The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1906.

To Christmas Shoppers.

Please buy your presents early.

Early in the day and early in December.

That will be your biggest gift of the holidays—to the workers behind the counters and on the delivery wagons.

The Lord is good, who often withholds what we desire, that He may add to it what we prefer.—St. Augustine.

Individual Responsibility.

The coroner's jury which investigated the recent wreck on the Southern Railway near Danville, rendered the following verdict:

"We, the jury, find George C. Kinney and W. B. King came to their death in the Danville yards of the Southern Railway, caused by passenger train No. 34 colliding with rear end of freight No. 8, and also caused by incompetent employes of the Southern Railway Company, or carelessness on the part of the management of the Southern Railway system somewhere."

The verdict would have been nearer the mark if it had said that the accident was due to inferior administration on the part of the Southern Railway Company and gross neglect of duty and disobedience of rules on the part of several of the company's employes. When freight train No. 82 approached Danville, it was stopped on the main track, because there was no room for it in the yard across the river. The conductor told the brakeman to go back and flag passenger train No. 34, which was soon due. But he left his train and went to the station, without stopping to see that his order was obeyed.

That was violation No. 1 of the printed rules of the company.

The brakeman did not go back to flag the approaching train, although he was again notified by whistle from the locomotive. The brakeman instead sat by the stove in the car, went to sleep, and failed to obey orders.

That was violation No. 2.

The telegraph operator at Danville let train No. 34 into the block, while the freight train was standing on the main track.

That was violation No. 3.

The engineer of train No. 34 approached Danville at a speed of twenty-five miles an hour, when the regulations limited his speed inside the corporate limits to ten miles an hour.

That was violation No. 4.

At Spencer one of the company's men replaced the broken glass in the look-out window of the locomotive of train No. 34, with a tin plate, which cut off the engineer's view, and in that condition the locomotive was taken out, which made

Violation No. 5.

There was no incompetency about it. It was criminal negligence and disobedience. The men knew their duty and did it not. It may be argued that the management was careless in having such careless men in its service. Granted. But in blaming the company, let us not excuse the men. Duty is duty, whether the person involved be president, engineer, conductor, telegraph operator, flagman or repairer. Had any one of the men involved discharged his duty faithfully, the accident at Danville might have been avoided. The neglect of all had the appearance of a conspiracy of carelessness.

The management is responsible, but the individuals are responsible also, each for his own delinquency. The public should insist that every railroad man shall obey the regulations of the company, or be responsible to the courts for his criminal negligence.

Commissioner Stuart has said that the rules of the Southern Railway Company would not well be improved. The Southern's rules are practically the same as those used by the best roads in the country, but rules are one thing and administration is another. Mr. Stuart has not said that the administration of the Southern Railway is without fault. To the contrary, investigation has convinced him that the administration is seriously at fault and is responsible for most of the distressing accidents which have occurred on the company's lines. But to administration we mean the service of the employes as well as of the higher officials, and he thinks that the endeavors of the Corporation Commission and of the general public should be directed towards the improvement of administration in all departments of delinquent railroads. The public conscience should be aroused on the subject of individual duty and individual responsibility. Responsibility must not be saddled upon the organization and left there. It must be placed upon president, director, manager, trainman, telegraph operator, according as it belongs, and every man of them must be held to strict account.

Roosevelt and Hamilton.

In order to fortify his own position, President Roosevelt has resurrected the views of James Wilson, of Pennsylvania, who was in his day a representative of extreme federalism. It had been more to the point if Mr. Roosevelt had exploited the views of Alexander Hamilton, for Hamilton, rather than Wilson, was the prince of Federalists, and Mr. Roosevelt has given evidence that he is even a stronger Federalist than Hamilton.

Thomas Jefferson, when he returned from his mission to France in 1790, found a state of things "which," said he, "of all I had ever contemplated, I least expected." "The President received me cordially," said Mr. Jefferson, in relating his experiences, "and my colleagues and the circle of principal citizens, apparently with welcome. The courtesies of dinner parties given me placed me at ease in their familiar society. But I can't describe the wonder and mortification with which the table conversations filled me. Politics were the chief topic, and the preference of a kingly over a republican government was evidently the favorite sentiment. An apostate I could not be, nor yet a hypocrite, and I found myself, for the most part, the only advocate on the republican side of the question, unless some of the guests chanced to be members of that party from the legislative houses."

