The Times-Dispatch

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FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 24, 1909.

IF VIRGINIA WINS THE DEBT CASE?

The argument which begins in New York this morning before Special Master Littlefield means the beginning of the end in the debt case. In a few months, if things go well, certificate holders will know their fate, and lawyers will add another to the eight famous suits of States against States.

If present indications are correct, the verdict of the Supreme Court is likely to be a victory for Virginia. But if Virginia wins, the most unique and interesting point in the suit remains to be settled. What legal assurance is there that West Virginia will obey the mandate of the court should that State be ordered to assume the certificates? In other words, can the Supreme Court execute the judgment it may give in behalf of Virginia? We raise the question as a point of constitutional interest, and with no intention in the world of reflecting on the motives or intentions of the sister State. There are no laws on the statute books prescribing the method by which a judgment of one State against another may be executed, although the right of a State to sue a sister Commonwealth is stipulated in the Constitution. If the Supreme Court were to order an execution in the case, it would be doing so without any authority under the laws of Congress, which alone prescribe the methods of judicial procedure in Federal courts.

The question therefore resolves itself into this legal puzzle: Can a court, formed under the Constitution, execute powers designated in the Constitution, when Congress has failed to pass laws defining the method of execution? There are, we venture, but two cases that give any answer to this question. In Prigg vs. Pennsylvania (16 Peters, 539) the Supreme Court issued an epoch-making opinion regarding the return of a fugitive slave. In effect, the court ruled that where a duty was imposed upon a State under the Constitution, and where there were no laws of Congress prescribing the method by which that duty was to be performed, the Supreme Court could not compel the State to obey. The same principle was again laid down in the memorable case of Kentucky vs. Dennison (24 Howard, 66).

The parallel is obvious. The verdict of the Supreme Court against West Virginia (or equally, of course, against Virginia) would impose a duty, clearly recognized when the defendant rights of a State were laid down in the Constitution. But where Congress has passed no law prescribing the method of executing judgment, the performance of the State's duty may not be legally enforcible. And this, too, in the face of the general principle that where there is jurisdiction there can be the power of execution. Of course, the defeated State may gracefully accept the result and avoid further complications; and doubtless it will do so. Otherwise, new tangles and further litigation may be expected.

TYRANNY AND INJUSTICE.

Analyzing the difference between a protective tax and a revenue tax, the esteemed News Leader declares that a protective tax, in compelling A to pay B a higher price for his product, "is of the very essence of tyranny and injustice." In our judgment, this is a statement of entire truth. Yet we recall that the News Leader supported Virginia's representatives in their votes for the highest protective duty that they had the chance to vote for, and declared that they were doing "exactly right."

The question at once arises as to whether tyranny and injustice are ever, or can ever be, exactly right.

It must be remembered that each duty is a separate and distinct thing, operating upon a separate group of articles and levied upon a brand-new group of people, or upon the same old group of people at a brand-new point. Thus each duty, if considered on moral grounds—the grounds which the News Leader properly elects—is a complete issue in itself. It is not possible to wave it aside as simply a "compensating" part of an existing system. The tyranny and injustice of a protective tax, as the News Leader points out, lies in its operation upon the buyer of commodities. When this buyer finds the price of his gloves suddenly raised by a new tax, it does not help him in the least to be reminded that he is already paying taxes on his clothes, hats, socks and underwear.

Our neighbor, it is true, argues that discrimination may be as unjust under a protective tariff as though a free list, and there is much soundness in the contention. But the discrimination it refers to is all between the ultimate sellers of commodities, not the ultimate buyers of commodities. There are far more ultimate buyers than ultimate sellers, and to these there is no discrimination in a free list. Every new article of general consumption put upon the free list injures none of them and helps all alike.

THE RIVAL EXPLORERS.

At the Arctic Club banquet last night, Dr. Cook praised Commander Peary as one of the gallant pioneers who made his own achievement possible. The tribute was as just as it was generous. Without Peary, there would have been no Cook at the pole in 1908, and it is of a piece with the latter's excellent bearing that he should have acknowledged this in his first important address on home soil. Out of the north comes the commander's assurance that he will accept no public honors until the unhappy row is settled, and here, for once, he is on better ground than his rival.

