The Times-Dispatch

DAILY—WEEKLY—SUNDAY.

Business Office.....916 E. Main Street
Manchester Bureau.....1102 Hull Street
Petersburg Bureau...109 N. Sycamore Street
Lynchburg Bureau.....215 Eighth Street

BY MAIL. POSTAGE PAID.	One Year.	Six Mos.	Three Mos.	One Mo
Daily with Sunday.....	$6.00	$3.00	$1.50	.55
Daily without Sunday...	4.00	2.00	1.00	.35
Sunday edition only.....	2.00	1.00	.50	.25
Weekly (Wednesday)....	1.00	.50	.25	...

By Times-Dispatch Carrier Delivery Service in Richmond (and suburbs), Manchester and Petersburg—

	One Week
Daily with Sunday.....	14 cents
Daily without Sunday.....	10 cents
Sunday only.....	5 cents

Entered January 27, 1903, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

THURSDAY, MAY 19, 1910.

KICKED UPSTAIRS.

Though dead, Tom Platt yet speaketh. He tells in his autobiography, which will appear in the next number of McClure's Magazine, a dramatic story of how he kicked the Colonel upstairs into the Vice Presidency, and thus brought more trouble on this country than anything that has happened since the Union was saved. We are all sorry that he did it; Mr. Platt was sorrier than anybody else before he died. The nomination of the Colonel was forced by Platt, with the assistance of Quay and Mark Hanna, all of whom lived to regret it. The story is an old one, but it is none the less interesting on that account. When Platt insisted on his acceptance of the nomination, the Colonel assured him that he could serve Platt better as Governor of New York than as Vice President of the United States. This is a reflection upon the character of this holy man; but Platt evidently remembered all that had passed between them when the Colonel was being kicked upstairs.

"U. C. M."

"U. C. M." were the letters in living white on the stage at the John Marshall High School Tuesday night. The "filling," as it was called by Dr. McGuire, was in black, mostly worn by professional men of uncertain age, but great distinction. When translated, the letters meant "University College of Medicine," and the occasion was the seventeenth annual commencement, or "finals," of this most useful and deserving institution. Did "you see 'em"? It was really a brilliant spectacle, and worthy of this school of scientific medicine. Dr. Stuart McGuire, the President of the College, said so much in his brief address to the audience of twelve hundred people that it should be repeated here for the information of the public, and we shall give a syllabus of it.

The University College of Medicine is not a commercial enterprise, but a public institution conducted for educational and philanthropic purposes. Sixteen members of its present faculty have for the last seventeen years taught students in the College and cared for the sick poor in the hospital absolutely without pecuniary compensation.

The College has become a leader in the medical world. It ranks to-day among the foremost of the medical colleges in the country. Since it was established, forty-five hundred students have matriculated in it. It has graduated over one thousand doctors, dentists and pharmacists who are now practicing their professions in thirty States and foreign countries. It has constructed hospital and college buildings at a cost of more than $160,000. It has developed a faculty of seventy-five teachers of the first rate. It has maintained the Virginia Hospital, in which hundreds of poor patients have been cared for annually without charge. It has conducted a medical dispensary where the sick of the city have been given free advice and medicine. It has conducted an obstetrical dispensary in which two thousand women have been attended at their own homes and without expense to them. It has conducted a dental infirmary at which work has been done at actual cost. It has instituted a Pasteur department which has been the means of saving many lives and bringing much business to the city. It has added during the seventeen years of its existence more than $2,000,000 to the business interests of Richmond, through the cost of its own operation and the money expended by its students. It has ministered unto the poor. It has given the wisest instruction in all matters touching the public health. It has developed many noted specialists. In short, "from an educational, a professional, a philanthropic and a financial standpoint, it has been a material factor in making Greater Richmond."

Last January the College building was destroyed by fire. It lost nearly everything it possessed; its lecture halls and laboratory, its library and museum, its charts and specimens, its microscopes and apparatus. Those were the material things that were destroyed, but it did not lose, as Dr. McGuire expressed it, the "loyalty and enthusiasm of our students, or the courage and resourcefulness of our faculty. . . . Not a single student has left the College, and all of our undergraduates have voluntarily pledged themselves to return and continue their studies next fall." Within twenty-four hours after the College building was destroyed—about four months ago—lectures were resumed and the College year was continued to a most satisfactory conclusion.