Coming finally to speak specifically of Hamilton, he proclaimed him to be a monarchist, and relates the following incident:

"Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but for a monarchy bottomed on corruption. In proof of this, I will relate an anecdote, for the truth of which I attest the God who made me. Some occasion for consultation arising, I invited those gentlemen (members of the Cabinet and Vice-President Adams) to dine with me. After the cloth was removed, and our question agreed and dismissed, conversation began on other matters, and, by some circumstance, was led to the British Constitution, on which Mr. Adams observed: 'Purge that constitution of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would be the most perfect constitution ever devised by the wit of man.' Hamilton paused and said: 'Purge it of its corruption, and give to its popular branch equality of representation, and it would become an impracticable government; as it stands at present, with all its supposed defects, it is the most perfect government which ever existed.' And this was assuredly the exact line which separated the political creeds of these two gentlemen. The one was for two hereditary branches and an honest elective one; the other, for an hereditary king, with a House of Lords and Commons corrupted to his will, and standing between him and the people."

President Roosevelt is not so bold as this, but the doctrine which he has been preaching of late, in person and through Secretary Root, has led many of us to believe that at heart Mr. Roosevelt is as much a monarchist as Hamilton ever dared to be. There is this much to be said, however, in Mr. Roosevelt's favor: In Jefferson's opinion Hamilton was not only a monarchist, but stood for a monarchy "bottomed on corruption," whereas the whole nation is satisfied that Mr. Roosevelt is at least honest in his views and in his practices, and he is in favor of pure and honest government.

Jefferson.

But before leaving the subject, let us turn for refreshment from the monarchical tenchings of Hamilton and Roosevelt to the pure democracy of Thomas Jefferson. "I know," said he, in his first inaugural address, "that some honest men feel that a Republican government cannot be strong; that this government is not strong enough. But would an honest patriot in the full tide of successful experiment abandon a government which has so far kept us free and firm on the theoretic and visionary fear that this government, the world's best hope, may by possibility want energy to preserve itself? I trust not. I believe this, on the contrary, the strongest government on earth."

On another occasion Mr. Jefferson explained why he regarded our government as the strongest on earth. "Where every man is a sharer in the direction of his ward republic, or some of the higher ones," said he, "and feels that he is a participator in the government of affairs, not merely at an election one day in the year, but every day; when there shall not be a man in the State who will not be a member of some one of its councils, great or small, he will let the heart be torn out of his body sooner than his power be wrested from him by a Caesar or Bonaparte."

His faith, therefore, was based upon the principle of individualism and local self-government. He felt that the government was strongest when the people attended to their own affairs, when each and every citizen took an active part in government, and that the government would be weakest when power was taken from the people, from the State, from the counties, cities and townships, and centralized at Washington. When Mr. Jefferson wrote, our government was, as he says, in the experimental stage, but it has passed that stage, and has found itself and proved itself, and we should be foolish, foolhardy and reckless if we should abandon that which time and test have proved to be good, to make explorations into the doubtful fields of Roosevelt.

The Public School Investigation.

The Times-Dispatch is interested to observe that the Council proposes, through one of its committees, to investigate the public school system of Richmond. This does not imply that the schools need investigation, as that term is popularly understood. There is no suspicion of corruption. The only question is one of efficiency.

But will a committee of the Council be able to reach exact conclusions on that point? Teaching is a profession, and it is impossible for a layman, with all the investigation he may make, to determine whether or not our schools are in all respects up to the mark.

When it was determined to investigate the Gas Works, the Council employed an expert. In the opinion of The Times-Dispatch the services of an expert should be engaged to assist the committee in the proposed investigation of the public school system. We of Richmond desire to know not merely if our school system is good, but whether or not it is as good as the best, and there must be a standard of measurement. We desire to know whether or not the method of instruction and discipline in the Richmond schools is the most approved, is up to the highest standard, is as good as the method in Lynchburg, Norfolk, New York, or other cities of the Union. We desire to know if the officers and teachers are up to standard in learning, in capacity, and in all other essentials. We desire to know if the school buildings are sanitary, if the health of the pupils is cared for, and if they are properly trained in mind and morals. We desire to know if the best text books are used, and if the prices are satisfactory.

Without reflection upon the abilities of the Council, The Times-Dispatch does not believe that any member of that body is competent to determine all these questions. Of necessity they involve expert knowledge, and the services of an expert schoolman should be engaged.

The Lee Papers.

