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THURSDAY, JULY 1, 1909.

BAD ROADS IN RICHMOND.

Vice-President Lewis C. Williams, of the Virginia Good Roads Association, is doing a public service by undertaking to show the Council Committee on Streets just how bad some of the thoroughfares inside of Richmond really are. Mr. Williams, a former Councilman himself, will take the committee on an automobile peregrination of the city's outskirts, and thus enable them to see the distressing exhibits face to face. It would not be easy to devise a more direct and promising way to start the improvement of some of these really disgraceful streets.

Men whose business or pleasure takes them all about Henrico declare that the worst roads in the county are inside the city limits of Richmond. Amateur observation certainly does not contradict this criticism. If it is really accurate, it casts a reflection upon the city which few of us can contemplate with equanimity. Having preached to others of the great importance of good roads, it is decidedly mortifying that we ourselves should be proven castaways. Having urged our friends of the county to pluck out the mote of bad roads with a $200,000 bond issue, it is humiliating to have our own beam yanked out into the light for public derision. Some of the county people thought last January that Richmond was urging good roads upon them simply in order that a few favored owners of automobiles and other pleasure craft might have better provisions for whiling away sunny afternoons. They did Richmond a considerable injustice, of course. Good roads for light driving are not by any means to be despised, but the prime [illegible] between the county and the [illegible] not pleasure, but business. Rich- Rocky, interested in the welfare of nine [illegible] being, on grounds that are not The [illegible] but, from a purely selfish point was [illegible] view, this city wants serviceable [illegible] always in the county in order that [illegible] adjacent farmers may find it as easy and convenient as possible to bring their produce here and exchange it for clothes, shoes, implements, provisions and other necessities. The county, it seems, has been doing its part to this end comparatively well. It is Richmond that is blocking the game by maintaining roads over which hauling is all but an impossibility. Mr. Williams will deserve the thanks of the city if he can succeed in impressing on the authorities the absolute necessity of improving these roads without delay.

STARTING THE TUBERCULOSIS CAMP.

The plan to establish an outdoors tuberculosis settlement in the country near Richmond has needed no argument to recommend it, and it is encouraging now to see it taking definite shape. The Council will be asked to lend a part of the city farm acreage, a few miles away, in Henrico, for the purposes of the camp, and will no doubt gladly grant the request. This site and the plan generally carry the warmest indorsement of the Board of Health, before whom the matter was laid the other night by Councilman Morgan R. Mills. An association has been formed to promote the camp idea and conduct the camp after it is established. The land is asked for only five years, at the end of which time the city could reclaim it if it desired to do so. But this is hardly likely, since it is difficult to imagine any greater need that the city could have for these few acres than to use them for saving lives.

There are more than humanitarian considerations in this plan to isolate consumptives in an open-air settlement, important as those considerations are. The measure is also self-protective and soundly economic. The camp, in addition to giving the sufferers the best possible chance to grow strong and well again, also does away with the danger of their passing the malady on to others. A city's prime business is to guard the lives of its population. "We have a score of deaths from tuberculosis to every one of smallpox," says Mr. Mills, pointedly enough. He might have added that the white plague death-roll, besides being terribly long, is drawn for the most part from our youth, from those whose lives are of the greatest potential value to the city and the State. Ravages on population, beside all their more human and pathetic features, are an enormous economic drain and loss. Wisely-managed cities would spend money unstintingly to stop them on this ground if there were no other.

A NEW DEAL FROM THE NEW COMPANY.

The Virginia Passenger and Power Company starts a new life to-day as the Virginia Railway and Power Company. The various consolidations, the [illegible] and the receivership have passed into history, and a brand-new charter marks the company's transition into a new and doubtless final legal form. A more natural and auspicious moment for the company to simplify its involved transfer system, as it has simplified its own corporate being, could not well be imagined. In fact, if the company does not make this inexpensive and much-needed reform now, there is no reason in the world to believe that it ever will do so.

