continues to increase in value as it has in the past—and there seems no reason why it should not—the amount of money raised by taxation on real estate and personal property will be so great that a marked decrease in the rate of taxation should be expected. City and town governments cost little more to run in prosperous than in poor communities; there is no reason why advance in real estate should mean any marked advance in the cost of local administration.

With the State it is different. The State, under existing conditions, will spend all the money it can get, because the money comes to it in an impersonal way. It is not in touch with the taxpayers in the same way that local governments are. If the people of Virginia wish a substantial decrease in their tax burdens, the way to get it is to limit the State primarily to certain sources of revenue and turn over to the communities the entire control of real estate and tangible personal property.

Smashing a Political Precedent

HE is a reckless man, at least vocally, this Governor Whitman, of New York, who signalizes his assumption of the chief magistracy of his State by declaring that useless offices of all sorts should be abolished, and that he is going to see to it that they are abolished.

Unless we do him some injustice, Governor Whitman appears to cherish the curious idea that a public official should perform some useful public function, or else cease to feed at the public crib. We knew, of course, that a similar theory prevailed in business circles, but to apply it to matters of government, in which persons of lofty and disinterested patriotism concern themselves, is almost revolutionary.

Why, what in the world does the man think public offices are for? Has he lived all of his life within sight and sound of Tammany Hall and been himself a fairly faithful and efficient member of the opposition works conducted by our esteemed contemporary, Mr. Barnes, of Albany, without coming to understand that offices are meant for the boys? Why should any one take an interest in politics, unless he is to be allowed to browse in the people's meadow and gather in the sheaves?

Suppose the office has ceased to be of any value to the State? It is of value to the man who holds it, is it not? Why should he be forced out into a rude and crass world and invited to make a living?

Governor Whitman must be crazy.

Two principal explanations, in addition to the fanciful one of his illness, have been given for the retirement of General von Moltke from the direction of the German general staff. One is that his strategy was poor and the other that it was too good. Readers who pay their money are permitted to take their choice.

Ambassador Bernstorff, now that he has been requested by Secretary Bryan to prove his charge that an American manufacturer was making dumdum cartridges and selling them to the allies, really ought to put up or shut up. Enough of this sort of thing is nearly enough.

Because there is no tenor at peace and two-thirds of the musicians are at war, Paris will have to forego grand opera. But there is joy in the thought, too, that the people who want to hear won't be tortured by the audible gossip of idlers in the boxes.

The tango at last has come definitely into its own. A former banker who has just been sent to prison blames it for his downfall. It may now take a proud position in that select company hitherto limited to wine, woman and song.

The neutralization of the Philippines now is recommended. Considering the fate of Belgium, the Philippines probably will think twice before they consent to have the operation performed.

Bill Sunday, on Pennsylvania folks generally, sounds like the Philadelphia North American describing Pennsylvania politicians.

Who was that lunatic who predicted, a decade ago, that the next great war would be fought on the seas?

SONGS AND SAWS

This, Too, Too Solid Flesh.

There was a man in our town,
And he was far from thin,
Who took to golf and horseback rides,
That he might lose a chin.

But somehow, though from morn till night,
He'd chase a ball and ride;
He melted not one ounce of fat,
And gained two chins beside.

A Voluminous Writer.

She—Who is this poet, Anon, whose work I see quoted so frequently in the newspapers.

He—I don't know, but I like his stuff better than any I run across. I think he must come from Indiana.

The Pessimist Says:

I haven't heard of any one attacking the President because he doesn't make Senator Kern trim his whiskers. I think I'll throw that rock myself.

Debarred.

"What are your views on matrimony?"

"I haven't any. You see, I am married myself."

His Specialty.

"Say, pop."

"Let's have it."

"What is a reformer, anyhow?"

"A reformer, my son, is a moral oculist, whose best trick is plucking motes out of other people's eyes."

Perfectly Natural.

Stubbs—Jones's vision is turned heavenwards these days.

Grubbs—What's the cause? Religion?

Stubbs—No. Stiff neck.

No Competition.

Little drops of water,
The cloud sends to the street;
Oh, that our street cleaners
Would with the cloud compete!

THE TATTLER.

Gossip From "Down Home"

The Raleigh Times holds up its hands in admiration of a performance it hears has taken place down in dear old Georgia. "An Atlanta social club," it says, "served roast ostridge at New Year's dinner, showing that Atlanta is always ready to take a chance." That is a new sort of bird, readers will notice. Perhaps, however, the ostridge, with which the faunal naturalists in our library betray no acquaintance, is a second cousin to the partridge.

