The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

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NEW ENGLAND TIMES-DISPATCH.

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SUNDAY, NOVEMBER 4, 1906.

I have much faith in the general government of the world by Providence, and would humbly acknowledge that to Divine Providence I am indebted for the felicity I have enjoyed. It is that power alone which has furnished me with the means I have employed, and that has crowned them with success.—Franklin.

The Duty to Vote.

[illegible] banks are noted for their liberality. They gather in the money from the depositors and then lend it by preference to responsible men who need and use it in carrying on trade and industry. That line of customers always has the call at the banks of Virginia.

The Times-Dispatch is very proud to be the medium of this splendid exhibit which the banks are making, and The Times-Dispatch is modestly proud of the exhibit which it makes this day on its own account. This issue is the largest in volume The Times-Dispatch has ever printed; the amount of advertising is the largest the paper has ever carried, and today's circulation also breaks the record.

Virginia is prospering as never before. The Times-Dispatch feels that it is doing something to promote the prosperity of the State, and to-day's record shows that The Times-Dispatch is sharing in the prosperity which it is helping to create.

The White Plague in the South

It is alarming that the proportion of deaths from consumption is now greater in the South than in the North. The proportion of deaths from this disease to total mortality in the United States at large is 10.2; in the South, 12.1. In the several Southern States it is as follows:

Alabama	10.1
Arkansas	8.1
Florida	8.2
Georgia	9.8
Kentucky	11.4
Louisiana	9.7
Mississippi	10.5
Maryland	11.4
North Carolina	10.3
South Carolina	12.4
Tennessee	11.6
Texas	8.7
Virginia	12.8
West Virginia	13.3

These figures are taken from the census reports of 1900, but it is hardly probable that present conditions are any more favorable, by comparison, to the South, as the North has been more active than the South in its crusade against the "white plague." It will be observed from the table that Virginia makes the worst exhibit of any Southern State, save Georgia, Tennessee and West Virginia. It is mortifying, however, that Richmond makes a better exhibit than any Southern city listed, except Savannah. The table follows:

San Antonio, Tex.	13.8
Natchez, Miss.	9.4
Mobile, Ala.	10.1
Nashville, Tenn.	14.5
Jacksonville, Fla.	14.5
Norfolk, Va.	14.1
Atlanta, Ga.	12.6
Charleston, S. C.	12.4
New Orleans	12.1
Louisville, Ky.	12.1
Richmond, Va.	11.8
Savannah, Ga.	11.4

There is no doubt that the large percentage of deaths in the South from tuberculosis is due in great part to negro victims, as the blacks are peculiarly subject to this disease, and we have a larger population of negroes than other sections. But that is a phase of the subject which must command the attention of our health authorities. While negroes are naturally prone to consumption, its ravages among them are to be attributed in the main to lack of care and attention to scientific sanitation. But shall we leave them to themselves and give them no instruction and help them setting to improve their sanitary surroundings and save health?

If we do, the neglect will be fatal to Negroes. Death to himself, as race lives to itself. Every negro consumptive in Richmond is a menace to the whole city. Take other phases of the negro question, the disease of the negro, physical or moral, is a disease of the body politic, and more or less affects us all.

But returning to the question immediately under discussion, the figures above quoted are danger signals. It is alarming, we repeat, that nearly thirteen per cent. of all the deaths in Virginia are due to the single disease of tuberculosis, and fully 9 tenths of it preventable disease. We need a genuine crusade in Virginia against the "white plague."

"It's the Hit That Counts."

"There, it's the hit that counts," said President Roosevelt recently to some beginners of target practice.

Yes, boys, it's the hit that counts everywhere. There is such a thing as honorable failure, but honorable success is better. And do you know, my lads, that success is very much a matter of hits? The habit is usually formed at school, and when once formed it abides. It is true that some boys who were failures at school have succeeded fairly well in after life, but they succeeded not because of the failure, but in spite of it, and failure is always hard to overcome. On the contrary, you watch the lad who succeeds in all his undertakings at school, in the class-room, in his examinations, in class-room contests and in field contests, and if you will follow that lad in his after career you will be apt to find a successful man. It's the habit he has formed of hitting and not missing.

Yes, lads, the President has given you a good line—it's the hit that counts. From the labor of making a hit, no matter of what nature the issue may be. Make it successfully every time, for that means skill, strength and success is no trifle. What's good for you? Ask yourself the question, every night when the day's work is ended, and if you can say you have tried to make your mark in life better. Break your own record every succeeding day, and as sure as success is with a law as cause and effect, you will be a successful man.