It is sincerely hoped that the University College of Medicine will now have the loyal support of the people of this community. It deserves it. A campaign has been started for the rebuilding of the College on broader lines, and in this campaign all generous-minded people of this community who care for its substantial progress and its educational development should volunteer. An institution, such as this is, should not perish from the earth. Richmond cannot afford it. The cause of pure medicine would lose by it. With a long pull, a strong pull and a pull altogether, this institution can be restored and fitted for even greater things in the future than it has achieved in its brilliant and useful past.

STILL HAS HIS DUTIES.

Senator Chamberlain, of Oregon, has decided that the President is too honest and that his conscience is his worst political enemy. Speaking before a Democratic club in Brooklyn the other day, Mr. Chamberlain declared that the President made the greatest mistake of his life in taking seriously the campaign pledges made by his party. "No other President has ever done it," he said.

So far as the latter statement is concerned, the Democratic Senator, chosen by a Republican Legislature, would have been correct had he said that but one President since the war had honestly tried to carry out the pledges of his party. The one exception was Mr. Cleveland, and he would have done everything his party promised to do had he not met with treason in his own party. Mr. Cleveland, however, was a Democrat, despite what Mr. Bryan, who is not, said about him, and consequently he does not properly come within the scope of Mr. Chamberlain's statement.

Because his predecessors in office were untrue to their pledges, as Mr. Chamberlain has said, is no reason why Mr. Taft should feel himself absolved from his political promises; and the failure of every Executive from Lincoln to Roosevelt to do what they promised to do does not lessen Mr. Taft's own responsibilities. Mr. Chamberlain might as well argue that because nine men are thieves the tenth should be as to insist that because nine Republicans failed to do their duty the tenth should have no duties. Mr. Taft may not be able to compel the passage of everything he promised to advocate during his campaign, but if he do his duty, as prescribed by the Constitution, his responsibility will have ceased, and he will at least have deserved praise as a man who did all he could—considering the men who supported him.

A TEST THAT WILL NOT TEST.

Eusapia Palladino, the self-styled medium, is determined to take no chances with her reputation. She has been under suspicion ever since she came to this country, and has been caught so often in barefaced fraud that she finds her reputation as a deliver in the black arts and a mistress of the occult a little shaky. She still keeps a bold front and insists that she is all she ever claimed to be, but now that a number of New Yorkers have offered to bet $1,000 that she is a fraud she is making for cover.

The new test of her powers comes at the end of a long parley, and the final agreement has just been reached. In the presence of three witnesses Palladino will submit to a search of her person and apparatus, will allow her legs to be tied to a chair, will permit her wrists to be tied by a twelve-inch cord to the wrists of the observers, and will then begin her incantations. If she do not demonstrate her powers, a well-known sleight-of-hand artist promises to give $1,000 to charity; if she "levitate a table," her critics promise the same amount to Palladino.

This is all very fair on its face and would indicate that a real test is about to be made that will settle the medium's disputed powers once and for all. But Palladino has found a method of escape. She signs all the papers and allows her champions to place their money, but she promises absolutely nothing, concluding her agreement with this amazing bit of effrontery: "However, as under these conditions I have already succeeded in having good phenomena, . . . I naturally believe that similar expression will be the result of resorting to them again."

In other words, if she can deceive her observers she wins; if she do not deceive them she does not lose. It is another case of "heads I win, tails you lose," and it proves better than all the tests that could be made that Palladino is a faker.

THE COLONEL IN REPOSE.

The Colonel is having a very quiet time in London. Although the Special Ambassador from the United States to the funeral of the King, he did not take part in the removal of the Royal body from Buckingham Palace to Westminster Hall; but busied himself looking after his accumulated correspondence. In the impressive procession there were the late King's aides, the new King and the other Royalties, the officers of the late King's household, the ladies of the Royal families, the Queen Mother and Queen Mary and their suites; but nowhere did the Colonel appear. He stayed indoors very properly and with a keen sense of the proprieties. It was a fine thing for him to do, as creditable to him as it was honoring to the magnificent country he represents so worthily. Doubtless he would have preferred a more active manifestation of his presence in London at this time; but with that splendid spirit of self-effacement and self-sacrifice which is one of the most admirable of his many manly qualities, he bided the time when he can appear with perfect propriety. The English people no doubt appreciated his absence and took courage in the reflection that he was in town.