The bifurcated transfer scheme is the worst grudge that the people have against a public service corporation which, for the most part, gives very general satisfaction. It has been maintained apparently on the legal fiction that there were two separate and distinct, if not rival, companies engaged in the local traction business, whose accounts must at all hazards be kept rigidly apart. That reason, such as it was, is knocked out by the reorganization of the company or companies under a single new name and charter. So far as the ordinary intelligence can see, the system is left without a leg to stand on. Every rational argument is against it. It is bothersome, needlessly complicated, and a general all-around nuisance. It has caused an endless lot of superfluous annoyance and has deprived many people of their right to ride. It stirs up bad feeling, gives birth to grievances, provokes bitter resentment, and has, we believe, been known to lead to fisticuffs and other regrettable manifestations.

It is hardly to be believed that the company, wiping off the old slate and making a clean new start, will retain a system which has so many obvious objections and no single merit that mortal man can discover. The transfer system comes into the daily lives of many thousands of Richmond people. The company faces the opportunity to please this army of patrons, at no cost to itself, by wiping out the objectionable and exasperating blue-or-red botheration and installing a one-color system in line with the dictates of simple good sense.

FLYING.

Flying has gotten to be a commonplace, in terms at least. "The Wrights Will Fly To-Morrow" among the headlines excites no emotions. It seems as natural as automobiling or going home to Brooklyn by the ferry. The act itself lags behind a little, it is true. It may be the ignition, it may be the frontal planes, it may be only the breeze showing itself too boldly in the anemometer; but flight is not yet to be had at any time for the asking. Fort Myer is no aviary by any means. Still everybody knows now that men can fly, and the thing has become almost trite. The parade grounds where the brothers of Dayton manoeuvre are not packed with excited and spellbound crowds. There are people at the national capital who actually prefer to go to the ball game, execrable as the performance of the Washington aggregation is. It is pretty hot anyway, and Senators and Representatives elect to stay close to the place where the swag is being divided. They are reported as miffed, too, because their dignity has not been deferred to, and the Daytonians do not operate to meet their particular desires. A few weeks of these trials and doubtless Fort Myer would be abandoned to the Wrights and the Signal Corps, while the daily performances would drop off the front page altogether.

Miracles pass easily into truisms. There is little an aeroplane could now do in circular flights that would arouse marvel. When a balloonless ship flies from Fort Myer across the Potomac to Washington there will be a new burst of wonder; when one flies from Washington to New York there will be another; but after that the airship's capacity for exciting amazement will be exhausted until the flight over the Atlantic is accomplished. What conquest over matter will startle the world next? Will it be, perhaps, the harnessing of the sun's rays to do man's work for him, or a new kind of transmission machinery which will make the tides of the ocean turn the factory wheels?

TIGHTENING UP THE PHARMACY LAW.

Not very long ago Richmond was shocked by the killing of a little boy through a drug clerk's mistake in making up a prescription. Investigation disclosed that the clerk in question was neither a registered pharmacist nor a registered assistant pharmacist. He was simply a "registered apprentice," the lowest ranking which the Board of Pharmacy recognizes in any way, and of a class which plainly is not deemed competent to be given a free hand on prescription work.

Registered apprentices are allowed by its terms to compound prescriptions "under the personal supervision of a registered pharmacist"; and a court decision, it seems, has established the fact that "personal supervision" meant only bodily presence in the shop. By this arrangement, any ignoramus who had had himself listed as an "apprentice" was practically free to compound all sorts of prescriptions without real direction or supervision of any kind. A remarkable loophole for careless or economically-minded employers was thus knocked into the law, which only makes it remarkable that tragic accidents have not been much commoner than they are.

We are particularly glad to see that the Board of Pharmacy has recently made a ruling which vastly improves and tightens up the law on this important point. To T. A. Miller, secretary of the board, we are indebted for a little pamphlet giving some information on pharmacal matters, and in it we note with pleasure the following:

"In the presence of and under the personal direction of a registered or registered assistant pharmacist means that a registered apprentice or young person learning the business can dispense drugs only when the registered pharmacist or registered assistant pharmacist is standing immediately by him and instructing him in the particular work which he is doing; and the fact that the registered pharmacist or registered assistant pharmacist is in the same room with or near the apprentice, or unregistered man, does not necessarily mean that the apprentice or unregistered man is working under the personal direction of the registered pharmacist or registered assistant pharmacist."