Falsifying the News.

The Harrisonburg Daily Times says that while it is a Republican paper, it will "give the news fairly and honestly and will never be guilty of being unfair to Democrats." We should require no further proof than this that the Harrisonburg Daily Times is a newspaper of character. No honest newspaper will ever falsify the news to serve its own ends, for every such act is a dishonest transaction. It is both deceitful and fraudulent. News is the stock in trade of a newspaper, and it is as fraudulent to sell dishonest news as to sell dishonest goods of any description. The publisher is under contract with his patrons to give them the news of the day, as far as he is able, for the price of subscription. But the contract is for honest news and not for news that is distorted, colored, exaggerated, partly suppressed or otherwise falsified. Naturally, errors will creep into his reports. The wonder is that they are not more numerous, for nothing is more difficult than to ascertain and relate the exact truth. But to falsify the news deliberately is to perpetrate a fraud.

Argentina's Prosperity and Our Share.

In 1893, the year before the Baring failure—consequent upon the collapse of Argentine speculation—the total exports from Argentina, including re-exports, was only $122,815,000, while the imports were $164,570,000. Argentina was thus spending some $42,000,000 per annum in excess of her income. In 1906 the exports were $322,833,811. The imports for that year were $295,154,430. That is, the exports increased $200,000,000 and the imports increased $46,000,000. Thus the foreign trade of Argentina has grown by some $246,000,000 in sixteen years, while the internal development has been no less remarkable.

The railroads in 1890 had 5,738 miles open for operation. In 1906 there were 12,000 miles open for traffic and 1,529 miles of new lines under construction.

Small wonder then that the people are prospering beyond measure. But the United States is not taking sufficient part in this great volume of trade. Though our exports to Argentina increased more than those of any other nation last year, their value is still $63,581 less than those of Germany, and $39,479,000 less than those of Great Britain.

If the mission of Secretary Root has accomplished nothing else, it has at least directed the attention of this country to the enormous possibilities of our South-ern neighbors.

Rats!

The proposal to organize a company whose avowed mission is to destroy the rats in the Capitol is Homeruns, and we hope the Corporation Commission will arbitrarily decline to grant such a charter. Why should the State create and employ a monopolistic trust to do for it at double the price what it can just as well do for itself? This is a day of municipal operation, and the State should do its own rat-killing.

"The Blessed Dead."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord."—Rev. xiv. 13.

It was a voice from heaven which uttered this benediction. It needed a voice from heaven in those days to convince them that the dead were blessed. And the Apocalypse, in its wholeness, is a voice from heaven. It is the unveiling of the world from which Jesus came, and to which He passed.

Genesis tells us of Eden; the Apocalypse tells us of heaven. Heaven transcends Eden just in the measure that Christ transcends Adam, and the consummate of creation are eclipsed by the consummate of grace. Between Eden and heaven lies this sorrowful and sinful pilgrimage. Man is ever fondly recalling his lost paradise, and the mission of the Gospel is to transfer his aspiration to the heaven, upon which the God-man reveals.

To "die in the Lord" was the end of those who had lived in the Lord. And it also means to die in possession of all that the Lord, by His incarnation and passion, has won for man, and then to pass up to live with Him.

The question is not, "Has Christ given you the right to live with Him?" but, "Have you accepted the power?" Many an heir has been set aside from reigning since want of power to rule. Have you the power to live with Christ, to bear His presence and the light of His life? It is simply a question of attorneyship.

"Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord"—who have lived with Him here, walked with Him, wrought for Him, whose life is a strenuous, steady self-conquest and self-government. Oh death itself is made the path to triumph, through Christ.

There are multitudes of weary martials, Christian and Christian, who long to die, that they may, at any rate, be free from their pain. But here we rise into another region—a region of intense consciousness, joyous vitality; a region of intelligent, responsible, glorious activity; in which the dignity and grandeur of life remains, and only the burden and pain are laid down.

Death is birth to the believer, and birth is ever blessed. Our life here is hidden, buffeted, beaten by storms, nipped by frosts, drenched by floods. But it is thus that life grows hardy, its fibre tough, its stem strong. We shall see in heaven what this storm culture was worth. Our gasp, our struggle, and the soul passes out into a sunlit, glorious freedom—the world of its homesick longing, where all is beautiful and glad—"at home with the Lord."

