

The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY

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MONDAY, APRIL 22, 1907.

When you have a number of duties to perform, always do the most disagreeable one first.—Quincy.

The Paramount Issue.

O people! O American people! O Great American people! How much nonsense is spoken in your name. How selfishness and how jealousy for your welfare. How jealous of your rights.

But what are the rights of the people? To be governed? To have a guardian? We have not so read the Declaration of Independence, or the Constitution, or the Bill of Rights, or the doctrine as delivered to the saints.

A Hint to Housewives.

We have the following note of interest from Mr. J. E. Smith, a general merchant of Smith's Cross Roads, Va.:

"Much interest is being manifested by the ladies of this community at a present in the raising of a fowl for market. They feel, as stated in your paper some time previous, that the people of Virginia should do their duty in trying to contribute a large amount of the foodstuffs that will be consumed at the Jamestown Exposition this year, and at the same time derive as fine an income therefrom as they can."

A Side-Step.

Several days ago this paper published an article on the presidential situation concluding with the following paragraph:

"But what is to be gained by such a discussion? The South is in no humor to nominate one of her own sons, and every such suggestion is regarded by some as a movement against Bryan."

Bryan himself says that there is no objection to a Southern man as such. If the South is in no humor to nominate one, we don't see why—and how does our contemporary know?"

On the same day, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot commented on the same article in The Times-Dispatch, and we adopt its remarks as a reply to the Landmark. The Virginian-Pilot says:

"This is a very late admission of a fact which has long been as plain as the nose of Don Quixote's face."

Even if it were true that the Democratic masses in the South had not made up their minds on the subject, the politicians think they have; and that amounts to the same thing practically, for they choose the delegates as a rule, and when they think to have engaged the current of popular preference, those really in accord with it swim with the tide, those who are dubious float with it, and those who are in their secret thoughts would have things otherwise are afraid to risk prestige by opposing it.

And so we shall step aside and leave these two neighbors to fight it out between themselves.

Stead on the World's Peace.

No new laurel-wreaths of any especial worth promise to attach themselves to the brow of Mr. W. T. Stead in consequence of his recent public appearance in this country. At Mr. Carnegie's peace conference in New York last week, Stead made himself a particularly conspicuous participant. He had a good deal to say, and not all of it was pacific by any means.

One of Stead's dicta was to the effect that the newspapers are one of the chief causes of war. He is himself a journalist of Great Britain, and to him is ascribed the distinction of being the original inventor of yellow journalism. He comes fairly, therefore, by his saffron tinge. "Eighteen years ago," he says, "the German ambassador in Russia told me that the peace of the world could be secured by hanging twelve editors."

Among the papers of this country it is occasionally recalled, as a curious exhibit, that one of the New York yellow-boasted that it had brought on this country's war with Spain. Stead, himself of yellow proclivities, appears to sympathize with this eccentric point of view. No editor who was not severely jaundiced could easily fall into such an error. The vast majority of the papers in this and every other country are both intelligent and honest.

A correspondent inquired of us the other day if it was ever right to say "those molasses." Before answering we asked the Norfolk Landmark what was the plural of molasses, and it replied that the plural of molasses is molasses, just as the plural of mud is mud.

Eleven of the Thaw jurymen held a "reunion" in the form of a hotel dinner on Saturday evening and repeatedly toasted Harry Thaw. Is there no end to the disgusting features of that notorious trial?

Scientists are telling us that the inside of the earth is in a state of unrest, and that terrible revolutions are in store for us. Has Mr. Roosevelt been running his investigations into the ground?

conventions. There will be trouble brewing in that town yet. Mrs. Lion: "Suppose, dear, the fire had reached this building, what would have happened to us?"

Debs, also, has lately swatted the President. He will hardly be honored, however, with the coveted pass-ticket to the Annapolis Club.

Miss Ellen Terry says: "Every woman under thirty thinks she is an actress. And every woman over thirty knows she is."

How charming were either dear charmer, were either dear charmer—out of the race.—John Temple Graves.

There are indications that Bryan and Roosevelt will revive the Alphonse-Gaston pleasantries.

What a Reunion Should Be.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Since I have attended several reunions, notably the reunion at Memphis in 1901, and the one at New Orleans in 1902, neither of these came up to my conception of what a reunion should be, and I, with hundreds of other old soldiers, was disappointed.