The board's ruling is plainly in the interests of both common sense and safety, and gives to the law the point and effectiveness which it clearly should have. We attach full weight to the argument that registered pharmacists are expensive and that restricting all prescription work to them alone would increase the cost of drugs to the people, and perhaps, in small communities, make the maintenance of a drug store at all a practical impossibility. At the same time, the compounding of drugs by ignorant apprentices without direct personal supervision from those qualified to know what they are doing is a dangerous practice, which should certainly be broken up; and the new ruling of the board, which has full administrative powers in pharmacal matters, seems to take a long step in that desired direction.

Aldrich could not love an income tax more if it was his stepchild, thrice-removed.

"The consumer is a true optimist," asserts the Washington Herald. He'd better had be. If he were a pessimist, he couldn't live six months.

We gather that the new Governor of Georgia, Brown, succeeding Smith, is a peopul's man and doesn't care who knows it.

They are not play Wrights, either.

The gentlemen engaged in prosecuting Mr. Broughton Brandenburg evidently know just what to do when at first they don't succeed.

Few eulogies, we surmise, will be delivered over the grave of the late lamented June.

Careful investigation tends to confirm our impression that aeronauts take little interest in a flight of stairs.

Morning, July. Enjoy your eleven months' rest?

It is doubtless all fair enough to knock Mr. Bryan here or there, but it is a pretty good bet that if he were in the United States Senate he would rarely be discovered touching shoulders with the Senator from Rhode Island.

Probably no one will ever understand how bad hot weather can be until he has been chased through a June afternoon by a bunch of furious suffragettes.

If the completion of the bill keeps the perspiring Senators on the job until September 1, we shall not be prepared to say that the consumers have gone wholly without revenge.

A London woman, according to the New Orleans Daily State, "wears a live marmoset in her hair." Maybe it is only a rat, evoluted.

"Where do liars go?" inquires a California parson. Where there are no mosquitoes and the boarders sleep under two blankets every night.

"Feminine use of firearms," reads the headline. We had supposed that in this hammocky season of the year the feminines were mostly using arms of a different sort.

MONUMENT TO JACKSON.

Admirable Suggestion Should Be Acted on at Once.

Discussing a suggestion by a correspondent of The Richmond Times-Dispatch that an equestrian statue of Stonewall Jackson be erected in Richmond, the Lynchburg News remarks that it is strange that such a movement has not been projected before. Indeed it is strange that all of these years have passed without a public suggestion that the South should provide some fitting monument to the memory of a man who not only was one of the foremost leaders of the Confederacy, but one of the greatest soldiers in the world's history.

It is proper that such a movement as this should start in Virginia, the native State of Jackson and the scene of the splendid military achievements which have made his name familiar to students of the science of war everywhere on the globe. As the News says, this movement needs only to be started and it will take care of itself. The entire South will respond to the call with enthusiastic willingness.

This suggestion should be acted upon by the Confederate organizations at once, as the public generally naturally will wait for these organizations to inaugurate the plan. The Daily Press, and probably every other newspaper in the South, will join in the movement and give it the heartiest kind of support.—Newport News Times-Herald.

SCHOOL CHILDREN'S TEETH.

Bad State of Affairs Found in New York by Investigators.

The New York Bureau of Municipal Research sends out a bulletin containing the results of a recent examination of the teeth of 500 New York children, in age from fourteen to sixteen, who had just left the public schools in order to go to work. It was possible to catch them for a dental examination at the public health headquarters, after they had secured their "work certificates." The examination was thoroughly expert, and there is no reason to doubt the facts reported. The children belong to the laborer class, very generally, and they represented all the nationalities in New York. Only fourteen of the 500 were found to have sound teeth.