The situation between these two is at present too confused to be in the least comfortable to a sensitive man. Who really knows now how the glory ought to be distributed? Some think that Cook found the pole, but not Peary; some think that Peary found it, but not Cook; some think both, and some think neither. Why wait six months, or even two, to get the harassing issue straightened out, and let us know once for all to whom our chief homage is due? A board of experts of unquestioned authority could be summoned in Washington, hear the stories of the two men, pass upon their data, and give a verdict within a fortnight.

ABOUT OUR SCHOOLS.

Every day is the busy day of the Harrisonburg Daily Times. One of the very few Republican dailies in Virginia, it keenly feels the responsibilities of its position. It whacks at the Democratic heads with a grim industry, a certain stoic and gloomy persistence, which cannot fail to excite the liveliest admiration. Irresistibly, the whacks come back. Six or eight whacks from a single batch of exchanges make a humdrum morning for the Times.

We do not hold with Mr. Kipling's banjo, and cannot persuade ourselves or others that "ten to one was always fair." It was our generous purpose not soon again to mingle in this one-sided fight, or to claim a chance at the plucky stranger already wrastling with so many. But we confess that our vagrant eye fixed and started when it fell upon this sentence, and we felt that forbearance had become a weakness and a vice:

The sad fact remains that our [Virginia] schools are about the worst in the United States.

If certain New York or Boston journals which we could name had made this remark, we compliment our Harrisonburg contemporary by believing that he would have felt himself warming up under the collar. The State's good name is a much bigger thing than any small partisan advantage, and we assume that no Republican would deliberately traduce it. Kindly but firmly, then, we tell the Times that the Virginia schools are not the worst in the United States, either definitely or "about." They rank eighteenth among those of forty-six States—an excellent showing, considering the difficulties that Northern Republicans put upon us from the year 1861 till we finally kicked them out. When we consider that the State's ranking was thirty-fifth only four years ago, the fine uphill fight that the Democrats have made for the cause of education becomes still plainer. It is unlucky that any Republican should seek campaign material in the Virginia school system, since the digging only results, and can only result, in turning up fresh tributes to the present management of the State's affairs.

WE WISH TO BE CONVINCED.

"Do they wish to be convinced?" inquires the Norfolk Virginian-Pilot, referring to its "Richmond contemporaries" and the Virginia Beach camp site offering. For our own part, we reply that we should like very much to be convinced that the Beach offered in every way the best possible site in the State, inasmuch as it can be acquired free, while all other proposed sites will cost the tax-payers something. We have already acknowledged the full weight of the strong testimony to the healthfulness of the Beach presented by two United States surgeons, and we gladly make further acknowledgment to the equally warm indorsement contributed by Dr. Allen, of the United States Army, and now called to our attention.

But it is in the last degree puzzling to find the Virginian-Pilot describing Dr. Allen's report as "the evidence which our Richmond contemporary professes to need for its full conviction." It is, with due respect, nothing of the sort. Our Norfolk friend can hardly fail to recall that the evidence we suggested as necessary for "full conviction" was not that of Dr. Allen, but of our own State Board of Health. Why should there be any hesitation, reluctance or air of elusiveness here? Why should a procession of experts, whom few of us ever heard of before or personally know anything about, be brought down from Washington to convince us of the entire healthfulness of Virginia Beach, when our own experts, certainly better informed as to our particular conditions and needs, and commanding the whole confidence of the State, could readily be secured? Is there any reason in the world why the State Board of Health should not pass upon Virginia Beach as it has upon Goshen and Carysbrook?

Since our Norfolk contemporary again returns to this point, we again inform it, as plainly as possible, that we should consider the indorsement of Dr. Ennion G. Williams as preferable to that of any more government surgeons, estimable authorities though these gentlemen doubtless are, and that we should consider Dr. Williams's indorsement as fully and finally decisive. Meantime we venture to remind the Virginian-Pilot that the only body that has any power or authority whatever to choose the site is the Military Board, consisting of the Governor of Virginia, the Adjutant-General, the Secretary of the Commonwealth, General Vaughan, and Colonel Jo Lane Stern. Which of these gentlemen does the Virginian-Pilot suspect of being subject to those unworthy "influences" "which have nothing to do with regard for the best interests of the State," and which it again insinuates to be at work against Virginia Beach?

