The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, DECEMBER 29, 1907.


**It is vain to ask God to make us good. He never makes any one good. We may ask Him to help us to become good; that He always does.—Washington Gladden.**

## BRYAN AND BUST.

A Northern Democrat, whose name has been mentioned prominently in connection with the presidential nomination, recently said to a Virginia Democrat that the forthcoming action of the Denver convention was already "cut and dried." By this he meant, of course, that William J. Bryan was already nominated; and it goes without saying that the platform will be agreeable to Mr. Bryan. There are those who say that Mr. Bryan will defer to the wishes of the convention, but that is not Mr. Bryan's political habit. In 1900 he gave notice in advance that he would not accept the nomination unless the platform should contain a free silver plank, and all the pleading of the leaders who saw him in person did not move him from that position. But no matter what sort of a platform the Denver convention may promulgate, if Mr. Bryan is the nominee voters will read into it the pet doctrines of that distinguished gentleman. A party platform, no matter how well it may be worded and phrased, is an inanimate thing; it is the candidate who gives it life. If Mr. Bryan is nominated, his record will be the platform, and he could not get away from it if he would; and he would not if he could, for Mr. Bryan is no recanter.

What of the result? Twice has Mr. Bryan asked the people of the United States to elect him to the presidency, and twice has he been defeated. Is he more popular now than he was in 1896, or in 1900? Read the view, published elsewhere, of Mr. L. J. Coppage, a former Virginian, now residing at Crawfordsville, Ind. "The possibility of a national Democratic success," says he, "depends on the support of the independent or conservative vote in the doubtful States of the North or Middle West. The party has gained no national election since the war, except by the aid of a large vote from this element."

Very true. Cleveland won in 1892 because he carried the Solid South, the Democratic States of the North and the doubtful States of the West. Bryan carried some Western States which Cleveland did not carry, but he lost the States whose votes counted, and he lost the Democratic States of the North. We do not see how it is possible for him to do better in 1908. As Mr. Coppage again says, "with Bryan as the candidate and with the doubtful or objectionable things for which he stands in the platform, the Republican majorities of 1896 and 1900 will be duplicated, and the Democratic party further discredited."

Similar warnings come from all parts of the country. Many even of Mr. Bryan's devoted followers have no hope of his election; and still the cry is Bryan and bust. Very well. If it must be, let Mr. Bryan again put his unparalleled popularity to the test—and finish up the work of destruction which was begun in 1896, and let the party make its sacrifice in his behalf complete.

## A TARIFF LESSON.

We have received the following communication:

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I read your editorial in the Christmas Day issue on "Denatured Alcohol." Don't you think an article of this character a little misleading, as it is quite evident that the consumers of the product of the Richmond Ether Works are either buying their supplies at a less price or denatured alcohol does the work at the same price?

Give us facts—"greatest good to greatest number." Yours truly,

F. I. BAUGHAN.

It is the duty of a newspaper to give the facts, and no honest newspaper will intentionally mislead. It is a fact apparent that the removal of the tax from denatured alcohol reduced the price of that product and also of ether. But ether enters in such small degree into general consumption that the public has very little interest in the price of it. The real benefit to the public should come from lowering the price of alcohol, and the reduction in the price of that article is considerable. But here, again, the public has derived but little benefit, for very little alcohol is used for domestic purposes. According to the report of the commissioner of the revenue, it appears that during the past six months the quantity of denatured spirits passing into domestic use was less than 4-1,000 of a gallon per capita. The bulk of denatured spirits is going, and will continue to go, to manufacturers, whose goods are protected by the tariff.

Richmond's gain from the removal of this tax has been practically nothing, and her net loss is a promising home enterprise. The argument offered by those who opposed the tax was that it was wrong in principle and vicious in practice to tax the people at large for the benefit of a manufacturing industry. That doctrine is as sound as the decalogue, but if applied in all directions it would wipe out every vestige of the protective tariff. The argument of The Times-Dispatch was and is that so long as protection is the recognized policy of the Republican administration its benefits should apply alike to all persons engaged in legitimate trade. The tariff at best is class legislation, but it is worse when its benefits are given to one class of manufacturers and withheld from others. So long as New York factories are protected we shall insist that Richmond factories be protected. If that be treason to tariff-reform, make the most of it.