They pass from a life of long pain to one of long bliss. All life's sad features vanish. They pass from relations and fellowships, which are ever changing here, to those which abide and enlarge and intensify throughout eternity. To live on earth is to suffer. Love enriches life immeasurably, but it also brings anguish. Blessed are they who are born into a world where the love and the relations of souls endure, unstrained, unstained forever.

And then to see the face of Christ! Those who have died, crossed on the Dark or startled by the flame, have yet nestled themselves to sleep as sweetly as an infant on its mother's bosom, to awake in the everlasting presence of their Lord. Oh, the thought, "to see Him as He is!"

And again they are blessed, for they are forever beyond the danger of all that might imperil the prize. On earth good deeds always rest on the future. If even St. Paul feared he might be a castaway, how can such an one as I endure? While we are in this world of sin we are always within the reach of apostasy and shame. Demas, on the very threshold, and side by side with the great apostle, yet fell back into outer night!

Then, let us give thanks for the dear ones beyond all fear of shipwreck, home at last in that world which victorious love has barred against the devil, and forever pure from any taint of sin—sorrow there, nor tears, nor partings.

Woman, why weepest thou? Whom seekest thou? He is not here, but risen. He awaits thee yonder. Press on, poor tempest-tossed pilgrim, press on! He has already entered the everlasting haven. He awaits to welcome thee on that blessed shore.

"Who are these in bright array,
This innumerable throng,
Round the altar night and day,
Tuning their triumphant song?
Worthy is the Lamb, once slain,
Blessing, honor, glory, power,
Wisdom, riches, to obtain—
New dominion every hour.

"These through fiery trials trod;
These from great afflictions came;
Now before the throne of God
Sealed with His eternal name,
Clad in raiment pure and white,
Victor palms in every hand,
Through their great Redeemer's might
More than conquerors they stand.

"Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
On immortal fruits they feed;
Then the Lamb, amidst the throne
Shall to them for ever lead.
Joy and gladness banish sighs,
Perfect love casts all out fears;
And forever from their eyes
God shall wipe away all tears."

The Times-Dispatch approves the action of Mayor Weaver in prohibiting "Uncle Tom's Cabin" when it is known that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" had the right of way from the Potomac to the Gulf. We confess that there are times when we don't begin to understand our big brother—Appomattox Times.

There is no reason [illegible] play is a masterpiece, and it was suppressed in several of the Southern cities. In Philadelphia its presentation created a riot and threatened to make bitter trouble between the races. Mayor Weaver followed the example of the Southern cities and declined to allow the play to have a second performance, and his action was sustained by the people. But The Times-Dispatch remarked at the time that it should have taken place by the Dewey and prohibiting the play at the start; that the action, as it was, had the appearance of surrendering to the mob.

The Brighton Country has been sold to the Louisa Publishing Company, with George P. Miller president; C. E. Johnson, vice-president, and Rhea Crawford, secretary and treasurer.

Mr. Crawford was also elected business manager. Mr. N. B. Hendre will remain with the counter as managing editor, and Mr. J. C. Lechner as city editor.

The Courier is an excellent newspaper and has a field peculiar to itself. It ought to be managed as a business enterprise. It has the best wishes of The Times-Dispatch.

A Pittsburg man was beaten to death by robbers the other day. The remarkable feature about this dispatch is that neither the deceased nor the footpads are described as Pittsburg millionaires.

The ice breaking ship in which Perry failed to reach the Pole was named the Roosevelt. The result might have been different had the vessel borne the Arctic name of Bryan.

Lieutenant Peary announces that he has left the Pole exactly where he found it. That low rumbling sound seems to proceed from the direction of Walter Wellman.

If Mr. [illegible] Brisbane wanted to be [illegible] might refer to him hereafter as Mary Cherokee, in allusion to being a small smoke, and mostly puff.

Paraphrasing his celebrated comment about Mr. Murphy, Willie Hearst might now say of Mr. Bryan: "Bryan may be for Me, but I am not for Bryan."

It is continually Mr. Roosevelt does not have to pay his chances for a Thanksgiving turkey on the accuracy of his own judgment.

The case against Standard Oil in the New York Federal Court contains 1,634 counts. And every count is said to be as bad as Carnegie.

