The Times-Dispatch

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SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 27, 1910.

PULLING TOGETHER FOR CONSOLIDATION.

Some night early this week the Aldermen will meet to decide whether or not they will concur in the consolidation ordinance as passed by the Council last Thursday. No doubt our citizens in the Council are getting weary of meeting to discuss consolidation, and our citizens out of the Council are somewhat jaded with much editorializing about it. But the fact is that we have before us a movement of the first importance to the future of Richmond, and public spirit demands that there be no let up until the issue is settled and settled right. Therefore The Times-Dispatch hopes very much that the Aldermen can see their way clear to adopting the ordinance as it now stands by a decisive majority, and so put this measure at last on the broad high road to fulfilment.

The Board of Aldermen, it will be remembered, never voted directly on the original ordinance as first passed by the lower branch. But it was understood that a majority of the members was opposed to it, and it went through only after the annual allowance to Manchester had been cut from 40 per cent. of the revenues to 20 per cent. Now the ordinance goes back to the Board with this allowance fixed at 30 per cent., which is the logical compromise between the desire to do as well as possible for Richmond and the necessity of keeping the ordinance acceptable to Manchester. Probably many of the Aldermen will object to this figure as still too large; probably they will decidedly prefer their own figure and feel confident that the argument is on their side; but to our minds the difference is clearly not great enough to warrant the jeopardizing of the whole movement. The details of the arrangement will be wholly forgotten ten years from now, but the splendid fact of the united, thriving and progressive city will permanently remain.

We do not think that there can be any question where public opinion stands on this matter or room for doubt that the great majority of the citizens of both cities heartily favor consolidation and are not inclined to dicker overmuch about terms. It seems to us, therefore, that the Aldermen have a fine opportunity to show their good spirit by yielding their own preferences in order to insure the success of a great public movement. This spirit of concession and sacrifice of personal opinion to the common good the Aldermen have displayed in this matter before now. At their earlier meeting five of them who were understood to be strongly opposed to the 40 per cent. provision, if not to the whole measure—Messrs. Zimmermann, Powers, Melton, Donahoe and Hobson—turned in and supported the ordinance with the allowance cut to 20 per cent. If these gentlemen will now make a further concession and stand by the compromise arrangement, they will not only insure the passage of the measure, but will help to give a fine example of how Richmond can "all pull together" to get things done.

For this movement has not only its large practical side, but also what we may call a moral bearing of real significance. We have undertaken to do a certain thing here, and, quite apart from the tangible value of the thing itself, it is of the greatest importance that we should not fail. If we do fail, we of Richmond shall lose more than Manchester. We shall lose something of our growing civic confidence, of our expanding capacity for teamwork, of our increasing readiness to tackle big things with the certainty that we can carry them through. This will be a serious loss. The knowledge of defeat and failure here will unfailingly weaken us the next time we try to put our shoulders together for the common good. But on the other hand, success and victory now will stand as an inspiration for the future; it will add another impulse to that spirit of unselfish co-operation for progress which Richmond is now developing so splendidly, and which means so much to her future; and "remember what we did with consolidation" will become a rallying-word to uphold the hands and encourage the hearts of our leaders in progress through the years to come.

BALDNESS, DRAUGHTS AND CHIVALRY.

A gentleman of our city who is more or less afflicted with baldness sends us a couple of clippings in which his capillary malady gives him a peculiar interest, and asks us, with evident earnestness and sincerity, to start something for his relief and benefit. One of these clippings is a letter to the New York Herald twitting the men of the Herald's interesting city for not taking off their hats when women get into the elevators downtown. The other is an editorial from the same paper describing its correspondent's underlying suggestion as "impracticable," and saying that the men keep on their hats on account of "lack of room and not lack of respect for the women"—a curious reason, certainly, since a man can take off his hat in a surprisingly small allowance of space if he really puts his mind to it. Our own correspondent is on much firmer ground in favoring a hats-on policy. He says that he catches cold every time he takes off his hat in elevators, which are undoubtedly apt to be rather draughty, and he states, truly we think, that Richmond women would rather have Richmond men discontinue the courteous ceremonial than run the risk of being bundled off instanter to bed with grippe, chills and fever.