The Times-Dispatch publishes to-day an important contribution to the literature of the Civil War in the "Lee Papers," which have been chronologically arranged and tabulated by Captain W. Gordon McCabe, to whom grateful appreciation is due for his laborious and valuable work.

The appearance of these papers had long been expected, and though they are of great intrinsic interest, they cast but little light on the history of the period with which they deal.

To sum up in the words of Captain McCabe: "These papers contain no new or unpublished material relating to the campaigns of 1862-1863, and in no great measure to that of 1864, the greatest campaign he ever waged. It would seem, however, that there is enough unpublished material of sufficient weight and moment (as noted in this report) touching the brief and tragic campaign of 1865 to justify the publication of a single volume."

Our Educational Page.

Several articles of more than ordinary interest will be found on our Educational Page to-day.

The leading article is on the recent conference in Richmond of the High School teachers of Virginia, by the secretary, Mr. C. C. Pearson; another on the same subject, is entitled "Teaching Agriculture in the High Schools," by Mr. E. M. Soch, of the Hampton Institute, and still another entitled "The Gap Between the High School and College," by Mr. A. G. Williams.

The work of the Richmond Education Association is reviewed by one of the most active of its members, and is a deserved tribute to that institution, which has done so much to stimulate interest in popular education throughout the Commonwealth.

The Desert Voice.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"And now also the ax is laid unto the root of the trees; therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down and cast into the fire."—Matthew iii. 10.

This is the voice of one crying in the wilderness; the second Elijah; the man of the desert; the burning, shining light; the prophet of warning; the forerunner of Messiah. He spoke to Israel, he speaks to us.

It is the voice of warning, a trumpet voice, the prelude to the last trumpet, a herald of coming wrath and woe. The voice spoke first to Israel; it now speaks to Christendom, to the world, and it speaks also to each of us.

He speaks of the ax. This is judgment, destruction. The ax is not for planting, or pruning, or dressing, or propping, or protecting, but for cutting down. It is often mentioned in the Bible, and in all cases for overthrow, utter overthrow. The ax against Israel was the Roman host, and many such an ax has God wielded age after age. Every judgment is an ax. Pestilence is God's ax; famine is God's ax; adversity is God's ax. Sometimes prosperity is His ax also.

At Christ's second coming the ax will be uplifted against antichrist, against every false church, against all unrighteous men. There is a great difference between the pruning knife and the ax. Yet some of God's judgments are both in one. An ax to the ungodly, a pruning knife to the saint. This is God's ax, not man's; its edge is sharp, it is heavy, it will thoroughly do its work.

The voice speaks of trees, not one tree, but a whole forest. He compares Israel to a grand forest. It may be of olive wood or palm wood; the giant oaks of Bashan or the cedars of Lebanon. Israel was a forest, God's own forest, planted by God, on God's own hills and valleys. So also is the church, and each member is a tree in that forest. On that forest God has His eye, and from its trees God looks for fruit.

The ax lies at the root of these trees. He who placed it there did so for a warning. He saw His trees not prospering, not growing, not bearing fruit, and He resolves to proceed against them. He will not tolerate fruitlessness, for which there is no excuse.

But He is patient. He contents Himself with simply laying down the ax at the root, leaving it to point its own lesson, to tell its own tale—a tale of coming judgment which may yet be averted. It is laid and there left, not cast down hastily or at random. It is laid down at the root, for it is not against leaves or branches, but only against the root, that vengeance is to be directed.

The ax lies idle for a time, its sharp edge glittering in the sun, but it is to be lifted up. The forest is to be cut down; not stripped by the hurricane, nor blasted by lightning, but cut down at its very root and laid upon the ground. No longer shall its waving branches and leaves make a goodly show; but it is cut down and separated from that soil out of which it extracted no fruit.

"Cut it down" is the command. Why does it pretend to be a fruitful tree, with its green leaves and giant branches? "Cut it down." Why does it thus impose upon the eye? Why cumbereth it the ground? "Cast it into the fire." It is not left to winner, but is cast out to be consumed. It cumbered the ground while living; it must not do so when dead. Let it be burned! Nothing for it but the fire, with no possibility of being restored. Awful doom!

And why? Unfruitfulness is good. Not extreme wickedness, but simple unfruitfulness is good. How searching is this sentence! O ye that count on Heaven because you "have done no harm," look here and consider. If you have done no good and borne no good fruit, that is enough. The sentence is as sweeping as it is searching; it applies to "every tree that bringeth not forth good fruit." There is no exception, no sparing, no escape!

