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SUNDAY, AUGUST 8, 1915.

Hope for Troubled Mexico

IT requires some hardihood to predict the return of peace and good government in Mexico, but it may be said with reason and conviction that the chances are better now than they have been at any time since the assassination of Madero.

The conference of Pan-American diplomats with Secretary Lansing has resulted, it would seem, in practical agreement on a course of action, which only awaits the approval of President Wilson and of the diplomats' home governments to be placed in operation.

Carranza, now the dominant figure in Mexico, appears at last to get a glimpse of the light, and accompanies his appeal for recognition with an expression of his willingness to treat with the leaders of the other Mexican factions.

Even the generous Mexican appetite for revolution probably has been surfeited, and the Mexican people look forward with hope, strengthened by desire, to stable peace and the orderly processes of the law.

We see much that is hopeful in this situation.

A dispatch tells us of a bad boy who was reformed by a medical operation. The old slipper system worked by a mother was quite efficacious and cost less money.

Judges and Politicians

INVESTIGATION of the charges against Judge R. H. L. Chichester, made originally on the floor of the House of Delegates by Delegate S. P. Powell, will be followed with interest by the people of the State, in the anxious hope that nothing will be added to stain the judicial ermine.

Of course, however, the investigation must be rigid and searching. No perfunctory inquiry will satisfy any one concerned.

As the Times-Dispatch said when this controversy first found the light, the worst feature of the case is the connection which it accentuates between the judiciary and the politics of Virginia. This connection is the creation of the law for which Judge Chichester is not responsible.

Perhaps the developments at Fredericksburg will prove the need of a change.

Mr. Rocketteller has bought the Aphrodite statue. Of course, Mr. Rocketteller was attracted by the artistic merits of the work, and not by the tradition in Hested, which tells us that Aphrodite was sprung from the sea foam.

Sea foam and oil won't mix.

A Light That Fails

OUR always luminous, but not always impartial, contemporary, the New York Sun, discussing Southern resentment of Britain's cotton policy, charitably remarks that "the trouble which is brewing is the result of the South's fatiguing devotion to the single crop."

This logical effort would do credit to the German Chancellor, or any of his professional assistants.

The Sun thinks that "political interests in the South, with a hyphenate backing, are preparing to make an uproar in Congress over the allies' interference with the cotton trade," which shows, among other things, that the Sun doesn't know what it is talking about.

Doubtless, whatever "hyphenate backing" can do to increase the cotton planter's resentment will not be omitted, but the resentment exists quite independent of outside influence. All that the cotton trade asks is what the government already has asked—that England keep within the law.

If that demand is to be withdrawn because the South, in the view of the Sun, has forfeited its claim to protection by "fatiguing devotion to the single crop," it will be rather remarkable.

The International Association of Display Men objects to the suggestion that it be called the Window Trimmers.

There are too many other trimmers in the land just now. Even display men, operating along other lines, are a pest.

Rush the Rappahannock Railroad

THE mass-meeting at West Point Friday night to discuss and endorse the proposed Richmond, Rappahannock and Northern Railroad showed the interest of the people of the town in this great work of public improvement.

The advantages of the project are self-evident, but the possibilities of the new line, as compared with actual conditions elsewhere, are worth considering.

The increase of population in 741 square miles tributary to the N. Y. P. & N. Railway, which passes through territory identical in soil, climate and general conditions with the territory through which the Richmond, Rappahannock and Northern Railway will run,

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Nevertheless, Hopewell is not yet Hopeless.

from 1890 to 1900 was 26.4 per cent, while the increase in population of 1,200 square miles of country not now tributary to any railroad, but through which it is proposed to construct the new line, was only 8.3 per cent. From 1900 to 1910 the increase in population in the N. Y. P. & N. territory was 16.5 per cent, while in the same period the increase in the territory of the new project was only 5.3 per cent.

As the Times-Dispatch said a few days ago, Baltimore has nothing to fear from this road's entrance into the transportation field. The territory, with railroad facilities, must increase enormously in population and productivity, and Baltimore will be as much a beneficiary as Richmond and its adjacent interests.

Competitive institutions in this age are neither detrimental nor injurious to existing institutions. Greece is in no hurry to join the allies.—News dispatch. Which will probably remind the allies of Byron's remark: "Tis Greece, but living Greece no more."