My idea of a reunion is a gathering of the old soldiers for the purpose of preserving and reviving the recollections and associations of the war.

There is no doubt that Congress does a great deal of good, but it is not so good as it could be if it were to do more for the old soldiers.

General Kuroki will represent the Japanese army at the Jamestown Tercentennial Exposition. That if San Francisco does not object.—Houston Post.

One hundred thousand people now spell it "thru," so that the reformed spellers are within 99 per cent. of having made it unanimous.—Detroit Free Press.

In the fire that destroyed Heillon Hall recently, Juris Shindler lost the manuscript of a novel he had written. In his estimation of improved real estate.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

I am tired of seeing the "old boys" "back numbers," and figuring alone as a side-show, a mere side line. The fact is that the "old boys" are not in it. He is outclassed, when, in fact, he should be "the whole chess."

There is no one who bows with greater respect than I, or loves more the women of the South; but for all that I really think that they—at least the post-bellum women—are out of place in a veteran parade.

There is a tendency now-a-days to push away from the past and its traditions; and among some to consider the past, as compared with the present, a kind of semi-barbaric.

What we really think is that Mr. Roosevelt should give credit for the father-ship of his present policies; stick to his declarations not to accept the nomination again and to try to get the nomination this time.

Underdone—My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. "I don't like it," he says, "but I don't know how to make it better. I don't like it, but I don't know how to make it better."

Johnny—Cops in. Sister's expectin' you. Mr. Stapleton—How do you know she is? Johnny—She's been sleepin' all the afternoon.—Punch.

Rhymes for To-Day.

I want to go out, Anyway. Now that the calendar points to spring, And the mercury starts to climb, It loathes me, ladies, to sit and sing My songs of no account; I want to go out where the cowslip waves, And the wild thyme blows and blows—

I want to go out where the ceruus blooms In the comic style, Where the mugwort stands in the mugwort lands, And the monk's-hoods nod and smile; And I want to stroll where the mullins roll, And the wallflowers sit all day—

Now that the calendar points to spring I want to go out where the timblee sing And the chickadees hop right past— I never did see any chickadee Or titmouse—hap they'd irk; But I'd rather do anything—wouldn't you?— Than stay indoors and work! H. S. H.

MEBLY JOKING

Paradoxical. "What do you think of Stodger's last book?" "Well, I thought it was the driest thing I ever read, but I managed to wade through it."—The Sketch.

A Thoughtful Subject. "People talk about the weather because they don't like to think," remarked the man who makes a study of conversation. "In this climate," answered the contradictory person, "you've got to keep your mind on the weather, or you'll go away while you're talking about it."—Washington Star.

How Long, O Catline! Member of Flagon Club (rising somewhat late in the evening): "Miss-r what's-ma-shen-in-a, I do not think I sh should not 'loose' my speech" (and he didn't).—The Tattler.

And Tongue. Jennie: "That story they're telling about Kiddy isn't worth repeating." Minnie: "It's young yet. Give it time."—Winning Post.

The Work of Congress. There is no doubt that Congress does a great deal of good, but it is not so good as it could be if it were to do more for the old soldiers.

Almost a Somanambulist. "Bill: 'And he is a good sleeper?'" "Yes, he is. He'll sleep all night and never know it until he woke up in the morning."—The Tattler.

Points from Paragraphs. MISS DOUGLAS, the English law-tennis champion, is to be married. Advancing her age in the new Chicago Evening Post.

Comments of Virginia Editors. Harriman and the President. The statement of Mr. Harriman that it was his intention to resign as a result of a suggestion that he furnished \$50,000, and aided in securing the sum of \$200,000 for the purchase of a building for the new State Capitol, has been denied by President Roosevelt.

Soap and Patriotism. A few days since the Retail Merchants' Association of this city was induced to take action before the proper authorities of the city to put an end to the sale of soap for the purchase of soap or other articles from parties in other sections. It is well, and it is to be hoped, that the merchants of this city will support their own people.—Roanoke World.

A Short Sermon. Life is what we make it. If you find a man who has no friends, you may put it down as a certainty that he does not deserve them. If you find a man who is kind and friendly to all, you may be sure that he is a good man.

