

The Times-Dispatch

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THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 30, 1909.

A HUMILIATING EXHIBITION.

Some Article Marquis of Queensberry with an authoritative voice ought to arise and lay down a set of rules governing polar combats, for combatants and by-standers alike. The sport is suffering severely from the present license which permits and encourages the foulest blows devisible. These blows are not so much virtue things like good, honest kicks in the stomach, as they are malicious pinches, vicious scratches and murderous pullings of hair. It is high time that some tribunal of authority should meet and rule that even if a man has discovered the pole, he and his friends must not conduct themselves like a lot of hysterical and mean-hearted old women.

In this polar squabble, we seem to have reached about the bottom of smallness and pettiness and shabbiness. The sense of triumph is long since gone, meekly trampled in the mire. Never was great glory more quickly smudged out, or more contemptibly. The explorers themselves are not responsible for all of this, though one of them seems to have set a pretty stiff pace in the general direction. But for their friends and supporters, no motive has been too low, too unworthy, too utterly despicable to suggest in support of their own side and in defamation of the other.

The unhappy depths to which the "controversy" has sunk are fully illuminated by the incident of Dr. Cook's records. The rival camps have touched their lowest here. Peary declined to bring these records home with him because he knew that Cook was the real discoverer of the pole, and was basely determined to rob him of his proofs. Peary declined to bring the records because he knew that Cook, an impostor on the brink of exposure, would try to save his face by charging that he, Peary, had tampered with and mutilated them. Peary has loudly called for Cook's proofs because he knew that, through his own jealous cunning, Cook's proofs were safely hidden in the far-off cache at Etah. Cook purposely left his so-called records in the remote north, because he knew they were worthless, and dared not bring them home to face the scrutiny of the scientists. Roughly speaking, he has no records. These are samples of the motives that are being ascribed to two men who claim, we believe truthfully, to have accomplished one of the most difficult exploits in the history of man's daring—motives that are utterly beneath any man with the soul of a peasant and the honor of a champion.

For this humiliating exhibition the two explorers have hardly anybody but themselves to blame. The interchange of almost incredible suspicion and counter-suspicion is the logical result of their own curious behavior. Their daily passings back and forth of "proof" and rebuttal, new proof and fresh rebuttal, through the columns of the newspapers, have done more than anything else to stink the splendid incident into a sordid farce. And it is a farce, unhappily, which can last ten years as easily as ten days. The discovery or non-discovery of the pole does not have to be proved but once; but that time it must be proved decisively. What these gentlemen seem unable to understand is that they are not required to convince and convince a continuous stream of quizzing reporters, or even the newspaper-reading world behind them. They can shut out their case forever in the newspapers, and never get anywhere at all. Their sole task is to convince those of competent authority, the scientists, from whom the newspaper readers will almost unanimously accept the verdict as final. There is no way that they can convince the scientists except by original records and data, which both men declare that they have. Why don't they produce them and get the agony over? These daily pin-pricks accomplish nothing in the world except to heighten the sorry meanness of a brawl which has cast a stigma upon American manhood.

THE FUTURE FOR FRUIT GROWING IN VIRGINIA.

The first snap of autumn is bringing the red to the wispasp and the pale yellow to the popple. Fruit growers in Piedmont are busily preparing to gather the ripe fruit and ship it to the waiting markets. While the season has not proved a good one, it will still bring fortunes to some farmers and substantial bank accounts to others. Many a farmer, in making up his annual accounts, will find that his fruit, which cost him little in time and labor, has actually brought him a more solid return than his field crops. Others will discover that a single apple tree has

paid better than the richest acre of cultivated farm land. What is true of scattered cases here and there should be true of the entire Piedmont territory. The fortune that has fallen to the few should belong to all farmers in this splendid fruit section. All alike possess land which has been certified by the United States Department of Agriculture to "possess physical characteristics which make them well suited" for fruit growing. All share the advantage of the same climate and have the same transportation facilities.

Perhaps the chief reason why so many farmers fail to take advantage of their possibilities is that they are ignorant of the fortune lying open to them. With a single year's fruit crop reaching a value of more than \$5,000, there seems little room for such ignorance. With men around them making \$10,000 a year from their fruit, there is no justification whatever for neglect.

A few years ago a young man in a Piedmont county bought a young orchard of apple trees for \$10,000. He had not a dollar of capital, and hoped to meet his notes with the receipts from his orchard. In three years' time he owned the property, without a dollar's income, and at the end of his fourth season he sold the fruit as it hung on his trees for \$5,000. This is but one example of many that might be cited—all sermons on the same text.

Indications are that more farmers are now aroused to the possibilities of fruit growing in Virginia than at any previous time in our history. When every idle acre in Piedmont is planted in fruit, the State can come into its own, provided the farmers care properly for the fruit they raise. This, indeed, is no less important than securing a large yield. Our Virginia apples to-day are as fine as can be grown in the world, but when they are shipped in rough barrels, uncleaned and unsorted, they cannot command the best trade. The fruit growers of Washington State, who ship apples of interior eating qualities, get the highest market prices because they wrap each apple in paper and ship them in separate paper boxes. Let our Virginia fruit growers follow this example of Western business push. We have the best fruit; let us ship it in the best shape, to the best markets and get the best prices.