Yesterday, we were told by the Associated Press dispatches, the Colonel is seeing many personal friends at Whitelaw Reid's house, where he is sojourning, but he is going out very little and is accepting no dinner invitations. He managed, however, to be received in audience yesterday forenoon by King Frederick, of Denmark. This was a wholly proper thing for him to do and there is no doubt that Frederick was much delighted that he should break his fast in this way. "Friday," we are told, "he will be present at the funeral of King Edward in his capacity of a special ambassador of the United States." We venture to say that he will be the observer of all observers on that occasion, and we know that he will represent his country with great distinction. That is why Mr. Taft asked him to be there. We do not know that any special dress will be expected of him; but in order that he may escape recognition—following the rule laid down by himself at the Philadelphia Convention, where Tom Platt saddled him on the United States and the world under the belief that he was really putting him out of business—it is hoped that he will wear his famous uniform as Colonel of the Rough Riders.

THE ANNUAL BURLESQUE.

While waiting for the Senate to finish the slaughter of the railroad bill the House is dangling its legs, whittling sticks and amusing itself as best it can. Its members are fully determined that there shall be no more lawmaking this spring to cloud the political situation, and consequently they are doing as they please. The daily sessions are not very long and the attendance is not very large, especially as the Washington baseball team is playing at home, but the Tribunes of the People are at least proving their oratory to the fullest.

In the assurance that the campaign is not far distant, the members are chopping political kindling and are delivering, or pretending to deliver, long political speeches, which can be reprinted at the Government's expense and franked by the thousand to warm the fires of district elections. During the session Tuesday there were no less than three of these speeches, two from the minority and one from the Republicans. Underwood, of Alabama, opened at long range on the President, and on Chairman Tawney, calling them by every name that he thought would pass muster in the Record, and Representative Barnhart, of Indiana, opened with a pepper-box musket on the Speaker. Not to be outdone, Campbell, of Kansas, defended the Aldrich tariff for an hour or two, while members slept peacefully, with only the party claques to cheer Campbell in his gruesome work. The whole proceeding was flat, foolish and farcical. None of the speakers meant what he said, and none spoke on any question before the House. They were merely spending the people's money and whiling away their time to mend their own political fences and ventilate their oratory.

This is not the first time this has been done, and it will surely not be the last, because the long session just before the congressional elections is distinctly the "do nothing" time. Afraid to pass serious measures and careful to avoid important debates, both parties remain six months in Washington and perform an annual burlesque. We suppose there is no way to abate the nuisance, but we should strongly favor any candidate for the presidency who would promise to see that Congress adjourned when it has nothing to do or would do nothing it ought to do.

SPARE THOSE STONE STEPS.

Nothing appears to be secure from the hand of the despoiler; the stone steps at the western end of White Point Garden in Charleston are to be torn down, ripped up and utterly destroyed before the steadily encroaching tooth of Progress, so to speak. Dear old stone steps! We knew them well, and they were never of very much use to anybody; but they have been there ever so long, and there they should stay even, if staying, they should interfere with the construction of the Boulevard. What's the Boulevard to the stone steps? Isn't there some way by which they can be saved? Would not August Belmont buy them, even as he bought the crumbling brick posts at the entrance of the old Washington Race Course, thus laying his vandal hand on one of the most precious of the ancient landmarks? It is true that they had stood there, through winter's cold and summer's heat, for a generation or two, without anybody caring for them; but that was none of Belmont's business, and what he ought to do now is to pack them up in excelsior and send them back to Goodwyn Rhett so that he can put them up again, where we do not know, or why.

