Richmond Times-Dispatch

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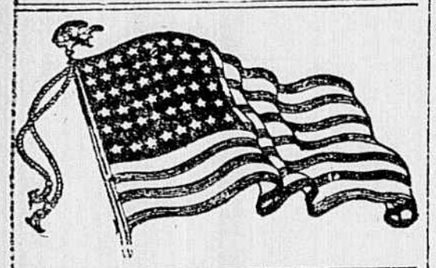
FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 19, 1919.



Kansas used to produce most of the country's political freaks, but in recent years Illinois has taken the palm from it. To say nothing of Senator Sherman, there is Representative Mason, who told the House the other day that President Wilson desires to be King instead of President of the United States.

According to the reports of Emissary Bullitt, the entire Russian population, outside the administration, is starving gradually, epidemics rage and kill unchecked, all industry and commerce are stopped, the people have no voice in their affairs and wholesale executions occur daily, but schools are open, the opera is performed as formerly at Moscow, everybody is contented and happy, and the Bolshevist government is a grand success.

As well as can be made out at this distance, California is suffering a new case of the horrors from the discovery that the Japanese there are working very hard, acquiring property and increasing largely the productiveness of the orchards, farms and vineyards and, consequently, making and saving money. Between the destructive activities of the I. W. W. and Bolshevists, and the constructive activities of the Japs, the Golden State is in distracting predicament.

The Sistine Choir of the Vatican, organized in the fourth century, since which time it has never left the precincts of the Vatican, arrived in New York Tuesday and will visit the principal cities of the United States and Canada. The singers are seventy in number, and were drawn from the choirs of the fifteen chapels of the Vatican. Richmond being a musical center, it is suggested that some concerted movement by our music lovers should be started to secure a visit of this famous choir to this city.

The War Department will shortly open a chain of retail stores in the twenty-four national districts into which the country has been divided for the sale of army surplus supplies, in which practically every household commodity will be offered to customers directly over the counter. The store assigned to Virginia will be located at Norfolk. If others that residents of cities where the stores are to be located are to benefit from their establishment, Richmond, on account of its more central location, would have been the better selection.

Of course the seizure of Fiume is taken up promptly by the foes of any league of nations as illustrating the impossibility of peace in Europe and the absurdity of attempts to secure it. But there is another view. Five years ago an incident so violent would have meant war certainly, involving all Europe. It does not mean, nor even threaten, now. The absence of agitation following the outbreak seems to be conclusive proof that the nations are ready for peace, and that the mere hope of the league is sufficient to prevent any general breach of it or rush to arms.

Herbert Hoover brings back from Europe both a word of cheer and a warning. He says that socialism is bankrupting itself over there, and urges America not to abandon its moral leadership in restoring order in the world, and not to permit itself to be used for "experiment in social diseases." In other words, we take it, he would have America deal with its social diseases, which as yet have not become deep-rooted, in a truly American way, which distinctly is not along socialistic lines. Democracy, intelligently applied, is the cure for social diseases, and any other remedy but serves to aggravate them.

When a great calamity befalls any section of our country, its citizenship to the remotest hamlet instantly awakens to the binding tie of common kinship and is moved to extend the succoring hand. In the appalling disaster which has stricken beautiful Corpus Christi and other towns along the Texas coast, leaving death and desolation in its wake, the cry of human woe is heard and the appeal has come to Richmond, as to other cities of the country, for aid in relieving the distress of the stricken communities. At a meeting Wednesday afternoon, called by Mayor (pro tem.) Powers and attended by representatives of civic and business organizations of the city, the appeal sent out by the Mayor of Corpus Christi for outside financial assistance was indorsed and the people urged to make such contributions to a fund for that purpose as they may be able to give. The banks of the city have kindly consented to receive donations for this purpose. The liberality of the people of Richmond in calls of this kind is proverbial. This is an emergent appeal. Let their response be both prompt and liberal. "He giveth twice that giveth in a trice."

