

THE RICHMOND DISPATCH.

BY THE DISPATCH COMPANY
CORNER OF MAIN AND NINTH STREETS, RICHMOND, VA.

Up-Town Office, No. 510 east Broad street.
Manchester Office, No. 1103 Hull street.
New York Office, J. E. Van Doren Agency, Tribune Building.

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THE DAILY DISPATCH delivered to subscribers in Richmond and Manchester at 5 cents per month, payable in the currency weekly or monthly; the SUNDAY DISPATCH, \$1.00 per annum; 75 cents for six months.

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New 404
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SUNDAY NOVEMBER 23, 1922.

LIQUOR LAWS.

It is quite evident, we think, that there is to be legislation at this session on the part of the General Assembly with respect to liquor licenses. The exact tenor of it no man may safely predict, but the tendency, it would seem, is to throw greater safeguards than now obtain around the granting of licenses.

The present local option law allows Virginia communities to decide for themselves whether licenses shall or shall not be granted in the communities in question, but a further step is now proposed. This is that even where licenses are granted, it shall be in the power of a majority of the voters to say whether each place proposed to be licensed for the sale of liquor is a proper place or not. Senator Mann's bill on this subject excepts the cities from its operation; but there is another movement on foot as is well known, to limit the number of bars in cities to one to each 500 inhabitants. The Mann bill might suit the country people, and probably it would operate successfully in some city neighborhoods, but it would not do in all. The residents of some locations might consent to have a bar on every square, but it would not be for the interest of the general public that they should have their way.

So far as Richmond is concerned our wants would be supplied by an act which reduced the number of saloons here and made it exceedingly difficult for any one to get a license in a neighborhood noted for its disorderly character. With such a law—and rigid enforcement of it—the police and the courts would have less work to do than they now have. And what is more, much territory within our corporate limits, now avoided by decent and quiet people, would then become available as sites for dwellings of respectable folk of small means.

If the neighborhoods given over to disorder and dissipation could be rescued from their present condition, we should not be under such necessity as we are now under of asking for a slice of Henrico territory.

Richmond now has one barroom for every 300 of its inhabitants; a number out of all reason and much disproportionate to the rate obtaining in most cities of our size. In nearly every case the presence of a barroom in a residential neighborhood is injurious to the value and healthful to the desirability of real estate there and thereabout.

The people of Richmond cannot but watch with grave concern the course of legislation in respect to saloons. If we understand popular sentiment here we understand popular sentiment in the general public does not go in for prohibition, but for regulation—better regulation in the future than in the past in the matter of issuing licenses. There ought not to be so many licenses granted. Great care should be taken to see that the places where the liquor is to be sold are suitable places and the persons authorized to sell are suitable persons. All violations of law should be severely punished.

That there has been laxity in these matters in the past we believe cannot be gainsaid. The responsibility therefor is easily traceable. It lies with the people themselves, who have been indifferent where they should have been interested, who have been drowsy where they should have been vigilant.

Roland B. Melieux must be a tough looking citizen—he says the published picture of him yield him great annoyance because they enable people to recognize and stare at him on the streets and in the trolley cars.—Norfolk Ledger.

Wonder how he would like to see a picture of himself drawn by his wife?

TARIFF COMMISSION CHEMIE.

It seems to be decided that President Roosevelt will ask the present Congress to appoint a tariff commission, the duties of which shall be "to scientifically investigate and consider the question of tariff revision and report the result of its labors to the new Congress a year hence." The President, we are told, holds that only through the commission plan can such information be collected as will enable Congress to act intelligently and for the best interests of the country, with a matter of such vast importance as tariff reform. On its face the commission idea is "taking," and theoretically can be said in its favor. The arguments used by Mr. Roosevelt and the members of the administration that support him in his position are the same that