News is so scarce that the telegraph editors are giving space to the slaughter of pedestrians by thoughtless automobiles.

U. S. sailors drank lay rum and died from it, thus proving that there is no real medicinal virtue in the interior stimulants.

Owing to a failure of the whole fisheries, the price of wholebone is now 15 cents a ton. The cost of living is going up every day.

That Montana man who had four false teeth for sale ought to be arrested and forced to restore them to the Elks.

The conduct of Boni Castellane, as it comes to light, again suggests the old query, Which is a gentleman?

If the North Pole has any residues at all it must enjoy a good many quiet laughs.

England has a new $20,000,000 scout cruiser. It floats.

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Virginia Banks.

[illegible]

Falsifying the News.

[illegible]

Rhymes for To-Day

The Pretty Wit of Politicians.

THE political headquarters and the wagons of the band
Are discharging lurid language every-which-way o'er the land;
All the stumps are jammed with speakers just as full as they can get,
And the air is thick with Cuss-word and with biting epithet.

And of all the eager candidates, the one most hotly curst
(As well as hotly cursing) is one William Randolph Hearst;
Assailing and assailed, on he screams from morn till night,
His hand against the hands of all, an ardent Ishmaelite.

They say: "He's just an anarchist, a mouthing demagogue!"
And he retorts: "Come out the trough, you corporation hog!"
If Mr. Hughes says: "Hearst, my friends, is all for Hearst—that's whose!"
He answers: "Would you vote, stout lads, for PIECE-WORK CHARLIE HUGHES!!!"

They term him an assassin, who is stained with martyr's blood;
He orders Arty Brisbane out to sling 'em thick with mud.
They cry: "The day he's President, our gallant country busts!"
He flutters: "Such a smugness! You're a tool of the trusts!"

Invective and philippic, caustic wit and sharpest
Pours out from countless speakers and from many a bitter scribe;
The New York air is livid: well, I know my beast would burst
If I lived half as violent as William Randolph Hearst.

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

A Nuisance.

Mr. Hawkins: "How does your sister like the engagement ring I gave her, Bobby?" Her Young Brother: "Well, he's a little too small; she has an awful hard time getting it on when the other fellows call."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

Small Talk.

"You're a peach," he said, rather austerely, "but you're much too small for me." "Well, I'm a little too small to be just what I want, myself."—Philadelphia Press.

Too Indulgent.

"Did you see anyone you knew at Mr. Mankley's?" was said "because he so slumbs." "Oh, they didn't make a mistake!" replied her husband, and his wife's cheeks often break a blush. I check at Mankley because he's too indulgent to be just what a man."—Philadelphia Press.

A Detail.

Blair: "Why did Mr. Brown marry?" Hawkins: "Just another case of being tired of his bachelor."—Sydney Town and Country Journal.

Punitive Instruments.

"I suppose you'd be sorry," said the grumpy man, "if I took a strong fall for your wife's new bonnet." "Not nearly!" replied her husband, rather relieved to know an excuse. "I'd take pleasure in throwing it away."—Philadelphia Press.

The Dear Girls.

Editor: "You would hardly know Bobbie Blue he's been away from Europe." He: "Is he changed much?" Editor: "Hardly know him at all!" She: "Why, I didn't know that he ever knew him at all!"—New York Press.

POINTS FROM PARAGRAPHERS.

NEBRASKA farmers are seeking the Governor to pardon a number of the people that they may help in the corn husking. But what about the rest of the people? They have to get out to work just the same?—Philadelphia Inquirer.

* * *

It is necessary now to have both nomination and place to win a gubernatorial race.—Baltimore Sun.

* * *

Mr. Bryan is so anxious to have Mr. Hearst elected Governor of New York that he spends all his time campaigning for the Democratic candidates in Indiana and Ohio.—New York Press.

* * *

Behind the substitute of Russia lies there is a wide difference between this country and Japan which has a wide chasm reaches from the Dardanelles to the Dollar.—New York Mail.

* * *

Perhaps it is the echoes from the New York Democratic convention that induced the Czar to postpone his Duma.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

* * *

William R. Hearst is the only candidate who is not responsible for calling the campaign liberal.—Wilkes-Barre Record.

COMMENT OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.

A Happy Riddance.