But the Richmond incident has not been in vain, for it has served to show how unwise and unsound is the whole system of protection. No industry can be safe or stable which depends upon government favoritism for its success.

## STATE AND LOCAL TAXATION.

In reply to The Times-Dispatch's question if it would not pay Petersburg to defray her own criminal expenses on condition that the State would exempt personal property from State taxation, the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot says:

"There is, of course, but one answer to the question; but suppose it be asked of the many towns and counties in the State where the boot is on the other leg. If the majority of Virginia communities can show a balance sheet as good as that of Petersburg, the aggregate balance in favor of the general treasury would be so substantial that no Legislature from the viewpoint of a representative of the whole Commonwealth could favor a change from the present system. If, on the contrary, the Auditor's report should show that, in a majority of the subdivisions from which personal property taxes are derived the criminal expenses exceed the taxes collected, then the local influence on the legislator of the people whose votes elected him would probably dictate his opposition to any change."

The Auditor's report shows that in two-thirds of the cities of Virginia and in nearly nine-tenths of the counties, the tax which the State collects on personal property is greater than the local cost of criminal prosecutions. Therefore, the plan which we have suggested would clearly be in the interest of those cities and counties; and State legislation is supposed to be for the greatest good to the greatest number. But we think that it would also be in the interest of the State as an organization, for it would simplify her tax system and her bookkeeping and help her to equalize taxation. We believe that it would also have the effect to reduce crime and abolish the wretched fee system.

## FARMING IN THE SOUTH.

Nothing better betokens the prosperity of the South than the statement that during the past five years the corn crop of this section has increased 50 per cent.

There was a time when the Southern planter devoted his farming operations almost exclusively to cotton. This one crop method compelled him to purchase most of his supplies from the West, and when the cotton crop failed, or when the price was abnormally low, he was in a bad way. Of late years, however, one-crop farming has become exceptional and diversified farming the rule. It is estimated that during the year 1907 the South produced:

| | |
|---|---|
| Hay of all kinds, tons..... | 7,590,000 |
| Wheat, bushels..... | 91,432,000 |
| Corn, bushels..... | 959,743,000 |
| Oats, bushels..... | 67,339,000 |
| Tobacco, pounds..... | 457,139,000 |
| Rice, bushels..... | 21,412,000 |

It is further stated that in 1900 the value of products of vegetable gardens of the South was $13,000,000; at present the annual yield of orchards and vineyards in this section is over $30,000,000, making the sum total of the annual fruit and truck product of the South fully $150,000,000.

These crops are a net gain, for their production is in addition to the cotton crop, which shows no falling off, except in bad crop years. If agriculture is the basis of all wealth and if the South continues to produce all the cotton, one-third of the corn, one-seventh of the wheat, and other crops in proportion, how long will it be before the South becomes the richest of all sections in Uncle Sam's domain?

The main difficulty is that with all our progress there is still much slipshod farming in the South, due in part to the credit system. One of our North Carolina contemporaries says that in its territory a tenant has been able to get credit from his merchant for a horse, a buggy, for corn and hay and all supplies necessary to the maintenance of himself and family, the bills to be paid when the crop was made.

"The result of this," says our contemporary, "is that labor has become scarcer and more unreliable every year, and many farms are growing up in bushes, the ditches filling up; in fact less is being made on many farms than formerly."

We should say so. What branch of industry could prosper under such a system? No sensible man would undertake to carry on a manufacturing business or a mercantile business, without either knowledge or capital. But there is a popular impression that any clodhopper may rent a farm, get a merchant to "carry him," and come out ahead at the end of the year. It is an absurd hypothesis, and merchants make a mistake and do their community a positive injury by encouraging it.

The editor of the Charlotte Observer received from a friend at Christmas the following sentiment from Dr. Van Dyke:

"I am thinking of you to-day, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And to-morrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness; and so on clear through the year. I may not be able to tell you about it every day; because I may be far away; or because both of us may be very busy; or perhaps because I cannot even afford to pay the postage on so many letters, or find the time to write them. But that makes no difference; the thought and the wish will be here just the same. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense, and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean, in the Spirit of Christmas."