But those dear old stone steps at the Battery—tear them down? Never! Did not the Princess Louise set her Royal feet upon them the day, 'way back yonder in the early 80's, when she embarked thence for H. M. S. Dido lying out in the Bay, while the guns of the German Artillery split the heavens with their salute? Since that day the stone steps have not been used by anybody in particular, but they are there and they ought to stay there, even if the Boulevard should be abandoned, or its course changed. Rhett is progressive, but he is ruining the sky line in Broad Street, and now he has designs on the stone steps at the Battery. Cruel man! And just to think of it, he has been so well raised!

THE STATUS OF CONE.

Cone Johnson appears to be "getting there" every day, judging from the reports printed in his organ, the Houston Post. In an open letter to the Rev. John R. Morris, which is faithfully published in the Organ, the Rev. J. B. Turpentine, of Texarkana, says, by way of comment on the suggestion that Texas wants in the office of Governor "a man of tremendous personality and robust individuality," that these conditions would be amply fulfilled by the election of Cone Johnson. That seems to be the prevailing opinion of this tremendous personality in Texas. But a man by the name of S. J. Owen protests that Cone "has been an anti-prohibitionist all his life until he wanted to be Governor of Texas," and that in 1887 he "spent his own time and money fighting the cause of prohibition and ridiculing the preachers and women for upholding the cause, but when he becomes candidate for Governor he thinks there are more votes and influence on the prohibition side, so he climbs over the fence."

Surely, an enemy hath done this; but Cone can tell them how it is and that is exactly what he will do, possessed as he is, admittedly, of a robust individuality. Cone is not at all the same that he was back in 1887. He had not been to Damascus then, and he has seen a great light and has now made the cause of prohibition his cause, at least until after the election. He appears to be doing now precisely what a great many other upright men have been doing all over the country. We have in our mind's eye a stalwart figure in one of the Southern States who is a Prohibitionist to the extent of never buying any liquor, yet who is of such a social nature that he never refuses a drink when his neighbors set it before him. He would rank as a Prohibitionist in the best of prohibition company, and being of a "popular" habit of mind, he would never offend the proprieties or the voters by shutting himself away from them when there is anything doing of a companionable nature. That is probably Cone's bent, and he is on the right side of the fence this time to keep his professions and his deeds after their kind. Besides, Brother Owen must realize that the rule does not hold good—once a Prohibitionist always a Prohibitionist. We remember the time when there were not many Prohibitionists and their ranks have been greatly reinforced in recent years by those who were formerly even as Cone was in 1887. The Prohibitionists have made many gains among the drinking men, and, remembering the lines of the old hymn—

"While the lamp holds out to burn,
The vilest sinner may return,"

there does not appear to be any reason why Cone should not be admitted to full and regular standing. Moreover, that is really the surest plan of keeping Cone set in his present way.

OVERMAN'S MORTAL SIN.

Senator Overman, of North Carolina, has evidently forgotten that there are times to bear and times to forbear, times to talk and times to keep one's mouth shut. Utterly heedless of this sound philosophy, or else confusing the time and the place, Senator Overman journeyed over to New York the other day and began talking with the reporters. What he said cannot be unsaid now, but Overman will rue the day he ever went to the Metropolis and, in sackcloth and ashes, would fain forget that he said it.

Mr. Overman was talking about the next President, a topic which is always interesting, even on the day after election. He said that Gaynor and Harmon were looming up as candidates, and he declared that upon the record of either during the next few months would depend his chances for the Democratic nomination. If Harmon failed of re-election, his name would be forgotten, and if Gaynor failed to keep up the standard of his splendid administration in New York, he, too, would be numbered with the politically dead. If Gaynor succeeded and Harmon fell, the Mayor would be the best choice; but if Gaynor were lost in the shuffle, and Harmon proved the trump card of Ohio politics, the latter would sweep the stakes.

Had he stopped here, Mr. Overman would have committed no great sin, and would not have endangered his political salvation; but he went further and ruined himself. He had the audacity to declare, knowing that his statement would get in print, that "Mr. Bryan is entirely eliminated from the list of Presidential possibilities."