While there were 2,808 unsound teeth among 486 children, the examination showed that 2,551 teeth could be saved by proper dentistry at this time, there being only 257 teeth so far gone that they must be extracted. One is not surprised to read that of the 500 children, only twenty-five had ever had any dental treatment whatever, other than extraction. The Bureau of Municipal Research, having raised the problem of the teeth of the poorer school children, states its financial aspect as follows:

"These 500 children must either go without care, must compromise on a gold crown now and then, and an occasional extraction, or else pay from $5,000 to $10,000 for treatment, which means from five to ten weeks' earnings of the groups. If they are fairly representative of the 25,000 children that will want work papers this coming summer, either that army of children must go without attention, or their families or private philanthropy must pay from $250,000 to $500,000 in dental fees. These estimates do not include straightening crooked teeth, malformed jaws, "nonmeeting molars" or "striking front teeth." If the 419 cases of those children were to have the same kind of treatment that parents with higher incomes would gladly pay for, from $25,000 to $400,000 more must be added.—Springfield Republican.

Borrowed Jingles.

THE RUSH TO EUROPE.

(As it appears to the heir-apparent.)

There's simply nothing but our trip
To talk about at home;
The price of staterooms on each ship,
The best hotel at Rome,
The way to get to Rigi-Kulm,
Old masters—in a crowd!
The Grand canal,
The Bois, et al.—
No other theme's allowed!

Mother knows the blooming
Baedeker by heart,
Calls it education—
Sister calls it art.

At breakfast it's cathedral towns,
Or famous scenery,
At lunch it's Worth and Paquin gowns,
It's galleries for tea;
With Corot and Correggio
Their classic thirsts they quench,
Much interspersed
With price-accursed
Excursions into French.

Mother calls it culture,
Sister calls it art,
Father can't be quoted
Wholly, or in part.
—New York Times.

MERELY JOKING.

He Passed.

Judge: "You are a freeholder?"

Talesman: "Yes, sir; I am."

"Married or single?"

"Married three years last June."

"Have you formed or expressed any opinion?"

"Not for three years, your Honor."—Success.

No Losing There.

"We are told, you know," said the trifler in love, "that the eyes are just the windows of the heart. Now when I look into your eyes"—

"I hope," interrupted the bright girl, "you notice the signs in the windows."

"What signs?"

"No admittance except on business."—Catholic Standard and Times.

Well Named.

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I calls him Corporation," answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"Fum studyin' de animal an' readin' de papers. Dat mule gits mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de township an' goes ahead havin' his own way, jes' de same."—Washington Star.

Powerful Subject.

Artist: "My next picture at the academy will be entitled 'Driven to Drink.'"

His Friend: "Ah, some powerful portrayal of baffled passion, I suppose?"

Artist: "Oh, no; it's a cab approaching a watering trough."—Tit-Bits.

Hairbreadth Escape.

Captain (spinning a yarn): "I was for eight days a prisoner among the cannibals."

Lady: "And how was it they didn't eat you?"

Captain (calmly): "Well, the truth was the chief's wife had mislaid her cookbook."—Fliegende Blaetter.

Proposed Diet.

Gunner: "And now comes a professor who declares that fruit is just as healthy with the skin on as it is peeled."

Guyer: "H'm! I like to see somebody start him on a diet of pineapples."—Chicago News.

THE OBSERVANT PARAGRAPHERS.

There is now an organization to aid man in leaving off his coat. And as the suffragettes want to wear the trousers, pretty soon he'll have to stay in bed altogether.—New York American.

* * *

Perhaps the Senate is leaving the asbestos schedule until the mercury approaches the top notch.—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

* * *

The New Yorker who has gone abroad to free India from British rule might have stayed at home and wrested his own city from Tammany.—Philadelphia Ledger.

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The high price of frying chickens is an awful blow to the Sunday-school picnic.—Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.

* * *

Those are the days when men easily catch pneumonia and LL.D.'s—New York Evening Post.

* * *

The late General Hancock was evidently misquoted. He doubtless said the tariff was a vocal issue.—Omaha Bee.

Bwana Tumbo.