That's the quality of good will The Times-Dispatch had in mind when it sent out its Christmas greeting. Richmond would do well to adopt the Van Dyke sentiment as its motto for 1908.

Raleigh gave up a dispensary paying a net profit of $15,000 a year for the sake of temperance. But Raleigh believes that even in a business way she will gain more than she will lose. Many communities are now adopting prohibition as a business measure.

## ALWAYS THE SAME.

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever."—Heb. xiii. 8.

What a comfortable Scripture to dwell upon in these last days of the dying year. What a consolation amid the uncertainties of the future and the inevitable changes which must come in the year upon which we are so soon to enter!

"They shall perish, but Thou remainest; and they all shall wax old as a garment, and as a vesture shall Thou fold them up, and they shall be changed; but Thou art the same; and Thy years shall not fail." Upon that everlasting truth, in simple trust we rest.

A few more hours, and another year will have come to an end, and have joined the myriads of those gone before. It will have perished from the visible creation, and no eye can follow or rest upon it but His, who is the Ancient of Days, the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end. All the ages lie in the hollow of His hand; and while every event in them is known, remembered and recorded, He counts them all as but a watch that is past.

This dying year carries with it an indelible memorial of each of us—what we have thought and said and done since it began. We know, in our secret heart, how much of evil and how little of good it has to record. Our conscience tells us that in many things we have sorely offended, and that if God were extreme to mark all that is done amiss—we are undone.

For a sinner ready to perish what a blessed statement is this, "Jesus Christ the same yesterday, to-day and forever." As He loved and cared for, warned, rebuked and sympathized with, man in the days of His flesh, He does still, now that He sits at the right hand of His Father, and so He will forever. His love is as His eternity—and His holiness and His power are the same. Time cannot affect them. There is in Him no variableness, nor shadow of turning. He surveys all, He controls all, He orders all, and makes all work His own sovereign will.

His acts and words in the Gospel bear witness to this truth. But I read no word of encouragement, still less of comfort, to any who trifle with Him or with their own souls in the brief little time, these few fleeting years, given to man in which to work out his own salvation.

Judge not another, but turn your eyes within. Look—not at all your past years—but to **this one**, which is now visibly slipping away, and ask yourself the solemn question, "What have I done with my soul in the last twelve months?"

You are by a whole year so much nearer death—are you so much nearer heaven? As the sands of life run out and your allotted years glide away, are you carelessly playing, or are you redeeming the time because the days are evil?

"Jesus Christ the same"—not only in love and mercy for the penitent, but in severity to those who are living without Him, and who do not try to obey Him. We acknowledge Him as our Redeemer; we look to Him as our Intercessor, but on what ground can we claim His mercy as our Judge?

Are we sorrowing much, believing much, loving much? These are His terms, His conditions; and there is none other.

"What He was yesterday—blessed be God—He is to-day, and He will be forever. But we—we are vanishing like a vapor; we bring our years to an end as it were a tale that is told. We know not what an hour or a day may bring forth, nor where any one of us may be ere the morning sun shall rise.

For each hour, as it disappears, we need to implore forgiveness. What then of years? Our times are in His hand; and in spite of all our shortcomings, He wants us to be, not servants, but—friends, members of His body, partakers of His nature, sanctified by His Word and Spirit, and inheritors of His wondrous promise, "Where I am, there shall My servant be."

Dear friend, will you not accept His offer? Years are passing away. Night is drawing on. Death cannot be far off—and then—Eternity!

Where will you spend it?

We have received from George M. Bailey, the celebrated megaphone manipulator of the Houston Post, a handsome calendar adorned with an alleged portrait of a red-headed and dimpled Houston widow. Mr. Bailey's thought of us in the holiday season is much valued, and his widow is hereby dubbed Remarkable if True. We cannot help feeling, however, that if such a lady had ever really originated in Houston, Tex., she would have lost not a moment's time in buying transportation for Royal Richmond, where the spenders live.

Dispatches yesterday announcing that the Mayor of Portland, Ore., had got onto a new bunch of map-sketching Japanese spies relieve the situation greatly. We had begun to fear that something terrible must have happened, inasmuch as no Japspies had been reported for nearly four days.