From the bottom of our hearts we sympathize with the situation and complaint of this gentleman, and genuinely desire that he should be protected whenever the blasts of winter sing and roar into lifts in which he may happen to find himself. But really the case is a hard one. We have no desire to see Richmond suddenly take on the brisk ways of the metropolis and wear like a proud badge that title of "the New York of the South" which several Southern cities seem to be contending for with some anxiety. We are not eager to see Richmond women treated "just like men" in elevators any more than we wish to see them sway and stagger on the ends of carstraps while serried rows of seated men are engrossed in their newspapers to an incredible depth. But, then, neither do we want to see our excellent men martyred and invalided by what is, after all, only an outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace. The grace is the thing that counts; the sign makes comparatively little difference. But the mischief of it is that when men neglect the symbols they are apt to go on and forget the spirit that they stand for. Taking off one's hat is both an evidence and a reminder of the peculiar deference due to women, and when men begin slurring over the reminder the deference itself is haply like to have started toward its doom.

Thus, torn between two desires and two sympathies, we begin to look for compromises which shall preserve the graceful ritual while fending off the peril of head-cold. If men were all of a kind, and all of them bald, the women would understand their case and would no more expect them to doff their hats in elevators than to stand uncovered on the street during a quarter of an hour's talk. But nine men out of ten, perhaps, are protected by nature hirsute-wise from the dangers of draughts, and the valetudinarian prudence of the tenth man is apt to be mistaken by the bystanders for sheer want of courtesy. The problem grows increasingly difficult. We recall that elderly men, peculiarly sensitive to colds, solve it sometimes, as in church, by wearing black silk skull caps. The convention is thus observed, while the physical head is shielded. We fear that this device, however, would prove impracticable for elevators on account of the brevity of the ride, etc. Men at funerals remove their hats and hold them a bit above their heads, thereby making a proper compromise between reverence and self-protection. Is not this plan available? It could quickly become understood that men in elevators who firmly hold their hats just clear of their heads are men who are making the utmost concession to courtesy that their health permits, and who are consequently entitled to the full approval of their fellows. Or will the elevator, after all, gradually pass into the privileged or outdoor zone, like the street cars, where men keep their hats on without censure? Or, again, will what Mrs. Deland calls "the change in the feminine ideal" sweep over this whole tradition and some day bring us to the idea that men owe no visible forms of courtesy to women that women do not owe to men?

A MYSTERY IN COMMITTEE.

There is a certain tinge of mystery about the unfavorable report of the House Committee on the United Agricultural Board bill. Of course, no one can ever say exactly what a committee is going to do. Bills which appear favorable on their face are sometimes buried without explanation, while other measures of doubtful wisdom receive the prompt approval of the men who have them in charge. But this bill appeared to have everything in its favor. It had been aired before it was presented. It had been molded to meet all known conflicting views. It had strong patrons. It had the unqualified support of the Governor. All of these, it would have seemed, should have helped it to passage.

But aside from its patronage and supposed backing, the bill had real, genuine merit. It aimed to close up leaks and co-ordinate work of great value to the State. It was planned to put all the State's agricultural energy into well-directed and efficient channels. Under its operation we should have had no fear that work would be duplicated. Where a board composed of the Governor, Superintendent Eggleston, Mr. Koiner, Mr. Sandy and two other members could supervise the agricultural and experiment work of the State, there was little chance that money would be spent in teaching a boy how to grow corn and then spending more money to teach the boy's father the same thing. Under the direction of such a board, a farmers' institute would not be held in a community where agricultural demonstrators were going from farm to farm.

Then, too, the bill would most surely have fostered agricultural development at a very small cost. It could not be otherwise. When the same men worked on the problems of our various agricultural efforts, and when they saw how much alike these problems were, they would soon have formulated a plan that would give to each and to all a strong forward impetus. Five able men could not look long at the question without agreeing on some answer to it.