Progress in City Government

UNDER the commission-manager plan of city government, Springfield, O., in eight months after the plan went into effect, had cut its floating debt in half and materially reduced its bonded indebtedness.

Last year the city's income exceeded its expenditures for the first time in history, and a surplus of over \$51,000 was accumulated.

These and other interesting statements about Springfield's experience with a simplified charter are made in an article printed in The Times-Dispatch this morning.

According to the writer of that article, and in the view of citizens he has interviewed, the commission-manager plan has made good.

Virginians will feel a special interest in Springfield's experiment because the city manager went there from Staunton, where he had held the same office. He is winning new laurels in his new environment.

This very transfer of Mr. Ashburner's activities, by the way, is one of the most encouraging incidents in the development of the commission-manager movement.

It points to a time when the manager of a small city, who has proved his efficiency and worth, may expect to be promoted in due course to the management of a larger city, and to the more distant time when city management will be as distinct a profession as medicine or law.

By that time, it is quite possible to believe, courses in city management and allied subjects will be offered in all of our great universities, and a corps of trained men will be turned out every year.

Municipal departments will be filled with young men who are perfecting themselves in their profession, just as the young doctor spends two or three years in a hospital and the young lawyer finds a desk in the offices of some older member of the bar.

The prospective expert in city government will be learning his profession as well as practicing it. When he is called to take charge of a department, or assume the direction of a small municipality, he will have actual experience as well as academic instruction behind him.

All this is a long way in the future, of course, but it is a pleasant prospect. Most men take far more interest in a business or profession, which represents their life work, than in a mere political job, from which they may be ejected at any time.

When American cities are governed by those who know, in an exact and professional way, just what they are about—when the direction of sub-departments, as well as of each city as a whole, is in the hands of men trained and expert—we shall have something in the nature of a millennium. In the meantime, probably, we shall have to follow the example of "the poor benighted Hindoo, who does the best he kin do."

Mr. Bryan says he is in politics for the rest of his life. Hope he gets more rest in the future than he has in the past.

Rest From Police Agitation

IT should be ardently hoped by the mass of Richmond's citizenship—we believe it is so hoped—that when the Board of Aldermen meets to-morrow evening it will arrange for some speedy disposition of the report of the committee that investigated the Police Department—certainly as to the punitive recommendations the report makes.

Richmond has had enough of this particular agitation. The waters have been stirred to good purpose, perhaps, despite the quantity of mud that has drifted to the surface, but it is time now to permit the stream to settle.

Agitation is an excellent thing in its way, and sometimes vitally necessary to community happiness, but even of an excellent thing we can have too much.

The committee's recommendations as to punishment are not over severe. They are approved not only by what is termed the "moral element," but also by the ordinary male human being—the man in the street—who considers that a police commissioner, intrusted by his oath and duty with the enforcement of law, should hold himself to a stricter code of personal conduct than the man in the street observes himself or expects to be observed by other private citizens.

This is not first-rate morality, certainly, but it is the viewpoint, nevertheless, of a considerable section of this and every other community.

There is little time and less reason, therefore, in prolonging the discussion on this point.

The constructive portions of the committee report are another matter altogether. The plan to place the Police Department under the direction of a commissioner is an excellent one, but it should receive careful consideration before it is adopted.

It may be, in view of prospective changes in the city charter, that it would be wise to defer this reform and permit it to come along with the others the city confidently expects.

What the police force now needs is stability and an end to argument and agitation. No agency of government can work satisfactorily when it is in a state of constant excitement—of attack and criticism from without and of dissension and distrust within.

Whatever is to be done should be done with as much promptness as possible. The department needs a rest—and so does the community.

O Deutschland! Deutschland! beware of the day when the Russians meet you in battle array; when the Russian bear on the River Bug will take you in with a Russian hug.

The election of a President in Portugal a few days ago was so quiet that official returns will be necessary to prove that one was held.

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SONGS AND SAWS

Time to Count.

When pretty little Genevieve Decided she would wed, She caused much weep, you may believe, And quarts of tears were shed.

For pretty little Genevieve Was belle at every ball, And though, of course, she's not deceivèd, She smiled on one and all.

And each and every ardent suitor, Transfixed by Cupid's dart, Had thought with all his might and main That he had won her heart.