This process is going on now. It is the nature of the present dispensation. If it could be depicted by an emblem or painting, it would be by an ax lying at the foot of a tree.

Christ at His first coming laid the ax there; at His second coming He will lift it up and smite. The ax was laid down when Israel least thought of such a thing, for it was when they were boasting of privileges and calling themselves the children of Abraham. And it shall be lifted up to smite when men are saying "peace and safety," boasting of progress and reform and deliverances from the bigotry of narrow-minded men.

Now is the age of trial and of probation. Israel's forest was found barren and was cut down. Christendom is now on its trial. Shall it be cut down? Is it fruitful? It has long been spared, but "fruit" is the test and the only test.

Thou, O man! art on thy trial. What is to be the issue when the Lord comes? He has given thee the warning. He looks for fruit.

The city of Danville will appropriate the sum of $2,000 to aid in building a macadamized road to a neighboring village. The rest of the money will be appropriated by the county. That sort of co-operation between the county and city authorities is good business. Both are interested in roads to the commercial centres. Both get the benefits, and it is fair that the cost should be jointly borne.

If it's going to be the rule to publish Roosevelt correspondences of an intimate and interesting nature, we wish young Theodore would now give out what his father wrote him on receipt of the news that he was engaged to Miss Elsie Janis.

There is sadness in the tidings that a St. Louis woman is after a divorce because her husband allowed her only sixty cents a year. A man has got to be a regular Rockefeller to get married these days.

By act of Congress, spelling reform is declared officially dead and buried. The obsequies were largely attended by B. Matthews and T. Roosevelt, close friends of the deceased.

We assume from the silence proceeding from the direction of Arkansas that Senator-elect Jeff Davis is busy getting his shocking department in order for next season.

We scorn to make any little puns on the name of the new ambassador to Russia, further than to opine that diplomacy is distinctly the proper place for a Riddle.

In the little matter of raising the salaries of Cabinet officers, it is understood that the Hon. George B. Cortelyou is willing to have them go as far as they like.

Fixing his eye on that handsome raise, Uncle Josephus Cannon may well feel that the country is more of you-know-what-kind of a success than ever.

Some club wants to start a propaganda against second marriages. This would be a little hard on the hundreds of widows of ex-King Dahomey.

Anxious Inquirer is informed that the Shah, who is now reported critically ill, is not, as he fears, Bernard Shah. No, nor Hon. Leslie M., either.

Phonetics is (or are) dead. But fortunately Andrew Carnegie, who paid the expenses of its (or their) last illness, did not really need the money.

Scientists are eager to prevent the extinction of the buffalo, but nobody seems to think it worth while to do the same thing for the Pulajanes.

December 21st is said to be the shortest day in the year, but it is hard to see how any day could be as short as December 26th.

The sudden expiration of the catch-as-catch-can orthography is something of a blow, however, to the White House stenographers.

South Carolina has put a lot of home-grown ten on the market. Maybe that is what was the matter with yours the other day.

How can Senator Bailey take much stock in the "peace and good will" talk with all this sort of thing going on?

At any rate, it wasn't apoplexy induced by high living that brought the skimpified spelling to its timely end.

Bearing in mind the amount he cost his union, no one has the right to call him now a one-horse Shea.

It's a wise father, also, that knows the price of his own Christmas presents.

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

Ten years hence, scolars, Prof. Flinders Petrie, there will be little need for archæological work. In every city from the chances of receiving history are disappearing, and they will have vanished forever by 1916.

Lieutenant-General C. A. Kondratovich, chief of the Ninth East Siberian rifle division, and said to be the youngest officer of that rank in the Russian army, is visiting Washington. He is on his way to St. Petersburg from the far East.

William H. Robinson, boss of a gang in the yards of a car manufacturing company, has been elected Mayor of Springfield, Mass. He is a Republican, but was elected by the "dinner pail brigade" of local Democrats, among whom he is immensely popular.

Probably the smallest inhabited house in the country is at Llandysul, South Wales. Built by the owner, a bachelor, who occupies it, it is 7 feet out of the front, is 6 feet from front to back, 6 feet from ground to eaves, and about 4 feet more to the ridge.

High prices have been paid for a number of Wagner manuscripts at a sale at Lepke's art auction house in Berlin. The original manuscript of the "Meistersinger" was sold for 120 pounds, and a collection of twenty letters written by Wagner was sold for 70 pounds.