Could there be worse heresy than this? Could Overman, poor soul, have said anything that would more immediately and more effectually have signed his death warrant? Bryan not a possibility? The idea is appalling. Has not Bryan himself said that he expects to remain in politics as long as he lives, and have not we with the Faithful nominated him until 1920? How can Overman hope to get a seat in the Bryan Cabinet, or hope to have a slice of the Bryan Pie if he talks this way? As for North Carolina, the Undaunted of that State will repudiate Overman before the week is over and will begin a campaign for a man in the Senate who will be true to Bryan—that is, untrue to Democracy.

TEXAS FOR THE BLACKS.

A negro minister of Baltimore, Johnson by name, has decided that Texas is the ideal home of the negro and he has organized a league to get that State for the African race. His plan is so simple and practicable that it will doubtless be adopted before the present session of Congress adjourns. Congress, he says, can buy the State of Texas, town and country, can organize it into a territory again, can sell it to the negroes and can give them 100 years in which to pay for it. All the whites will be requested to leave the State, a negro government will be established, and a black Eden will be revealed on the banks of the Rio Grande.

We take it for granted that the plan will at once be adopted. Congress, of course, will not balk at the cost, and the State of Texas will, of course, yield up its political autonomy at once. Constitutional provisions about the maintenance of the State and the original provisions of the Texas annexation treaty will be swept aside, without hesitation. What are laws, constitutions, treaties and the like when a negro paradise can be established?

Besides, Johnson knows well enough that Texans will be glad enough to leave. He knows that they are not in the least proud of their State, but, on the contrary, will be glad to let the name die, will rejoice to furl the Lone Star flag and will quietly move into New Mexico and Arizona to give place to the blacks. It was doubtless because he knew these facts that the negro cleric has picked Texas instead of Georgia, for instance, or North Carolina.

If the thing is to be done—and, of course, it will be—we have only one request to make, and that is that Houston be named as the Capital. Houston is an ideal spot. It is hotter there than anywhere East of the Red Sea; the people there are sick of their attempt to bolster it up and will gladly leave. The red-headed widows will be pleased to give place to the curly-locked Congos, and the Houston Post will rejoice to become the chosen organ of Johnson's Black Republic.

MARK'S HOME FOLKS.

The town which Mark Twain made immortal is going to make him immortal, according to Mark's old friend, Mrs. Frances Velie, who recently gave an interesting interview on the subject to the St. Louis Globe-Democrat. Mrs. Velie used to be a sweetheart of Mark's in the days when the humorist was "Sammy Clemens," noted for his aversion to water, and her claims to this distinction, if distinction it be, are not of the post mortem character. Consequently, all that she says about Mark and his boyhood home, Hannibal, can be accepted as truth.

Mrs. Velie says that the people of Hannibal all love Mark Twain's memory, because they are agreed that but for the humorist's pen, their town would never have been known, except among the offices listed in the Postal Guide. She says also that Hannibal, as it was in Mark's youth—a straggling, dirty and sleepy river town—is exactly described in his works and was all that Mark claimed it to be in drowsiness and general dulness.

The people of Hannibal, however, are more proud of this than they are ashamed, and they are planning either to buy the house where Mark lived as a boy and preserve it as a museum, or else to erect a monument to him in the town. The former appeals to us as the better plan of the two, for a man's house is always more personal than his statue, but we shall have no objection if the people erect a monument instead, provided they do it well and do it quickly. The whole country would love to do homage to Mark, but Hannibal has the first right to him.

Says the Houston Pest: "Dallas has had a legal hanging; wish Houston could have some." We share most heartily in that wish, and we think that the ends of justice would be satisfied by the execution in due and proper form of the editor of the Houston Pest. There are crowds of respectable citizens in the civilized States who would be willing to dislocate the trigger.

A use has been found for Independence Square, in Charlotte, at last. George Crawford and George Gibson, two colored persons employed at a restaurant in that town, who had just been "paid off," concluded that they would risk their wages on a game of chance, and, proceeding to Independence Square, engaged in craps. They were arrested by a policeman and fined $10 each by the judge of the Police Court. The two Georges were entirely within their rights, however, in selecting the place for their gambling adventure, the Independence Square itself being a gamble on the credulity of both men and women of sound and disposing mind.