Pershing for the Presidency

THAT there will be a presidential boom in behalf of General John J. Pershing is one of the few certainties of the immediate future. He himself may contribute little to it and may be little impressed with his own qualifications for that high office, but he is too good a "bet" for the floundering politicians to pass up. There will be plenty of campaign calculators who will weigh the enthusiasm which will be manifested incident to the return of this officer and who will find abundant capital in his splendid services.

It is being assumed in most quarters that General Pershing is a full-fledged Republican; that he is a good party man and that he could not be persuaded to see any good in any other party than that in which he was raised. This is taken for granted for the reason that he started out in life with a Republican environment; that he married into a conspicuous Republican family, and that he has once or twice said that such politics as he had were of the Republican order.

But the Republican politicians need not be too sure of General Pershing's G. O. P. leanings at this particular hour. That officer owes the most illustrious part of his military career to a Democratic President. It was Woodrow Wilson who selected him to command the expedition against Villa, an expedition which placed him in line for an infinitely greater command. And it was the same Woodrow Wilson who picked this officer to be the commander-in-chief of the expedition against Germany.

It is not too much to believe that an officer who is indebted to a Democratic administration as John J. Pershing is indebted, feels a measure of obligation to that administration and feels an even greater measure of confidence in the powers that chose him to command because they supported him unwaveringly through all the trials of his service in France. And there were trials aplenty. Now that it is all over, including most of the shouting, the fact may be mentioned that more than once General Pershing was the object of bitter attack on the part of the allied governments. He did not conform blindly to their military policies, and it is declared on highest authority that at one time the supreme war council urged the general's withdrawal.

But Woodrow Wilson and Newton D. Baker stood stanchly behind their field commander. They refused to be influenced for an instance by the clamor against him. And they followed his every recommendation even to the extent of keeping General Leonard Wood at home.

Whether or not General Pershing would be willing to lead a campaign against the President, if the latter should seek a third term or against any man whom the President might support as his successor, is a question which only one person in the world can answer.

Moreover, it is morally certain that the Democratic administration's conduct of the war will be one of the leading Republican issues in the coming campaign. It is scarcely conceivable that General Pershing would lend himself to a movement designed to discredit and dishonor the work which General Pershing himself performed in France.

Packers and Cold Storage.

IT is obvious that if the packers are in control of the cold storage industry of the country, as charged by Senator McKellar, of Tennessee, they cannot escape their responsibility for the manipulation of prices and their hold upon market conditions. And the opportunity for abuse of power is greater in that direction than in the business of buying live stock and the packing of meats.

As a matter of fact, it seems that the toll which the packers exact from the consumer begins after the meat is dressed. There is sworn testimony to show that the packers make a little less than 2 cents a pound upon the meat products which they dress in their packing houses. This is an insignificant sum. If the whole of it were taken from them and the price of meats reduced to that extent, the housewife would scarcely know that anything had happened.

For the service of buying live stock and slaughtering it the packers are entitled to a fair return. The 2 cents a pound, more or less, which they receive is not in itself excessive. But the business they operate does not end there. They transport these products in their own refrigerator cars, for which they get another profit. They store it in their storage plants, from which they get a third profit. They act as wholesalers, a service which renders them a fourth profit. All this is true; nor does it take into account the profits taken from the by-products.

According to the new indictment which has been brought against the packers, the evil practices of which they are guilty do not begin, in reality, until the storage of meats and other foods begins. At that point manipulation becomes possible on a most outrageous scale. By holding food from the market the price can be fixed, the law of supply and demand can be defeated and the consumer "shaken down" at will.

The remedy which is offered is a law which will fix the period of time in which food products may remain in cold storage. No purpose of destroying the storage business is evidenced by even the most relentless crusader. But the profiteer pursuers insist that the processes of storage sbould be rigidly regulated by the government as the only means of protecting the consumer from extortionate prices. Nor does there seem to be any good reason why this should not be done. Even the packers themselves agree that regulation might be desirable.

Colonel E. M. House has returned to Paris from an extended sojourn in England, but, needless to say, he is giving out no interviews. As an all-around sphynx, Colonel House has his great Egyptian prototype beaten to a fare-you-well.

Probably the only really acceptable ambassador the Huns could send to this country would be some poor devil who was made to fight against his will, is consequently shy a limb or two, and needs the job to support his family.