What, then, could be the objection to the bill? What could prevail on the members of the committee to give it an unfavorable report? Again we must profess our ignorance. Of course, there was a reason. It is suggested that the bill invaded some one's bailiwick, or its heavy heel of unification stepped on somebody's toes. But whose?

We imagine that the Assembly will want to know. The people will want to know. The recommitment of the bill to the Finance Committee will give its patrons an pportunity to uncover this opposition. If the bill is sound in principle and equitable in its operations, as we think it is, it should be approved, no matter whose personal preferences it may overthrow. If it is a bad bill, let us know wherein.

THE "OLD" CHAMPION.

The downfall of a "champion" is always a life tragedy of its kind, the end forever of the hopes and ambitions that have been the marrow of one man's life. The case of the lightweight fighter who went down in defeat last week is no exception to the general rule. The doubtless "brutalizing" but certainly vivid and interesting account of his combat with the rival who was to take his scalp away contained this illuminating statement and summary from the referee: "Both men fought the same, but one had youth, the power to come back, vigor, life and all that goes with it, while the thirteen years of fighting through which Nelson had gone had sapped his strength and left him without the old snap, dash and stamina." This tells one of the oldest and saddest stories in the world: the recurring and continuing triumph of youth over age, which is an expression of one of the ruthless laws of life. But the casual or uninformed reader might be misled by this statement, and might miss another point. He might infer that Nelson was actually "getting along" in life, that he was forty years old, perhaps, or even forty-five. A reference to any of those little handy encyclopedias of sports, however, will show that the unseated champion was born in June, 1882, and that he is now less than twenty-eight years old.

This drives home sharply the truth that champions at any violent physical exercise or sport commonly grow old with amazing speed. They live hard; they put enormous strains upon their bodies; often they vary the rigors of severe training with interludes of wild dissipation; and at a time when they should be in the prime of their manhood they are often superannuated and broken down forever. By the entry in the family Bible, Nelson is still a very young man, but by the hard tests of sport, he is an old 'un and a has-been—a sadder word in many ways than Whittier's "might have been." His right hand has not lost his cunning, but "the old snap, dash and stamina" have gone from him forever. And there comes dancing up to him, insolently challenging his honors, a confident youth with all his own cleverness and technical skill and behind it just that quiver and kick of perfect health and unstrained tissues which the old 'un himself once had but can no more manage. So the champion becomes the ex-champion; and the new champion will strut his day and fall likewise; and so will the champion after him; and the whole history of this sport and all others like it is a story of just such tragedies as this, youth slowly running into age, as age is measured here, and receiving its quietus at the hands of youth incarnate elsewhere.

Prize-fighting is not an edifying thing, either to see or to read about, but there are things in it, as there are in even humbler activities, to interest philosophers. Mr. Wolgast is twenty-two years old. Fame and money are exceedingly dangerous things at that time of life. They intoxicate as does no wine ever made. From the standpoint of things far better than either of them, his hammering down of the "old" champion may prove the worst day's work he ever did in his life.

"THREE MEN."

(Selected for The Times-Dispatch.)

"These three men, Noah, Daniel and Job."—Ezekiel xiv. 14.

Noah, the Believer in God's Word; Daniel, the Doer of God's Law, and Job, the patient Bearer of God's Will—these are the three forms in which life comes to every man. These are the three characters into which men are trained by every faithful acceptance of life at the hand of God, and these are the three types of loyalty in whose perfection humanity would be complete.

To one man life is a problem to be solved; it is the mystery and darkness which oppresses him; it is light, only light, which he craves. To another life is a duty to be done, a task which calls for power and steadfastness; weakness and fear and idleness are what he dreads most. And to yet another life is a burden to be borne—a weight laid heavily upon the shoulders, which demands a simple, passive strength which will not yield, a steadying of the bent back, a stiffening of the trembling muscles against the heavy downward pressure.

This is not a fancy. We know that there are indeed perpetually distinct types of human character, because of the different sorts of men whom we see around us, entirely apart from any religious view, and they appear clearly in the most earthly pagan life. But we must recognize that Noah, Daniel and Job have their counterparts in the self-reliance of the great heroes who have conquered by faith in God.