Thus once again we may perceive The truth in childhood taught— That chickens like fair Genevieve You should not count till caught.

The Penitent Says:

The reason troubles never come singly is that misery loves company.

Great Expectations.

Customer (who has struggled in vain with his dinner)—Why do you mean by bringing me a steak that could not be cut with an ax? Waiter (who went untipped last time)—Why, I thought, that if you could get into that steak you might find a way to open your heart.

Hunt Instruments, Probably.

"I wonder why so many doctors fail to achieve financial prosperity?" asked the man who always wants to know. "That's easy enough," replied his discerning friend. "They find it impossible to carve their way to fame."

The Born Diplomat.

She (jealously)—I saw you with your eyes glued on that odious Miss Sweetthing. He (sentimentally)—Dear you, my dear! Then you must have observed that I turned my eyes immediately in your direction, so that I might reward them with the sight of a really good-looking woman.

Simply Great.

Behold the little finny bus That ambles to and fro. It takes you almost any place— Save where you want to go.

THE TATTLER.

Chats With Virginia Editors

On emerging, with whole bones let us hope, from a red-hot controversy with local officialdom, and after much "agitation" that really agitated, the editor of the Newport News Press confesses and proposes as follows: "One of the meanest things the newspapers do is to publish hot editorials all through the hot season, never giving the readers a vacation. When the Virginia Press Association next assembles, we are going to offer a resolution that every editor give his readers a vacation for at least two weeks in each summer and fill the hot-air spaces with breezy stories from mountain and seashore, such as soothe the mind and make the heart glad, instead of agitating the entire population and making the hot spell worse. Editors are so inconsiderate, and we shall try to bring them to their senses and make them have pity upon a long-suffering public. The people need a rest."

From a safe distance the Lynchburg Advance looks hopefully to the future in the following: "Hopewell is a lousy municipal infant and has outgrown its official clothes. The action of the authorities in dismissing the police force and ordering a cleanup of the city, so far as violations of the law are concerned, will do the town more good than anything else of which we know, for the reason that only by drastic action can the authorities show the law violators that such action will be countenanced and that Hopewell must become a law-abiding and respectable town, and not a life-size imitation of the mining towns of the West."

"If you like your home town," says the Emporia Independent, "tell everybody about it. But if you don't like it, go to work and do something to convert it into a town that you can like. Perhaps the only thing the town needs may take root in your own brain."

The Richmond Times-Dispatch gives a long list of equipment that a Swiss soldier has to carry and includes a bottle. But the usually accurate and thorough T. D. doesn't state what is carried in the bottle.—Covington Virginian. Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, of course.

Happy is Blackstone, if the Courier, of that town, is altogether reliable, and it usually is. That paper says: "Richmond is still having trouble with its jitneys, while Blackstone has neither jitneys nor trouble."

Current Editorial Comment

American "demands" are an old story to the Mexicans. There have been so many of these "demands" and so few of the things that were ever paid to them that the only possible thing for the United States to do at this time to command respect is to quit begging and do something definite. There is ample justification for taking the whole lot of the Mexican leaders by the scruff of their necks and tumble them into the first convenient jail, following this course by a general clean-up of all the lesser bosses and "generals" until a way is opened for the Mexican people to select their own officials and adopt their own system of settling their domestic problems.—Kansas City Journal.

There are just sixteen States in the Union in which no women vote for anything, whatever. There are twelve suffrage States. There are twenty States in which women have a partial vote in two-thirds of the United States the question is no longer, "Shall women vote?" It is, rather, "Shall women who vote for this be allowed to vote for that as well?" And in question has been answered in the affirmative. Let us face the issue squarely. Since women may vote on child education, why not on child labor? Since women may have a hand in the spending of public moneys for hiring school-teachers, why not in the hiring of post-office inspectors? Since their votes may influence the building of a schoolhouse, why not of a post-office? If women are to vote at all, they should vote in all. If woman's place is in the home, it is as high as for her to take a place in a school board as in a health board. For two-thirds of the United States the question of woman's voting attention. The only open question is "the further extension of suffrage to women." To that question logic, good sense and fair play have but one answer.—The Independent.