A friend of The Times-Dispatch says that a simpler way of reducing street car congestion on Main Street would be to swing the Laurel Street cars down Franklin Street, and that curtailing or cutting out the Oakwood and Main line wouldn't do much good. We are wedded to no particular device, and the elimination of the Laurel line from Main Street strikes us as simple and promising. Of course any change will bring forth a wail from those who consider themselves hit. A change is hardly conceivable which everybody would rise and praise with one voice. The fact is that the Laurel Street line is the elite and exclusive of our lines, brought down to Main Street as a kind of soft indulgence, and largely patronized by the fashionable dwellers in our nearer West End. We can't feel that a walk up Ninth Street from Main to Franklin would do these comfortable and well-fed people any serious injury. Doubtless many of them need the exercise anyway.

Robert Hoe, third of a line of famous printing-press makers, died in London on Wednesday. He was one of those heroes of industry whose contributions to the comfort and pleasure of his kind cannot well be measured. The giant rotary press, the mechanical marvel, which makes the modern newspaper possible, would have come without him, but not so soon. Commerce is not primarily benevolent, and the mainspring of industrial progress is the hope of personal gain. But results are important as well as motives, as the wise maxim about the two blades of grass suggests; and if service to the race is the measure of greatness, then men like the Hoes must be placed above "the whole race of politicians put together."

King Manuel's engagement to Princess Alexandria will be announced on November 15. Our Mediterranean corps of little research workers advise us that the King's betrothal gift to his fiancee will be a pretty copy of The Sonnets from the Portuguese.

To soul-mates everywhere: Frederick Pinney Earle, experienced, affable, kind, is now "at liberty."

According to the Spanish version, at least, Moors are now to be exterminated with positively sickening velocity.

Beef prices are regulated on the theory of "all that the hunger will bear."

After November 1 our tight-fisted administration is going to charge us 10 cents to register a letter. Our corps of little research workers tell us that in some places you can register a colored voter for that.

THE WIZARD OF THE PRESS.

Robert Hoe Perhaps Did More Than Any One Man to Develop Printing.

Robert Hoe is dead at seventy. But in the pressroom of this newspaper the pulp made from a great spruce tree is reeled off momently into thousands of copies, automatically printed, folded, counted and pasted as readers receive them. The electric presses, weighing 100 tons apiece, are operated by little push buttons, to which the organisms respond with more than human delicacy and precision. Each day, fresh from the Hoe presses in the printing offices of the world, more information is disseminated than was published in the average lifetime of men before Robert Hoe was born.

Since types were first made by Gutenberg and by Caxton, perhaps no man has developed the art of printing as Robert Hoe developed it. His machines, supplementing by their speed the work of the telegraph, the cable, and "wireless," have made a whispering gallery of the globe. The good and the naughty deeds of all mankind, the thoughts of its philosophers, poets and teachers are thus hourly made known. By their aid the barriers of mountains and of languages are broken, minds meet, the world becomes united. Robert Hoe, the greatest of his line, is dead; but all men live more completely by reason of his work among them.—New York Times.

DR. JOHNSON'S RELIGION.

Bicentenary Celebration Recalls Rare Spiritual Nature of Lexicographer.

A deeply religious man he clearly was, without the slightest suspicion of cant. This frequenter of taverns, this friend of such men as Topham Beauclerk; this patron of the theatre, was a man whose religion was a part of his very nature. He was as much a Christian as he was a scholar—and more could not be said. Proud as Lucifer, he humbled himself to the dust before his Maker. Charged with being a Tory, he was a democrat, if there ever was one. He was great enough to vanquish even his own prejudices, as he proved when he chose Boswell as his friend, and praised Adam Smith—both Scotsmen, and he hated Scotsmen! He had no patience with the flippant infidelity of his day. Orthodox to the core, Christians may take pride in the fact that this great man did not think himself too great to adore the eternal God. "To be of no church," he wrote in his life of Milton, "is dangerous. Religion, of which the rewards are distant, and which is animated only by faith and hope, will glide by degrees out of the mind unless it be invigorated and reimpressed by external ordinances, by stated calls to worship and the salutary influence of example." The man was brave and true throughout. He lives, not because he was "smart," but because he was good—good positively and aggressively. He suffered as much as Carlyle did, and yet he won the victory over himself and all his woes. We can hardly imagine a society in which such a man, poor, unprepossessing, without friends, should yet be acknowledged as an intellectual master. He was so acknowledged by London. The greatest held him to be their superior, and those who loved no one else loved him. Without place or influence, without any gift or desire to please, he was courted by all, and when he died he was buried in Westminster Abbey.—Indianapolis News.