Using exactly half an eye, we are enabled to perceive that something pathetic has happened in the good town of Monroe. Says the Enquirer, of that place: "They are sicking the Solons on the dogs now, and are demanding that something be done to suppress the 'yaller' dog. Well, the dog needs to be suppressed. We need sheep and birds more than we need dogs here in North Carolina; but there is another breed of 'yaller' dog besides the sheep-killing kind, and that is the kind that slips in with a worthless check, gets it cashed and then makes a 'yaller' streak for the next town and works 'em there. If the laws made and provided against that kind of a 'yaller' cur are not strong enough, make 'em strong enough to impound the necktied, yaller' shod canine for a good long time." It is hard to endure, and that's a fact. However, if the editor of the Enquirer would harden his heart against the traveling newspaper man, with an ill wife and seven—count 'em—seven starving children, he would not be moved to this outpouring of passionate indignation.

As a matter of fact, anguish appears to be rather widely disseminated down home. Here, for example, is a chunk from the Rocky Mount Telegram: "A Kinston colored barber who failed to receive a telegram asking him to be a pallbearer, is asking $5,000 in damages from the Western Union Telegraph Company, and while at first blush it appears the anguish comes rather high—and probably it does—it's a case of aim upward. Nevertheless, there are fewer companies that get out any lighter with their mistakes than do the telegraph companies." That barber never knew when he was well off. Most persons are willing to pay any reasonable fee to escape the duty he mourns that he did not discharge.

They even make faces at that collection of wisdom and purity known as the State Legislature, the Winston-Salem Journal opining that "most people are not half so much interested in what the Legislature ought to do as in what it ought not to do. Indeed, there are doubtless some old fogies who really believe that the State is getting along very well without any more laws, and that we would all be better off if the Legislature wouldn't meet this year at all. But then there are always cranks and crazy folks in every community." To be frank, there are folks in this neck of the woods who hold like opinions.

Showing conclusively how perfectly willing and eager folks are to make a proper choice, when they are properly guided, the Durham Sun declares: "Mr. Roosevelt, in an article in the Independent, says that it must be Utopia or Hell. Speaking for ourself, only we're for Utopia, if we can find the signboards pointing out the way." So say the rest of us, one reason being that if it is Utopia, the Colonel will not be there.

The following bit of lore is plucked from the Greensboro Record: "Chickens may not be good weather prophets, but they give some mighty good signs occasionally. Thursday it was cloudy all day. About 5 o'clock in the evening a man who keeps a good many chickens and was feeding them, noticed that they showed an inclination to roost in the trees in the lot, which reminded him to say that the sky was going to be clear the next day, and it was, although the weather report was for cloudy—and it was clear to-day, with the same forecast for to-morrow." Even if the chickens aren't perfect prognosticators, there are others, with more claims to scientific attainment, in the same boat.

Current Editorial Comment

Sorrows of the Great

Those who sympathize with the sorrows of the great will be surprised and pained by this remark of Colonel Roosevelt: "Everybody who knows me knows, as I have announced again and again, as, for example, in my autobiography, the fact that I have been President has prevented my speaking on a great many different subjects, and prevents me now from so speaking." It never had occurred to us that the Colonel was subjecting himself to such severe censorship as this, and we are exceedingly loath to believe it. A man who has managed to break up a great party, to larrup his old friend Will Taft, to rip Woodrow Wilson's foreign policy up the back, to put a new river on the map, to rail at all the geographers who doubted his word, to pass sharply upon the issues of the European war, to denounce Mexico and Colombia, to show the inadequacy of our military organizations, to support the contention that there is a man-eating fish, to punch Bill Barnes and Boies Penrose in the ribs, to advocate woman suffrage and to condemn the purchasable negro vote does not present any of the usual evidences of galling restraint. What can be the "great many different subjects" which a sense of propriety restrains him from discussing? There is the serum cure for carbuncles, and there is the question of lighting the subway when the power has been turned off. We might mention also dumdum bullets and the amount of nutrition in Germany's war bread. As to everything else, we think the Colonel has been speaking right along with his usual vehemence and erudition.—New York World.

