The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, AUGUST 29, 1909.

FURTHERING JUSTICE.

The healthy movement toward simplifying and cheapening legal procedure, which President Taft has accentuated in several speeches, and which various State Bar Associations have been considering within the past year or two, made itself visibly felt at the meeting of the American Bar Association at Detroit on Thursday. A special committee of the association, appointed two years ago, brought in a report which recommended extensive reforms. One of these recommendations looks toward the elimination of all needless work, the duplication of papers and records and the like. Such a step would obviously reduce the expenses of litigants. A still more important recommendation is for a law to limit the setting aside of verdicts on error unless the error complained of appears to have resulted in an actual miscarriage of justice.

This last proposal, which strikes deep, has already been brought to the attention of Congress. It is one which thoughtful laymen will warmly commend. Lawyers may tolerate, but those who are unversed in the law have nothing but disgust for the interminable technicalities which clog, deflect, and not rarely absolutely vitiate the aims of justice. When a Tennessee court cancels the brave work of the local jury in the night rider cases by an appeal to the formalities of procedure, and when a Missouri judge quashes the indictment against a guilty prisoner on the ground that it omitted a "the" from a certain sentence, intelligent onlookers feel very keenly that the hour for reform is at hand.

Law, the unlegal hold, was made for justice, not justice for the law. To those whose sense of values has not been distorted by a trained reverence for red tape, it is manifest that court procedure, like the laws, should have no other purpose than the carrying out of the ends of justice. The more quickly, simply and cheaply this can be done, the better. The present procedure is not quick or simple or cheap. Nor does it always serve the ends of justice. The last defect is the greatest of all, swallowing up the others. The deification of technicalities and dryasdust little rules has clearly tended to become an obsession, a sorry barnacle upon American jurisprudence. The Bar Association strikes at the root of it in urging that the attainment of justice be restored to its proper place above the regulations that were meant to be the handmaidens of justice only, and that "harmless errors" of procedure shall be ignored as they desesve.

MR. BRYAN AND THE TARIFF.

If Mr. Bryan will now stick unflinchingly and persistently to his tariff for revenue slogan until after the first Tuesday after the first Monday in November, he may render his party a service proportionate to the buffets he has given it in times past. Personally he has the gift of leadership in a high degree, and here is a cause worthy of a leader. Thrice beaten though he is, he probably still has it in his power, more than any platform, to make an honest tariff the one issue in the next presidential campaign. There can be no reasonable doubt that that way lies the victorious regeneration of the Democratic party. Weak or divided or sophistical upon the prostitution of the taxing power to the selfish wishes of the few, it abdicates its one sure appeal to the confidence of the country. Soundly and vigorously united upon the great issue on which it has won its only victory in twenty years, it should prove even now more than a match for a republicanism demoralized and enfeebled by political fatty degeneration.

But Mr. Bryan, should he elect at last to stand inexorably for the principle which is his party's backbone, will find no easy hoeing before him. Strange gods have been set up in the camp of the faithful, while he himself was dallying with the idols of Populism. The proceedings of the springtime made it plain enough that many Democrats are for tariff for revenue in a constructive sense only. It is fine for the platform and the stump, but not so desirable in the committee-room. We were assured that these weakening manifestations were due solely to the fact that the country had commissioned Congress to pass a protective tariff, and that it was not reasonable, under these circumstances, to ask Democrats, reformers or not, to decline their share of the spoils. Yet the arguments used to support these protective claims were of the final and unqualified sort, as good in a free trade country as an Aldrichized one. Some of them were not distinguishable from those which New England has made familiar for half a century or more except to those who could not afford to recognize their identity. Whether they will be abandoned when the Democratic party is in position to write its beliefs into the laws remains to be seen, and this is one of the biggest and most vitally interesting political questions of the day. No man in America is better able to make a test of it and to shake the party free of the little issues that do not matter so much than Mr. Bryan. He could do nothing better or wiser than talk tariff for revenue, and nothing else, for the next three years.

HOLMES.

Because he was not unduly rated during his lifetime, Oliver Wendell Holmes has better weathered the lapse of time than some of his New England contemporaries in literature. Lowell is hardly thought so great a man of letters to-day as he was thirty years ago. There are places now where Whittier's claims are dismissed with something like derision. Even in Massachusetts persons no doubt exist to-day who think of Longfellow as essentially the schoolgirls' poet. But Holmes, since no mutual admiration association ever puffed him into impossible greatness, stands on the centenary of his birth just where he stood half a century ago. He is held now, as then, as an essayist of rare charm and wit, and the best American writer of light verse of his day.