Who vas it took his gun in handt
Und vent down to der nigger's landt,
Und raises hell to beat der bandt?
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas der guy so wunderschoen
Vat went into der torrid zone
To make der wild beasts yelp und moan?
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it schnaps his teeth und say—
"I shoot der Leopard's spots avay
Mit bodth eyes shut—hurray!"
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it sed, "Me und mine vill
Ve do joust ash ve please, ve fill
Dot Washington mit dings ve kill?"
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it sends der stories oudt
How fine he shoots und kills aboudt,
Und schmucks der lions in der mouth?
Bwana Tumbo!

Who is der Joss of Mombassi!
Vat made der niggers bow der knee
Und say, "Und gott he sure must be?"
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it says "Me und mine gun
Ve put der vild beasts on der run!
Ve shoot der spots clean off der sun?"
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it says "I blush to tell
Der dings vat I can do so well,
But for yon plunk der word—I vill?"
Bwana Tumbo!

Who vas it comes home by und by,
Ven Taft is all up in der sky,
Und says "I dinks you need my eye?"

Und says, "Der iss no victory
Midout der peoples calls on me,"
Und takes charge of der G. O. P.?
Bwana Tumbo!

Norfolk, Va. SILAS WEGG.

MR. TAFT AND CHINA.

Europe Evidently Recalls the President's Attitude When He Was Secretary.

The apparent reluctance of England, France and Germany to accede to this country's demand for equal participation in China's railway loan is due to a deeper cause than a desire to keep the profits of that undertaking for themselves alone. They doubtless believe that with America in the Chinese field of finance and commerce, not only will their opportunities be lessened in future, but, very probably, that their policy of keeping China in a condition of dependence and subserviency is seriously threatened. Such an outcome would not suit their purpose at all, and they have reason to fear it.

This will readily occur to those who can recall President Taft's address at Shanghai in October, 1907. Upon that occasion he emphatically declared for a reformed China, capable of regulating her own internal affairs without foreign intervention, and free from foreign aggression. Such a China, he maintained, would be more advantageous to all interested in the celestial empire than a perpetuation of the semi-autonomous conditions then prevailing. Of course, this independent and, to China, encouraging tone was the very opposite of European diplomacy in China, which aimed to keep China in leading strings and to encourage Chinese reforms only when foreign enterprise was the gainer.

Then Mr. Taft was only a member of the Cabinet, now he is President; and it is conceivable that Europe fears his present determination to obtain for this country full participation in the loan aforementioned is a step in the establishment of a broad and liberal American policy in China that must win favor with the Chinese and go far to upset the traditional diplomacy of Europe in that country. They know, further, that Chinese officials would really welcome such a change, and when they yield—as, finally, they must—they will do so with anything but glee.—Wall Street Summary.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Italy and Austria Not on Friendly Terms.

RELATIONS between the courts of Vienna and of the Quirinal have recently been still further embittered by a matter of which but little has been permitted to reach the public. It is known that King Victor Emmanuel bitterly resents the failure of Emperor Francis Joseph to return at Rome the visits paid by his grandfather, the late King Victor Emmanuel, in 1873, and by King Humbert and Queen Marguerite ten years later. The excuse given for this neglect was the opposition of the papacy to the visit of any Roman Catholic sovereign to the court of the Quirinal, and the anxiety of Emperior Francis Joseph to refrain from giving offense to the Pope. The Kings of Spain and Portugal, of Saxony, of Roumania and of Belgium have been obliged to accept the precedent set by Francis Joseph, and in this fashion the Quirinal has been virtually boycotted by all the Roman Catholic rulers of Europe, that is to say, by the monarchs who are co-religionists of the King and Queen of Italy—the only exception being Ferdinand of Bulgaria, who is under the ban of the Roman Catholic Church.

Much pressure has been brought to bear at one time and another upon the papacy in order to induce it to withdraw from its position with regard to the visits of Roman Catholic sovereigns to the Quirinal. The Kaiser, King Edward and others are said to have interceded with Leo XIII. and with the present pontiff, urging that since the Holy Father was willing to accept visits from non-Catholic rulers who were staying at the Quirinal as the guests of the King and Queen of Italy he should accord the same privilege to the foreign rulers subject to his spiritual supremacy. Leo XIII. turned a deaf ear to these appeals.