Fate of Belgium as Warning

The psychological effect of the fate of Belgium upon Germany's small neutral neighbors can easily be imagined, and, according to Edwin Bjorkman, who has just returned from Scandinavia, it has had a great part in alienating from Germany the sympathy of the Scandinavian countries. There was a good deal of it, he says, when the war broke out. Even in Denmark, which has a standing grievance because of the seizure of Schleswig-Holstein, cultural ties gave Germany strong support among the literary classes, and in Sweden the anti-Russian spirit had the same effect. Both in Sweden and in Norway the German government has for years been carrying on an energetic propaganda, and not without results. But the treatment of Belgium was a severe shock, and German efforts to win Scandinavia to something warmer than cool neutrality only made matters worse—the immediate result of Professor Ostwald's mission was a boom in contributions for the Belgians. Mr. Bjorkman, who is known as the translator of Ibsen, Strindberg and Bjornson, was given a fellowship by the American Scandinavian Foundation, the aim of which is to introduce Scandinavian literature and art to America, and went abroad last July, reaching Norway just as the war broke out. He has had an exceptionally favorable opportunity to study Scandinavian opinion, and the account which he gives in an interview in the New York Sun throws some light on the evident concern in Germany over the adverse judgment of the neutral countries.—Springfield Republican.

The Voice of the People

Friend's Tribute to Rare Musician.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Frederick Charles Reinhold Hahr, who, after a brief illness, passed peacefully away on Thursday at 8 o'clock, was born of distinguished Swedish parentage. His father was Colonel Adolph Hahr, of the royal Swedish navy, and aide-de-camp to King Oscar and his mother, Charlotte Christine von Scheele, being of the oldest Swedish nobility. The affectionate interest of the King in his baby namesake is shown in his becoming his godfather.

An older brother Major Franz Hahr, stirred by the appeal of the South's struggle, came over and served gallantly as an officer in the Confederate army. The younger brother found, too, in his heart the same impulse, but arrived too late.

Mr. Hahr was graduated with high honors from the University of Upsala. He pursued his literary taste and talent to a high degree. His love of art combined with wonderful talent to make him well-nigh complete in ability to transfer the tones and tints of nature to canvas. The walls of his home and others are enriched and the life within them ennobled by these works of art. He loved the life of the soldier, and the appeal to the manliness of life and true courage fought for predominance in his life with the more peaceful, but none the less noble, passions of the great musician. From an early age he had the benefit of superior training in all of these branches, and learned much from the great masters of the old country.

Mr. Hahr, ever minimizing himself, often regretted that this multiform endowment of genius had not been centred into one great talent. He gave expression to this feeling on one occasion in the presence of his Great Meister. Liszt replied: "Painting and drawing are not lost; it is all in your playing." These diversified abilities were more than matched by his irreproachable and gentle character. His modesty, twin sister to his other virtues, ever sought to hide his own worth in the eager appreciation of another. In the passing of Frederick Hahr many hearts sorrow, and a community is impoverished, but as memory brings back the noble example of simple Christian citizenship, the people who knew him and thus remember are made rich again.

ONE OF HIS FRIENDS.

Richmond, January 9, 1915.

How to Catch Game-Destroying Hawks.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I noticed in yours of 28th Mr. Craig Eggleston's letter in regard to hawks destroying quail. If all farmers would adopt my methods, we would soon destroy the hawks without bounty. I plant in a field a post about six or eight feet tall, wire to it a pine pole twenty or thirty feet long and about three inches across the top, attach a small steel trap with a tenpenny nail (cost about $2 per dozen). I have in ten years caught at least 250 hawks. Do not catch quite as many now, but have caught six this fall. I could not raise chickens without the traps. It is very little trouble to lower the traps once in a while and oil them. I catch very few birds. They usually light on the rim, and are too small to throw the trap.

J. E. ETCHISON.

Elk Hill, Va., January 8, 1915.

Segregation.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The English language is noted for its flexibility, but our associations, reformers and legislative bodies or commissions do not seem able to discover a word to be used for that of segregation. "Segregation," at least in this part of the world, was for many years used to designate a matter of race or races, and it was well understood as referring thereto without the use of any other term. Then came those reformers, who used the word as though it could refer only to vice. Now our Legislature and the Tax Commission sometimes use it as though we must know the single word must and shall mean a matter of taxes. Our papers of late have had special display headlines of all three subjects, and all blazoned "segregation," and one must read down the line before he can know what it is about. Can't we hold on to "segregation" as our word referring to races and find others for both vice and taxes?

BYRD RICHMOND.

Richmond, January 9, 1915.

The Bright Side of Life

Gallant to the End.

"I've promised to go in to supper with some one else, Mr. Blanque; but I'll introduce you to a very handsome and clever girl."

"But I don't want a handsome and clever girl; I want you."—Exchange.

As Ever.

"Since the war began the women have been taking the places of the men on the Paris street cars."

"Well, they'd do it here, but the men are too ill-mannered to get up."—Buffalo Express.

Mutual.

"Why did the lamb love Wall Street so?"
The children all did cry.
"'Cause Wall Street loves the lamb, you know,"
The teacher made reply.

—Life.