Whether culpable or not, it now looks as if the cotton farmer will be again "in a hole," and must again appeal for financial intervention to the banks of the government or the part of the government of the banks. If he had bread and meat to sell, he would have little trouble in getting his price for it, or if he could not sell all of it, he could eat part of it himself. That something must be done to help him, and that the government or the banks will soon enter and to prevent his falling a victim to the speculator is recognized by the action of the Federal Reserve Board in asking the banks in the cotton sections to co-operate.

Help the Cotton Farmer. Whether culpable or not, it now looks as if the cotton farmer will be again "in a hole," and must again appeal for financial intervention to the banks of the government or the part of the government of the banks. If he had bread and meat to sell, he would have little trouble in getting his price for it, or if he could not sell all of it, he could eat part of it himself. That something must be done to help him, and that the government or the banks will soon enter and to prevent his falling a victim to the speculator is recognized by the action of the Federal Reserve Board in asking the banks in the cotton sections to co-operate.

in extending financial relief to the Southern grower until he can realize a fair price for his product. While the warehouse facilities are admitted to be still insufficient to provide storage at one time for the whole crop, the board believes that they are adequate, through the agency demands and to protect, through the discounting of warehouse receipts, the helpless planter who is unable to hold his crop for better prices.—Baltimore Sun.

Gossip From "Down Home"

Strange accidents occur "down home" sometimes. The North Wilkesboro Hustler tells about this one: "Mr. O. M. Pilkenton, a county merchant of Wilbar, was here Saturday on his way to Greensboro for the treatment and examination of his right eye, badly injured by a stopper from a pop bottle flying into it. The doctor here expressed doubt as to saving the sight."

As to muskrats and corn, the Marshville Home sheds some thoughts. It says: "Some towns have a reputation for growing cotton within the corporate limits, but Marshville bears the distinction of being a corn-growing town—so much so that the muskrats are making their homes along the Spring runs in town. Mr. B. F. Black reports that they have been cutting his corn, and Mr. W. A. Barrino knocked one senseless with a piece of stove wood while gnawing on a stalk of corn one day last week."

There is going to be some trouble in the good town of Rocky Mount, where they have a baseball club, a lot of tobacco, and some other things that go to make up a live town. The Telegram, the only daily paper of the town says: "That the drug stores of the city are not going to charge drinks, cigars or tobaccos after the middle of the present month may be as a bomb dropped in the camp of some, but the reasonableness of the ruling and the good it will work for all concerned will better be appreciated when the detailed work of minimum 5-cent charges is taken into consideration. The druggists report that it is next to impossible to keep trace of the sales and punch the tickets or record charge checks for the sales of tobaccos, while on the other hand it tends to extravagance with some and resultant bad credit."

Things politically are waking up "down home." The Raleigh Times says: "Indications point to a somewhat lively race for Attorney-General. Thomas H. Calvert, assistant Attorney-General, is an avowed candidate; W. A. Self, of Hickory, is being boosted for the place. Col. Edmund Jones, of Lenoir, is frankly being urged by many friends, and Judge Frank Carter has already entered."

The Greensboro Record says: "The city has probably the best negro citizenship in the State, and it is well known that North Carolina colored folks compare very favorably with the best in the country. Greensboro has very little trouble with the mass of the race. It is true that without certain of them the city court here would be a dull place, but it is also a fact that those who envenom the tribunal are repeaters. There are a hundred or so who keep the city judge busy and help work the streets by compulsion of the law. The others of the negroes are working for the most part and are self-respecting."

The Voice of the People

Associated Charities' Work. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir,—Not well, it certainly was yesterday, and I wonder if you are in winter cold, and who are away in the mountains or down by the sea, realize that our poor people suffer even more from heat than cold. Well, such of the charity workers who stay in the city will tell you it was just so hot that I thought I would go to the Associated Charities and see what they were doing for the relief of the poor. I wish some of our good friends who do help us, and others who have so much criticism, could have been with me. As I entered the hall of the Associated Charities, I saw a group of boys peeping in the door and saw about forty little boys diving, swimming and just having a glorious time. Could the water be so hot that they were swimming? A competent doctor was in charge. I questioned him as to hours and if any admission fee was necessary. Not one cent. They are arranged in classes, no boy is allowed to stay over an hour. The boys come in groups, bringing their own work, and thus class themselves. The director, Kenly J. Clark, seemed most enthusiastic, and as I saw the little fellows clean—at least, for a time—I thought and had an amusement for me. As I entered the hall, I felt cooler. "Does the city allow an appropriation?" "No," was the reply, although they had been asked for money. But the director had asked for the money, and the city had given it. MRS. N. V. RANDOLPH. Portland, August 3, 1915.