Quite recently Pius X., who seems disposed to show himself less intransigeant towards the Quirinal than his two immediate predecessors in the chair of St. Peter, was led by these requests to confidentially sound the Emperor of Austria as to whether he was really so very anxious to visit the court of the Quirinal, and he was given to understand that in that event the Holy Father might be disposed to give way.

The answer, which has now reached the Vatican, is to the effect that neither the Austrial monarch, nor yet his heir apparent, really wish to visit the court of the Quirinal, and that far from desiring a removal by the Pope of his prohibition of such a visit, such action on his part would prove a source of considerable embarrassment to the Imperial House of Hapsburg.

This has naturally become known among the entourage of King Victor Emmanuel and by his ministers, who have now acquired the conviction that the boycott of the Quirinal by the Roman Catholic sovereigns of Europe is no longer attributable to the Vatican, but to Emperior Francis Joseph, and above all, to his heir apparent, Archduke Francis Ferdinand.

The latter has never made any pretense of concealing his unfriendly sentiments towards the reigning house of Italy, while his personal dislike of King Victor Emmanuel dates from the time of Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897, when there was no end of unpleasantness between the then crown prince of Italy and the archduke on the score of precedence, all the tact and diplomacy of King Edward being needed to smooth over matters to such an extent that the quarrel should not mar the success of the celebration.

Sooner or later this animosity between Austria's future emperor and Italy's King is bound to develop into a war. For their sentiments towards one another are quite in keeping with the deep-rooted antagonism and even hatred existing between their respective countrymen, all of whom not only look for, but long for the day when they shall be able to settle their differences once more on the field of battle.

The Hon. Gladys Rice, who has just contracted a rather romantic marriage with a Dr. Elliott Beverley Bird, a good looking country-town physician in practice at Southsea, is the eldest daughter of old Lord Dynevor, and can boast of a most distinguished ancestry. For her father's pedigree may be said to be literally lost in antiquity, since he is able to trace it back through generations of Ap Rhyses and Ap Griffiths to Margaret, half-sister of no less a personage than King Arthur of the Round Table.

The Rices of Dynevor are lineally descended in the male line from Roderick the Great, the last King of United Wales, who died in the ninth century. His three sons divided Wales between them, and the Rices are descended from the son who inherited the principality of South Wales. Among their ancestors they can count some of the greatest statesmen and warriors of mediaval Wales, and Sir Rhys Ap Thomas was the first of the line to accept an English title and the Order of the Garter, and was moreover the chief supporter of Henry VIII. when he landed at Milford Haven in 1485. He married a daughter of the sovereign Duke of Burgundy. Under Henry VIII. the head of the house of Rice (or as it was spelt then, Rhys), husband of Lady Catherine Howard, daughter of the second Duke of Norfolk, was beheaded for treason, and his vast estates were escheated to the crown. Though the attainder was removed under Edward VI., only a fragment of the old princely domain was restored to his descendants.

The family has been in possession of the Dynevor Castle estate from time immemorial. The ancient castle itself, which dominates the Vale of Towy, in Carmarthenshire, is in ruins, and the modern mansion, which was built a little over 100 years ago, has little pretensions to beauty, though its setting, the noble park, with its majestic trees many hundreds of years old, is magnificent. The peerage of Lord Dynevor, who is the most inveterate of globe trotters, dates from the early part of the reign of George III. Lord Dynevor has had a number of adventures while traveling, and was just leaving San Francisco when the earthquake took place three years ago, escaping with no other loss than that of his silk high hat, which, along with its leather hat-box, perished in the catastrophe.