The Philadelphia editorials have widely spread the proclamation that "Uncle Tom's Cabin" is not to be seen in the Old Dominion. There is no reason for this play except the law of retaliation for the production of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." Both of them stir up resentment which is the more time that could be spent in the country. Hate is the hardest thing of the death. It makes more than ten thousand miles of difference that it costs to engineering.—Warrenton Virginian.

Honorary Degrees.

Persons in close touch with the colleges of the country know how frequently efforts are made and wire working done to have these honors go to some friend. In fact, the governing boards of many of our institutions are appealed to for such titles and in some the shameless lives of money are made for those coveted honors.—Lexington Gazette.

Rocky Mount's Progress.

The continued activity in the Rocky Mount industry market is indeed gratifying. Our trade is enlarging its scope and we are selling the bales daily for farmers who have been kept on other markets, as they invariably go home satisfied they did come again.—Franklin Chronicle.

A Hint to Boys.

Not every boy can be a rich man or a great leader, but every boy can be a gentleman. A boy who is polite and considerate, who is neat and clean and who very best every day, will win the attention and confidence of men, and will be given paying and responsible position as soon as he is old enough to fill them.—Bedford Democrat.

Never Budged a Peg!

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have been asked why I have not through the press endorsed the proposed "early saloon closing" movement. My reply is that I confess to a lack of faith in the possibility of reforming or regulating a bad egg, and yet, if its odor can be circumscribed by limitations of time and space, I presume all of us can unite in saying "for this relief much thanks." I am on record in your paper as favoring the elimination of the rum egg and the hatching hen, and I presume the public does not crave too frequent a "threshing of old straw." I do wish to say briefly, however, that our city legislators can consider no more vitally important subject than the removal of gilded temptation to vice and intemperance on the part of our young folk, and the all-night saloon is prolific of untold evils. The Times-Dispatch was wise in pointing out the absurdity of forcing the pool-rooms to close and leaving the inviting saloon doors wide open.

Yes, by all means, close the saloon by 11 o'clock; but you must permit me to make the point that, after looking at the matter from every point of view, calmly and thoughtfully, and giving due credit for sincerity to the "regulators," I am forever and eternally persuaded that it is illogical and suicidal for a State or municipality to license anything that contributes to the moral and material deterioration of the people. And the curious fact about it all is that the proposition is generally endorsed, except in its application to the whiskey traffic! Let's think in a straight line and not shy at obstacles of policy!

W. M. BICKERS.

Richmond, Va., October 30, 1906.

Voice of the People.

The Early-Closing Movement.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Too much praise cannot be bestowed upon you and all those who are advocating the early closing of saloons and pool-rooms. But, it seems to me, that the argument nearly all advocates of an early closing ordinance make—namely, that it will prevent young men from drinking after a certain hour every night, or, in other words, to go home when the saloons close—is not altogether correct. In my opinion, the early closing ordinance ought to include the houses of ill repute and gambling dens, where liquor can be had at all times, and these are the places that will be the gainers by the early closing of saloons. These sudden ideas of reform which are constantly springing up in Richmond never seem to be far-reaching enough to accomplish the desired end, as there is always a loophole left for the ones whose ruin is to be provided against to crawl through.

The saloon man pays a license to do business as well as any other business man, and it does not seem exactly fair to dictate to him when he shall open and close his place, when we allow houses of ill fame to run full blast the whole year round, every Sunday included, without so much as saying a word about them. I venture to say that if the early closing ordinance becomes a law and the saloons really close, both front and back doors, at the prescribed hour, the majority of young men who have been drinking together during the entire evening will go to the last named places as certain as the world stands, unless they are in the condition for cabby to take them home.

Hence, I say, if we are going to close up the saloons and pool-rooms at 11 or 12 o'clock every night, let us go a little farther and close up the places where greater harm awaits our young men than, perhaps, whole nights spent in a saloon or pool-room.

I firmly believe that the early closing of saloon and pool-rooms will prove a good thing, provided some restrictions are placed in the way of houses of ill repute, but if they are going to be allowed to run wide open all day and all night, to sell beer and whiskey in addition to carrying on their nefarious business, I hope the saloons will be allowed to go on as at present, for, between the two evils, the saloon is preferable, and, besides, liquor is dispensed at a much lower price, which can only result in a saving to the aforesaid young men.

Richmond, Va. HOHHEN SIE.