Holmes held the chair of anatomy and physiology at the Harvard Medical School from 1847 to 1882. Thus he remained for the best years of his life a doctor with a strong taste for letters. He never wholly forsook the lancet for the pen. In this respect we may liken him, among the living, rather to Dr. Weir Mitchell than to Sir Conan Doyle. Holmes was not a great doctor, nor is the novel in which he used his medical knowledge with no little power the book which gives him his greatest claim upon posterity. Probably even his verses, perfect as some of them are, must yield place in importance to the series of conversational discursions which he gathered together in the Breakfast Table trilogy. Here we find the doctor at his best—humorous, philosophic, wise and charming, running easily and surely the gamut of sentiment from grave to gay. Many a youth has dated his serious meditations about life from a perusal of "The Autocrat." It is not great; nothing that Holmes ever wrote is great; but it is all very genial and charming and good; and it all reflects a very kindly and engaging figure of a man. In the essays and verses no one will have any trouble in detecting those happy qualities which made their author famous in his time as the best talker in Boston.

THE GOVERNMENT BANKS.

Of President Taft a New York contemporary says:

In the tariff matter he wisely accepted something less than what he rightfully expected, but in the postal savings bank matter will insist on the literal meaning of the party obligation.

We do not know why an ante-election pledge for postal banks should be regarded as more binding than a similar pledge for honest tariff revision, or why a post-election surrender should be regarded more leniently in the one case than in the other. Yet it is true that one promise offers a chance of only partial fulfilment which the other lacks. There is no room for compromise about postal banks. You either have them or you don't.

Mr. Taft professes no expertness as a financier. His interest in postal banks is a conscientious one, born of the Chicago platform. His theory that the government banks will appeal only to timid souls who now employ stockings and the like is scarcely likely to prove correct in practice. That these banks will create a new class of depositors is proven, indeed, by the experience of other countries, France, for example. But they will not stop there. There is another class of money-owners, bolder than the sock-bankers, but not bold, who now use the private savings banks, lured by the interest payments, but by no means easy in their minds on the subject of runs, failures, embezzlements and so forth. These the postal banks, with the credit of the United States behind them, would run over, even at a lower interest rate. Thus the government, for the first time in our history, would come fairly and fully into competition with heavy investments of private capital. It need not be pointed out that banking is no more truly a function of government than any other phase of business. When this government begins taking care of people's money it will be perfectly logical to ask it to begin insuring the people's lives and homes, or even selling them coal and ice at cost.

Mr. Harriman was never a garrulous man, and the nature of his present complaint is being handled with characteristic reticence. Dr. Hamilton F. Biggar, of Cleveland, physician to another fatigued magnate, hazards the long-distance opinion that the railroad man is suffering from a malady usually superinduced by rapid eating, great worry or lack of exercise. Probably Mr. Harriman has courted all three of these perils in his time. But it still seems quite likely that his trouble now is nothing more than exhaustion and breakdown. He is simply tired out. He is a conspicuous example of the type of business man common in this country, and nowhere else—the man who lives in a continuous atmosphere of stress and strain, who taxes his mind and his nerves mercilessly and incredibly, and who suddenly collapses at fifty. Harriman is sixty-one. He has stood the rack pretty well as it is.

"WILFULNESS."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"* * * Not doing thine own ways, nor finding thine own pleasure, nor speaking thine own words."—Isaiah lviii. 13.

"I shall go where I choose." "I shall do as I like." "I shall say what I please."

Who has not heard words like these? Thus say those who are determined to have their own way, who will brook no control. It may be an unruly, undutiful child, or a young man or woman who resents advice from their elders, or a person advanced in life, who will not hear any word of warning. They are all alike in this—they will not listen, being utterly determined to do their own way. It may be that they have bad habits or persist in sinful indulgence, or take no pains to regulate their tongues. It is all the same—they will heed no friendly voice of admonition; they will pursue their own way.

If we address them (however kindly, gently or patiently), it is more than probable that his pride or temper will be up in arms at once, and he will cut the conversation short with the reply: "It is no business of yours. I intend to do my own way." If we try to lead them away from the temptation and snares of bad companions and places, the answer is apt to be: "I shall take my own pleasure. I do not interfere with you, and I will not be interfered with by you." If we endeavor to stop a false, envious, evil-speaking tongue, we are told, "I shall say what I choose. My lips are my own—who is lord over me? Others make free with their tongues—so shall I." And yet in all these cases, and while they so speak, conscience is giving him secret testimony that the advice offered is good; and that if it were heeded, peace and happiness would follow where now only remorse and self-reproach and ruin is found.

Even in the best the natural impulse is always towards wilfulness. And yet progress is made towards holiness and goodness only in proportion as that self-will is rooted out.