Tough on Both.

Patrick's face was so homely that it had been described as an "offense to the landscape," and he was as poor as he was homely. One day a neighbor met him, and said:

"And how are ye, Pat?"

"Mighty bad," answered Pat. "It's starvation that is staring me in the face."

"Is that so?" said the sympathetic inquirer.

"Sure, and it can't be very pleasant for another of ye."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Perfect Example.

"Father, what is a trade journal?"

"The baseball columns of any newspaper during the winter months."—Buffalo Express.

Different Kinds.

The Sire—I see in this expense account "fourteen suits, $1,000." You didn't pay that much for fourteen suits of clothes?

The Son—No; two of 'em were damage suits.—Chicago News.

ONCE ON A TIME.

Once on a time, once on a time,
Before the dawn began,
There was a nymph of Dian's train
Who was beloved of Pan;
Once on a time a peasant lad
Who loved a lass at home;
Once on a time a Saxon King
Who loved a Queen of Rome.

The world has but one song to sing,
And it is ever new,
The first and last of all the songs,
For it is ever true—
A little song, a tender song,
The only song it hath:
"There was a youth of Ascalon
Who loved a girl of Gath."

A thousand thousand years have gone,
And Zeus still shall pass,
Yet shall the world forever sing
Of him who loved a lass—
An olden song, a golden song,
And sing it unafraid:
"There was a youth, once on a time,
Who dearly loved a maid."

—Kendall Banning, in the Cornhill Booklet.

THE ONLY REAL "WHITE HOPE"

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.

—From the Dallas Morning News.

SHOWING FARM LIFE TO CITY MAN

The National Forward-to-the-Land League, organized for the purpose of solving the growing problem of city congestion and consequent unemployment and the increase of restless and migratory farm tenantry, is receiving the co-operation and support of social workers and influential business men in various parts of the country, according to Mrs. Haviland H. Lund, organizer and chairman of the executive committee of the league.

To bring together the man, the land, and the necessary money to finance small farm ownership is the league's aim, and every effort is being made to arouse interest in the movement. After conferences with Thomas W. Churchill, president of the Board of Education, and other members of the board, their co-operation in doing all in their power to form night classes in agriculture in the schools has been promised, and it is hoped by the officers of the league that this important step in training the inexperienced city man will soon be put into action.

Practical methods of organization and of feeling the public pulse are the league's greatest asset. "We know that philanthropic capital is ready to build rural communities on the same plan as it built modern city tenements when we are assured that people want them and can make use of them," says Mrs. Lund.

Feeling Public Pulse.

With that end in view, cards have been placed in employment bureaus, night schools, the labor temples, Young Men's Christian Associations, and in the headquarters of the Salvation Army in this city and others, on which are printed questions which any one interested in the movement is requested to answer and return.

Numerous answers have already been received, and in this way the league is getting a census of those who are interested and are confirming their theory that there are not only many persons in the city who have had agricultural experience and would be glad to go back to the country, but that there are many more inexperienced ones who would be glad to go if they were sure of the community to which they were going, of getting a small tract of land without running the risk of the "land shark," and of obtaining some previous agricultural training, which they could gain in the night classes while still holding their positions in the city, and, above all, of the financial help which the league will offer in their system of credit.

It is the purpose of the league to establish a bureau of land home-welfare information in this city some time this month, which will be in the nature of a clearing-house for information, which is already on file in the Department of Labor in Washington, but which would be much more available in such a bureau as the league is planning. Supplying reliable information concerning available farm lands will be one of the three important activities which the league will undertake to carry out.

Giving Information.

Branch offices will eventually be opened in other large cities throughout the country, and the government, States, the counties and agricultural societies will be invited to install exhibits of the agricultural, horticultural and live stock products of the country. Charts, maps and surveys, and all data concerning markets, transportation, health and welfare conditions, which will be of value to the individual or to any group of people desiring to settle upon the land, will be furnished upon request.

The league's other two activities are colonization, embracing not only land ownership, but also scientific direction and social organization, and, lastly, a system of rural credits. It is the plan of the league to encourage the building of rural communities, equipped with social centres and with agricultural instructors.

"There are many cases," said Mr. Lund, "of the wife refusing to go to the country because she dreads life on an isolated farm, and it is too often the case that the prosperous farmer abandons his land to tenants and seeks a town house, because of the poor social, religious and educational opportunities offered by the isolated community.

"By taking into consideration the personal equation, and by skilful direction in allotment of the land and development of the community life, with its social centres, the league will obviate this objection to country life."