Certainly interchanges between President and Senators have progressed from affable parlor conversation to acrimonious stump observations and objurgations with rather startling celerity.

Boston gave the country a little glimpse of the practical working of Bolshevist principles. The country apparently doesn't like the sample.

SEEN ON THE SIDE

BY HENRY EDWARD WARNER.

The Bolshevik.

Before the war she used to say "Hello"
In accents sweet that thrilled me through and through;
She was so sweet and patient that I know
Her lips were ruby and her eyes were blue.
But now my gentle Bolshevik is coarse,
Her accents rough, and terrible to tell,
Her voice is husky, domineering, hoarse—
More often than "Hello," she yells "Ohell!"

Charcoal Eph's Daily Thought.

"I mos' ginally notices," said Charcoal Eph, in a ruminative mood, "dat de man what holler Amen loudes' on Wednesday night am mouty hard t' deal wid when de rent come due on Thursday. Try a pickle, Mistah Jackson."

Revised.

We suggest a revised version of the marriage ceremony to fit modern conditions:

"John Smith, do you take this woman to be your lawfully wedded wife, to have and to hold what she has and to get as much as she can of what you've got; and do you solemnly agree that you will take care of all her relatives if necessary to make her happy?"

"Mary Jones, do you take this man to be your lawfully wedded husband, to stand for his inefficiencies until death do you part, and to put up with his ideas of superiority patiently so long as he doesn't go too far?"

"Then, in the presence of these people, some of whom are married and know what I mean and some of whom are likely to get involved if they don't watch out, I pronounce you each prisoners for life, and either of you keeper and custodian of the other's liberties according to which of you gets the upper hand at the start. You will now go and live happily if you can; but if you can't, you'll have to make the best of a bad bargain."

Derivations.

We've been worrying about the origin of the term "bowlegs." Couldn't get it until we pluralized it: "Pair of bowlegs." Then it flashed on us like an inspiration: "Parabola-pair o' bowlegs." It's wonderful, isn't it, how yuh can trace things!

The Grafter.

Jeff Peters as interpreted by O. Henry: "When I stand on the street corner and sell a solid gold diamond ring to a yap for $5, I make just $2.60. And I know he's going to give it to a girl in return for all the benefits accruing from a $125 ring. His profits are $122. Which of us is the biggest fakir?"

An Example.

In re H. C. L., to-wit, viz:

In the past four years our income is advanced 40 per cent, our cost of living about 72 per cent. Net decrease of income by purchasing power, 32 per cent.

Because our income advanced over a certain mark, we are taxed by the government, still further reducing our net income; and now we are notified that if we dare to make more than $3,000 next year the government will soak us an additional 1 per cent.

We own a house in town, the rents from which constitute a part of our income. A St. Louis H. C. L. committee now plans that 10 per cent on new property and 12 per cent on old property is a fair earning for investment. But the fellow who sells us paint for the house gets 124 per cent profit, and the man who sells us crackers gets 30 cents for a box containing 2½ cents worth of flour.

St. Louis committee proposes that if we aren't satisfied with 10 per cent gross (!) our rights shall be confiscated by raising the taxes until we squeal. (Hang the Constitution!)

Nope, we're not Bolshevik, yet; but just keep this sort of thing up long enough and we'll have to sell out and move to the topmost peak of the Rockies for a grubstake.

The Game.

Down by our place, where we live and hope, there is a Gang of Kids. The other day six of the Gang turned on the seventh and beat him to a beautiful purple pulp. Inquiring the cause of the battery, Kid No. 2 said:

"Aw, he's a profiteer! He's saved up 40 cents!"

Management involves three things: Getting the right kind of men, making them do the right kind of work, and keeping them after you get them.

Dray Wars Yow Dee.

"Whence is my sorrow? . . . Does a man tear out his heart and make fritters thereof over a slow fire for ought other than a woman?"

Nursery to Date.

Jack Spratt could eat no fat,
His wife could eat no lean.
And so between the two of them
They licked the platter clean
That is, they licked the platter clean
By mutual persistance
Till meat went up, and now the plate
Keeps clean without assistance.