Borrowed Jingles.

THE UNMIGHTY DOLLAR.

The homely proverb says, you know,
"It's money makes the old mare go,"
Get it, by fair means if you can;
If not, well, try another plan;
The needful thing in life's brief span
Is money; get it, fellowman.

Get it in silver or in gold,
In stock or bonds, both new and old,
In oil, in railroads, houses, land—
Grab anything that comes to hand.
Get money, fairly, if you can,
But get it, somehow, greedy man.

Cash in your politics, your friends,
Make your religion serve your ends;
You cheat the church, you're smart and sly,
You whited wall! you living lie!
Get money, in any way you can,
Gold is your god—idolatrous man!

Heed not the hard pressed poor man's prayer,
"Business is business"—no sentiment there.
The bitter cry you must not reck,
Though heel be grinding another's neck.
Get money, by any infamous plan,
Though the blood sweat starts on your brother man.

Of ill-won wealth you have a store,
And still are reaching out for more,
When a grewsome guest (unbidden he)
With chilling touch, says "Come with me."
The almighty dollar they may not know
As the unit of value where you must go.

The curious ones will eagerly say,
"How much did he leave, who died to-day?"
An echo comes back from the funeral pall,
"How much did he leave? He left it all."
He got money, he cared not how,
His money is here. Where is he now?

—Springfield Republican.

MERELY JOKING.

Caught With the Goods.

"Hogan's cow bruk into the strawberry patch this mornin', an' it's hivvy demages ye sh'uld get from him."

"It's no use, Patrick. He'll be sure to swear it was somebody else's cow."

"The divil a bit, sorr; he can't. Oi shut the baste in there fur iviidence."—Judge.

Evened Up.

The Dominie: "I'm glad to hear you say you weren't angry with your father for punishing you for something you hadn't done."

Freddie: "Oh, I got square with him all right. I did it afterward."—Puck.

Very Informal.

First Newporter: "Was it an informal dinner?"

Second Newporter: "Very. The flowers only cost $2,500."—Life.

Utterly Generous.

"He proposed to me last night."

"And you accepted him, of course?"

"No, I couldn't think of another girl who wanted him."—Detroit Free Press.

Conditions Reversed.

"What have you been doing in the country?"

"Oh, just lying around and fishing."

"You mean fishing and lying around."—Boston Transcript.

No Use for Them.

"How do you like Kipling's books?"

"Oh, I don't care for them a bit. The color of the bindings doesn't harmonize at all with the delicate finish of my bookcase."—London Express.

THE MERRY MOCKERS.

We take pleasure in informing our Northern friends that the ice-cream manufacturers of Texas will hold a convention in Houston in November, just about the time when the pagans of New England will be screaming for hot rum punches.—Houston Post.

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Mr. Ballinger's real opinion of Mr. Pinchot would make mighty interestin' readin'.—St. Louis Republic.

* * *

Representative Fowler is in Washington talking about leading an insurgent campaign against Cannon. As wicked and wily "Uncle Joe" and all of his works were approved at Winona by President Taft, the next insurgent campaign bids fair to resemble a glow worm setting up as rival to a three-alarm fire.—Charleston News and Courier.

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The Independence League put forth no declaration. Mr. Hearst was not on hand to ring the bell.—Boston Transcript.

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Finding the South Pole will be like a trip to Coney Island, to hear Peary tell it. But we'd rather go to Coney.—Atlanta Constitution.

* * *

Mrs. Besant says, "the ideal man will appear in 2308." As Senator Tillman will readily agree, however, this does not necessarily mean that Bwana Tumbo proposes burying himself in the jungles for the next 299 years.—Washington Herald.

STATE PRESS

Suffolk for the Oyster Convention.

Elsewhere in to-day's issue we call attention to a meeting of oystermen of Newport News to consider legislation that will be to the best interest of the industry and prove satisfactory to both planter and tonger. A convention of this kind seems to us to be wise, as it helps the representatives to find out just the kind of legislation that is best needed to protect this great industry and to understand the wishes of their constituents. The next Legislature will be called upon to enact some laws, and laws should be enacted to settle this oyster wrangle. . . . The purpose of this article is mainly to impress upon those of our citizens who are directly interested to hold a mass-meeting and appoint delegates to the Newport News convention, which is to be held in October.—Suffolk Evening Herald.