How is it that we resist so much yielding up our inclinations or submitting to the contradiction of our wills? It is pride in our hearts—that temper which caused Satan to rebel against God, and which, unchecked, will make us rebels, too, keeping us from our heavenly inheritance.

Pride in some shape (and it has many!) lies at the root of nearly every sin against God. Pride is the origin and support of all of our wilfulness; pride keeps us from conviction of sin and repentance; pride unfits the heart for the humility by which alone we enter heaven.

God knows our hearts in all their vileness and corruption. He has said that pride must be rooted out, and that His will (not ours) must be made the rule of our life. Therefore, Christ Himself, not only gave us the prayer, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven," but, by His example, taught us perfect obedience to His Father's will in all things, by the entire submission of His own. In the crowning act of His life, He prayed not for exemption from suffering, but, "O, my Father, Thy will be done." Thus He taught us what it is to yield up ourselves, simply, wholly, unreservedly, to the will of God.

I appeal to your own hearts: From what you have seen of others (and yourself), has any good ever come to us from going our own way and speaking our own words? Follow the course of such a one, bent on his own way, so that neither the advice of friends nor warnings from God touch him. Is it not a continual going from bad to worse? Does not his wilfulness lead him further and further from God—still downward, downward, downward until the end?

Watch him who is intent upon his own pleasure, set upon pleasing himself and indulging the flesh at all costs. At first his pleasures may be those of a man; at the last they will be those of a swine or devil. His own pleasure is but another name for his own besetting sin. And can he sin alone? What will he do with that plain rule laid down in God's word—"Without holiness no man shall see the Lord?" And can holiness abide where sin dwells?

Again, trace the career of one who will speak his own words. See in how short a time his tongue becomes the master. Hear the profane man, pouring our wickedness, hardly knowing or thinking what he is doing—and yet, "for every idle word God will bring him into judgment!" See how soon the liar gets into the habit of lying—deceiving no one, not even himself. We are told no liar can enter heaven, where all is truth. What, then, will be his fate? See how the gossip grows into the evil speaker and slanderer—he will first exaggerate, then invent, utterly reckless of the misery produced by his random talk. Does he recall those tremendous words, "With what judgment ye judge ye shall be judged?"

No good ever yet came to any man from going his "own way, finding his own pleasure, speaking his own words." But let God rule all. Do nothing in opposition to Him, and all will be well.

Pray with David, "Teach me Thy way, O Lord"; endure with Moses "affliction with the people of God rather than enjoy the pleasures of sin for a season." Follow St. James in learning not to offend in word or deed. Thus body, soul and spirit will be trained and disciplined into sincere (if imperfect) obedience to God. Thus shall we attain more and more unto the mind of Christ, be led more and more by His spirit, and so be fitted more and more for that presence in which all shall do God's will in all things, and God shall be all in all!

Low, the poor Indian!

Thoughtful people in Georgia and Alabama must sometimes long for a conservative Legislature such as they have in old Oklahoma.

William A. Larned seems to feel about the tennis championship much as old Uncle Diaz feels about the presidency of Mexico.

Secretary Ballinger ought to keep in mind that Mr. Pinchot got his training on the White House tennis court.

Borrowed Jingles.

BOTH WAYS.

These folks that have convictions,
Who believe in wrongs and rights,
They spend their days in puzzling,
And they cannot sleep of nights;
There's but one way they can walk on,
And if rough, they can't go thence;
But the man whose mind is easy
Is the man upon the fence.

He balances so nicely
That no matter when the call
He's ready on the right side
To very neatly fall;
His mind may not be keen-edged
And his conscience very dense,
But for Number One he's working,
Is the man upon the fence.

In principles and party
He is looking for the slump,
And when it comes, he's ready
On the paying side to jump.
He knows most folks despise him,
But he thinks he has the sense,
So he sees which way the wind blows,
Does the man upon the fence.

—Baltimore American.

MERELY JOKING.

Proof Positive.

Ferdinand: "And do you really love me?"

Penelope: "Love you, Ferdinand? Why, only yesterday papa asked me if I wouldn't sooner have a pug dog, and I refused."—Tit-Bits.

He Didn't Propose.

The girl thought she would try a little strategy.

"Mr. Slowfellow," asked she, "don't you think two can live as cheaply as one?"

"Nothing to it," was the prompt reply. "My chum and I tried it once. Kept bachelors' hall in a flat."—Washington Herald.

So Helpful.

"Can't we instruct the poor about how to live properly and improve their general condition?"

"Why, certainly we can. Let us get up a series of lectures at one of the fashionable hotels."—Pittsburg Post.

Such a Question.

Mrs. Bleecker (upstairs): "Bridget, have you turned the gas on in the parlor as I told you?"

The New Domestic Jewel: "Yis, mum; can't yez smell it?"—Christian Advocate.