His daughter's marriage to Dr. Bird recalls the fact that her former engagement to William Llewelyn, son and heir of that fine old Welsh baronet, Sir John Llewelyn, ended in a tragedy. All preparations had been made for the wedding, when, a few days previous to the date on which it was to have taken place, young Llewelyn was found dead in the woods of Penllergare, his father's country seat in Wales, shot through the heart. The circumstances of his death have always remained shrouded in a good deal of mystery. For although he started out from the house in the morning in the best of spirits with a party of friends, he seems to have drifted away from them and was out of touch with the remainder of the party when he received his death wound; whether from his own hand or from that of another no one has ever been able to tell. He was not only very good looking, but also a distinguished athlete, having been a member of the Oxford University eight, and likewise of the university cricket eleven.

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STATE PRESS

Sheep and Dog Laws.

Who would dare assert that sheep cannot be raised in Virginia? Here is a little news item from the Clinch Valley News:

"Mr. Kimberlin, of Pittsburg, and Joseph Esmond, of Chicago, have been in Tazewell for several weeks buying sheep for the S. and S. Co., of New York City. A large number of sheep have been shipped from the county within the past thirty days, and shipments are being made daily from Tazewell and Russell counties.

"It is estimated that at the close of the season 10,000 lambs will have been shipped from Tazewell and 12,000 from Russell county."

If sheep are not extensively raised it is certainly not due to natural conditions, but to the large number of worthless and half-starved curs which are allowed to roam at will. We are badly in need of more drastic dog laws, and the strict enforcement of those laws which are on the statute books.—Roanoke Times.

Hampton Roads.

The rendezvous of the great Atlantic fleet in Hampton Roads again draws attention to the immense strategic importance of this body of water to the United States Navy and to the supreme value of a navy yard in this city, which shall be equipped to supply any demand that might be made upon it, not alone by a battleship or a battleship division, but of an entire fleet.

Referring to the matter a naval officer recently stated to a Star man that if all the other navy yards in the country were abolished and that at Portsmouth, Va., made all that a yard at such a strategic point should be, the government need never fear trouble by reason of its inability to repair its fleets promptly after battle or to supply and send them forth to meet an enemy.

The waters of Hampton Roads afford ample anchorage for an armada, such as has never been dreamed of, and the only requirement in making it a perfect base is the expansion of the navy yard here.—Portsmouth Star.

Fee System.

The fee system in Virginia's scheme of government is bad in practice, and, in large part, should be abolished. But it is not so vicious in principle as some of our contemporaries would make it appear. In fact, as a business principle it is sound. In principle, it is paying a man according to the service rendered. It is a principle that obtains with some of the newspapers which condemn it. They pay their printers by the piece, their correspondents by the column and the telegraph companies according to the number of words sent by wire.

The State is criticized for paying a commission for having property assessed. Yet agents who sell real estate are paid by that rule. The State is criticized for paying a commission for having her taxes collected, yet in ordinary business, collecting agencies are paid the rule of percentage.

The broker who buys and sells stocks for his customers charges a brokerage. It is no more trouble to buy or sell 100 shares of stock than fifty. In fact, not so much. But it is one-eighth of 1 per cent., be the purchase small or large.

If an agent borrows money for a customer he charges a commission upon the sum of money handled. And so it goes, and nobody complains of the fee system in the business world. The State's fee system is bad and needs to be reformed, but we should not be swift to abolish it altogether and substitute salaries for fees.—Newport News Times-Herald.

State Board and Senate.

We put no faith in the report being circulated to the effect that the Senate will refuse to confirm the appointments of the State Board of Education and will elect new men in place of Messrs. Jarman, Tucker and Kent. It seems to us that some of our contemporaries have been entirely too hasty in their condemnation of the board. They have cried out against politics being allowed to enter into the selection of superintendents, but as soon as a board is formed with courage enough to disregard the local politicians and to act for the best interests of the schools, they immediately upbraid that board and threaten to use their influence to turn out its members. The positions on the board are, to say the least, thankless ones, but we venture the assertion that more representative Virginians cannot be found than those who now serve the State and receive abuse as their compensation.—Fredericksburg Daily Star.