were advanced when the creation of the tariff commission of 1833 was proposed, and which led to that commission's becoming an accomplished fact. They seemed eminently sound, they caught the popular mind, and the public confidently hoped for great things from the commission's work. Taken by and through, the commission was composed of excellent material, and its investigation was "scientific" and thorough. It sat at various places over the country; took a great mass of testimony, heard the views of representatives of all industries and vocations affected by the tariff, and submitted to Congress a report embodying many vital and practical suggestions as to reform. But what was the net result? How did the outcome meet popular expectations? By utterly disappointing it. Never was "scientific" investigation of an economic question more utterly discredited. The ink was hardly dry on the commission's report, before the protected interests swooped down on Congress and tore the report all to pieces. Some of those who had been foremost in bringing the commission into existence and loud-est in exploiting the merits of the plan were among the first to turn and rend the report and its authors. And what was the result? There was not only no reform, but under pressure from the "infant industries," an increase of the tariff burdens in many directions. Since that date the high protectionists have been reinforced by the trusts, which the tariff shields—which depend virtually upon a tariff for their life—and the combination is an hundred fold more powerful and influential in the matter of controlling national legislation than were the forces arrayed against the report and the recommendations of the commission of 1833. Considering what that combination has at stake, is there any reason to believe that the report of the proposed new commission would meet with any better fate at the hands of a Republican Congress than did the report of its predecessor? We opine not.

Granting that President Roosevelt and his supporters are sincere in claiming to be hopeful of practical results from this movement, that it is not designed as a beguiling propitiatory offering to the revisionist sentiment in their own party, and that it is not a play for a breathing spell during which it is trusted something will turn up to de-energize the tariff issue, we are taught by experience and the relation of the trusts to the Republican party that the President and his advisers are pursuing an ignis fatuus. But we are not satisfied that the movement is a sincere one. We rather suspect that it is intended as a time-gainer, with a view at bottom of removing the tariff issue, if possible, from the arena of public discussion, thus abating popular interest in it, and robbing the Democratic party of the strength it has been steadily gaining by forcing tariff reform to the front. At any rate the Democracy should take no chances. They should stand prepared to make the best use of any facts and figures the commission may collect, but not to keep up the agitation meanwhile, and not to keep it before the people that only through Democratic control of the Government is relief from the tariff and trust evils possible, would be inexcusable blunders. For our leaders to lend themselves to the suggestion that a Republican Congress will reform the tariff upon the recommendation of any commission, no matter how intelligent the latter, or how "scientific" its investigations, would be Boerian political stupidity, and mean a distinct, if not fatal falling back in the race for the goal of 1924.

The wage rating on the part of the railroads doesn't seem to be altogether altruistic. It is accompanied by an advance in freight rates, and it is estimated that while the railways put about \$30,000,000 into the pockets of their employees by means of the double action, they put about \$120,000,000 into their own, thus securing a net profit of \$90,000,000. The public, of course, pays the piper.

At last we have a coherent message sent by wireless telegraphy across the Atlantic—according to Marconi.

There doesn't seem to be any room in this country for the cranky Doukhobors now in Canada. We have cranks enough of our own.

According to the Philadelphia Press, administration organ, the prospects are good for a law establishing a Department of Commerce. We presume the government has taken soundings.

SOMETHING BEYOND SETTLEMENT.

Whether or not the Pennsylvania coal operators and miners reach an agreement outside of the arbitration commission, it is to be hoped that the commission will continue its sittings and gather all the information obtainable touching the cause of the trouble and the relations of the contending parties.

The American public have been looking to the commission to go beyond settling the strike, and reach, if possible, some basic principle for the adjustment of differences between labor and capital which will appeal to the sense of right and justice of both these elements, and afford a guarantee against great strikes in future. It is only possible to do this by giving the problem of labor and capital the most careful and intelligent study in the light of thorough investigation of the interests and grievances and exactions of each side.

All of our contemporaries seem not to agree as to when the terms of office of the State Corporation Commissioners begin, but the Constitution is unanimous on that point. "The terms of the State Board of Education, the State Corporation Commission, and the Board of Agriculture and Immigration, the directors of public institutions and prisons, and of each State hospital, and the Commissioner of State Hospitals, to be first elected or appointed under this Constitution, shall begin on March 1, 1923."

In diplomatic circles the interesting announcement is made that diplomatic relations between Greece and Persia are about to be resumed after an interval of non-intercourse extending over 2,533 years. The last diplomatic relations between the two powers was when Darius, in 491 B. C., sent heralds to Athens to demand the submission of the Greeks to Persia. At least, so a contemporary informant, and we prefer to let it go at that rather than look up the record that

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And we refer to the matter in no spirit of suspicion, but as a singular coincidence when we state that we noticed that in no less than five of our leading Northern contemporaries, the telegraphic accounts of the lynching appeared in the smallest sort of type, and tucked away in an obscure corner.