Keyboard Touches

BY FRANK H. BROOKS,
Keeping Up the Gait.

In the lives of most of us environments sometimes run amuck. Uncontrollable contretemps sidetrack us. Nevertheless, if we contain the right sort of stuff—not the stuff on which dreams are made—we hunger and thirst to be considered as "still in the ring."

Maybe we are veering to the verge of skepticism as to friendship. Then is the time to renew our aspirations for success.

If some one whom you considered a friend has failed don't stop to argue about it. Remember what Farragut said about the torpedoes.

When you read a striking sentence or hear a new truth commit it to a card. Place the card in the frame of a picture in your room.

When you go to your room weighted with the "fluctuations and vast concerns" of the day, and you have no time to seek the consolation of your books, make a little journey around the walls on which your pictures hang, and read the quotations you have assembled. They will strengthen you for the conflicts of the next day. They will help you in your talk with your friends whose hospitality you are enjoying.

At the end of a year, if not before, provided you have been an average reader or a good listener, you will be surprised at your storehouse of ready information.

You will find yourself going over the heads of the people who are trying to keep up with the procession by nursing grouches.

A Daily Once Over.

Leave Your Neighbors Alone.

Of course, that neighbor of yours appears to be pleased to see you when you happen along in the forenoon, but in nine cases out of ten she would be better pleased to see you if you had postponed your visit till afternoon.

Perhaps it takes her longer to do her work, perhaps her family do not rise as early as yours, or she may be more particular about how she keeps house in general; at any rate, you may be sure that calls later in the day are more desirable.

In some neighborhoods there are women who have such a penchant for gossip that they find it an incentive to early rising, a spur to getting their work out of the way, so as to have plenty of time to investigate the affairs of their neighbors.

Some friendships are so strong that they welcome association at any time of day.

But there are very few such cases.—(Copyright, 1919.)

Health Talks by Dr. Wm. Brady

The Hectic Flush.

(Copyright, 1918, by National Newspaper Service.)

No human being can gainsay that it is a woman's duty to make herself as charming as possible. If she happens to be inadequately endowed with natural charms, surely no human being will frown up her use of boughten charms. It would be very illogical to approve of rings or necklaces or other ornaments yet condemn the use of powder and rouge. It is all a question of good taste; if a woman can apply these ornaments artistically, that is, so skillfully that observers are not too greatly impressed by the ornaments, it is indeed carping to criticize her.

It is hard to tell offhand nowadays whether a hectic flush is a symptom or a sign of a defective mind.

Persons with tuberculosis well advanced often show a hectic flush, an abnormal redness about the cheek bones. Anemic young women, irrespective of the disease of which the anemia is a symptom, are likely to show a similar flush when nervous or excited.

Emaciation from any cause removes that padding of subcutaneous fat which in health gives the skin, particularly the feminine skin, a soft flesh tint, the flesh coloring being a blend of blood red and fat yellow. Remove the yellow and you have a hectic flush. Doubtless some of our readers know what a royal flush is. Now they know what a hectic flush is.

In some types of anemia there is no loss of flesh. The subcutaneous fat layer is retained through months and years of illness, and the fat shines through the skin, minus the red tint of blood, giving a peculiar lemon yellow or greenish complexion.

In moderate anemia, as from insufficient open-air exercise, insufficient exposure to sunlight, the abuse of cathartics, the habitual taking of coal-tar pain-killer medicines, too refined food, and the like, there is a sallow tint, especially when the individual is tired, due to the natural color of the subcutaneous fat layer less livened with red blood than in a healthy person. The victim of such a complexion is usually of the credulous sex, and hence easily persuaded to go poking in stuff which purports to be "good for the liver," although the liver is innocent of any wrong doing.

It is strange how many girls and women overdo the business of decoration. I know a very fine woman, the wife of a professional man, who has simply scared off scores of her best friends by daubing her face outrageously, so that she is a veritable spectacle in daylight. It seems strange that such a woman should not realize how patent her method is to all the world. Of course, it is not crime, but she betrays a shocking lack of refinement nevertheless. She would look a whole lot better if the war paint were applied with judgment, so that the casual observer would not be struck with its stark artificiality, and one would have more respect for her brain power, too.