It means a 120-mile walk to go through all the rooms of the Spanish royal palace. The council of the Paragraphers' Union may have to direct its Spanish exchanges to assign a walking delegate to that beat yet.

No wonder Charlie Hughes is winning so many friends in little old New York. Statistics show that 36 per cent. of the men in that city have, like Charlie, bearded themselves in their own dens.

The boom of the Governor of New Jersey, having failed to elicit the indorsement of the Speaker of the House, is hereby cautioned to sit down and be good while there is time. Everybody knows what a Cannon can do to a Fort.

When Mr. Booth Tarkington undertook to thrash that team of Indianapolis plainclothesmen, possibly the deceptive nog had momentarily persuaded him that he was no other than Monsieur Beaucaire.

Senator J. Davis is to speak in Bryan's behalf on January 16, as doubtless Mr. Roosevelt has noted with real pleasure.

Or, more accurately, it may be said that Governor Hughes's popularity rests on the fact that he is the John A. Johnson of the Republican party.

Probably no Navy Department in the world can slap itself on the wrist more thoroughly and successfully than can William Loeb's.

"A Pennsylvania man paid $4,000 for a rubber stamp," says the Washington Herald. Probably the gentleman is a non-union paragrapher.

There are 26,000,000 widows in India. According to our reading of the signs of the times, this puts India right next on the list to Houston, Tex.

Only one person in a thousand lives to be 100 years old. We suppose that most of the others are miners.

To Admiral Brownson's credit be it said that he flatly declined to be laid away in a bureau drawer.

We suppose that Mr. Taft will now have to be reckoned among Mr. Foraker's Christmas Bills.

Brownson is a man who can wear an Ex like a badge of honor.

## Famous Words of Famous Men.

**"For Knowledge Itself Is Power."—FRANCIS BACON, 1597.**

When "Meditationes Sacrae" were first published in 1597, Bacon was burdened with disappointments in his professional career.

Queen Elizabeth, some years before, had appointed him her Majesty's special counsel in matters of great import. Bacon was also a member of Parliament for Ipswich, and had represented Taunton and Southampton. He also had aspirations for the office of Attorney-General. But in the House of Commons, having opposed the wish of the imperial Elizabeth, he had lost favor at court in consequence, and Coke became Attorney-General.

Then Bacon sought the subordinate position of Solicitor-General. Not even with the potent influence of the Earl of Essex back of this application was he able to get the appointment.

Unsuccessful in his matrimonial venture with the wealthy Lady Hatton, unable to make a statesman out of the Earl of Essex, persona non grata at the palace, and extremely short of funds to meet his current expenses, he naturally turned to his "Religious Meditations," his only work of the kind.

"Meditations" appeared in the same volume with the "Essays" and the "Colors of Good and Evil." The author was but thirty-seven years old, in 1597, and was at "the height of his career." While the "Meditations" were first printed in the original Latin in which they were written, there is but little evidence, according to Spedding, that Bacon himself ever issued an English translation. All English versions of this somewhat extraordinary series of treatises upon moral subjects have been the work of hands other than those of the author.

The "Meditations" were eleven in number, and are written upon such serious topics as "The Miracles of Our Saviour," "The Exaltation of Charity," "The Earthly Hope," "Hypocrites," "Impostors" and "Heresies." The brief essay under the latter head has also a subhead which reads, "Ye err, not knowing the Scriptures nor the power of God."

"Of the heresies which deny the power of God, besides atheism," said the author, "there are three degrees. And they have all one and the same mystery (for all antichristianism works in a mystery that is under a shadow of good), namely, to discharge the will of God from all imputation of evil.

"The first degree is of those who set up two equal and contrary principles, at war with one another, one of good, the other of ill. The second is of those who think it too injurious to the majesty of God to allow of an active and affirmative principle being set up against him. . . . And the third degree is of those who restrain the former opinion to human actions only, which partake of sin. Which actions they suppose to depend substantially and without any chain of causes upon the inward will and choice of man; and who give a wider range to the knowledge of God than to his power.

"Or rather, to that part of God's power (for knowledge itself is power) whereby he knows than to whereby he works and acts."