Backstamping Letters.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I see from to-day's Times-Dispatch that it is claimed the mail is delivered much sooner than it was before the backstamping was abolished. It is not so up our way, for at most three days out of the six, the mail is from one-half hour to one hour late. It used to arrive at 9 A. M. To-day it was 9:30 A. M. before it arrived; it has been as late as 11 A. M.

You also state the backstamping has been discontinued in New York, Washington, D. C., Boston and other large towns. To show you it has not been altogether abandoned in Washington, I enclose you an envelope which I brought from Washington last week myself, and I also send several other letters which had the stamp on them.

Here is a question I would like to be enlightened on: I receive my mail at a street number. Some weeks ago I was looking for a very important letter expected on a train arriving in Richmond for evening and last delivery of the day. I called at the office for the letter, as I wanted to leave the city at 11 P. M. in case the letter arrived, and the clerk told me I could not get my mail without an order from the postmaster. I said, "I get my mail here every Sunday without an order from the postmaster; why can't I get it now?"

I looked for the postmaster, but he was out, having gone home, I suppose, it being about 7 o'clock Saturday evening. So I had to wait until Sunday afternoon—4 o'clock—before getting my letter, whereas, if the clerk would have given me my mail I could have left at 11 P. M., arranging my business matters and been back in Richmond even before the mail opened at 4 P. M. Sunday.

This seems to be a very important question, and one which should have immediate attention. I fail to see what benefits are to be derived by the post-office patrons by such a ruling. I know it worked a hardship one time, and is calculated to do so many times in the future.

E. W. R.

Richmond, Va.

Southern Emigration.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Since my return from Washington City, where I went to invite President Roosevelt to attend the Southern Immigration and Quarantine Conference that meets at Nashville in November, I have had many inquiries from different portions of the South as to the plan I had in view for sending the idle negroes in the South to work on the Panama Canal, as suggested to President Roosevelt and Chairman Shonts, of the Isthmian Commission, during my visit, and which was reported from Washington through the Associated Press.

I did not give the President or Chairman Shonts any details of this plan, as I had in mind that whatever should be done in the matter would best come from the Nashville meeting as the voice of the South rather than as the view of any one individual. But it may be best to have the suggestion considered in advance of the Nashville conference, and so I ask space in your columns to present it to your readers for their consideration and your own, and as I would have it dealt with as of possible benefit to the South.

In brief, the plan simply contemplates a uniform enforcement of vagrancy laws with a suspension of the sentence if the vagrant will voluntarily go to Panama and work on the canal. This plan is practically in effect in principle all over the South at the present time. It is a matter of daily occurrence for offenders to be sentenced in police courts, when the judge will say: "I will suspend this sentence if you will leave here and never return." By that plan the culprit is judicially sent from one community to repeat his offense in a neighboring city, which is all wrong. By the other plan, the culprit can be given the alternative of a maximum sentence, which carries work with a ball and chain, poor food and no pay, or good pay, good food and good quarters at Panama. Now, which is really the most humane plan? It is suggested that if they went work here, will they work at Panama? Those who know the negro best say that if he is removed from those environments that tended to make him a vagrant—being fed from kitchens of white people by black cooks, low dives and whiskey shops—he will regain his habits of work and soon become an efficient laborer. Agents for the canal can take these whenever they signify their willingness to go to Panama and arrange for their transportation.

This will aid in solving the race problem in the South and help complete the canal earlier. Good negroes will also aid in ferreting out those idle classes, so that the possibilities of the plan appear worth the experiment.

N. F. THOMPSON.

Chattanooga, Tenn., Oct. 30, 1906.

Negro Dictation.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It is hard for a Virginian to keep silent when negroes dictate what shall and what shall not be done. When a man who is old enough to remember the dark days of reconstruction and how negroes and scalawags lorded it over the noblest men who ever bore arms for the defense of constitutional liberty, it is enough to make his blood boil to read that negroes now undertake to dictate what and who shall exhibit the truths of history. And the same and disgrace is that they have their way.

No filed more vile lies ever been produced than "Uncle Tom's Cabin." It fired the heart of the North and of the world against the owners of slaves. Northern men clapped their hands and applauded. No doubt of Southern sympathizers crowded around the playhouse and threatened riot and ruin if the play was noted. It produced the desired effect, and caused men who should have been brethren to defame and abuse the South as worse than barbarians. Yet it went on, was acted thousands of times, and no riot followed or was threatened, although the spirit of the whole thing was false.