A World-Wide Health Campaign.

BY FRANK ANDREWS FALL,
Bursar of New York University.

So varied are the activities of the great philanthropic foundation that some of them are in danger of being overlooked of special emphasis placed on other phases of the work. This appears to be true in the case of the Rockefeller foundation, whose war work for the past three years greatly overshadowed tremendous results achieved by the foundation's experts in the field of public health.

That the war work should receive marked emphasis is, of course, just and fair. The foundation's contribution to the various organizations have reached an amazing total. During the past three-year period ending December 31, 1918, it turned over in cash to the Young Men's Christian Association the sum of $3,865,000; to the Young Women's Christian Association, $650,000; Knights of Columbus, $200,000; Jewish Welfare Committee, $100,000; War Camp Community Service, $245,000; United War Work Fund, $2,514,700 augmented by appropriation for 1919 aggregating $2,500,000. To the American Red Cross the foundation gave $8,683,772, with $500,000 to be used for the benefit of prisoners of war.

Nevertheless President Vincent should have made, in his report covering the last fiscal year, a splendid showing for the foundation without mentioning the war work at all. For during that period the foundation's workers extended a remarkable campaign against tuberculosis in France, conducted demonstrations of malaria control in Arkansas and Mississippi, helped check a yellow fever epidemic in Guatemala, inaugurated measures against the same disease in Equador, continued or began hookworm control and encouraged sanitation in twenty-one foreign States and countries and twelve States of the Union, opened a school of hygiene and public health at Johns Hopkins University and made progress toward the completion of fifteen buildings comprising a new medical center in Peking.

The notable results achieved by Dr. Livingston Farrand and associates in France are well known. The French scientists understood the theory of tuberculosis and the principles which underlie control of it, but they showed no genius for organization. What Dr. Farrand and his colleagues did was to teach them "team play," and they now have a system of dispensaries and sanitoria that may well serve as a model for the rest of Europe.

It is not strange that the body of critics of the great foundations has grown beautifully less in numbers during the past few years. Many of them who came to scoff have remained to pray, which must be a source of genuine satisfaction to Dr. Vincent and his associates who are making such splendid use of the Rockefeller foundation's millions.—(Copyright, 1919.)

A Tabloid Tale

The Bare Truth.

I.

Scarabella Longstride's hair, no matter what you thought about her face and figure, et al., was perfectly, positively beautiful.

Early in the morning, about 3 D. A. M., when she arose to milk the cows, the red glints from its auburn brightness would shine for miles around and make the farmers think that the sun was up and scamper into their clothes and get their chores done two hours before regular choring time.

Her hair was so beautiful that the country's most famous artists fought with each other in their efforts to find a way to paint all of her hair without dragging the rest of her person into the picture.

And 'twas her hair that finally induced young Hammen Eggs, the handsome only son of old Scrambuld Eggs, to ask her to help find out if 'twas really true that two could live cheaper than one.

Of course, if you were particular, her eyes weren't both the same color; that is, if you looked at 'em closely. And her teeth weren't exactly straight, although what were there were almost white. And her nose, one must admit, wasn't exactly in the middle of her face, and her complexion wouldn't stand inspection, but her hair—oh, her beautiful red hair!

"I'll ask her, anyway," muttered Hammen Eggs.

And he did.

II.

While he was shaking the old shoes out of his pocket and jumping up and down to let the rice slide all the way down his back, and out again, Scarabella took off her wig and asked him to hold the pan while she dipped it in the henna brew and brightened it all up pretty for the honeymoon, which was, after all, spent in the divorce courts.

News of Fifty Years Ago.

From the Richmond Dispatch, Sept. 19, 1869.)

Col. J. L. Carrington, Hotel Manager. 1869.

Colonel J. L. Carrington, proprietor of the Exchange Hotel, announces that all of the arrangements for the grand ball for the benefit of the State Agricultural Association are about completed, and that it will be one of the biggest affairs of its kind Richmond has known since the war. The exact date for the ball will be fixed in a day or two, probably tomorrow.