Incumbent. Underdone—My husband is complaining again of your cooking, Mary. "I don't like it," he says, "but I don't know how to make it better. I don't like it, but I don't know how to make it better."

Little Brother. Johnny—Cops in. Sister's expectin' you. Mr. Stapleton—How do you know she is? Johnny—She's been sleepin' all the afternoon.—Punch.

SOCIAL and PERSONAL

TO-DAY. Mr. Joseph Bryan speaks at Woman's Club at 5 P. M. St. John's Circle, King's Daughters, at 4:30 P. M., with Mrs. Julian Green, No. 2712 East Broad Street.

Pocahontas Association to Meet. The Richmond Branch, Pocahontas Memorial Association, will hold its monthly meeting in the home of Mrs. I. T. Williams, No. 210 East Franklin Street, Tuesday afternoon, 2 o'clock. Notice is given only through the press.

The branch association is now on a firm working basis, and is in close communication with the central organization at Washington, D. C.

Mrs. Duke Sang. Mrs. Walter Garland Duke, one of Richmond's favorite singers, delighted a music-loving audience, at the Woman's Club Friday evening, when she sang several numbers in the concert given in aid of the Kindergarten Alumnae Association.

Kate Wheelock Whist. The Kate Wheelock Whist Club met Wednesday with Mrs. David T. Williams, at No. 210 East Franklin Street.

Dance and Exhibition. The students of the Richmond Art Club and their friends will be entertained at a fancy dress ball in the art club rooms on Saturday, from 4 to 10 o'clock.

C. M. L. S. to Meet. The Confederate Memorial Literary Society will meet Wednesday morning at 11 o'clock in the Confederate Museum.

Annual Meeting. The annual meeting of the board of managers, Woman's Christian Association, will be held in the assembly room of the association building Thursday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Miss Stuart to Lecture. Miss Sallie Stuart, president of the State Division, Woman's Auxiliary to the Episcopal Church, will address the Women's Auxiliary of Richmond and its junior branches in the lecture-room of Grace Episcopal Church Tuesday afternoon at 4:30 o'clock.

Bagby—Thornton. A beautiful marriage took place Wednesday at 10 o'clock in the Baptist Church of Republican Grove, Va., when Miss Sue Evelyn Thornton, the popular and attractive daughter of Mrs. Sallie Stuart, became the bride of Mr. Thomas Jackson Bagby, of Richmond. Rev. J. H. Bass performed the ceremony.

Personal Mention. Miss Ellen White and Miss Nannie Byrd, of Abingdon, Va., were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilmer, at No. 817 West Grace Street.

Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Hunt, of Keysville, Va., are spending a few days with friends at No. 116 Floyd Avenue, where they have been spending some time for the benefit of Mr. Hunt's health.

The engagement is announced of Miss Sybil Sharpe Burwell, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. H. Burwell, of Clarke county, Va., to Mr. Edward B. Jacobs, of Virginia. The wedding will take place June 15th, at Christ Church, Millwood, Clarke county, Va.

Mr. and Mrs. George Rupp were presented with a number of handsome presents from their children, grandchildren and great-grandchildren, at the recent celebration of their golden wedding.

Miss Julia C. Todd, of Smithfield, Va., is the guest of Mrs. Henry C. Watkins, of No. 910 Floyd Avenue.

Miss Page Aylett Royall, who participated in the Easter gaities at the University of Virginia, arrived home Friday. She has been quite ill since her return.

Miss Minnie Brooking, who has been the guest of Mrs. H. Robbins, on Grove Avenue.

Miss Sallie Stuart, of Alexandria, is spending a few days with Miss Helen Bennett, on South Third Street.

Poems You Ought to Know.

Whatever your occupation may be, and however crowded your hours with affairs, do not fail to secure at least a few minutes every day for refreshment of your inner life with a bit of poetry.—Prof. Charles Elliot Norton.

No. 1148.

Too Late.

Other selections from this author, his portrait, autograph and biographical sketch, have already been printed in this series.

To turn, and fall asunder, and forget, And take up the dropped life of yesterday! No ancient, so far-off, is yesterday, To the last hour we had kissed thy cheek! Too late to say farewell.

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