Couldn't Resist.

"I've got the dyspepsia. I overate today."

"Don't you know better than to do that?"

"Yes, I know better; but the department store restaurant had a bargain sale of pie."—Houston Chronicle.

As a Stage Effect.

"I wish our stage manager could see that sunset."

"Why?"

"I think he could utilize it for our third act, with a few improvements."—Kansas City Journal.

MENTIONED IN PASSING.

THE President is now taking it easy at Beverly. The interests took everything easily at the extra session.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

* * *

Acting Secretary of the Treasury Reynolds's theory of art, as applied to his tariff rulings, seems to be that nothing can be a work of art that is to be classed as "useful."—New York World.

* * *

"The immoral play is the only play worth writing," says George Bernard Shaw. Mr. Shaw's mania for advertising is becoming extremely acute.—Washington Herald.

* * *

The momentous question, "Why are we paying more for food and clothing than we used to?" has been answered. It's because we can't get them for less. Have to remember this.—New York Evening Telegram.

* * *

We rejoice to learn that "Mr. Roosevelt and his party were on short rations for a week." Mr. Roosevelt and his party may learn some of these days something of the ration shortness that has afflicted the Democratic party for twelve years.—Houston Post.

* * *

The chances are that the politician who, uninvited, travels to Beverly to see the President will soon be looking around for something to reduce his wait.—New York Mail.

WAR ON THE INSURGENTS.

Ex-Senator Harris Predicts the Wrath of Cannon on All.

Former United States Senator Harris, of Kansas, in a recent interview in the Kansas City Star, predicted that war would be waged in every State that had a Senator who dared to challenge the omnipotence of Aldrich. With the vast interests back of him and the money they will be glad to contribute to such a war, Mr. Harris said that hardly an "insurgent" would escape slaughter.

* * *

The first onslaught will be made on La Follette in Wisconsin and on Clapp in Minnesota. The Legislatures elected next year will elect their successors. La Follette has aroused bitter antagonism in the Senate, which will be but too glad to reinforce the old crowd of malcontents in Wisconsin, now having on their side Senator Stephenson, whom La Follette opposed for re-election, and which Stephenson bought with cold cash and lots of it. Stephenson tarried in Milwaukee on his way home, and was in consultation with prominent anti-La Follette men. The opposition gathered confidence from Stephenson's re-election and affect a confidence in being able to defeat La Follette next year.

* * *

Senator Clapp has a fight on his hands, though he does not fear it. Aldrich and that crowd regard him as a deserter, joining the open and avowed opponents like Cummins, La Follette and Bristow, and will be the more resentful for that. Some time ago Frank B. Kellogg wrote a confidential letter to leading Republicans, saying he would be a candidate, but more recently he has said he is not a candidate. Whether this is because Clapp's "insurgency" as standpatters call it, his resistance to the betrayal of his party, as the truth is, has developed such home support as to make Kellogg think his chances nil, or if he sensibly decides to stick to a lucrative practice, accounts for his latest statement or not, only he knows. But that the Senator is strong in his State the expressions of the press seem to indicate.

That effort will be made to retire all these Senators there is no doubt, and whether it succeed or not depends wholly upon the continued vitality of the sentiment that made them Senators.—Sioux City Tribune.

NEW SIMPLIFIED WORDS.

Spelling Board Has Issued a List of More Than Three Thousand.

Those more or less worthy folks who find nothing better or worse to do than striving, not to instruct American youth in the art of spelling, but further to confuse and demoralize English orthography, have by the medium of the Simplified Spelling Board issued a new list of 3,261 words, whose written construction they would have modified. This is quite a wholesale proposition, the original list having contained but 300.

There is satisfaction for most sensible people in the fact that the simplified spelling fad makes no great visible headway. Even the Roosevelt seal of approval entirely failed of popularizing it, and the executive order for making the government records ridiculous was nullified by Congress in observance of public sentiment. Two or three publications professing to be learned practice the word mutilation system without finding imitators, whereas the newspapers noted for editorially maintaining a high literary standard will have none of what the New York Evening Post calls a work of degeneration. "Instead of making for progress," says that paper, "the attempt to simplify spelling makes for retrogression. The only thing that it is certain to establish is uncertainty. The pedant of the past insisted on senseless rules without reason; the pedant of the present upon an equally senseless chaos with less reason."

The money spent for printing and circulating lists of misspelled words might be used more beneficially. Such further reform as the orthography of our language actually needs will come by the slow and natural processes which have been long in operation.—Buffalo Courier.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Addington Palace and Its Owner's Privileges.