The reports from Halifax, Charlotte, Pittsylvania and Mecklenburg Counties are to the effect that the farmers of those counties are preparing more land for the next wheat crop than they have been known to attempt since the war. The large plantations along the Staunton and Dan Rivers, which are famous for wheat, will be seeded to more of this grain the coming season than ever before in their history.

Married: At Sycamore Church September 10 by Rev. Thomas N. Arnold, Captain N. G. Hudgins and Miss Cora Power, both of this city.

The elections in Mississippi and Texas will extend over four days, it being manifest that it will take that much time for the full vote to be cast.

Married: On September 13, by Rev. Joshua Peterkin, General James H. Lane to Miss Charlotte R. Meade. No cards.

FROM OTHER VIEWPOINTS

National Problems Discussed for Readers of The Times-Dispatch by Authoritative Writers—A Daily Editorial Feature.

BREAKING INTO A JOB.

BY REV. FRANK HAMPTON FOX.

Here is a true story editorial, which I write with the hope that it will give encouragement to many returned soldiers, who find difficulty in getting work.

Jim Blank had wandered West in quest of employment. For the first few weeks he had sought a position along the lines of his specialty; after that he declared his willingness to do any kind of work that would buy a meal ticket. Even then no man would hire him. The placer mines of Montana had looked attractive from a distance. For weeks he had gone from one mining camp to another, seeking work. Everywhere he received the same discouragaing replies.

"All full; maybe you can find something up the gulch or over the range."

On a blustering, stormy, chilly afternoon Jim asked the foreman of the placer mines in Confederate Gulch, below Diamond City, for work.

"No," I haven't room for another man," said the foreman.

"I'm in desperate need of work," pleaded Jim.

"So are hundreds of others," was the foreman's curt reply.

Footsore, hungry and homesick, Jim felt his last hope had vanished. A benevolent miner shared his bunk with him that night, and talked encouragingly to him. Lying awake in the bunk Jim Blank thought out the next day's campaign. "It's a job or die," he said to himself, as he turned over and went to sleep, in spite of his snoring companion.

The next morning Jim Black washed his face in the cold stream that ran down the gulch. The chill revived his spirits like a powerful stimulant. When the men lined up for work in the gray dawn by the side of the long line of sluice boxes and began shoveling gravel into the boxes, Jim picked up a shovel, pushed his way into the line, and began to make the gravel fly. About the middle of the forenoon the foreman walking by noticed him.

"I thought I told you I couldn't hire you," he snapped.

"You did," Jim agreed, smiling; for his fighting spirit had returned.

"You'll not get any pay for this," the foreman replied, with anger.

"I haven't asked you for any pay, have I?" Jim retorted.

The foreman grunted and moved on, saying no more to Jim Black, who continued to work without being hired.

"What's your name?" asked the man next to him.

"Jim Black, and I'm from Illinois. What's your name?"

"Bill White—Illinois is here in both Black and White."

These two men from the same State, with their names representing the extremes of color, soon became fast friends.

At noon the men crowded into the long log dininghall, each taking his seat at the low table on an empty powder can.

"Move along there and give my friend Jim Black room," commanded Bill White.

That dinner was such a one as Jim had not tasted in many a day. There were baked beans with long layers of pork covered with mustard, all nicely browned. There was hot corn bread with plenty of butter, and ginger bread and stewed prunes for desert. All of this with plenty of hot coffee and lots of good cheer made Jim feel like a new man.

"This venture has been a good one," he said to himself, "though I never receive anything more than that hot dinner, the first that I have tasted in some days."

That afternoon the foreman was called up the gulch to look after some new work that was causing trouble. Bill White was left in charge of the work at Diamond City. Several days passed before the foreman returned. During this time Jim Black continued to shovel gravel into the sluices, and to win the friendship of all of the men with whom he came in contact.

On the day for cleaning up the week's collection of gold, the man who had been doing that work was ill, and the camp was without a man to take his place. Bill White was delighted to learn that Jim could do such work. He had worked with quicksilver while in the lead mines of Galena, back in Illinois.