Queries and Answers

Virginian Families. Is it true that the Virginia Harrisonians descended from the Randolphs? Can you give me the names of the Randolphs who live in the James River? E. D. GRAVES. Some may be. The more distinguished family of the name comes from Benjamin Harrison, born in Surry County in 1646, and certainly not a son of the rectitude. Putnam, Chatsworth, Wilton, Varina, Curles, Brems, Turkey, Island are all we recall.

"Gather Ye Rosebuds." We reprint below the verses of Robert Herrick asked for some days ago. Gather ye rosebuds while ye may, Old Time is still a-flying, And this same flower that smiles to-day To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun, The higher it gets, the more it shines, The sooner will his race be run And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first, But being spent, the worse, and worst Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time, And while ye may, go marry: For having lost but once your prime, Ye may forever tarry.

"The City of the Dead." They do neither plight nor wed In the City of the Dead, In the city where they sleep away the hours; But there they'll be married, Winter blight and summer change, And a hundred happy whisperings of flowers. No, they neither wed nor plight, And the day is like the night, For their vision is of other kind than ours.

They do neither sing nor sigh In the burg of by and by, Where the streets have grasses growing cool and long; But they rest within their bed, Leaving to their thoughts unsaid, Deeming silence better far than sob or song. No, they neither sing nor sigh, Though the leaves of autumn march a million strong.

There is only rest and peace In the city of surcease, From the fallings and the wallings 'neath the sun; And the wings of the swift years Beat but gently o'er the biers, Making music to the sleepers, every one. There is only peace and rest, But to them it seemeth best, For they lie at ease and know that life is done.

—Richard Burton.

THE POLITICAL DARDANELLES

One of the Day's Best Cartoons.



ORGANIZED INSECT ARMIES

(By Garrett P. Serviss.)

If our American minds were as subtly and superstitiously sensitive as those of the ancient Egyptians we would worship a sacred beetle, too, and an even more remarkable insect than the famous scarab of the Nile. It would be the periodical cicada, or the "seventeen-year locust" as it is popularly called. Its form would be carved in jewels of Jasper, agate, sard and carnelian, and worn for a charm and as a token of good luck, the cicada being a life to death and back again through death to life.

The seventeen-year cicada is, in some respects, the most wonderful insect known on the earth. For one thing, it is the longest-lived. But what a life! For more than sixteen consecutive years an ugly grub, dwelling underground, then a living six-legged horror, crawling a few feet up the trunk of a tree and anchoring itself with barbed claws to the bark; next splitting open along its abhorred back as if the sun had at the mere sight, smitten it with instantaneous death, and finally a bronze-winged, bustling, butting, and bodied fly, making a noise like a toy sawmill, and winding up its ephemeral career above ground within two or three short weeks. Sixteen years grubbing underground for only that!

The male cicada is the serenader. He has in his body two drums, covered with membranes, some of which are as brilliant and transparent as mica, and which are set into vibration by special muscles. These produce a buzzing, dreamy music which singularly accords with the slumberous spirit of a summer afternoon, and the females of the human race, who are the only excuse for the cicada's existence. But there are persons who would not grant even this excuse.

The female is no lazy, idling "musical instrument," but a busy, industrious doer of damage to trees. She is armed with an instrument that has been described once for all by Dr. T. W. Harris. It consists of a piercer, having three parts in close contact with each other; namely, two outer ones grooved on the inside and enlarged at the tips, which externally are beset with small teeth like a saw, and a central, spear-pointed horn, which plays between the other two. "Thus this instrument has the power

and does the work of both an awl and a double-edged saw, or rather of two Keyhole saws cutting opposite to each other."

Readers, if there be any, who have never seen this remarkable insect will have an opportunity to make its acquaintance early this summer, almost anywhere in the Northern and Central States, from the Hudson to the Mississippi. The present invasion, according to the Department of Agriculture's entomologists, will not be marked by any great numerical strength of the cicada armies, starting from the ground like the dragon brood of Argonautic Jason, but rather by the wide expanse of country covered. For the seventeen-year horde that appears this year is territorially the most extensive of all the thirty broods into which cicadas are divided.