Why shouldn't Mr. Bryan and Mr. Bailey have a joint debate if they want to? Several lively ones have already been started on the other side of the fence. It all depends on what you call the Republican party. It depends on whether the Republican party consists of the people or a subcommittee of the Senate. If it is the latter, we can't be read out of the party, for we never were in it. This reply at once raises an interesting question. What is the Republican party? A man must locate, identify and define any party before he can fix his own attitude to it. Mr. Taft has elected to recognize what Mr. Dolliver calls a subcommittee of the Senate as the Republican party. How far Republican voters generally endorse that view it will take a congressional election to determine. Mr. Dolliver, meantime, makes it very plain that he does not endorse it at all. If Senator Aldrich is a fair embodiment of the Republican party, he (Dolliver) is not and never was. The situation is muddy, calling insistently for a new definition of terms.

The humorists of the press have in recent years derived some simple pleasure from attempts to determine what a Democrat is. It is high time that they turned their nimble wits on this newer and rarer question. What is a Republican, anyway?

WELL, WHAT?

Asked to say whether or not he considered himself as read out of the Republican party, Senator Dolliver, the Chicago Tribune reports, made answer: "It all depends on what you call the Republican party. It depends on whether the Republican party consists of the people or a subcommittee of the Senate. If it is the latter, we can't be read out of the party, for we never were in it. This reply at once raises an interesting question. What is the Republican party? A man must locate, identify and define any party before he can fix his own attitude to it. Mr. Taft has elected to recognize what Mr. Dolliver calls a subcommittee of the Senate as the Republican party. How far Republican voters generally endorse that view it will take a congressional election to determine. Mr. Dolliver, meantime, makes it very plain that he does not endorse it at all. If Senator Aldrich is a fair embodiment of the Republican party, he (Dolliver) is not and never was. The situation is muddy, calling insistently for a new definition of terms.

LA FOLLETTE HEARD FROM.

His Criticism of Taft's Tariff Speech is Decidedly to the Point. Senator La Follette is quite tart in his comments on President Taft's latest tariff speech. He begins by remarking that not even the President of the United States can decide either for or against the people. He then attacks the Republican party whether the new tariff act is genuine or counterfeit, that the people have the divine right of deciding that question for themselves. Replying to the President's declaration that in the States of this kind it is a question with the people, he asks a question with the people: "Do you mean that the party should maintain the party solidarity for accomplishing its chief purpose or whether the departure from principle in the bill, as he regards it, is so extreme that he should in consequence abandon the party, which comes from the fact that they can be no 'chief purpose' of a political party higher than the purpose of reforming the government and the abandonment of its principle or of abandoning its party solidarity when the principle is one that has been accepted by the party as a basis of an appeal to the voters? If the latter is accepted by the voters in good faith, becomes binding upon the party representatives, and the obligation of the mere demands of party solidarity under a misrepresentative leadership in Congress.

VALUE OF TRADE EDUCATION.

Printers' Union Technical Course Has More Than 1,000 Students. There are many persons interested in and taking the work of the International Typographical Union has quit years ago it adopted a resolution appointing a commission "to formulate a system for the technical education of our members and apprentices. This commission is composed of men well known to the craft, and that they are not only interested in the promotion of more than 1,000 students. The commission has issued its first report this morning to the members and students. A handsome piece of typographic art, it demonstrates that printing is an art. The ambitious apprentice shows his skill on work of a class that is not done in the office in which he works; the accomplished printer of the new day shows his skill on work of a class that is not done in the office in which he works; the accomplished printer of the new day shows his skill on work of a class that is not done in the office in which he works; the accomplished printer of the new day shows his skill on work of a class that is not done in the office in which he works.

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King Edward likes cigars, cigarettes and a pipe. He, however, has no liking for the cigarette, his favorites being mild Turkish. In his young days His Majesty smoked cigarettes and nothing else, and now he smokes a pipe and a cigar, and a tobacco wrapped in paper. His every-day cigar is specially made for him in Cuba of the finest tobacco.

The German Emperor smokes cigars and cigarettes out of doors, but when in the privacy of his study he puffs at a small wooden pipe, and, as a rule, smokes about half a crown. The Kaiser consumes various kinds of tobacco, sometimes a mixture of the two, and sometimes a Cuban, cost about two shillings each.

The King of Spain smokes strictly by the cigarette. He smokes in a paper case, and requires very careful smoking to keep whole. Alfonso's cigarette is about as peculiar as the cigar. He smokes a pipe and a cigar, and a tobacco wrapped in paper. His every-day cigar is specially made for him in Cuba of the finest tobacco.

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Teignmouth's love for his pipe was proverbial. It was the great poet's boon companion, and an Irish jack was his favorite. Baskets of clay pipes ready for use were stacked around the walls of his study, and he was never without a pipe in his mouth. He was never without a pipe in his mouth. He was never without a pipe in his mouth.

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