Of course, we suppose that the demands on space and the exigencies of making up the forms account for this contrast with the prominence these same contemporaries are wont to give Southern lynchings. But it was funny, wasn't it?

One hundred cases of congenital dislocation of the hip-joint are said to be awaiting treatment by Dr. Lorenz, the famous German surgeon, on his arrival in New York. How thankful should they be who are without physical malformation. How little as a rule do they appreciate the blessing that is theirs in this respect.

Culpeper has produced some distinguished men. Among them were such as R. V. Thompson, who died in Indiana several years ago; J. S. Pendleton, who was one of the finest orators in the State; John S. Barbour, Sr., the father of John and James Barbour, who came in one vote of being nominated by the Democratic National Convention for the Presidency; Phil Thompson, of Kentucky; General James Longstreet, General A. P. Hill, John A. Broadus, the great preacher, and others.—"Felix," in Culpeper Enterprise.

General James Longstreet! We guess not. He was born in South Carolina.

A RHODE ISLAND FRIEND.

A Rhode Island friend has sent the President a thirty-four pound turkey with day to grace his table on Thanksgiving-Day. Now if some Virginian will send him a gallon of hnaven oysters with which to stuff and some Pennsylvania will supply a load of anthracite with which to cook it, we should think his Excellency would be in a very thankful spirit on Thursday next.

A WOMAN'S VENIAL SIN.

There is a blending of both the pathetic and the humorous in the story of the death of Mrs. Hattie Hart, of Pekin, Ill., and if we weren't ourselves as full of human weaknesses as an egg is of meat, we would say that her untimely end points an awful moral. Mrs. Hart wanted to be beautiful, and so she took a patent preparation that was warranted to bring about the personal pulchritude so much desired. Hoping and fondly trusting that the resultant comeliness would be in proportion to the amount of the compound swallowed, the unfortunate woman drank an overdose of the preparation. And now she's dead. The drug killed her, and the dearest wish of her heart—and of the hearts of millions of other women—passes unrealized.

Mrs. Hart, the poor creature who pursued that ever-seductive ignis fatuus which in plain English is known as artificial beauty, was the wife of an humble man. There are some we know, who on learning this will care to read no more about her, but to our mind this makes her all the more pitiable and interesting. What a story of sorrow, of disappointment, of love, and ambition, may lie behind her abortive effort to render herself attractive! And after all, who can blame her? Which of us, the perennial occupants of vanity's glass houses, can throw a stone at Mrs. Hart? Her methods, it must be admitted, were crude, but very human impulses actuated them. This thing of being beautiful or trying to be beautiful, is as old as civilization—yes, older, for our Druidical ancestors tattooed themselves centuries before the Roman eagles were landed in England. And we haven't a doubt that some of our more remote anthropoid progenitors showed equally as much weakness, though possibly in a different way.

Be that as it may, the same tendency still exists to-day and is practiced with more or less success. We wouldn't care to say how far some of the women go, and, moreover, it's none of our business. They are expected to look pretty—we almost demand it, forthwith—and if now and then we detect suspicious signs it is our duty to be blind. Then, too, we have to look after our own appearance. Try as hard as we may to dodge it, the inevitable day comes when we must religiously hard every strand of hair on our heads and brush them with the utmost care to prevent revelations that would be painfully embarrassing. We pay much money, too, for porcelain teeth—far more, in fact, than for the family crockery—and all for the same reason that Mrs. Hart bought the beauty preparation. So, after all, that poor woman, now free from the necessity for such time-honored subtleties, is rather to be envied than scoffed at.

The moral, if any there be, to be drawn from Mrs. Hart's case is that there is no short cut to beauty. Poets are born, not made—at least we've always tried to persuade the rhymesters that such is the case—and so are good-looking people. If art and drugs could produce the desired effect, this place would look like the den of an alchemist, and we would have Apollo Belvideres running our presses

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and pounding our linotype machines, along the Beau Brummels at the editorial desks. Of course, the authorities are going to prosecute the "beauty specialist" who sold the Illinois woman the preparation, and, of course, too, people are going to continue to buy such stuff until our race has run its course. The weakness is hereditary.

The Culpeper Enterprise joins the Clarke Courier in endorsing Speaker Ryan as a suitable person for the Democratic party to nominate for Governor. We must, therefore, revise our list of gubernatorial possibilities. In alphabetical order it is now as follows: W. A. Anderson, A. C. Braxton, J. Taylor Ellison, John F. Ryan, Henry C. Stuart, Claude E. Swanson, and Joseph E. Willard.