Here is another wonderful thing about these strange insects. Entomologists have discovered that there are two races of the periodical cicada, a twelve-year race and a thirteen-year race. Each race consists of a number of successive broods or hordes—seven of the seventeen-year race and thirteen of the thirteen-year race, or thirty broods in all. Every brood has its own particular year for appearing above ground, and its own chosen territory, and no other brood of the same race ever appears in a year that has been assigned to another. This year's seventeen-year horde, for example, in the entomological index, the Roman numeral VII. The latest and best studies of these wonderful creatures have been made by Mr. C. L. Marlatt, of the United States Bureau of Entomology.

The earliest recorded appearance of the seventeen-year cicada was in 1632, at Plymouth, Mass., where they greatly astonished the Pilgrim Fathers. In Nathaniel Morton's "New England's Memorial" the sudden apparition of the cicadas is "quaintly described: 'There was a numerous company of flies which were like bigness unto wasps and bumblebees. They came out of little holes in the ground, and did eat up green things, and made such a constant yellow noise as made the woods ring of them, and ready to deafen the hearers.'

Because of the enormous export of provisions to England and Germany, not only from the agricultural Denmark, but even from the industrial Sweden, it is rather difficult to buy food in Scandinavia, since there is very little in the way of provisions in any of the countries themselves. To help this shortage the governments are buying in America and Russia great quantities of grain. Sweden this June imported 100,000 tons of wheat and Denmark 7,000 tons of rye. In addition, the three governments of the north have issued very vigorous decrees prohibiting the exporting of certain articles.

There is an abundance of money, although, of course, this condition is not to be considered as of a constant nature. Very pleasant facts are the favorable development of the three national banks, the big divisions of the stock companies and, last but not least, the good effect the loans of the three governments have had on the home market. Sweden, for instance, has up to date been able to borrow 135,000,000 crowns last year to 400,000,000 crowns this year.

What the Doctor's Wife Found. (Philadelphia Record.) The well-established practice of sewing up surgical wounds made in patients ought to be confined to the laity. A man who is not a doctor or surgeon is not expected to know what is the matter with himself, and if he objects to hardware and textiles in an incision he can be disposed of by the assurance that he doesn't know what is good for him, and has no degree or certificate authorizing him to discuss surgery. But when a towel or mackinac towel is used in an incision made in Dr. J. Edgar Todd, of Toms River, the ethics of the profession were violated because the victim was a doctor. The wound made seven months ago did not heal, and when Mrs. Todd was dressing it she saw something white hanging out of her husband. Believing it to be no part of him, she pulled it out. These adjuncts of the operating room ought to be kept out of members of the profession.

Sweden is situated a little too much out of the way, and yet much has been done by the government and by an exceedingly well organized touring club to found summer resorts, especially in the provinces of Dalarne and Lapland, and on the rocky shores of Stockholm and Goteborg.

The gay Copenhagen, with her 600,000 inhabitants, remained to last August a typical Danish town, but the war has brought changes, and the city has become cosmopolitan, owing to the invasion from Germany of well-to-do foreigners, Russians, Italians, and others, who prefer to watch the development of events from the vantage point of neutral Denmark.

The economical situation of these countries has also changed to a degree never observed before. The cost of living is up and the cost of transportation down, particularly those of the railway, show this. Norway and Sweden especially have received large amounts of which are still in the hands of the government. This has been for the railways owned by the states of Norway and Sweden will be understood when it is said the private railways of Sweden, during the last year, have seen their baggage traffic increased by 21 per cent, the gross amount of receipts by 17 per cent. In spite of this, the net revenues of the railways of the states, as well as those of private systems, are not higher this year than they used to be, because of the enormous price of coal. Norway and Denmark, which lack coal mines, are bitterly suffering, because America will not sell at reasonable prices a sufficient quantity of the black fuel. Sweden's secondary railways are fringed with wood, but according to the latest reports the state has entered in contract with some American firms for a large consignment of coal.

Losses at Sea. What has been said about the profit and loss applies also to the shipping. The sums gained by the merchant marine of the three countries are considerable in those days of high freights, but the loss is great. Norway has al-