*Fr. Bacon.*

# Rhymes for To-Day

### THE DOTTY DIALOGUES.

**4. The Episode at the Bulgarian Embassy.**

WHILE she, ignoring Mother's guest,
Kept figuring her rentals,
He leaned against Mt. Everest
And slyly brushed his dentals.

But soon he, with a maniac laugh,
Cried: "I can't bear it longer!"
And, sipping at her half-and-half,
She sneered: "Try gin—it's stronger."

Then in a moment she was gone,
In that old, strange female way:
So he became a porter on
Siberia's lone railway.

Years after, as you'd guess, they met
While steaming over Russher:
When he'd strolled up a tip to get
And coaxed a chance to brush her.

Cried he: "Your aunt keeps well, I trust?"
(Ah, yes, he recognized her!)
She sobbed—for then her sorrow bust—
"Men said that you despised her."

Just then the civil brakeman bawled:
"Schlenpetrotrasksiovensky!"
"This is my station, dear," she called.
Quoth he: "No—Pvsobolensky!"

So thus they made the old grudge right,
Forgave them hot words spoken,
And he resigned the Whisk that night
And took rooms in Hoboken.

H. S. H.

### MERELY JOKING.

**Sure to Have Them.**

Miffkins: "It is said that aggressive, impulsive people usually have black eyes."

Biffkins: "That's right. If they haven't got them at first they get them later."—Chicago News.

**Playing 'Possum.**

Ellen (the nurse, to little girl of six, who is supposed to have an afternoon sleep every day): "Nancy, you are a naughty little girl not to have gone to sleep this afternoon!"

Nancy (reproachfully): "Ellen! Ellen! Don't you remember the three times you looked over the screen and I was fast asleep?"—Punch.

**Fond of Both.**

He: "Are you a vegetarian?"
She: "Oh, no; I love good beef."
He: "Ah! I wish I were a beef!"
She: "Well, I like veal, also."—The United Presbyterian.

**A Noble Work.**

A suburban minister, during his discourse one Sabbath morning, said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon." The following day one of his flock discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to say: "Well, parson, I'm glad to see you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—The Standard.

**The Wily Burglar.**

First Burglar: "What's that?"
Second Burglar: "That's my sample case. Ye see, I've just become a house-to-house canvasser."
First Burglar: "What are ye selling'?"
Second Burglar: "Oil to keep doors from squeakin'. Great scheme, ain't it?"—London Telegraph.

**The Truth of It.**

'Twas the night before Christmas, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring, not even a mouse;
They all had been shopping and spent their last red,
And nervous prostration had sent them to bed.
—Harper's Bazar.

### BACK AT THE TIMES-DISPATCH.

WE have all kinds of respect for the prowess and the veracity of old Bill Skillit, the esteemed Richmond Times-Dispatch's agricultural expert and mighty hunter before the Lord; but we want to warn him now that he couldn't lug a defunct rabbit into this office and make anybody believe it was a bear.—Bristol Herald-Courier.

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We learn from the Richmond Times-Dispatch that the 600 cows of Richmond drink from the sewers. It seems that man and beast are equally determined to pass the Richmond water up, but we never dreamed that the Richmond cows were so depraved.—Houston Post.

• • •

Our learned contemporary, the Richmond Times-Dispatch, in a lucid treatise on "Warts," says that "the wart on the nose stands by itself." That is because it is singular.—Roanoke Times.

• • •

"Life is full of rude surprises," sententiously remarks the Richmond Times-Dispatch. It surely is, and the newspaper man gets his fair share of them.—Montgomery Advertiser.

• • •

"Says the Pittsburg Dispatch: 'Pittsburg is the best advertised city in the country.' Does not our contemporary mean 'the most advertised?'" inquires the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Or the "worst?"—Washington Post.

• • •

The Richmond Times-Dispatch has discovered that Lynchburg is the third city in size in the State. It now remains for our esteemed contemporary to discover that the moon is green cheese.—Roanoke Times.

• • •

As we understand the Great Commoner, Roosevelt is a Democrat in spots, but they are Bryan's spots.—Richmond Times-Dispatch. Yes, and Bryan says he only has four of them, while he refused to accept four others and paid no attention to another four. It is also Bryan's trucks that Roosevelt has been stepping in, and which the Commoner says he failed so ignominiously to fill.—Blackstone Courier.