ADDINGTON PALACE is for sale, and unless bought by private treaty within the next three weeks will be disposed of by public auction at the end of September. I call attention to the fact, it is because its ownership carries with it certain historic prerogatives at the coronations of the Kings and Queens of England. While these prerogatives are no longer exercised to the very letter, their possession suffices to secure an official place in the coronation pageant and an invitation to the ceremony.

William the Conqueror, nearly a thousand years ago, granted the manor and lands of Addington, in Surrey, to his chief cook, a Norman of the name of Tezelin, on the condition that he and the future owners of Addington, provided the sovereigns of England with a dish of "dillagrout" for their refreshment during the coronation ceremonies. According to an account of the coronation of George III., this particular dish consists of meal cooked with almonds, milk, sugar, spices, currants, wine, the brawn of capons, and chopped boiled chicken, served with fingers of toast. At the coronations of George III. and George IV. the dish in question was prepared in the royal kitchens by the King's master cook, but was handed to the sovereign by the lord of the manor of Addington in a royal silver porringer, which he retained as his perquisite. At the coronations of Edward VII., of Queen Victoria, and of William IV., the owners of Addington were dispensed from their obligations by a royal proclamation issued for the purpose. Had they not thus been relieved of their duties, and had they failed to perform them, the manor and lands of Addington would have been forfeited to the crown.

From William the Conqueror's cook, Addington passed into the possession of Sir Robert Aguillon, whose descendants obtained from Henry III. a license still preserved in writing, to fortify the house. Then it was acquired by the Knights Templars. In the eighteenth century it belonged to Barlow Trecothick, Lord Mayor of London in 1770, who erected the present mansion on the site of the original building, portions of which above ground, as well as the vaults and cellars below the surface of the soil, still remain.

In 1807, when the Archbishop of Canterbury sold his palace of Croydon, the ruins of which I described in these letters about three weeks ago, he purchased with the proceeds the Manor of Addington, which since then has been known as the Palace of Addington. For no matter whether a spiritual peer of Parliament (that is to say, a prelate of the Church of England, occupying as such a seat in the House of Lords) lives in a castle, a villa or a cottage, it is always designated officially as his "palace."

Dr. Manners Sutton's successor in the primacy, Dr. Howley, made many additions to the mansion and beautified the park. But those who followed him in his lofty office, which takes precedence of all others in the British empire, coming immediately next after royalty, found Addington too expensive a place to keep up on their stipend of $75,000 a year. Consequently, it was sold some ten years ago for a quarter of a million dollars, which was utilized to build a handsome residence for the primate in the grounds of his Cathedral at Canterbury. Addington was purchased by the late F. A. English, whose recent death brings it once more into the market.

The estate comprises about fifteen hundred acres, including the whole of the village of Addington, with its inn, and an excellent farm of five hundred acres. The mansion itself is of the Georgian palatial type of architecture, built of stone, standing high in a richly-wooded park of six hundred acres, amid trees many hundreds of years old, and commanding glorious views to the south. The palace contains about thirty-five bed and dressing rooms, several bath rooms, and stately reception rooms, the grand salon in particular being a majestic apartment. The whole place is lighted by electricity, is equipped with all modern improvements, though possessing the charm of age. The estate, moreover, affords first-rate shooting and golf, while there is excellent hunting in the district.

Lord Revelstoke, Sir Ernest Cassel, Lord Esher and a number of other well-known men in London are the founders of the new National Bank of Turkey, which, with headquarters at Constantinople, is being wholly financed from the British metropolis, under auspices of the British government. To such an extent is the latter interested in the enterprise that Sir Henry Babington Smith, the president of the institution, is officially stated to have accepted the appointment as such "at the request of His Britannic Majesty's government," and has resigned his secretaryship of the General Post-Office Department for the purpose.

Until now the two great banking concerns at Stamboul have been the Deutsche Bank and the much older Imperial Ottoman Bank, originally an English institution, but of which foreign financiers have long since obtained control. During the reign of Abdul Assiz and of Abdul Hamid, the Turkish government was frequently in terrible straits for ready money, and on such occasions was wont to have recourse to the Ottoman and Deutsche Banks, which furnished the cash, but at terms extremely onerous, and which moreover had the disadvantage of placing the Sublime Porte at the mercy of the two institutions in question, which were in consequence thereof able to obtain all sorts of concessions, as well as to exercise a pressure upon the Padishah, which was frequently used politically against Great Britain.

The new National Bank of Turkey will render the Ottoman government independent of the Deutsche and Imperial Ottoman Banks, and of their political interests, and naturally more amenable to the influences of the English government. Moreover, the backing which Great Britain is giving to the new bank will encourage the influx into Turkey, through the channels of that institution, of that foreign capital which is so urgently needed for the development of the immense latent resources of the Turkish empire.