We are informed by the Charlotte Observer that "it wasn't Cortez, but Balboa, who first crossed America near where a great waterway is now being built, and beheld the Father of Oceans." Cortez was born in North Carolina and Balboa was a native of grand old Virginia. We may be sure that anything that was ever done for the good of humanity was done by a Virginian.

Hoke Smith has determined that he will not be a candidate for Governor of Georgia at the next election. He ran in 1906 to accomplish certain important results; he ran the second time from "a sense of duty," and for reasons of a personal nature he will not run again, at least not this time. We do not think, at this distance, that he could be elected; we are sure that he should not be elected. He did enough injury to Georgia in his first term to last for a generation at least.

"The love of flowers," says Brother Wade Harris, of the Charlotte Evening Chronicle, who has been fishing for trout at Linville, and not for suckers, as is his wont when he is defending the "Declaration"—"the love of flowers is born in the people of the mountains, and God never made better people than those who love flowers." That is one of the reasons we know who made the people of Richmond. There are more flowers in Richmond than in any other town in the South, and there are better people here than anywhere else in the world, at least at the present time.

Many a meritorious product has been placed on a successful basis through the help of this organization.
Richmond Advertising Agency, Inc.
Mutual Building

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.

Halley's Comet.

Please give me the respective hours in which Halley's comet may be seen until May 18. C. C. S.

Halley's comet will not be visible this morning.

Federal Pensions.

Can three daughters of a soldier of 1812 receive a pension of $12 a month which their mother drew up to the time of her death in 1905, in Nelson county, Va.? One of them is in destitute circumstances. Could a special act of Congress continue this small sum to them? INQUIRER.

By special act of Congress this pension might be renewed.

Divorce and Woman's Suffrage.

Please tell me the number of divorce cases in Colorado before woman suffrage was legalized and after it was legalized; also the number of divorce cases there were in the State in 1909. A. M. H.

There are no published statistics covering this point. The total number of divorces granted in Colorado from 1867 to 1886 was 3,687; the total number granted from 1887 to 1906 was 15,844. These are the most recent figures.

A Point of Grammar.

Please correct the following sentence and give your reason for correction: Have you read the instructions for Boy's Demonstration Farm Work? C. W. P.

This sentence is correct as it stands, if you will make the "boys'" plural instead of singular. It would be more euphonious to change the order of the sentence, inasmuch as "Boy's Demonstration Farm" is rather a large adjectival phrase.

INFANTA ISABELLA ON WAY TO BUENOS AYRES

BY LA MARQUISE DE FONTENOY.

INFANTA ISABELLA, aunt of King Alfonso, is now on her way across the Atlantic, for the purpose of taking part in the ceremonies at Buenos Ayres, in connection with the centenary of the Declaration of Independence of the Argentine Republic. Nearly every government has dispatched a special embassy to Buenos Ayres to participate in the celebration, but Spain is the only power that will be represented by royalty. This is not only peculiarly Castillian courtesy, since it was the sovereignty of Spain which the Argentinos threw off when they proclaimed their independence just a hundred years ago, but it is also a very sagacious move, and calculated to further the policy pursued by Alfonso XIII. in endeavoring to develop the old-time ties of kinsmanship with the people of Spanish ancestry in South America, into a species of federation of the Spanish republics, more or less closely allied to the mother country, namely, Spain. It has been his one dream since he has attained his majority to restore to Spain the power and prestige which she had lost through the sacrifice of her colonies, by uniting all the Spanish republics on this side of the Atlantic into something that would be not merely a Zollverein, but also a federation for offense and defense, of which His Most Catholic Majesty would be the presiding officer.

Alfonso could not have made a happier choice than his aunt Isabella for any such mission as this, and the very fact that she is the only princess of the blood present will assure to Spain the foremost place at every one of the ceremonies in honor of the birth of Argentine independence. For she is far and away the most popular member of the reigning house of Spain, and the affection which she has known how to inspire in all classes in the Peninsula, from the proudest aristocracy down to the most impoverished peasantry, has been a source of great strength and security to the throne of her brother, Alfonso XII., and of her nephew, Alfonso XIII. With no pretensions to the good looks or elegance of her youngest sister, Infanta Eulalie, who represented Spain at the celebration at Chicago, in 1893, of the 400th anniversary of the discovery of America by Columbus, she commands a much greater degree of affection and regard at home, as well as abroad. Forced into an uncongenial marriage with Prince Gaetan of Bourbon, Count of Girgenti, brother of the last King of Naples, she was released three years later in a horribly tragical manner from her epileptic husband, when he blew his brains out in her presence, in a hotel at Geneva.