One man peers into life to understand it; another lays his strong hand on it to do it; another bends his back simply to endure it. But the three men of whom the Bible speaks added something to all this. They do not merely indicate the different dispositions or illustrate the different men whom we see everywhere; but they live their several lives in humble obedience to God and His will. One love pervades them all.

Noah listens in docility while God instructs how the ark of his safety must be built; Daniel lifts up his heart to God and then goes and does his duty in Babylon, with the den of roaring lions yawning at his side; Job sits in his misery and bears it patiently because God sends it.

Then, out of their several centuries, out of their scattered homes—Noah from his far-distant antiquity, where we can fix neither time nor place; Daniel out from the surging thousands of Babylon; Job from the quiet pastoral land of Uz—they all come and meet in this city of Ezekiel's vision. Noah hears his message, Daniel does his faithful work, Job meets his pain in these streets which exist only in the prophet's dream.

And at once that unbuilt city becomes the picture of this every-day world in which humanity works out its great career, under the eye and care of the great Father of us all. Life the Problem, Life the Task and Life the Burden meet the souls of men everywhere, and by the docility and fidelity and patience with which it is met the city of our human life is gradually filled and fitted for the presence of God.

It gives us a very deep sense of the value of this world and its affairs when we see how by it and in it God thus trains the natures of His children. We abuse the world and talk of how it hides the truth, how it threatens or allures us to do what is wrong; of its hard blows and the heavy weights which crush us. But surely there is another side, more gracious and more generous, about this old earth, which takes our complaints, and yet never withholds its bounty for all our fretfulness and grumbling. Certainly if mystery can strengthen faith and temptation can make fidelity and pain produce patience, then this earth, which teems with all three, may be made into a very blessed place, "none other than the gate of Heaven."

It all depends upon how we take it. Even out of the perfect light and holy joy of heaven we may look back to this old world, where our mixed and troubled years were lived, and love it for the memory of its deep mystery, its temptation and its pain. Eternity itself will be the more blessed for our experience and how we met it here on earth.

That city is rich in which there is a Noah, a Daniel and a Job. Each adds his element to its life and character, and the whole city grows more full and complete. That life is rich which God has filled with knowledge, duty and patience, making them channels through which He gives to it His wisdom, His grace and finally Himself.

Pray fervently to Him that He may give us grace to accept cheerfully any treatment (though it may be severe) which will in time, if we submit, make us more wise in His knowledge, more faithful to His law, more patient under His will. So shall we grow into His likeness and be "made meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."

It may be said without fear of contradiction that Senator Jim Gordon not only outspeeches Mr. Heyburn, but then some and subsequently a few more.

It seems to be left for us, no other than us, to point out the solemn fact that Dr. Cook's presence in South America means that the South Pole is on the point of being discovered.

"There has been," muses the Charleston News and Courier, "but one street duel in Memphis in a month." What's the matter with the Memphis men? Is it possible that they have not yet recovered from the last little affray?

A mere Congressman up in Massachusetts announces that he will go after Mr. Lodge's seat in the Senate, and a startled world is left wondering if riotous and rambunctious impudence can go any further.

Mr. Kitchin says that he'd rather have a lion than a jackal in the Speaker's chair. It strikes us as a reasonably good stunt not to have either.

With the first hint of coming warm weather, Beverly, Mass., begins to prink. This year, though, she'll have a deadly rival in the little burg near Sagamore Hill.

At first glance a "Democratic ship subsidy bill" impresses one as decidedly through-the-looking-glassy. Also at second glance.

In one way it seems disadvantageous for Virginia to adopt the income tax amendment, in view of the generally admitted fact that the incomes of Old Virginia are far flossier and finer than those indulged in elsewhere.

Cheiro, we recall, was put in prison for his sins. Can't we do something like that with Cairo? The ayes seem to have it.

We have never seen a portrait of Leroy Percy, but he is either a beautiful man or misnamed.

The Governor of Georgia has written a book, as Hoke Smith has doubtless noticed with ill-concealed pleasure.