Sir Henry Babington Smith is no stranger at Constantinople. He is a Scotchman, hailing from Renfrewshire. Trained at Eton and at Trinity College, Cambridge, where he graduated with high honors, he joined the Government Education Department, and then was chosen by the late Lord Goschen to act as one of his private secretaries while Chancellor of the Exchequer. From that time forth his career was assured. Like Lord Milner, Sir Edgar Vincent, and all those other men who served Lord Goschen as private secretaries, he became a marked man, in the best sense of the word. In 1892 he was one of the British delegates at the Brussels Monetary Conference. When Lord Elgin was appointed Viceroy of India, he appointed Smith as his private secretary, and three years later Smith became his employer's son-in-law by marrying the earl's daughter, Lady Elizabeth Bruce. When Lord Elgin returned to England, Smith was nominated British representative on the international council of the Ottoman public debt at Stamboul, where, becoming president of the board, he remained three years, coming home to England in 1903 to become secretary and permanent chief of the post-office. He was created a Knight of the Bath last year for his services as the British representative at the International Telegraph Conference at Lisbon.

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THE SLOW COURTS.

Indiana Case, Begun in 1903, May Some Day Be Decided.

The hypothetical case of Mrs. Jones, outlined in the News of yesterday, is in no way unusual. On the contrary, it is typical. The story of her experiences is conservatively told. It took Mrs. Jones over a year to get her case to trial. She gets judgment, but there is an appeal to the Supreme Court, which results in more delay. It was not till two years after the cause of action accrued that the case got into the Supreme Court. When that court decided the case, or how it decided it, we are not told. But if it reversed the decision and ordered a new trial, it would probably take two years more for Mrs. Jones to get her money. There is, as we say, nothing extraordinary about this. On the contrary, there is a case now in the Superior Court that has been there for six years. We gave an account of it in the News of Saturday. It is not our purpose to tell the story over again, for it speaks for itself. We may say, however, that a demurrer was filed to the complaint June 3, 1907, in Judge McMaster's court, and that the ruling on it was not made till April 23, of the present year. In other words, it took 688 days to get this preliminary issue decided. In this period it was alleged there was sickness in the judge's family.

The case, that was brought in December, 1903, is not yet ready for trial. Is it any wonder that the people are beginning to demand radical reform? The man in this case, Charles E. Shover, ought to have had a judgment—either for or against him—years ago. But he is still waiting. Another case was that of Bridget Donavon, who sued a man for damages on the ground that he was to blame for running over and killing her husband. The complaint was filed in February of last year. The usual delay followed. One judge went off the bench, and the new one did not want to try the case at once. Finally, the case was set for trial in Judge Weir's court. But it was not tried, and finally the defendant died, and the plaintiff lost all chance for recovery. So it will be seen that there are actual, as well as hypothetical cases. In our opinion it is time that something were done to make justice move with a decent speed. Present conditions are, to speak plainly, intolerable.—Indianapolis News.

State Editors on the Good Roads Movement

Interest Is Increasing.

Interest in good roads seems to be increasing all over the country, and we are happy to say that Orange county is up and doing along this line. The rock crushers and a large force of convicts are now and have been at work for a long time, and the roads that used to be impassable are now as smooth and delightful to drive over as is the palace car to ride in. We believe in good roads up this way, and we are putting our belief into practice. You people in the mud ridden districts come up and let us drive you over roads that are roads.—Gordonsville Gazette.

A Most Important Subject to Farmers.

The matter of good roads has been vigorously and ably agitated for some time past by the various newspapers of Virginia, and this most important subject to the farmers of the State has been exhaustively discussed in all of its phases. We all know too well the great drawback that inferior roads are to the prosperity of a community or a State; and, on the other hand, all of us know equally as well of the great advantages of good roads to such community or State. Facilities for travel are constantly increasing in this age of wonderful advancement and material progress; in fact, marvelous strides have been made along this line within the past few years.—Northampton Times.

Expenditures Should Be Published.

We have been thinking so for some time, and last week ventured to suggest to our local road board that some kind of an official statement should be made to the taxpayers of the district that they might understand what had been done and what is the status of our road matters. It is something in which everybody has an interest, and without information many persons are apt to form prejudiced and erroneous opinions and make criticisms that are unjust and that should not be made.—Chase City Progress.

Blackstone Is Aroused.

It is gratifying to note the success with which the good roads meeting was attended on Thursday of last week, an account of which appears in our news columns. It is generally expected that what Blackstone undertakes it generally guarantees success, but this attempt was a little beyond the others. Not only was the meeting well attended, but so much enthusiasm shown that even the most optimistic were surprised at results. However, no one must be satisfied to sit still now and wait for further happenings, but go after them, just as has been done thus far. Others in other sections are not sitting idle, and those here who have interested themselves must continue to work until the object sought is an accomplished fact. Nothing less than this will amount to anything.—Blackstone Courier.