The Work of the State Board of Health.

Under the able direction of Dr. Ennion G. Williams, the State Health Commissioner, the Virginia State Board of Health is doing a magnificent work in the public interest—a work that has attracted the attention of medical men throughout the country. The distribution of anti-toxin at cost through the State Board has been of incalculable benefit to the people, and has doubtless saved the lives of scores of little ones whose parents could not otherwise have obtained the remedy, which, by the plan of the State board, is placed within reach of the poorest family. This is the sort of paternalism with which no fault can be found, for the conservation of the public health is recognized as a function of government of the highest importance.—Portsmouth Star.

More Damage Than Help to Republicans.

The Republicans are expecting help from the national administration, and they will probably get it. But it is quite possible that this meddling will do the Republican cause more harm than good. The people of Virginia are capable of managing their own political affairs without interference from the national administration, whether the interference come in the shape of supplication, suggestion or dictation. But even if interference should be tolerated, the administration at Washington could do nothing to bolster up a cause that has no foundation to rest upon, and that the people know to be without merit.—Bristol Herald-Courier.

Thriving Little Victoria.

We do not think that we should be deemed immodest or egotistic when we declare our love for Victoria. Though she is drest in her swaddling clothes, so to speak, in this way of her greatness, she has many attractions as a place of residence and business. Her magnificent climate and plentiful supply of pure freestone water, together with her energetic and hospitable citizenship, indeed make her an ideal town in which to live. Then her splendid location in one of the finest agricultural sections in this country, on the trunk line of one of the finest railway systems in the country, she is unexcelled as a town in which to do almost any kind of business, industrial or commercial. Whatever may be our individual views touching the lines of expansion along which Victoria will grow in greatness, all of us are bound to be optimistic when we consider the town's future. It is growing now as it never grew before since its foundation.—Lunenburg Times.

The Governor on the Stump.

We do not see any reason in propriety or official dignity why Governor Swanson should not go on the stump in the present campaign if he feels so inclined. But we fail to see that there is any need for his doing so. We have got the Republican party licked with several rounds to spare. In fact, the Republicans were whipped before they started, and they know it.—Petersburg Index-Appeal.

MOTHERS should teach their little ones the daily use of *some* good dentifrice and by so doing spare them much pain and annoyance

Dr. Lyon's PERFECT Tooth Powder

cleanses, preserves and beautifies the teeth, prevents tooth decay and imparts purity and fragrance to the breath.

The Courts of Europe

By La Marquise de Fontenoy.

Expelled From Labor Party.

SIR WILLIAM CROSSMAN has been solemnly expelled from the Labor party in England. And thereby hangs a tale. Sir William enjoys the distinction of having been the first leader of the Labor party to receive the honor of knighthood from the King; and it is this that has proved his undoing. About three years ago the King, accompanied by Queen Alexandra, made a state visit to Cardiff, where at the time the office of mayor was held by the labor leader of the district, a working mason of the name of William Crossman. The Labor party at Cardiff is of the most advanced radical type, strongly socialistic, and with leanings towards republicanism. It was as a forceful exponent of those views that Crossman was elected as mayor.

There was a good deal of discussion, when the King's visit to the Marquis and Marchioness of Bute at Cardiff Castle was announced, as to whether the municipality should take any part in according a welcome to the sovereign. But it was finally decided that public sentiment would be in favor of a municipal welcome, and that to abstain therefrom would be to needlessly antagonize a large element of the good old city of Cardiff against the Labor party.

King Edward, without warning any one of his intention, took advantage of the presence of the mayor at the head of the local authorities assembled to welcome him to Cardiff to tap him on the shoulder with the sword of one of his equerries, exclaiming the mystic words: "Arise, Sir William Crossman," thus converting the working mason into Sir William Crossman in the twinkling of an eye.

The action of Edward VII. in thus transforming its leader into a knight created a considerable amount of confusion in the ranks of the Labor party at Cardiff. Some felt flattered by this royal recognition of the labor element; others resented it. But no matter how they took it, the fact remains that it became difficult for a man who had received a title from the sovereign to lead his followers any further in the direction of republicanism and to preach socialistic war against the monarchy.