Vashti.

Among women royal
Above thy throne,
To thy great trust loyal,
Though it alone
Be left;
As a sacred duty,
Guarding beauty—
A right divine no law bereft
From thee—
Nor loud decree.

Wearing thy priceless pearl
O'er heart lowly
Within, turned from the world,
Kept all holy
And pure;
Firm as Media's law,
Without a flaw
Shall thy high, stately name endure,
Fame bloom
O'er thy lost tomb.

MABEL LAIRD GOODE.

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CZAR OF RUSSIA RIVAL OF MORGAN

Both Struggling for Acquisition of Great Treasures of Art.

THEY PURSUE SAME POLICY

Duties of Royal Barge Master and His Thirty Watermen.

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

J. PIERPONT MORGAN has one great rival and competitor in the acquisition of the great treasures of art that come into the market. It is a competitor of whom little or nothing is ever heard, and yet who has managed to accumulate such an extraordinary collection of masterpieces as to render that of Mr. Morgan infinitesimal by comparison. From an artistic point of view this is to be deplored, for, whereas the Morgan acquisitions are usually placed on exhibition at the Metropolitan Art Museum in New York, at the South Kensington Museum in London, or else can be seen after certain formalities have been observed at his house in London or at his wonderful library building in New York, the treasures purchased by his great rival are wholly lost to the public, and even to the majority of art lovers.

The competitor in question is the crown of Russia; and Nicholas II. is pursuing the policy of his predecessors in purchasing, virtually regardless of cost, anything of really exceptional value in the shape of old masters and statuary. The larger part of the paintings, indeed the finest of the lot, adorn the walls of the Hermitage Palace at St. Petersburg. The contents of this beautiful palace, specially designed for the display of art treasures, are virtually unknown to art experts and art lovers, for the palace is extremely difficult of access, and to obtain admittance to the Hermitage requires the exercise of even more influence and favor than presentation at the court of St. Petersburg.

It owes its name to the fact that it was first built as a retreat by Catherine the Great, to which she could retire, in order to surround herself with literary and artistic friends and the most artistic surroundings, much in the same way as Frederick the Great at Sans-Souci—in one word, a sort of temple of the muses, such as the Hermitage of Jean Jacques Rousseau at Montmorency. She formed there the nucleus of the present collection of pictures at the Hermitage by purchasing the world-famed gallery of the great Saxon statesman, Count Brueihl, at Dresden; the equally celebrated Walpole collection, and that of the Berlin art expert and dealer, Kotskowsky, who had gathered together a magnificent collection of paintings of the Italian, Spanish, Flemish and French schools, at the instance and at the order of Frederick the Great, who, owing to his heavy expenses in connection with the Seven Years' War, found it impossible to take them over, and left them on the dealer's hands.

When Alexander I. entered Paris at the head of the allied forces, after the battle of Leipsic, in 1814, his first care was to place himself in communication with Empress Josephine, whom he knew to be in straitened circumstances, and to offer her a suitable sum of money in return for the art treasures with which her home at Malmaison was then filled. He also had a number of his agents engaged, without an instant's delay, in purchasing, at ridiculously low prices, all the most famous paintings which the victorious marshals and generals of Napoleon had brought back from Germany, Italy, Austria, Spain, Portugal and from the Netherlands, in the shape of plunder. The generals, fearing that they would under any circumstances be compelled to disgorge their treasures, the loot of national museums, of churches, convents, cathedrals and public and private galleries, were only too glad to get some money in return for the surrender, and in this way Alexander may be said to have acquired for the Hermitage what was undoubtedly the pick of all the masterpieces of pictorial art that had been carried off to Paris as plunder during the Napoleonic era.