P. S.—The nomination will be made by primary election in the summer of 1926.

The Montgomery, Ala., Advertiser jeers at the Virginia Sweet potato. We wonder if it saw the newspaper report of the big potato raised near Roxbury, in this State? It was so long and large—the potato, not the report—that only one end could be put into the fire to bake. While it was cooking at one end, a number of young folks sat on the other end, as on a log, and were in close conversation when the potato exploded, blowing the group right and left. We do not remember whether the account said that any of the men or women were killed. The water in the potato having been generated into steam caused the explosion, we dare say scientists will explain.

SPIRIT OF THE STATE PRESS.

Good Roads, Good Schools, and Good Churches.

Henry Bulletin: Good roads and good schools and good churches go hand in hand, assisting and blessing each other and working together for civilization, good order and the moral and material welfare of the community.

Grayson Gazette: Doubtless farmers could not employ their spare moments during the fall and winter months more profitably than by informing themselves as to the best methods of improving the country roads and by devising ways and means for the actual execution of such plans.

Roanoke Evening News: The secret of Republican success lies in Republican party spirit and loyalty. What ever there is done or remains to be done is done and it takes only a very bitter pill to make a Republican so sick at his stomach that he will not go to the polls himself plotting with him as many others as he can induce to go. And it is a strange thing that the Democrats have never learned their lesson.

Virginia Citizen: Some newspaper correspondents have fallen into error while lamenting over the passing of the County Court in Virginia. The new system of courts would go into operation on January next. It is not until January 1, 1924, that the present County Court system will be abolished under the new Constitution. So our country friends have more than a year yet in which to make good use of "vote" day.

Eastern Shore Herald: It is apparent to every thoughtful farmer of this county that we have about reached that time when the white people of the county will have to abandon farming, or introduce a different system of labor and a different class of laborers. The work of the present year has been done by most farmers with dry labor, which of itself consumes all the profits.

Fredericksburg Star: One thousand school children of Chicago are on a strike out of sympathy with some striking employees of a manufacturing establishment. It occurs to us that a general strike on the part of the parents would help matters wonderfully.

Should Be Careful.

Norfolk County Times: The Legislature of Virginia should be very careful in its enactment of laws affecting labor and capital. There should be no class legislation for the benefit of farmers, or introduction of laws which would serve to promote the welfare of the people at large. Capital should not combine to oppress labor, nor should labor confederate to annoy.

SOUTHERN SENTIMENT.

We recall no deeds on in the history of the United States Government that so tends to weaken popular confidence in the wisdom of that tribunal as does the opinion handed down last Monday by Justice Peckham in the Magnette Heating case.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

There is indeed no just and honorable way of reducing Southern representation in Congress, and any attempt made at it would prove as disastrous to the Republican party as was the force bill.—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

The fact that a man has read the newspaper accounts of the crime does not furnish the basis for forming an opinion which should be formed from service as a Juror.—Augusta Chronicle.

Parents are mainly, of course, to blame for the presence of children in factories. Some parents have no other interest in their children than the money the children earn.—Savannah News.

There is no disputing the fact that there is a considerable stock of prosperity in this country, but it isn't as well distributed as it might be.—Wilmington Star.

The union labor men of the United States should turn a deaf ear to the pleas of those agitators who declare that the volunteer military organizations and organized labor are antagonistic to each other.—Atlanta Journal.

Our French Opera-House is specially arranged for social enjoyment, and for such purposes there is none in the Union superior. If, indeed, there is one equal.—New Orleans Picayune.

Legislation is needed to foster and increase our trade with Germany, as well as with all other nations, instead of such as will hamper and decrease it.—Wilmington Messenger.

This is what Roosevelt did. He stole the Democratic clothes. He took reform and trust reform were Democratic reforms. Upon these issues the Democrats were about to win. Mr. Roosevelt promised that the Republicans would do these very things that the Democrats were clamoring for. In the name of the Republican party he promised tariff reform and he promised trust reform. And the people have decided to give the Republican party a chance to make good. Here is the trouble about wearing your opponents' political clothes. If the people elect you to office on account of your wearing them they expect you to keep on wearing them and live up to your clothes. Will the Republicans do it?—Houston Chronicle.