Within a year afterwards charges began to be made that Sir William Crossman was coquetting with Liberalism—that is to say, with the government—and recently matters came to a head when Sir William, in a municipal contest, declined to support the Labor candidate against the Liberal nominee, with the result that the Laborite was defeated. This was the crowning blow, and accordingly Sir William has been read out of the Labor party at Cardiff, and loses, ipso facto, the stipend of $600 a year from its funds—not a very large amount of money, perhaps to a full-fledged knight, whose wife bears the title of "Lady" Crossman, but still a consideration to a mere working mason.

This has not been the only instance of King Edward thrusting honors upon people unawares. It is not so long ago that he invited John Kirk, of the London Fresh Air Fund and Ragged School Union celebrity, to Buckingham Palace, to receive, as he believed, a royal subscription to both these charities. He got the subscription. But he was also, without the slightest warning, converted into a knight through a tap on the shoulder by the King with one of the equerries' swords. Kirk is a most modest man, who had always professed not merely a disdain, but even an aversion, for titles, who would probably not have visited Buckingham Palace had he known what was in store for him. But once knighted, there was no help for it, and he remains to this day Sir John Kirk.

The late William Randall Cremer, so well known in this country and in Europe as a peace propagandist, and who was by trade a carpenter, remaining until the end of his days a member of the carpenters' union, was similarly knighted; and I have always had an idea that the objection of James Keir Hardie and William Crooks, two of the Labor members in Parliament, to attend the garden parties at Windsor and at Buckingham Palace, to which the King was wont to invite the members of the legislature, was due to the fear that Edward VII. might possibly take it into his head to suddenly transform them then and there into knights, and thereby destroy their political future and their hold upon their party before they could say or do anything to avert the catastrophe.

Teetotalers are likely to receive a shock when they learn that Exeter Hall, which for the last seventy-five years of the nineteenth century was the headquarters of the temperance cause in Great Britain, and where the first teetotal meeting in London was held, has given way to a hotel, among the features of which are extensive and richly stocked cellars, and also a typical American bar. The hotel, which has just been opened, bears the name of The Strand Palace Hotel, which serves to recall the fact that in the reign of Edward II. the site was occupied by the palace of Walter Stapleton, Lord Bishop of Exeter, whence it received its name of Exeter House. In the reign of Queen Elizabeth Exeter House was occupied successively by her minister, the famous statesman, Lord Burleigh, and by his son Thomas, Earl of Exeter, while under Charles I. it was the residence of the Duchess of Richmond, and the chapel was used for Roman Catholic services, a regular attendant being the French-born Queen Henrietta. The Earls of Shaftesbury were the next tenants, the free-thinking author of "Characteristics" being born there in 1671. The old episcopal palace was demolished in 1690, and in its stead arose that little, crowded nest of shops and wild beasts known as Exeter Change.

Then came Exeter Hall, built at a cost of $200,000, and which was opened to the public in 1831, and it was in that same year that the first teetotal meeting in London was held. During the remainder of the last century it was the centre of every evangelistic movement, and also of all sorts of semi-religious and philanthropic agitations. To such an extent was this the case that many of the statesmen of the Victorian era used to complain of the difficulty of reconciling the best political interests of the nation with the somewhat intolerant prejudices of Exeter Hall, the views of which they were always compelled to take into careful consideration. On a number of occasions, indeed, Exeter Hall virtually forced the hand of the government of the day; and to English envoys abroad and to colonial governors the very name of the place constituted a species of nightmare, since they never knew when their shortcomings were likely to be held up to public obloquy from its platform. And now, where temperance was extolled, and drinking of every kind denounced, wines will be quaffed and cocktails dispensed.

Let me add that in ancient times The Strand was the high road of a more or less rural character, connecting the city of London with the city of Westminster, and so infested by thieves that the traveler accounted himself lucky if he reached the one city with all that he had started with from the other. But long before the War of the Roses the high road had made way to a street, and it then became a centre of fashion, lined with palaces of the mighty, notable among these edifices being Somerset House, now occupied by the Department of Internal Revenue. In the reign of Charles II. it was the heart of London life, and is portrayed as such by Samuel Pepys in his famous diary, though he would have difficulty in recognizing it to-day, when it has become far more American than anything else in the British metropolis.