Voice of the People

Funeral Services for a Murderer and Suicide.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—If you will grant me a few lines in your esteemed paper I will attempt to voice a protest against the action of those Maryland ministers who refused to conduct a service or offer a prayer at the grave of the murderer and suicide, Eastman. Regardless of how deep a sense of repugnance they may have felt for the man or how little sympathy they may have entertained as men, yet I feel that I voice the sentiments of a large number of Christians when I say that morally they had no rights as ministers of the gospel of Jesus Christ to refuse to ask in that capacity for God's mercy upon his soul. Christ came not to save the righteous, but the sinner, and His followers err when they refuse any rite of the church to any man because of his sin. "Though your sins be as scarlet, they shall be as white as snow." Though we all feel and know that Eastman's sin was as scarlet, for he had dyed them in human blood, yet had he lived, and truly repentant, came to the foot of the cross asking forgiveness, our Saviour tells us He would in no wise have been cast out. I have several friends who are ministers, and I feel sure that not one of them would have refused this last sad rite to any man; if they were to do so I would surely doubt their sincerity in the work. I say and I believe the majority of the Christian world will join me in saying, all praise to Mr. Sutton in contrast to the ordained ministers of the gospel.

J. N. BALDWIN.

Richmond, June 29.

THE AIRSHIP AGE.

Interest Is Centred in the Navigation of the Air.

Signs multiply of the near approach of the expected age of aviation. The adjournment of Congress to witness the trial of a Wright aeroplane; the announcement of a national exposition of air craft to be held in Boston next spring; the presence of aeronauts near Calais waiting for weather conditions favorable for an aeroplane flight across the English Channel—these incidents of a single day's news, together with the advertised offer of dealers to supply airships within forty days after the receipt of orders, testify vividly both to the wide interest in air travel and to the progress made toward its realization. With the secret but just learned, its application to practical uses is well under way.

Not the least significant of development along this line is the endowment of a chair of aviation at the University of Paris, with a fund of $140,000, and the foundation at the same university of a department of technical aeronautics with an endowment of $100,000. Columbia University announced some time ago that it would provide instruction in the new science. But the institution of chairs for the study of the problems of air travel at the university around which raged mediaval controversies in theology is not without its sentimental interest. It is fitting that the city of the Montgolfiers should be the first to furnish a comprehensive course of study in the science of which they were pioneers.—New York World.

KIPLING'S LATEST.

Here Is an Iconoclastic Blow at the "City of Brass."

We swear by the "Jungle Book," Terence Mulvaney and his friends can never lose us. But did Mr. Kipling ever write any poetry? The "Recessional" is the cheapest semi-religious patriotic commonplace. The "Barrack Room Ballads" and "Departmental Ditties" are mighty fine in their way, but they are only excellent good music hall warbles. As for the so much admired celebrations of machinery, they are mightily clever; but they lack the passion, the beauty, the supreme fortune of poetry, if so to be called. In vain does that quivering mound of paradoxes and of sentimentalities, Mr. Gilbert Keith Chesterton, invite us to consider the poetry of letter boxes and fire alarms, and tell us, as Mr. Charles Eliot Norton told us year before, that Mr. Kipling has seen and sung the beauty and the tragedy of things common and despised. Let us go at this for this time: Mr. Kipling's poetry at its best is a tour de force at its worst, as in the "City of Brass," falling on us in these days of molten brass, it is an international outrage against which the State Department or the Health Department should protest.—New York Sun.

THE TYPHOID FLY.

How doth the little flitting fly
Improve each shining minute,
By buzzing blithely o'er our food,
Then gently dropping in it.

How doth he land his little store
Of microbes in our victuals,
Then, quickly crawling out again,
Fly off to lick some spittles.

How doth he fill his little legs
With cultures of bacilli,
And plant them where they's sure to kill
Some mother's little Willie.

How gently doth he hover near
A hurt you've not detected,
Till you feel his little sting,
And know poison's been injected.

Yet, not as an assassin,
Strikes this enemy of our race;
He seldom fights us in the dark
But gives battle face to face.

And who may compute the victims
Of this doughty little hero,
Who's never met his match in fight
Since he battled with old Nero?
J. P.

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