• • •

"Hold on to the Philippines!" shouts Admiral Dewey passionately. What's the use, Admiral? asks the Richmond Times-Dispatch. Unfortunately, there isn't the slightest chance of their slipping away.—Hudson (Mass.) Sun.

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The Richmond Times-Dispatch calls Senator Jeff Davis "The Arkansas Traveler"; but the original Arkansas traveler made his fickle talk, and was not afflicted with the open mouth.—Atlanta Constitution.

### THE PARAGRAPHERS' UNION.

**New York Signer of the Constitution Welcomes His Membership Card.**

We have received from the Richmond Times-Dispatch, the originator of the association, a handsome certificate of membership in the Paragraphers' Union. While the card is a bit bulky for ordinary carrying purposes—it is 11x14—we intend to keep it always before us to remind us of our high duty and to keep us in good sulphiting trim. By it we are "a duly constituted and regular member of the Paragraphers' Union, such to remain until the End of Time, Grim Death or Forcible Ejection at the hands of its Indignant Colleagues."

We give to a lay world our tenets and the definite articles of our faith.

Object of the Union: To Annihilate the Antique, to Massacre the Mossbacked, and to Abolish the Ditto Mark from the face of the Habitable Globe.

Motto of the Union: Down with the Paragraphophone.

You can't Teach an Old Joke New Tricks. Be a Big Gun. Don't Be a Repeater.

Don't be a Parrotgrapher. Be Aboriginal without the Ab. Use Mother-Wit, not Grandmother.

Favorite Dish of the Union: Brains. Favorite Book: The Origin of Species. Favorite Animal: The Gnu.

Most Hated Fruit: The Jestnut. Most Listed Tool: The Old Saw. Most Hated Vehicle: The Hackney Coach. Most Hated Animal: The Threaddybear.

The Love of Sameness is the Rut of All Evil. A Paragrapher Looks Foolish in the Stereotypers' Room.

There are No Dues Allowed in the Union, and No Mildews. We use No Union Label. People Spot Our Work by Reading It.

Do Not Refer to Non-Union Paragraphers as Scabs. Nothing Stings Like the Truth.

The Paragraphers' Union forever!—New York Mail.

• • •

Consul R. S. Greene states that on September 1st elaborate celebrations were held at Port Arthur and Dalny of the first anniversary of the establishment by the Japanese of civil government in the Kwantung leased territory and of the opening of Dalny to international trade.

"Why do you dislike poetry so much?"

"Because," answered the man who uses scented hairoil, "when you quote prose very few people can be sure it isn't an original remark, but when you quote poetry everybody is wise on the instant."—Washington Star.

# Washington Snapshots and Sidelights

Times-Dispatch Bureau,
Munsey Building,
Washington, D. C., Dec. 28.

It is well assured that both political parties will have tariff revision as a chief plank of their platforms in the presidential campaign of next year. The Democrats have had this plank for years. The Republicans have never had it, but during Mr. Roosevelt's term in the White House he has appropriated Democratic campaign planks so readily and so frequently that it was certain long ago that he would eventually take the last one left to the Democratic party. He has.

The sincerity of declarations by Republicans in favor of tari ffrevision—publicans in favor of tariff revision—tariff reform—may well be doubted. The party cannot have better opportunity to reduce tariff schedules next year than this. They have both houses of Congress now, as well as the presidency. They may lose the presidency next year; they may lose the lower house. The Senate is absolutely cyclone-proof for some years to come. It would appear as though sincere advocates of tariff reduction would strike while conditions were all favorable, instead of putting off the blow to a time when those conditions may undergo a radical change.

For while the two parties may both declare for reduction, it is unreasonable to suppose that Republican reduction would be like unto the reduction which Democrats would attempt.

"There will be but one political platform written next year," said Colonel Robert N. Harper, of this city, president of the American National Bank, and a veteran Democrat, the other day. "The Republicans will write that. There will be nothing for the Democrats to do when they meet at Denver but to repeat the declarations put forth by the Republicans at Chicago a week before. For that reason I advocated holding our convention before the Republicans held theirs. Had a date in May been selected, the Republicans, instead of putting Democratic doctrine into their platform, and having us follow along after them, enunciating our own principles after they had stolen them, would have been in the position of thieves themselves."