Admiral Canevaro, who has just issued so sensational a pamphlet, entitled "1912—Arm the Navy," which appeals to the Italian people to reorganize and build up their naval defenses without delay, in order to prevent Austria, with her new Dreadnoughts now in course of construction, from becoming absolute master of the Adriatic and of the entrance to that inland sea, was formerly Premier of Italy as well as minister of foreign affairs. Since the death of his elder brother in a railroad accident on the Franco-Spanish frontier a few years ago he has inherited the old Italian title of Duke of Zoaglia, belonging to the family as well as large estates.

The admiral, who is an extremely able man, one of the most distinguished sailors of the Italian navy, and a Chauvinist as far as Austria is concerned, being convinced that a war with the dual empire is inevitable in the near future, was born on this side of the Atlantic. His family hailed from Genoa. But his grandfather emigrated in the early part of the nineteenth century to Peru, where he settled, and where his children and grandchildren were born. The admiral came to Italy as a boy, recovered his Italian citizenship, entered what was then the Sardinian navy, and eventually became the ranking admiral of the Italian fleet. His two elder brothers remained citizens of Peru, and while one, the late General Canevaro, was for years Vice-President of the republic, the other one, the late Duke of Zoaglia, up to the time of his death, represented the Peruvian republic at all the continental courts of Europe free of cost.

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Voice of the People.

To Help the Farmer.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I hope it will not be amiss for me to say a few words for the farmer in the present agitation of good roads and general interest which seemingly is manifested for his welfare. For instance, I would suggest that the government and railroads—if they really wish to help the farmer—remove the freight tariff on fertilizers for a time, or even less than that, take the freight off lime intended for agricultural purposes. This is one thing that the great majority of farms in Virginia badly need, and in many cases it is absolutely essential to successful farming. The losses to the railroads in removing this tariff would be returned to them three-fold in profits from the products of the farm.

This seems to me to be of far more interest to the farmer just at present than "good roads, automobiles and agricultural trains."

ELCON O. WHITE.

CN DISINFECTANT

in the footbath destroys the odor of perspiration and brings instant relief to tired and inflamed feet.

Sold everywhere. 10c, 25c, 50c and $1.00

WEST DISINFECTING CO

Christians PEPSIN WAFERS

To Prevent Teething and Warm-Weather Ills

Feed your baby properly on the right sort of food. Thousands of babies have died for the want of an easily digested, nutritious diet.

Christian's Sterilized Pepsin Wafers

Make weak, delicate, teething children strong. They digest without effort, and furnish the growing body with all the needful parts. Sold by your grocer at 25c per box. Ask for them.

Manufactured by Virginia Baking Co. Inc. Richmond, Va.

Tariff and Industrial Conditions in England

By ZACH McGHEE.

GLASGOW, SCOTLAND, September 6.—Now I'm not here to tell you that Glasgow is "the second city in population and wealth in Great Britain," that it is the "biggest shipbuilding centre in the world," or that it is one of the most enterprising, prosperous and important cities this side of the Atlantic Ocean or that side. You ought to know, if you don't, that it is a right jam-up town, with all the modern improvements, including water works, ten-story buildings, a Carnegie library; everything, in fact, except 5-cent theatres. Here's an opportunity for some American enterprise, for while they have the same sort of moving picture shows, admission one penny (2 cents), they haven't got half the gilt decorations at the entrance, and the spieler doesn't make anything like the necessary amount of noise.

I'm not going to tell you about Rob Roy, the MacGregors, Old Mortality or even John Knox, whose splendid statue overlooks the city from the top of the "Necropolis." Nor am I going to quote poetry, so much of which sings the romances of these parts. Though, to tell you the truth, it is hard to resist. I have just been to service in a church, the Glasgow Cathedral, where every Sunday for 1,400 years men and women have knelt down and lifted up their voices and their souls in prayer to Him who while He makes and rules the centuries knows the individual hairs of each head which during all these countless ages and to-day is bowed before Him.

I stood upon the Necropolis just above this ancient cathedral and under the shadow of John Knox's monument looked out over a modern and magnificent city. And on the square where I now sit and write, surrounded by splendid, well appointed, but artistic office buildings, is a tall shaft at the top of which is the heroic figure of Walter Scott. Right here on the same square I can see statues of bronze, erected from the product of modern industrial and commercial enterprise, of Robert Burns, Sir John Moore (a native of Glasgow), Lord Clyde (also a native), Thomas Campbell, the poet; James Watt, the inventor; Robert Peel, the free trade man; William E. Gladstone, the "Great Commoner"; Queen Victoria, along with several men of commercial and industrial genius.