In order to convey an idea of the richness of the Hermitage, I would mention that it has no less than twenty-two of the finest Murillos in existence; three of the best Leonardo da Vincis, and the six best Raphaels known. Vandyke is represented by thirty-two paintings and Rubens by no less than fifty. Nicholas I., Alexander II. and III. and now Nicholas II., have all followed in the footsteps of Catherine the Great and Alexander I., that is to say, purchasing, regardless of cost, the finest masterpieces that come on to the market, and to Nicholas I. belongs the credit of having reconstructed the Hermitage Palace in such a magnificent fashion that it would be worth traveling all across the world to see, even if there were not a single painting on its walls or a bit of statuary in its galleries. The metal work is of extraordinary beauty and richness, while the lapis lazuli, malachite and those other semi-precious stones of Russia have been used with the most artistic profusion, especially the agate, which is worked and carved in an altogether exquisite manner.

Duties of King's Watermen.

It is one of the many anomalies of English court life that the principal duties of the King's watermen are on land, and, arrayed in their long, full-buttoned coats of royal scarlet, with peaked caps of black velvet, similar to those of huntsmen, with the royal arms embroidered in gold on their breast, blue kneebreeches and white stockings, they figure in many state functions, such as, for instance, in last Monday's procession of the King and Queen from Buckingham Palace to Westminster, for the purpose of opening Parliament. Two of them, carrying maces of office, together with the barge master, who wears a scarlet, gold-embroidered tail coat and a cocked hat, are in especial attendance on the crown, and are assigned to the guardianship of this emblem of sovereignty from the time that it leaves Buckingham Palace until its return from Westminster. It is conveyed in a special carriage from the palace to the House of Lords and is carried on a cushion before the King and Queen by one of the great dignitaries of state in the cortege from the royal robing room to the House of Lords. Just why the barge master and a couple of watermen should be assigned to the duty of looking after the crown is unknown, the origin of this ancient practice having long since been forgotten.

The only other work which the royal barge master and his thirty watermen have to do is to be in attendance at the picnic which the King gives every year to the members of the royal family and his immediate friends on the Saturday of Ascot Week, at Virginia Water, in the great park at Windsor, to be ready to row about any of the party who wish to go boating or fishing. They have been in attendance for similar duty whenever the King, or the late Queen Victoria, have given garden parties at Buckingham Palace, where there is a large sheet of water in the gardens.

The pay is not very large; in fact, it does not exceed $100 a year. But the office carries with it quite a number of prerogatives and perquisites, in addition to which the uniform is furnished free of cost. The watermen have all to be men who have been admitted to "freedom of the river" and who have served their apprenticeship to one of the recognized firms on the Thames.

The barge master, of course, receives much larger pay, and has charge of King Edward's state barge, which was built in 1685 for William III., of British oak, lavishly gilded and decorated, by Salter & Co., of Oxford, a firm still in existence at the present time; and it is as sound to-day as when first launched. William III., who made his principal home at Hampton Court Palace, frequently used the barge on his visits to London and to Windsor. The last occasion on which King Edward used it was when he paid a state visit to Eton College with the Queen and the Prince and Princess of Wales, on the occasion of the famous old school's "Fourth of June" celebration, about four years ago.

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Voice of the People.

Clergymen in Politics.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Are our legislators blessed with unbounded patience, or have they hides elephantine in their thickness, to suffer the remarkable interference of the clergy in their deliberations at the State House?

Were some misguided Solon to introduce a bill for the suppression of smoking on the Sabbath, I verily believe some zealous dominie, with time hanging heavy on his hands, would spend long hours lobbying in the interest of the measure.

Were the Roman Catholic clergy to exercise such brazen interference in the framing of our laws, I fear the very weather-cocks would crow in protest against Rome rule. How bravely these self-same clerical, tub-thumping politicians denounced the church and State system of legislation in the good old days of yore. OBSERVER.

Richmond, February 25.

Fetichism.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—At certain times in ancient Britain the people suffered from hunger. They were hungry not because there was no food, but because certain animals good for food could not be used as such, because of totemism.