The tantalum wire used in commerce, largely for electric lighting, is drawn through diamond points to an extreme state of fineness. This is, perhaps, one of the most remarkable characteristics of the metal, more especially when its hardness is considered.

A new Siamese paper has burst out with titles (in the news of English, we tell the latest). Write in perfectly style and most earliest. Do number yes commit, we hear of and tell it. In a mighty other die, we publish it, and in borders of another. She has each one been pulped and write like Kipling and the Dickens. We circle every town and extermonate not for advertisements."

Rhymes for To-Day

Last Call for Early Birds.

He pushed along the crowded, frantic street;
He jammed his person through the hurly-burly.
And as the thousands trod upon his feet,
He moaned: "I meant to do my shopping early."

And some one swayed and fainted close beside,
And tumbled—'twas a pretty, winsome girlie;
They brought her to with water, and she sighed:
"You see, I should have done my shopping early."

The little tot was tired out, alack!
The tear-drops coursed his cheek, and they were pearly,
And as his mother tossed him on her back,
He shrieked: "I wish I'd got my pwesents early!"

A lady at a counter screamed and died;
Poor thing, the throngs had made her brain all whirly!
And just before she passed away, she cried:
"I think you MIGHT have done your shopping early."

The poet checked his ballad of advice,
And tore his locks, which grew (to rhyme) quite curly,
And yelled: "I'll have to quit this in a trice!
By HECK! I meant to do my shopping early!"

H. S. H.

MERELY JOKING.

Merely a Suggestion.

He (hesitatingly): "May I—er—kiss your hand, Miss Dolly?" She: "Oh, I suppose so, but it would be so much easier for me to remove my veil than my glove."—Chicago News.

Lost His Captaincy.

"What! You, captain of infantry, smoking cubanola cigars?" "Yes. I lost all on the election." "Ah! my poor friend. Reduced to the ranks!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

His Plural Cooks.

"What! You, captain of industry, smoking cubanola cigars?" "Yes, I lost all on the election." "Ah! my poor friend. Reduced to the ranks!"—Louisville Courier-Journal.

Rough on the Cannibals.

Uncle Tom (to philanthropist): "Dat think, Boss, dese only five missionaries to twenty-four thousand cannibals." Boss: "Goodness, I've said! The poor cannibals will starve to death. Surely they could find them a few more, uncle."—Scraps.

A Luxury.

"But," protested the plain citizen, "don't you consider honesty a good thing?" "Sure," replied the politician, "but it's like all other good things—you've got to make money before you can afford it."—Philadelphia Ledger.

The South's View of Root

The Roosevelt Drift.

We cannot be surprised by what Secretary Root said last night. We have seen the drift of events presaging a day in which constitutional duality of government will be overthrown and all we who live in the States will do as the Indians within their reservations—look reverently to the Great Father in Washington as the author of our good things and the finisher of our fates. And, to be equally plain about the case, why should not the Roosevelt-Root substitute for the effete "government of the Fathers" be accepted and fully installed without further ado? Why not hail it with ardent enthusiasm and before the Oklahoma star is due to go on the flag next July 4th simply blot out the whole gridiron constellation and put a golden imperial crown in the centre of the azure field—Atlanta News.

The Voice of Roosevelt.

Secretary Root is known to be very close to the President, and at this time the latter's published views on the subject of the California schools in their action in excluding Japanese pupils have created such interest and comment that no doubt the secretary's speech, in large measure, represents the views of the President, and was possibly approved of by him in advance.—Birmingham News.

The Policy of Centralization.

Mr. Roosevelt's policy of centralization, if carried out logically, would gradually make way for an essential change in the character of the government, although the form of government might be longer in changing. There is no immediate danger of this republic ceasing to be a republic in spirit; but there is a danger of sowing seeds in the present which will spring up into a troublesome crop of weedy problems for posterity.—Atlanta Journal.

Worse Than Hamilton.

Theodore Roosevelt is a stronger and more potent advocate of centralized government than Alexander Hamilton ever was, and he is being backed in this position by some of the ablest members of his party.—Nashville Banner.

COMMENT OF VIRGINIA EDITORS.

Inequality of Taxation.

Richmond and Norfolk pay into the Treasury of the State more net revenue than all the one hundred counties of Virginia combined. This rather startling fact is called to our attention in an abstract which the Richmond Times-Dispatch makes of the last report of the Auditor of Virginia.