One can get a fairly good idea of the people in a place from the men and things they venerate. And that idea—if you've got it—will have to suffice as to Glasgow, for the present. I'll tell you why, wherein you may get something "just as good." I have had only Saturday and Sunday here; and you must know that throughout "His Majesty's kinguom" Sunday is a most solemn and sacred day in spirit and in truth. Now as to Saturday I must tell you. No negro on a Southern plantation ever entertained such innate and irrevocable scruples against working on Saturday as our own cousins here across the sea. Their places of business are, it is true, nominally opened up on Saturday morning, but they are winding up the week's work. At noon they shut up and go home, or to take their recreation and sport. If by reason of peculiar circumstances of employment one has to work Saturday afternoon, he is given another half-day off, for your Britisher, from the Orkney Isles to Land's End, from King to kitchen maid, demands, and gets, his half-holiday, not merely in the summer, but every week in the year. "The free trade system has made us lazy, because it makes it so easy for us to live off of you Americans and Germans," said an English manufacturer, whom I have quoted before.

"These English people—I don't know," a well educated negro of extraordinary intelligence, who has traveled pretty nearly all over the world, said to me a few days ago. "They seem to take it easy and quietly, and yet they accomplish things."

They have their sports on their half-holiday of each week, so that when Sunday comes they can make that a day not of physical, but of spiritual recreation. No football or cricket matches, no horse-races, are held on Sunday. Generally speaking, the British nation observes Sunday in a more reverent spirit than can be noticed in America, especially in the cities. The half-holiday for every one each week probably has something to do with this better observance of the Sabbath.

So far as the mines and factories are concerned, however, it should be borne in mind that in a number of States eight hours a day is the rule, whereas here it is nearly always ten, making with the half-holiday Saturday fifty-five hours a week. In the eight-hour States workmen work only forty-eight. There are a number of states, however, where ten hours a day for six days, or sixty hours, is considered a week's work.

It is not, however, of that portion of the laboring population which calls itself "Labor," and always spells it with a big "L," that I am writing. Every man in every trade and profession and every woman in Britain has a half-holiday every week. It is the unwritten law, and sometimes it is written. For instance, a butcher who keeps his shop open on Monday afternoon (or whatever the day fixed, varying in different towns) is liable to arrest and fine. A barber who keeps open after 12 o'clock of a certain day in the week is liable to arrest. Walking out in one of these towns one afternoon last week, I said to my companion, "I will step in here and get us some cigars." He smiled. "No, you won't," he said, "it is Tuesday." And, sure enough, the stores were shut. In that town it is the rule to close all the stores on Tuesday afternoon. Most of the population are factory operatives, who have their half-holiday on Saturday, and the stores are kept open all day Saturday. In most towns there is a regular published schedule of half-holidays—butchers on Tuesday, barbers and tailors on Wednesday, dentists, opticians, etc., on Thursday, grocers on Friday, or the like. Everybody not enumerated gets off on Saturday afternoon.

Don't get it into your head that some paternal power like the imperial government compels or regulates this sort of thing. It is enforced by the municipal governments, but that goes to illustrate how these British people, who run their government, make use of it to do their will. The association of butchers in a town, say, meets, holds an election, and decides upon a certain afternoon of each week on which to close their shops. Having agreed, they relieve themselves of all further trouble and responsibility in the matter by turning it all over to the city authorities, who order the police to enforce it. Likewise the other business houses choose their day and direct the city officials to enforce it.

This is the custom in practically every town in Britain. Saturday being the principal half-holiday, when all public offices are shut up at noon, I'll tell you more about Glasgow when they open up again.

By the way, this Saturday half-holiday and Sunday observance applies to newspapers also. There isn't a daily paper in Britain which publishes on Sunday. There are certain Sunday papers, but they are weekly, appearing on Sunday only.

A CARD

I beg to inform my customers I have moved to

211 N. Fifth St.

Chas. Keppler,

Jeweler.

CHANGE IN SCHEDULE, CHESAPEAKE AND OHIO RAILWAY.

Under change in schedule, effective Sunday, September 26, Mountain Special, leaving Richmond at 12 noon week days, will be discontinued; fast train for the West carrying through sleeper to Chicago leaving Richmond at 3:30 P. M. instead of 3 P. M.; fast train from the West arriving Richmond at 3:35 P. M. instead of 3:45 P. M.