In modern Virginia several of her big, unruly sons have acted in an unfilial manner, refusing to help to support their old mother, and we are gravely told that the only way we can get at these unfilial children is to tack an amendment on to a railroad bill, allowing the children who work upon the road to attend Sunday-school, and this amendment forbids the said undutiful children to attend Sunday-school unless they help take care of their dear old mother. Many of the railroad officials are baldheaded; they wore off the hair toting Sunday-school books upon their heads. Totemism is no longer fashionable in Virginia, but fetichism still lurks somewhere around or in Richmond, and some one is still burning incense to wooden gods—issuing bonds entailing grievous burdens upon unborn generations, yet helpless before these unruly children who refuse to help their mother.

FRANK SMITH.

1212 E. Franklin St.

Licensing Country Doctors to Sell Medicines.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Please present my compliments to Representative Cox, who said in his speech favoring a change in the pharmacy law: "The time has not yet come in Virginia when the people cannot trust the country doctor." Mr. Keyser is reported as saying that "the people are more interested in this matter than the physicians or pharmacists." These are true sayings, both of them. If the people cannot trust the country doctor, then the State has no business to turn them out. They are required to spend four years at college, then pass an examination before a State Board of Examiners, then licensed to practice, which means that they can prescribe and administer any drug known to the materia medica. Then, how is it possible that any law ever found its way on our statute books requiring a practicing physician to obtain a permit from the pharmacy board before he can make any charge for any medicine furnished his patients? That would be equivalent to prohibiting him from keeping or taking with him any medicines at all on his rounds through the country, and how could he practice his profession with any benefit to the people when remote from a drug store? He wants something in a hurry and must send five or ten miles to get it. And, as often happens, there is no way to send. The people would be the real sufferers. Why give the pharmacy board any such power? Are they to be placed above the colleges and above the State Board of Medical Examiners? I hold that any duty qualified and licensed physician can be trusted to compound or deal out the medicines he prescribes just as well as the pharmacist. He has taken a course in chemistry and materia medica, he knows the therapeutic uses of drugs (more than the pharmacist), and is allowed under the law to prescribe and to administer them, but he must not make any charge for drugs so furnished, which, as I have said, is equivalent to prohibiting him from keeping them at all. Thus he would be handicapped in his work, and the sick people would feel the effect of such a law more than anybody else. I am writing this in the interest of justice. I am a registered pharmacist myself, as well as a practicing physician. I do not know the exact wording of the law as amended, but it ought to be so worded as to permit any duly licensed physician to furnish medicines to his patients if he wishes to do so, to give them or charge for them as he may see fit. That is a matter between him and his patient. I had some correspondence with the Attorney-General of Virginia on this matter a few months ago, and he said the law was as I have interpreted it above, and he had no power except to construe the law. He added: "This law confers a broad power on the State Board of Pharmacy."

Must the practicing physicians of the State play second fiddle to the pharmacists? And is this in the interests of the "people"?

CHARLES S. WEBB, M. D.

Bowling Green, February 23.

The Old Masonic Cemetery at Fredericksburg.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—I enjoyed reading your editorial in The Times-Dispatch of the 21st instant with the above headline, and I feel constrained to add something to what you what written.

It is not generally known that the Masonic burying ground in Fredericksburg was bequeathed by James Somerville, a native of Glasgow, Scotland, once a merchant of Fredericksburg. He died in April, 1798, and lies buried in this graveyard. His nephew, James Somerville, of Culpeper county, and father of the late R. B. Somerville, of this city, signed the deed presenting it to the Masons. I have often heard my father, R. B. Somerville, speak of these facts, and they are recorded in his family Bible, which I own.

JULIA SOMERVILLE WHERRY.

Richmond, February 22.

RELIGION AND BUSINESS.

Laymen's Movement Shows Tendency to Change Methods of Church's Warfare.

The fundamental idea underlying the Laymen's Missionary Movement, under whose auspices a largely attended conference is being held in Kansas City this week, commends itself to the judgment of all who observe, on the one hand, the visionary character of too many excellent moral movements and, on the other hand, the too noticeable absence of the moral element in many lines of business. Business and religion, in the minds of a great many people, are like the proverbial oil and water. They do not "mix." No movement could be more opportune than one which seeks to perform this feat in moral physics, which is not nearly so difficult a task as that which confronts the physicist.