The city of Richmond returned, net, $369,393 to the State in 1906, and Norfolk returned $164,-836, a total of $534,229. Seventy-two of the 100 counties paid the State a net revenue of $238,649 in 1906, but the other twenty-eight counties drew on the State for deficits in their revenue amounting to $56,710. Making the deduction, we find that the two cities of Richmond and Norfolk paid about $2,600 more in 1906 than all the counties.

Certainly all the burdens of government are not put on the farmer in Virginia. There is something very wrong in our system of taxation, in its enforcement. Equality of taxation is a farce when a report of the State's revenue reveals such a comparison as has just been made. We don't imagine that the people of Richmond and Norfolk pay much more taxes than they owe. We do imagine that some other people pay much less that they owe.—Norfolk Landmark.

Virginia Climate.

For some days we have been reading of bitter cold weather to the north and west of us, and even at points to the south, while in this Roanoke Valley, we have been enjoying most delightful weather.—Roanoke World.

Bailey, of Texas.

The Senate can ill afford to lose the Hon. Joseph W. Bailey. He is the peer of any man in that august body. He has grown tremendously in recent years. No one questions his transcendent ability. Those who know him best are firm in the conviction that he is honest from the heart. They expect him to prove it. All hope so. The South has not produced Bailey's superior in two decades.—Floyd Press.

The Educational Conference.

There is an enormous amount of work to be done to place our school system on a business basis. But the conference will, we believe, do much towards hastening this much-desired end. Enthusiasm is necessary, but that alone will not accomplish things. It will take the co-operation of every branch of education to turn this enthusiasm into actual results.—Farmville Herald.

Voice of the People

Civil War in Russia.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The following are the correct statistics, taken from The Russkoye Slovo (Russian Word), of the victims and sacrifices from the 17th of October, 1905, till the 17th of October, 1906:

Legally executed by hanging, 215; by shooting, 241; court-martialed, 221; citizens shot and killed during street skirmishes, 741; Cossacks and soldiers, 750; policemen, 452; police captains and sergeants, 226; municipal officers, 122; army officers, 109; gendarmes and detectives, 86; high officials, 81; constables and county officers, 60; governors and mayors, 55; victims of bomb-throwing, 244. There were 1,955 robberies, amounting to 6,871,369 roubles, most of which occurred in broad daylight, with few captures of the guilty. Victims of the agrarian disorders, 1,629; incendiary, dwellings and factories, 228; 74 railroad wrecks; 182 illegal printing shops and bookstores confiscated by the police; also 118 ammunition warehouses, with 10,000 shotguns, revolvers and few cannon, 5 tons of explosive material and millions of cartridges. There were 23,741 recorded arrests, among which were 22 representatives of the Duma.

In the cemeteries and outside were buried thousands of the best elements of Russia. Thousands of good men went to Siberia. In most instances without even a fair Russian trial. Most of the best newspapers and periodicals were suppressed, and the Russian cry is either heard from the banks of the Seine or silenced maybe forever in the wilds of Siberia.

This is the summary for the past 365 days of the existence of the Russian Constitution. The 17th of October was the first anniversary of Russian liberty. It was not celebrated as our Fourth of July, with firecrackers, banquets and other mediums of amusement for the rich and poor, old and young, nor was it celebrated as the fourteenth of July in France, with all its gaiety and splendor, nor even remembered as the eighteenth of March, 1848, in Germany; but the real history of Russia began with that date, and some celebration had to be observed. Ukases from St. Petersburg by telegraph reached every remote spot of the vast empire, instructing representatives of the bureaucracy to preserve order at any cost; that no gathering above the reasonable number, five, should be allowed to assemble; that the factories should grant no holiday; that police duties should be divided between the military and the police—in short, to maintain order, regardless of any obstacle. The Holy Synod issued instructions to every congregation to hold services in every church or house of worship in Russia. Such a mode of celebration resembled more a vast funeral, with memorial services, than an anniversary of a great event. The Russian "Marseillaise" or "Star Spangled Banner" sounded more like a funeral dirge than a song of the free. Under the existing sadly-compounded Russian political liberation, the Russians as yet do not know whether to celebrate the 17th of October with the sounds of trumpets or with memorial masses for the great sacrifices that the nation made during the first year of its existence. Only one year, and yet so much overlived—conquests and defeats, hopes and disappointments, shattered illusions, and the prospect of an indefinitely prolonged, bloody struggle, whereas it was hoped that the manifesto would bring new life and happiness into the tempestuous, sickly Russia.