Famous Sportswoman.

From that time forth she devoted herself entirely to her only brother, Alfonso XII., and until the birth of his children, bore, as next heir to the throne, the title of Princess of the Asturias, acting as regent in his absence. When he married in 1878 the lovely Mercedes, she effaced herself, and cheerfully surrendered to her new sister-in-law the chief position which she had until then occupied at her brother's court. It was not, in fact, until Alfonso XII.'s death that she came prominently again before the public as the friend and supporter of her brother's widow, Cristina, who at that time was greatly disliked by the people on account of her Austrian origin. She took up her residence in the royal palace at Madrid, with her widowed sister-in-law, vigorously opposed all the movements started by the conservatives to transfer the regency from the Queen Mother Cristina to herself, and devoted herself wholly to the welfare of the young King, of his sisters and of their mother.

Quite as blameless in her private life as Queen Cristina herself, all her tastes are masculine. She has been justly famed as the finest four-in-hand feminine whip in Europe, is a splendid shot, and before she became so stout, used to ride to hounds and show herself a daring equestrienne. Her intelligence and her conversation, like her pastimes, partake more of a masculine than of a feminine character. She has always taken a man's view of the political situations that have arisen, although displaying all the tenderness of a woman to Queen Cristina and the latter's children, and is pronounced by Spaniards of every degree to be not only the cleverest, but also the most broad-minded "statesman" of the kingdom. She has the same merry laugh, the sunny temper, the kindly manner, the amusingly brusque and witty speech, as her mother, the late Queen Isabella, without any of the latter's moral defects of character, and with her simplicity and absence of all arrogance and affectation, with that democracy which only those of assured position can allow themselves, she is bound to prove the most popular feature of the celebration which takes place at the end of this month at Buenos Ayres.

She is making the trip on the transatlantic liner "Alfonso XII.," escorted by several cruisers and attended by a large suite of naval and military dignitaries, by representatives of the Spanish Academy and of other analogous institutions of the Peninsula, as well as by the presidents of the principal chambers of commerce of the kingdom. Just before reaching Argentine waters, she will be transferred from the liner to the warship "Carlos V.," on which she will make her entry into the port of Buenos Ayres.

Titles for King George's Heir.

Through the accession of King George, his eldest son has become invested with the title of Prince of Scotland. The principality or appanage of the Prince of Scotland consists of the counties of Ayr, Renfrew and Ross, and they have constituted a principality ever since the time of King Robert III., personal to the eldest son of the King for the time being.

Another new honor of the British heir apparent is the Dukedom of Rothesay, along with the Earldom of Carrick and the Barony of Renfrew. It may be recalled that "Lord Renfrew" was the title which the late King Edward used when traveling about in this country half a century ago. It was by an act of the Scottish Parliament, bearing the date of 1469, that the Dukedom of Rothesay was settled upon the eldest sons of the Kings of Scotland. It had previously been borne by the ill-fated Prince David (eldest son of Robert III.), who met with so unhappy a fate at the hands of his uncle, Robert, Duke of Albany, at Faulkland Castle, in 1402. The Scotch Earldom of Carrick (which must not be confounded with the Irish peerage of the same name) comes to the British heir apparent as an inheritance of the Bruces, having been obtained by them through the marriage of Robert de Bruce, father of King Robert I., with Margaret, only daughter and heiress of Neil, Earl of Carrick.

Yet other Scottish dignities of the new heir apparent are those of Great Steward of Scotland, and of Lord of the Isles; the latter a title which in olden times belonged to the house of Macdonald, but which they were obliged to surrender at the close of the fifteenth century to the reigning house of Scotland.