When the gold was cleaned the inspector declared: "This is the cleanest lot of gold we've had. Whose work is it?" he inquired.

"Jim Black's, my chum from Illinois," answered White with pride.

A week later Jim again cleaned up the gold, receiving the inspector's commendation for his excellent work. That afternoon the men received their pay for two week's work. Jim was the last man in the line. When he stepped up to the desk for his pay the paymaster looked at him, asked his name, frowned as he looked over the list, and said:

"I fail to find your name on the payroll."

"That's strange," answered Jim. "I've cleaned up gold here twice, and have worked with the men for two weeks."

Bill White came forward and vouched for the truth of Jim's statements. The paymaster placed his name on the payroll, and apologized for the oversight.

"Why didn't you tell me that you were an expert chemist?" demanded the foreman the next day.

"You didn't give me a chance," answered Jim.

"Throw down that shovel and come to the office. We've a better job for you, with four times the pay."

"Thank you, sir," answered Jim.

"I certainly admire your nerve in breaking into a job on my diggings," the foreman confided as they walked together to the office.

"Sometimes its the only way to get a job," answered Jim with a smile.—(Copyright, 1919.)

Voice of the People

Letters must give the name and address of the writer. Name will not be published if writer as requests.

Mrs. Michaux' Views.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Referring to the account appearing in the Times-Dispatch of September 18, 1919, covering the meeting of the Fair Price Committee held September 17, 1919, I would say that the attitude of Mrs. Stuart Michaux was misconstrued.

It is there said: "Efforts to keep the proceedings of the fair price board from the public, by barring of reporters, a movement led by Mrs. Stuart Michaux, member of the committee, failed. Several members of the committee declared themselves absolutely in favor of publicity of the board's actions, intimating they would not serve otherwise. Mrs. Michaux favored suppressing testimony of merchants at the committee's hearings as well as the names of the witnesses."

Mrs. Michaux' views as expressed in the committee were in favor of the publication of the fair price list and a thorough investigation of conditions at this time, but she did not believe that the time had come for full publicity of the meetings of the committee.

I would be glad if you would make this correction.

H. GRAYSON DASHIELL,
Chairman.

Richmond, Va., Sept. 18.

Information Bureau.

Inquiries regarding almost any topic, excepting on legal and medical subjects, are answered free. As all inquiries are answered directly by personal letter, a self-addressed, stamped envelope is required. Address The Times-Dispatch Information Bureau, Richmond, Va.

Mrs. William McKinley.

Mrs. M. J. F., Portsmouth.—Mrs. William McKinley, wife of the former President of the United States, died at Canton, Ohio, May 26, 1907.

English Taught in Hawaii.

Teacher, Hampton.—The school law in Hawaii requires that the English language shall be the basis and medium of instruction in all schools of the Territory.

Transportation of American Soldiers.

Subscriber, East Radford.—The greatest number of soldiers sent overseas in one month during the war by the United States was 306,000. The greatest number to return in one month was 333,000 men.

German Army, Before and After.

Reader, Martinsville.—The peace strength of the German army before the war was 790,000 men; when Germany declared war she had approximately 1,000,000,000 men, and when hostilities ceased, November 11, 1918, it has been reported that the German army consisted of about 3,500,000 men.

Company D, Thirty-Eighth Infantry.

J. O. G., Nelly's Ford.—The regiment to which this company belonged has already returned to this country, but we are unable to say where it is at present located. As the unit belonged to a division of the regular army, you may obtain the information you want by writing to the Adjutant-General of the Army, War Department, Washington, D. C.

Displaying the Flag.

Mrs. S. J. F., South Boston.—When the United States flag is used for decorative purposes it should always be hung in a vertical position, whether on the inside or the outside of buildings, with the union to the north or east, so that there will be a general uniformity in the position of the union of each flag displayed. The flag should rarely be hung in a horizontal position or laid flat. There is no Federal law now in force pertaining to the manner of displaying, hanging or saluting the United States flag or prescribing any ceremonies that should be observed in connection therewith.

Treaty Amendments Recommended.