Now a man writes a play that presents the truths of history. The truth is, or ought to be, the object of every man's pursuit. Mr. Dixon says that he will prove the truth of every assertion made in his book. He avows that it depends the truth, and nothing but the truth, he has offered a thousand dollars of any one will take him up that he will prove proof of every fact stated in his book. No man who knows the negro and his history will doubt the truth of Mr. Dixon's book. But it must therefore accept the statements of those who know that they are true. And now when he proposes to show to the people of the North the grounds upon which the charges of cruelty and infanticide which were spread across the South, negroes are to forbid the production of the evidence. To tear and tear, after a noble christian grace, the South has borne all, and more than could ever have been expected. But shall we consent that the truths of history shall be suppressed because a race of impulsive, furious negroes demand it? Will they not soon demand that the papers suppress publishing the outrages and crimes committed by them against the land? Some years ago negroes broke in the Richmond jail to the fact that the reporters for the Police Court reported an assault the negroes who were up for crime. The editor thought that the attention of the people must should not be called to the great number of negro criminals.

The object of the Philadelphia negroes is evident. They do not want the people of the North to know how they acted when they had the power. They know that if Northern men knew them as we of South do, they would rate them at their proper worth. Northern people do not like to come South to visit and learn the negro and work out social blood in dealing with them.

People will differ about the play. This is all right. Let the weeds enter in expressing things that are disagreeable to some people, and soon we will have the cleaner of the press. If the people of the North do not like to see the play they can stay at home, and it will be quietly withdrawn, but it is to be hoped that the negroes will not be permitted to rule the country and dictate what portion of history shall be perpetuated and what shall be suppressed.

Emporia, Va. CONSTANT READER.

Shall Freedom of Speech Be Suppressed?

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—A schoolmaster can flog a child, but he can never prevent that child from growing. A man who stands for right and righteousness may be fined, lodged in jail, even put to death, but no one can hurt that soul. It is true the Czar of Russia can sit within his own kingdom, on his own throne chair, and declare what a public speaker must not say, and defy the opinion of the public press criticising him or his court. America is known the world over as a land of liberty. At this moment the heart chord of every true American vibrates in sweet melody, "Sweet Land of Liberty."

Is there a square foot of land under the Star Spangled Banner where man may stand clothed in the dignity of law and say our press cannot express the opinion of an individual? If so, then let us drape every star in mourning, and hang our heads in grief and wait till God shall come and take the souls of men, who stand for right and purity to the land where the souls' wings shall unfurl in freedom. A lie has never hurt, it soon dies. But truth often stings. No power on earth can crush it. By power grind it to death, burn it to ashes, and then it will rise, "for the eternal years of God are hers."

The fundamental principle of the Constitution of these United States is the right of every citizen in pursuit of life, liberty and happiness. In vital connection with this and supported by our Federal government and each separate State government is freedom of speech and liberty of the press. Neither liberty of speech nor freedom of the press are dreams of vanished glory. The shining crimson tide of our forefathers ripples down every mountain side and through every valley, and shall ever murmur: "Give me liberty or give me death."

ALEXANDER MILLER.

Lynchburg, Va., November 1, 1906.

Love Marks.

Here are a few of the epithets used in last week's Tazewell Republican, which the editor applies to his Democratic friends and neighbors, viz.:

"Thieves, sneaks, tooters, scoundrels, hypocrites, devils with hoofs and horns, devils in disguise, black and crooked," and perhaps others. These are a few gathered at random from a cursory glance through the columns of that delightful journal. The writer and author of these delightful epithets is postmaster at Tazewell, and is compelled to come in contact every day with this disreputable and scandalous element of society, which must be very unpleasant to him. Many of this same class are subscribers to the Tazewell Republican also. How those readers and patrons enjoy this kind of reading we are not informed.—Clinch Valley News.

Koch's Healthy Sausage.

Realizing the demand for a sausage that will meet the PURE FOOD requirements, I take this method of notifying my friends and the public that I am making a PURE ALL-PORK SAUSAGE, slaughtering only the best healthy hogs that have been inspected and passed by the United States government inspectors.

My plant is modern and sanitary in every particular. I give the greatest care in selecting my meat, and use nothing but absolutely pure spices.

A trial breakfast order will convince you of the excellence of this article, and make for me a lifelong friend of the sausage-lover.

W. R. KOCH, 307-309 North Sixth Street.

'PHONES 854, 1559.