The manifesto came in the very moment when the determination of the populace was either to die or to gain freedom. The manifesto of October 17th promised political and civil rights, an absolute guarantee of individual liberty, free speech and free press. The Duma should have the legislative power as well as oversee that the laws be rightly enforced.

What is the result? The Duma, with its representatives, dispersed at the point of the gun, thousands killed, banished and driven away, freedom of speech granted only to the bureaucracy, free press granted to the papers sanctioned by the government.

It matters very little what the manifesto of the 17th of October has so far given, but the fact is that the spirit of a Duma exists in Russia, and the Russians realize its importance. The attempt of the monarchists and the reactionaries to recall the manifesto is nothing but an attempt. Russia deserves to be congratulated upon its great achievement. Let us hope that the progressive Russia will profit by the mistakes made during this historical year, and all the Russians at large will fully comprehend the treachery of their supposed bureaucratic friends.

Let us hope that the celebrations of October 17th will yet be a national holiday throughout Russia, and the Russian freedom song will ring musical and joyous to every ear. They need it.

JONESSOFF.

The Women of the Confederacy.

BY REV. J. L. UNDERWOOD.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Eulogies of the women of Confederate days are so common that there is fear that the rising generation will come to look upon them as mere matters of course—the outgushing of gallant gentlemen who love to speak of mothers, sisters, wives and sweethearts of those brave old days of '61-'65. But here we have not eloquent eulogies, but a collection of incidents which give the real facts, and show in no uncertain phrase who and what our women were during those dark days which tried men's souls, and brought upon our Southern homes so much of sorrow, and trials and suffering, and showed beyond all question that our women of that period deserve to rank with the women of Sparta, or of Carthage, the mother of the Gracchi, the women of our American Revolution, or any other noble, patriotic women whom the world ever saw.

Mr. Underwood has had peculiar facilities for doing this work. As a soldier during our great struggle for constitutional freedom, he had opportunity of seeing personally much of the work of our Confederate women, and since then he has diligently collected material in reference to their work. And especially during the last two years, while in a hospital in Richmond, he has had full access to the Virginia State Library, the Confederate Museum, the Virginia Historical Society and other sources of invaluable material which he has carefully studied and skillfully used.

Under such heads as "Symposium of Tributes to Confederate Women," "Their Work," "Their Trials," "Their Pluck" and "Their Cause," the story is told in a deeply interesting style, and abundantly illustrated by incidents thrilling, pathetic or humorous, which show that our orators who have so eloquently eulogized "The Women of the Confederacy" have by no means overdrawn the picture.

He gives incidents of their knitting socks for the soldiers or making their uniforms, robbing their scantily-furnished tables to send food to the camps or hospitals, risking their lives to convey important information to the Confederates, almost driving husbands, brothers, and sweethearts to the front, and waiting and watching in their homes for news from loved ones in the battle, or sitting beside desolate heartbreaks and rearing their children for God and for truth when their protectors had been taken from them.

In a word, Mr. Underwood has written a book of thrilling interest and great historic value, which should be in every library and read by our people generally—by those who were in the war that they may recall memories of those heroic days, and by our young people that they may see what manner of women their mothers and grandmothers were, and appreciate the heritage of glory, honor and principle into which they have come, and their obligation to live worthily of the noble heroines from whom they are descended.

This book is published by the Neale Publishing Company, New York and Washington, who are publishing so many Confederate books. It would make a beautiful Christmas gift.

J. WILLIAM JONES.

Richmond, Va., December 8, 1906.

A Plea for the Telegraphers.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—If you will grant me the valuable space in your columns, I would like to say a few words in behalf of the telegraph operators, and of the many lives entrusted to their care. The headlines of December 3d issue do the professional telegrapher much injustice. They create the impression that the block system is imperfect and does not afford protection for the traveling public. I presume the headlines were inspired from the dreadful wreck on the Southern, which caused the death of President Spencer and several other valuable lives to be lost. Judging from newspapers and the general public, the cause of this terrible calamity was due to improper management of the block signals. I do not wish to dwell on this wreck, either on the wreck which occurred at Danville December 5th, but you will note that more than half the wrecks that occur are due to some fault of an operator. This is a thing that every citizen and all railroad companies should look at as a very serious matter, to realize that so many lives are being lost daily by the negligence of some careless or inexperienced operator. If railroad companies would consider this and require their operators to undergo a rigid examination, as well as some other employes who do not have half their responsibility, they would soon find they would have more competent men and a great decrease in accidents. There are so many operators that profess to understand telegraphy and the movement of trains by telegraph, that are not competent, either as an operator or as railroad men.