Mrs. M. S. S., Richmond.—The majority report of the Foreign Relations Committee, submitted to the Senate on September 10, recommended four amendments to the treaty of peace and league of nations—to wit: To provide equal voting power for the United States with Great Britain in the assembly of the league; giving to China, instead of Japan, the province of Shantung; relief of the United States from having representatives on commissions deciding matters in which it has no concern; other amendments concern phraseology. Important reservations included in the ratifying resolution are: Unconditional right to withdraw from the league; declination by the United States to accept any of the legal or moral obligations of Article X., or to accept any mandatory from the league except by action of the Congress of the United States; reserving to the United States the exclusive right to decide what questions are within its own domestic jurisdiction; absolute reservation of the Monroe Doctrine to the judgment of the United States alone. The twenty-six articles of the league are so joined together as a complete whole that opinions may differ as to which are the more important ones. The covenant and Articles X. and XI. appear to be the ones which have excited most discussion in America. The report of the Foreign Relations Committee was called up for action in the Senate September 16.

Books and Authors

"The Hand of the Potter" is Theodore Dreiser's latest book, just brought out by Boni & Liveright. Do you want to read a tragedy, stark-naked, unashamed, tender, intensely pathetic, a true tragedy? Then read this powerful four-act play, by the author of "Sister Carrie"? It is all that you could possibly expect—and then some.

"Wigwam Wonder Tales," by William Thompson (Charles Scribner's Sons), will delight all children. They are myths of the Indians of the Northwest, collected by William Thompson and Pliny Earle Goddard, of the Natural History Museum, at first hand, and recounted with simple charm and some thirty full-page illustrations by Carle Michel Boog.

"Field, Forest and Farm," by Jean Henri Fabre (the Century Co.), is at once a fascinating story as well as an explanation of farming, gardening and fruit raising, and one of Fabre's famous prose poems that compel an added interest in nature. It is one of the celebrated series written primarily for young people, but full of information and charm for any reader. "Field, Forest and Farm" comes at a most opportune time for America. Probably as a reaction from war, which also taught the emphatic lesson of the nation's dependence on those who produce the elements of food and clothes, the attention of millions of Americans are turning to the farm. And more than ever before young America is achieving great things by harnessing himself with the sun and the soil. The sixty-two chapters in the book deal with soils, fertilizers, most useful plants and their insect and bird enemies and friends, etc., and the information is as authoritative as the story is fascinating.

"Theodore Roosevelt's Letters to His Children," edited by Joseph Bucklin Bishop, one of the most important titles on the Scribner's fall list, was published on September 12. Colonel Roosevelt said of this volume shortly before he died: "I would rather have this book published than anything that has ever been written about me." The letters in the volume cover a period of something over a dozen years. Among them are many which his children called "picture letters," with crude pen-and-ink drawings expressing Colonel Roosevelt's abounding fun and humor, somewhat resembling Edward Lear's drawings of home and family remained ever the dominating passion of his life, and these letters reveal him in a light unfamiliar to the public. He was the favorite companion and playmate of his children, joining heartily in all their sports and sharing with them their love of animal pets. Every item of household news that would amuse and cheer and keep alive the love of home in the heart of the absent boys was set forth in regular weekly letters, which in gayety of spirit and charm of manner have few equals. Those earlier letters tell of pillow fights and obstacle races in the halls of the White House, or play hours in the old barn at Sagamore Hill, when "a stout, elderly President went bouncing over hayricks in a wild effort to get to goal before an active midget of a competitor, aged nine years." Later letters show the father was wise in suggestion and sympathetic with his sons in their athletic sports and intellectual pursuits.

The Long Hill.

I must have passed the crest a while ago
And now I am going down.
Strange to have crossed the crest and not to know—
But the brambles were always catching the hem of my gown.

All the morning I thought how proud it would be
To stand there straight as a queen—
Wrapped in the wind and the sun, with the world under me.
But the air was dull, there was little I could have seen.

It was nearly level along the beaten track
And the brambles caught in my gown—
But it's no use now to think of turning back.
The rest of the way will be only going down.
—Sara Teasdale in Poetry.