It would be trite to say that there should be more religion in business, or even to say that there should be more business in religion—not commercialism or Mammonism, but the sound, sane and up-to-date administrative judgment which is synonymous with the word "business." A business man is, in the popular conception, a man who addresses himself to practice enterprises with an equipment which is best calculated to meet the practical problems that confront him. The complexity of modern life has long reflected itself in those manifold projects which involve both moral and commercial issues. There is a reciprocal relation between the pulpit and the pews which is being more and more clearly recognized, and the world will be "evangelized" much more quickly when the work of evangelization shall be directed with more acumen and a more pronounced recognition of the necessity for conforming to everyday conditions.

The Laymen's Missionary Movement appears to be going about a very important work in a practical "business" way. It may be said without effort at epigram that the sooner there is more business in religion the sooner there will be more religion in business.—Kansas City Journal.

Daily Queries and Answers

Address all communications for this column to Query Editor, Times-Dispatch. No mathematical problems will be solved, no coins or stamps valued and no dealers' names will be given.

"Dixie."

Several days ago our paper wrote up and published the inclosed version of "Dixie," which I contend is not the one we sing in old Richmond, and the words are different from the old one. Will you look this over about the original, and if it is not the old war song publish a small account of it so I can use it? F. W.

The version of Dixie to which you refer and the story of its origin is altogether fictitious. While, doubtless, the lady in question wrote the poem inclosed, it is not that version of "Dixie" which is endeared to the South. We will send you through mail a copy of the correct version of "Dixie," as requested.

A Holographic Will.

If an unmarried woman, of sound mind and body, possessing considerable property, should write her own will, properly dated and signed, would such a will be legal, or would witnesses be necessary for its legality? A READER.

If the will was written in the hand of the legator and signed as such by herself it is a legal will.

World's Fair.

Please tell me whether or not the World's Fair was in Chicago in 1892 or was it in 1893? A READER.

1893.

"The Sons of Mary," Etc.

Please tell me who wrote the poem entitled "The Sons of Mary and the Sons of Martha," and print this poem for me. R. C. L.

This is one of Rudyard Kipling's best poems, but we cannot print it in our limited space.

Agricultural Papers.

Please give me the name and address of an agricultural paper published in each of the following named States that has a large circulation: Ohio, Illinois, Iowa, Minnesota, North and South Dakota, Michigan, Wisconsin, New York and Pennsylvania.

SUBSCRIBER.

Ohio Farmer, Cleveland O., and the Farm and Fireside, Springfield, O.; Orange Judd Farmer, Chicago, Ill.; Successful Farming, Des Moines, Ia.; the Farmer, St. Paul, Minn.; North Dakota Farmer, Lisbon, N. D.; Dakota Farmer, Aberdeen, S. D.; the Gleaner, Detroit, Mich.; Wisconsin Agriculturalist, Racine, Wis.; Metropolitan and Rural Home, New York City, and the Farm Journal, Philadelphia. We have selected these magazines as those having the largest circulation.

President Taft's Cabinet.

Please give me the names of the President's Cabinet; also the names of the judges of the Supreme Court of the United States. READER.

The Cabinet officials were named in this column a few days ago, as were the judges of the Supreme Court.

Barred Out.

"Inquirer," Richmond, Va.: If you will read the caption of this column you will see why your query cannot be answered here.

No Bank Notes Valued.

R. G. K., Wilmington, Del.: We cannot estimate the value of bank notes in this column.

The National Flower.

Please tell me what is the difference between the golden rod and the "farewell to summer." Which is our national flower? A DAILY READER.

Our impression is that these are different forms of the same flower. Some of our botanist friends may be able to give the essential difference. The golden rod is generally considered the national flower.

"Stanza Index."

In the back of the Baptist Hymnal I notice an index to first lines of hymns and also index to first lines of stanzas. This last index seems to be an index to the first line of the third verse of the hymn. Why is the third verse called the stanza? What purpose does an index to first line of third stanza serve? J. D.

We suspect that you are mistaken in saying that the index to which you refer includes only the first lines of the third verse. Correctly speaking the first line of each verse should be included.

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