Why is it that railroad companies work such men? It is because they will not yield to paying the salary of first-class operators, and the result is that the incompetent telegraph companies will pay reasonable salaries and get the majority of the incompetent operators as fast as they mature, and the railroad companies have to take incompetent men and boys learning to handle their trains, and the result is that many valuable lives are sacrificed daily by wrecks caused by negligent men being over them for protection.

I do not wish to cast any reflection on operators, but am only speaking from experience, being an old lightning slinger myself, who dearly loves the operator and the click of the instrument. I am saying this for the protection of so many operators who are careful and always at their post while on duty.

If this could be impressed upon the general public as well as railroad officials, and heeded, then when they start on their journey they would feel themselves better protected from accidents.

H. C. BURTON.

Powhatan, Va.

Southern Gallantry.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—The incident mentioned in your columns a few days ago anent the rude treatment on the streets in New York City of a married woman, in her husband's presence, by an ultra-fashionable young man, and the only resentment shown by the husband was a word wrangle, finally interrupted by the police—this occurrence reminds the writer of a scene that occurred on the south side of Main Street in your city, between Ninth and Tenth, in the spring of 1864. The day had been made, by proclamation of President Davis, one for thanksgiving and prayer for some signal victory of the Confederate forces.

The principal character in this story (absolutely a true one), I will call Francis. He was just returning from an afternoon walk. When near the old American Hotel, that stood where the Berry clothing store now stands, he was accosted by a lady, who had a little six-year-old lad by the hand, saying: "Stranger, will you be kind enough to protect me from an intoxicated man who has been exceedingly rude?" Francis touched his hat in cavalier form, and became her "Sir Knight" without a minute's hesitation.

The trio proceeded up Main, and soon the intoxicated fellow swept by with a lurch and sinister smile. At the corner of Ninth he swung one arm around the lamp-post and leaned forward with a leer and a sneer. Still Francis refrained from a street fracas, though he foresaw that it must come. He also observed that his antagonist was clad in the uniform of a lieutenant, and approximately of the same avoirdupois.

On reaching the further side of Ninth Street this audacious fellow, presuming upon the previous quiet manner of his adversary, pushed rudely against the lady. As he did so, Francis landed a blow that sent him reeling to the curbstone; but he quickly rallied, and approached with rapid gyrations of arms and fist, that evidently were intended to frighten more than to fight, for he made no strike, and while his arms were wildly gesticulating, Francis struck him under the chin, and again sent him to the pavement, while his vituperative tongue indulged in noisy repetitives, yet reluctant to renew the encounter.

At this juncture the unknown companion implored her protector to leave, and after reaching the block above the Spotswood Hotel, she assured him that she was sufficiently near home to dispense with his services, not, however, until expressing her grateful appreciation and assuring "Francis" that her husband, who was then in the Army of Northern Virginia, would supplement his on returning from the front. Poor man, possibly the enemy's missile laid him low, for Francis assures your correspondent that though forty-three years have swept along with its joys, sorrows and strenuous trials, the name of the party whom he protected is still unknown.

It is proper to mention that Francis entered the army on the 19th of April, 1861; was wounded in the first invasion of Maryland by the Confederate forces, and by reason of his wounds had been honorably discharged from the army.

F.

The Dust Nuisance.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have noticed at different times your able editorials on the dust nuisance. I appreciate them very much; but why is it the Council cannot see it as you do? Are we going to entertain our visitors next year in these clouds of dust? Is there no way of getting the City Fathers to see? I for one would be willing to pay twice the amount I do now if we could down the dust next year. At present I pay $6 for the sprinkling in front of my lot (thirty feet) for six months. I understand corner lots pay $1.50 per month. Don't it seem that $72 per year (the rate I am at present taxed) would nicely clean and keep us dustless streets? Is it possible that the city government will allow these private corporations to tax the citizens so, and yet fail to keep down the dust? Is it not time to turn on the Council?

F. S.

CASH PAID FOR

CONFEDERATE BILLS, OLD BOOKS, AUTOGRAPH LETTERS, ENGRAVINGS, COIN AND STAMP COLLECTIONS. DESCRIBE WHAT YOU HAVE: WILL CALL, CITY OR COUNTRY. "LIBRARIAN," P. O. BOX 813, RICHMOND, VA.