Representative Sims, of Tennessee, will introduce a bill when Congress reconvenes prohibiting star route mail carriers from delivering packages of liquor in districts in which the sale of intoxicants is prohibited. Acting Postmaster-General McCleary, an old friend of Mr. Sims, told him he did not think the department would oppose such legislation.

Mr. Sims tried to get the department to direct that the practice of star route carriers delivering liquor be discontinued, but it was found that the postal officials have not the authority under the law to do this. There is much complaint from Tennessee and other States, where prohibition obtains, against whiskey being sent in by star carriers, and the proposed legislation is aimed at the practice. Mr. Sims says he believes the bill will pass. One more step towards absolute prohibition.

A candidate for the Republican presidential nomination, a quiet man, whose ability to make a joke has been seriously questioned, was talking to a newspaper correspondent, who had called on him at his house the other night. The decanter and two glasses appeared soon after the arrival of the correspondent. The candidate took up the bottle and the glass.

"I do not profess to be able to mix a Fairbanks cocktail," he said, "but I do claim to be able to pour straight whiskey."

The correspondent found later that the claim was not an idle boast.

"The Raid on Prosperity," by Chancellor Day, of Syracuse University, printed by D. Appleton & Co., is being received by the Washington correspondents; in fact, it is believed that every correspondent here has already got his copy. There is considerable speculation as to the identity of the people who are paying for the large number of volumes sent out. Since the book is written for the purpose of showing that President Roosevelt led the raid by attacking the great and good men who head the Standard Oil trust, the railroad trust, and every other monopoly, it is presumed that money for the circulation of a volume designed to show how the entire country was wronged through attacks upon the good men who have formed and who guide the destinies of the American trusts was not difficult to obtain.

Senator "Bob" Taylor, of Tennessee, got a letter recently from a man named Taylor, who is serving a term in the Missouri penitentiary. The convict assured the Senator that they were kinsmen, and urged him to use his influence to get him out of prison, "and maybe I will be in position to do something for you some day" the letter ended.

"I never heard of the fellow," said Senator Taylor, "but you can't tell. He might be a cousin of mine. So I sat down and wrote a letter to Joe Folk, a Tennessee boy, Governor of Missouri, in which I told him to let the fellow out and charge the pardon to me, and if any of the Folk family ever got into the same kind of trouble in Tennessee I would do what I could to get them out. I haven't heard from Folk yet."

Senator Taylor has a collection of canes presented him which is the envy of everybody who sees it. There are massive ebony sticks, with heavy gold heads, like the one presented by the R. E. Lee Camp of Confederate Veterans of Fort Worth, in appreciation of a lecture which he delivered in that city for the benefit of the camp, and which netted the veterans $1,000, Senator Taylor charging nothing for the lecture. Another beautiful cane was presented by the Tipton county delegates to the State convention in Tennessee which nominated Senator Taylor to the governorship the first time in 1886. There is a good story connected with that, as with several others of the collection, but this is the place to tell about one which Senator Taylor received some time ago from a convict serving a term in the Montana penitentiary. It looks like gray onyx, and has a beautiful head of mother of pearl and silver bands and bars. The cane is not of onyx, but is made of Bob Taylor Magazines. The convict wrote that he had had his weary days in prison brightened so often by the gospel of sunshine which Senator Taylor preaches always whether writing or speaking, that he wished to send some token of appreciation.

The staff is formed from scraps of the pages of the magazine strung on a rod, and then subjected to very heavy pressure. The method of making is similar to that employed in the production of leather canes, where washers of sole leather are placed on a central rod and then put under pressure, and afterwards turned in a lathe. The convict had his cane turned and varnished, which gives it the appearance of onyx or agate. It is a souvenir which the Senator values above most of his collection.

Colonel Arch Hughes, of Tennessee, who is known to everybody in the Volunteer State as one of its leading Republicans and veteran under General Nathan Bedford Forrest, and who is almost as well known in the national capital, where he held down a government position for some years, is in town, and is telling a story which he claims is a new one. In fact, the colonel has to assure his acquaintances a story is new before he is allowed to proceed.