While all these honors come to the young prince by the mere fact of his father's accession to the throne, the dignity of Prince of Wales, as well as the Palatine Earldom of Chester, always associated therewith, will come to him later by creation. King Edward, during the last twenty or thirty years of Queen Victoria's life, was wont to use the name of "Earl of Chester" when traveling incognito abroad, and used to be known as such during his annual stays at Homburg and Marienbad. The Earldom of Chester was originally held by one Gherbourd, a Fleming, who received large grants in the district, in addition to the city of Chester, from William the Conqueror. He, however, returned to the Continent, and never came back, and the earldom was shortly afterwards granted to Hugh d'Avranches. His son and heir was drowned with Prince William, in the "Blanche Nef," off Barfleur, when the title passed to his kinsman, Randolph le Meschin, that is to say, "The Young." On the death of the fourth of this house, the earldom lapsed to the crown. John le Scot, nephew of William the Lion, of Scotland, was the next Earl of Chester. At his death it passed to Edward Plantagenet, afterwards Edward I., since which time, with the exception of an eight months' usurpation by Simon de Montfort, it has never been held by any one excepting the heir apparent.

(Copyright, 1910, by the Brentwood Company.)

Voice of the People

Communications must not contain more than 300 words.
When this limit is exceeded letters will be returned.
No anonymous communications will be accepted.
A stamped envelope, with the writer's address, must accompany every communication.

The Marshall House and the Fence.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—It is to be hoped that the more thoughtful element among the young and old lovers of Richmond will not let themselves be disturbed by such expressions as the letter headed "Reverence in Progress" in your issue of May 9. Persons like the writer of that letter do not really mean any harm; it is simply that they either don't know, or they haven't stopped to think. They would not really murder their own grandmothers, though to hear them talk one might fear they would.

The dignified old homestead and public buildings, with their sacred associations, the venerable trees, whose benefits generations have enjoyed, and even the old relics like the Capitol fence, are to cities what the grandparents, with their beautiful, time-scarred faces, looking serenely and lovingly from under their crowns of silvered hair upon the astonishing feats of the children, are to homes. The happiest homes are those in which are to be found both the grandparents and the babies—each receiving loving care and consideration.

As to sentiment, that is a kind of extra sense. You can no more explain it to a man not born with it than you can explain a tune to a man with no ear for music, or a joke to a man without a sense of humor.

But even persons who frankly laugh at sentiment may be impressed by facts. I believe if The Times-Dispatch would publish a brief and appreciative sketch of the life and services to this nation of Chief Justice John Marshall some of the rash young persons who speak of the home of this great and good man as "cumbering the ground" will have the grace to change their minds. They would be still more impressed if it were possible for you to tell them how many hundreds of thousands of dollars the antiquities of Europe draw from the pockets of progressive, unsentimental Americans yearly.

To put the matter upon a business footing, Richmond cannot afford to lose a historic relic; not even one like the Capitol fence, which gives an interesting antique touch to the town. It is these things that a large percentage of the wealthy and cultured persons who pass through Richmond on their way to and from the Southern resorts "stop over" to see—leaving a share of their wealth with our merchants, hotel-keepers, etc.

A few years ago a Richmond gentleman was traveling in England with his wife and baby, and an old colored "mammy," who went with them everywhere and frankly expressed her contempt for many of the things that interested her "white folks." Finally, at Stratford, they visited the room in which Shakespeare was born. "Mammy's" disgust knew no bounds.

"Why," said she, "dis ain' near as fine as my mistis's chamber, in Richmond, an' she ain' nuver charge nobody a cent to look at it!"

There are a few things in Richmond that visitors here will always care more to see than the "fine" things given us by modern progress.

So, let us preserve both the old and the new, and not make of Richmond either a home without a grandmother or a picture without a background.

Instead of tearing down the Capitol Square fence, let us restore to it its swinging iron gates.

And, by all means, let us preserve the home of John Marshall! "But it is not fireproof!" I hear some one say. True. Neither is your home fireproof—nor mine, Mr. Editor.

In fact, there are at least 100,000 precious human lives housed in homes which are not fireproof in old Richmond, to say nothing of "Washington Ward." Yet few of us lose any sleep over the idea that these homes are a menace to ourselves or our neighbors, even though we go to bed well aware that before we are up the cook will probably have started the kitchen fire with coal oil. X.