Meeting in Charlottesville.

Charlottesville is to have a big good roads meeting to-morrow. Circulars and handbills have been distributed far and wide, calling all interested to the courthouse at 11 o'clock. The meeting will be under the auspices of The Times-Dispatch good roads campaign. Charlottesville is anxious to be on the national highway, and will exert every effort to that end. The farmers are especially urged to come out and attend the meeting.—Charlottesville Progress.

Movement Will Advance the South.

The interest manifested by people from a distance as well as that voiced by our townsmen was indeed gratifying. We are pleased to have authoritative statement that our meeting was one of the best that has been held, and to realize the sincere good will that exists throughout the country for this great cause. The object of this work is to arouse the people and to enlist their sympathy and support for good roads, which will set our Southland upon a higher plane for agriculture, for education, for religious and social life, and make our Garden of Eden a paradise indeed.—Clarksville Star.

Has Taken on New Life.

The movement for good roads has taken on new life in Virginia. Public meetings have been held in a number of places, and the people aroused to the necessity of improving the thoroughfares in their sections. The Richmond Times-Dispatch has been the leader in the movement. It has been sending its automobile over roads which an automobile never dared venture on before, and its representatives and good roads advocates have been telling the people what they are losing by getting along with bad roads, and in many instances no roads at all.—Middletown Mirror.

Manifest Advantages of Good Roads.

If you are going to spend money on your roads why, of course, you want the best roads that the money will buy, and you don't want to spend it all over again next year and every year thereafter—that's a pretty high cost, even to keep automobiles away. It may be taken for granted that every one will agree that a good road is really better than a bad one, not merely as a road, but as a matter of convenience. You can haul a bigger load, in less time, with less damage to material, vehicle and animals, and with less waste of physical energy and nervous force. If you owned a farm a mile from town you would doubtless consider it worth more than if it was two miles from town. If you can travel on a good road twice as fast as you can on a bad one, then you move your farm half way to town.

These are some of the simplest arguments which may be advanced for good roads.—Radford Advance.

W. G. Newman's Offer Noted.

The Times-Dispatch car has had many interesting experiences. Running over the bad roads it has been broken and on several occasions it has been mired so that horses or mules had to be employed to pull it out.

The Lynchburg Advance printed an offer of $5,000 for a macadam road from Washington to Lynchburg via Manassas, Orange and Charlottesville, which has been made by W. G. Newman, a New York broker and capitalist, whose country home is at Somerset, Orange county. The offer from Mr. Newman reads: "Get Horseshoe Robinson,' a novel by Kennedy, and see the road he used from Orange through Lynch's Ferry or Lynchburg, and you can get $5,000 from me to help build the road."—Strasburg News.

ENTER THE PRESIDENT.

Mr. Taft Should Settle the Pinchot-Ballinger Trouble.

President Taft has decided to investigate the Pinchot-Ballinger imbroglio. This is good news any way you take it. From the point of view of the efficiency of a most important department—one, by the way, in which St. Louis has an especial interest by reason of the service therein of Carl Schurz, John W. Noble, David R. Francis and Ethan Allen Hitchcock—it is important that the chief should not be exchanging the retort courteous, and worse, with the head of a bureau in a closely related department—that is if executive discipline means anything.

Mr. Pinchot needs investigation, in order that the really valuable qualities of the man may not be lost to the public service through his defects. He is a man with a hobby, but back of the hobby is a driving impulse we are bound to respect, a passion for the conservation of the growing trees of the national domain. He will achieve results where your mere conscientious bureaucrat would waste his days in meticulous quibbling.

But the regulative side of Mr. Pinchot is ill developed in comparison with the dynamic. The nation needs his work, but he is like the Tincup miner's explosive—"Joint (giant) powder improves to be set on." A commission to "sit on" him and set forth his really great achievements, unobscured by his engineering heresies and his short-cuts in practice, is much to be desired.

Secretary Ballinger needs investigating also. If he is a man who cares little for anything except the letter of the law, he needs to understand that, while President and country believe in the rules, they expect the custodian of the virgin resources of the national domain to play the game; and the game is conservation, in no narrow and negative and technical sense, of the vast resources under his hand to the needs of the coming days. We need to know whether the Secretary has been negligent or whether the Chief Forester has mistaken a blanket hung against the canon wall for a real Demon of the Gorge.—St. Louis Republic.

THE CENSORSHIP IN ENGLAND.

With One Exception, Stage Folk Protest Against "Dramatic Espionage."