The colonel says that an Irishman down in his part of the country was asked the other day regarding his choice among aspirants for the presidency.

"William J. Bryan," was the unhesitating reply. "Ol'm always goin' to vote for Bryan."

"Why are you such a strong Bryan man?" was asked.

"Why, they told me to vote for Mr. Bryan in '96 and we would have good times," replied the son of Erin. "Ol did, and we've had good times ever sence."

**Our Navy.**

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I have read with much interest the article, "Needs of Our Navy," by Henry Reuterdahl, in McClure's, and Admiral Melville's defense of the Navy Department and designers of our warships. Such discussions are obliged to result in good, as is shown by the example of England, where the leading journals dissect the plans of every new warship, lay them before the public and criticize them intelligently. The result is that England "sets the fashion" in warship construction for the world, just as Paris sets the fashion for women's clothes. At the close of the Russo-Japanese War the English designers took the lessons of that war and proceeded to build a warship in which the weak points as shown by actual battle experience were eliminated. Their product was the Dreadnaught, run by turbine engines giving her a speed of 22 knots, ample armor protection, and the 12-inch guns as sole weapon in the main battery. This ship set the whole world by the ears, and all nations who could afford it planned ships along the same lines. The Navy Department in Washington did not feel sure that the new type was entirely correct and took the halfway measure. They laid down the Idaho and Mississippi of only 17 knots, with all the thick belt armor, except about six inches, under water, and two turrets forward and two aft, in each of which are two 12-inch guns.

This bunching of the guns gives the enemy a big target, while the large separation of big guns on the Dreadnaught overcome this difficulty.

Mr. Reuterdahl's comment on the submerged armor on our ships is certainly based on fact, for I saw the fleet at Old Point on December 15th, and noticed as the launch approached the gangway of the Connecticut that the great armor belt—wide enough for a man to walk on—was three or four inches below water. Of course these ships are loaded down with provisions, ammunition and coal, but at the normal load line this armor is only twelve inches above water, and every one who has ever taken a short sea trip knows that a wave climbs more like six feet than twelve inches above the level of the red streak. The modern 12-inch gun will not stop on the thin armor which is above the belt, but, as Mr. Reuterdahl says, "it will make a hole as big as a door," and the sea would rush in and down goes your $5,000,000 battleship and her 800 men. The foreign ships carry the belt eight feet below water and eight feet above—some higher still—which will not give way even for a 12-inch shell.

The first consideration is to keep your ship afloat. Make provision for that first; then consider the guns and speed. Admiral Melville says that this artist naval expert Reuterdahl knows nothing of ships in the making. I beg to differ. An artist is a seer; he trains his eyes for taking in detail, and Mr. Reuterdahl has spent ten years seeing things on the warships of every first-class power. He is indorsed by the best English designers—the "fashion setters," and Admiral Melville's stinging remarks only show one thing; that is, that Mr. Reuterdahl has gotten on to the chair-warming admiral's touchy point—i. e., his out-of-dateness.

ARTHUR B. UPSHUR.

Richmond, Va.

**Honors for Lynchburg.**

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—We thank you for congratulating us on Lynchburg being third in population. I wonder why you didn't congratulate us for the gold medal we received at the Jamestown Exposition for our school exhibit?

Sincerely,

VIRGINIA GLASS.

Monroe School, Lynchburg, Va.

**Nuptiae.**

Like the great lovers in the tales of old,
Our souls we plighted by the midnight sea;
Her wide eyes then, and her rich jewelry,
Gleamed in the dusky air, magnetic gold.
Our kisses, of the things that never die,
Sealed on our silent lips the oaths that bind;
And the great organs of the sea and wind
Sounded for us their solemn harmony.

Often we wondered on the mystery
Of the pale fires that webbed the waves with light;
At times we saw a star set itself free
From the old vaulted firmament of night,
And in an instant, dizzy with dusk and height
And drunk with beauty, fall into the sea.
—December Transatlantic Tales.

**On the Wedding Journey.**

She—Otto, I don't believe that true love waits for a tunnel!—Transatlantic Tales.


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