There are three types of colony which the league proposes in its detailed plans: colonies composed of selected would-be farmers, either native or immigrant, owning the land individually; the temporarily unemployed of the contiguous city who will be hired as laborers on land to be owned by either a holding syndicate of private capitalists or the municipality, and those composed of the derelict who will work only under compulsion and police supervision, committed to farm colonies, the land to be owned by the municipality or the State.

In connection with the latter the league is suggesting, as a point for legislation, that the Federal government colonize the vagrant who shifts from place to place and give him an opportunity to work at submarket rates, maintaining that with steady outdoor employment he is bound to become eventually an efficient workman. As this takes place according to the plan, the worthy ones should be moved from point to point for seasonal employment at full wages. In this way they will become efficient citizens, and no longer be dependent on temporary employment.

All land which the league recommends for colonization will be examined by a scientific expert, which will be sent out by them, and the results of the investigation will be checked by an examination made by a second expert, recommended by the States in which the survey takes place.

Colonies of Friends.

"As people in the cities become interested in the movement," said Mrs. Lund, "little colonies are bound to spring up composed of friends who have long desired to leave the city, and who will start out and build up a community of their own with its social centre.

"Only the other day two enthusiastic young men, whose attention had recently been called to the Forward-to-the-Land movement, came to me for detailed information. They are at present clerks in a large department store, but they said that they did not intend to continue all their lives as clerks; that they had long wanted an opportunity to go to the country, but had hesitated because they had no experience. By our plan of obtaining an agricultural training in night classes, they should hold their positions and, in the meantime, buy a small farm near New York, where they could put their theoretical training to practical tests.

"It was just what they wanted," added Mrs. Lund, "and there are any number of people in exactly the same position. All that is needed is to bring to their attention the possibilities of community life and the practical advantages of our plan. In our scheme for social organization we have taken into consideration not only actual farming, but also the allied industries, which the members of the various communities can take up in the winter months or in the leisure moments.

"These include the making of berry crates, of light hardware, and the carpentering which would naturally become a necessity as such communities develop. Then also there is the storing and preservation of foods. You see, our plan opens up almost unlimited possibilities. It will relieve the situation caused by the unemployed in our big cities, and it will help to take care of the great flood of immigrants who are bound to come to this country after the war."

ARE WE DRIVING BUSINESS AWAY?

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—That the policy of the State as to taxing intangible property is wrong in theory and practice is so generally admitted that the Legislature at its coming special session will, I feel sure, make the necessary changes; at least, so far as the Constitution will admit.

I have heard of many instances where capital is driven from the State and people of means are kept away from Virginia because of the heavy tax imposed upon securities. An instance has just come to my attention where a gentlemen was desirous of living in Richmond. He took up his temporary residence here and placed $300,000 of securities in a safe deposit box in one of our institutions. He found, however, that he would be required to pay $1.75 tax on every $100 he had invested.

His money was in 5 per cent bonds of railways and other public service companies. Such an excessive tax would mean that more than one-third of his entire income, plus the State income tax, would be charged to him if he was honest and gave it in, and if he tried to evade it, as many do, and died in Virginia, his estate would be required to pay after his death. He had named a Richmond company as executor of his will. The result was that he moved to a near-by city, where there is no tax on such property, and will have his estate administered by some company there in case of his death. He will make his investments there, and Virginia loses the value of such a citizen.

What this one loss means is hard to compute. It is large. Such a citizen is worth much to the State. His income would have been largely spent here; his investments in the future largely made here, and his family raised here. The attraction of others to Virginia through the influence of such citizens has been of great value.

This is only one instance of many which must occur annually. We must meet competition if we expect to grow and develop as a State and as a community, just as business men must sell their goods on as favorable terms if they expect home trade. Maryland and the District of Columbia are near neighbors, and both offer advantages to this class of citizens.

The bank-deposit tax, if made burdensome, will, as Governor Mann most emphatically states, drive money away. It is sure to do it; a schoolboy can understand a proposition so simple. Members of the Legislature themselves will not keep their idle funds where they can be taxed if it is easy to evade that tax. While in time a citizen's funds might be taxed wherever those funds are, there are many ways such a tax can be avoided. Whatever course is pursued to avoid the tax will prove a loss to the business of the people and affect the general prosperity of all to a greater extent than the benefit the tax derived will be to the State.

Virginia has need of capital, offers great inducements in every line, is a delightful place for people of means to live and enjoy themselves, and presents investment, agricultural and industrial opportunities unsurpassed. Let our lawmakers recognize their responsibilities and make no mistake which will prevent our people from enjoying the full benefits of these great blessings with which this Commonwealth has been so abundantly endowed.

CITIZEN.

Richmond, January 9, 1915.