The last two weeks have been rather strenuous for the watchdog of the British drama. Dramatists, writers, actors and statesmen have united in giving the unpopular Mr. Redford the most unpleasant experience he has had since he took up the burden of office. A committee formed of members of both houses of Parliament has been taking evidence for and against the censorship of stage plays, and the bulk of the evidence so far has been against the gentleman whose blue pencil can bar any play from the theatres of Great Britain. Almost to a man the dramatic critics of the English capital protested against the retention of a system of "dramatic espionage," as one of them aptly expressed it, and, of course, most of the authors and actors gave evidence unfavorable to Mr. Redford. William Archer considered that the censorship had been entirely ineffective in keeping off the stage offensive plays, as it had been entirely too effective in keeping off several plays of very great intellectual power and stern morality. George Bernard Shaw, as usual, appeared on the stand in cap and bells and provided comedy for the delectation of the audience. Having had three plays censored, he regarded himself as an expert witness. He considered that the law of the land should control the theatres, for the reason that the control now existing was of a most tyrannical character. James M. Barrie argued for the abolition of the censor, as did Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Thomas Hardy, Maurice Hewlett and H. G. Wells. The only witness who favored Mr. Redmond was Forbes Robertson, who declared that in his judgment the present system of censorship should be retained.

In a way the agitation is much ado about nothing. Unquestionably the censorship of Mr. Redmond is open to criticism, but it may be doubted if out of the 7,000 plays submitted to him many dramatic masterpieces have been rejected. Of course, the judgment of any man who could reject Maeterlinck's "Monna Vanna" and license "The Devil" is not infallible, but it would be difficult for any man to present a better record than his—that of forty-three rejections out of 7,000 manuscripts. The authors are taking themselves too seriously when they animadvert against the man who acts as censor of plays. Their quarrel is with the office, not with the man.—Rochester Post-Express.

OUR LACK OF LANGUAGE

President Faunce Justly Arraigns American Paucity of Words.

When surprise at the novelty of a college president's discussing such a simple thing as "English as she is spoke" has subsided, there will be opportunity to congratulate President Faunce, of Brown University, on his sharp arraignment of American illiteracy and of our colleges and schools for neglecting to teach proper speaking and writing.

It is not so certain that the schools are neglectful as that they are unable to make headway against habits of speech so slovenly that similar indifference to business would populate the country with bankrupts within a year. We do not allude to persons whose educational advantages have been limited, but to the more favored, and we are not so finicky as to rate a split infinitive as a violation of grammatical rules or consider breaches of rhetorical refinements as evidence of vulgarity. But there is astonishing and widespread ignorance of the most rudimentary rules of speech. It is plain that we learn to talk from each other, not from competent teachers, and the greater number are children who imitate the prattle they hear without much idea of anything but its concrete meaning. What the schools endeavor to teach makes such a slight impression that it exerts no corrective influence.

Possibly it is not surprising when the working vocabulary of a youth is limited to 500 words, and few except the highly educated have command of over 1,500. If we except the superlatives and exclamatory adjectives, our women would be as speechless as a Frenchman with his hands tied, and our men, alas! resort to vulgarity and profanity, not because they are either vulgar or blasphemous, but because they have no other language in which to express themselves.

It is a pitiful condition. We wish President Faunce luck in his campaign.—St. Louis Post-Dispatch

PELLAGRA AND LEPROSY.

Historic Scourge of the Middle Ages Akin to American Disease.

Those whose school days fell even thirty years ago used to read in their histories of the dreadful condition of the lepers of the Middle Ages, who wandered about ringing their warning bells as a signal for all healthy persons to avoid them. The histories used invariably to dwell on the "selfishness and brutality" of what were really crude attempts at segregation and quarantine, and they always concluded with a glorification of the sanitary measures which rendered the modern prevalence of leprosy impossible. It might still linger in out of the way corners of the world; but it had been effectually driven out of civilization. So said the schoolbooks.

Close upon these discouraging findings comes the news that pellagra, the historic disease of the Lombard Plains, which attacks people who feed upon musty maize or millet, is alarmingly prevalent in the South. The first cases of it seem to have been taken for eczema, and this natural failure to recognize an exotic malady has led to serious consequences. In some sections of the South, it only attacks negroes. In others, white people are the only victims. As it has never been known before during all the years of white occupation, there is reason to believe that pellagra has been imported by Italian laborers and that the "Lombard leprosy" has found a congenial soil among the most degraded classes of the population. As it has hitherto been considered a disease peculiar to hot climates, there appears to be no danger of its spreading North. The situation demands the utmost vigilance upon the part of the authorities. The recrudescence of old diseases which were believed to be practically extinct has been in evidence at every stage of the world's history.—Bridgeport Telegram.