It cannot be denied or doubted by even those who are doubtful and hopeful Americans that there is noticeable almost everywhere in this country a decided trend toward popular disrespect for those supposed to be in authority. The ten-

\$400 Hardman Upright Piano for \$150.00

We offer a very nice Hardman Upright, Rosewood Case, full octaves, full size, triple strung—not a new piano, but a splendid piano for beginners. This piano was taken in exchange as part payment on one of our Uprights.

Regular price, \$400; our special price, \$150.00

Terms: \$10 cash and \$7 per month. Chas. M. Stieff, 431 east Broad Street, JOHN J. FOSTER, Manager.

Agency to walk down advice and rules and laws has come in some notable instances to be little less than a moving picture. The most important of all the questions by which the people of this free Republic are confronted to-day is the timely inquiry as to where this defiance of those in authority is going to lead.—Dallas News.

Mr. Roosevelt hasn't bagged the nomination yet, and he won't if the trusts can keep him out of it, and the trusts company pretty near being all-powerful in the grand old party of high moral ideas and boodle on the side.—Wheeler Register.

The railroads which are making notable voluntary increases in wages not only are not protected by the tariff, but are hampered by it, both in their business and in the cost of their rails and equipment.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Improper Punctuation.

To the Editor of the Dispatch: The substitution of one word for another in one place and change of punctuation in another, altered entirely the meanings in my telegraphic special of November 19th, in reference to the indictments against A. D. Beard.

In the first instance I wrote: "Mr. Beard claims he simply followed the custom without any intentional wrong on his part and that no one was injured by it." In the second instance the sentence should have read "his friends do not think he has been guilty of any intentional wrong, however, he may have violated technically the strict letter of the law." By putting a period after the word "wrong," the meaning is so altered as to make your correspondent express the opinion that Mr. Beard had technical approval of the law, which opinion your correspondent did not intend to express. Please make the correction. Very respectfully, L. E. SCOTT, Correspondent, Amherst, Va.

Hit or Miss. As homeward bent The President Did mud with useful air Of how his gun Had really won No chance to drop a bear.

He said: "When I Again to try A journey such as this To make a hit— Just bet on it— I'll never go to Miss."

Faith's Limit. Dessie: Do you really believe that if the emergency should ever present itself, your Harry would die for you, as he has so often protested? Carolyn: I assuredly do; that is, if— Dessie: If what? Carolyn: If he didn't happen soon enough to realize that he would have to die for himself at the same time.

A Social Shift. Miss Withers: There is one thing that at last I have learned to do, and that is to husband my resources. Miss Cutting: Enviously, of course.

Inherited. Parent: So you say that my daughter doesn't make much progress with her music, eh? Professor: She does not, sir; she defies all my instructions about time and fingering, and runs the scales to suit herself. Parent (with sacrificial wit): Indeed! Now I suppose people would be mean enough to say she is just like her father in that particular; I'm in the coal business, you know.

Human Nature. Green: You know, a fellow feeling makes us wondrous kind. Keene: Yes, if he isn't feeling for something we want ourselves.

On the Spur of the Moment. He (after an interval of silence): I saw a remarkable article in the paper to-day about a trained owl; isn't it wonderful what progress is being made in the

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development of intelligence in the lower animals? She: It certainly is, why, I understand they have developed a kissing-bug.

A Real Conjunction. Teacher (examining grammar class): Sammy, what is "but"? Sammy: What is a conjunction, sir? Teacher: Right. Now give me a sentence illustrating its proper use. Sammy (after some hesitation): The goat will but the -oy.

A Domestic Storm Cloud. Husband (after listening to the usual post club-night inditement): As usual, Madam, I have nothing to say. Wife: Indeed! Well, let me tell you that if you dare say it I snarl have something to say.

The Champion Song Bird. (Written for the Dispatch.) You can talk about your thrushes, and your nightingales, that gurgle and Tootle-cooties of intoxicating song. You can rhapsodize of linnets, and the bobolink that in its Invocation puts to sleep a dinner gong; In fact, if you desire, you can set up the entire Group of warblers that your ecstasy has stirred.

But for genuine infection I'll discount the whole collection With the meaeigris gallopavo bird. What are all the robin's tootings, and the maternal flutings Of the lark and other stars of nature's choir. When you think of what a throbb'll stir your being when the gobbie Of the turkey sets your memory afire?

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