The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 5, 1911.

THE COMMON COUNCIL'S ACTION.

By a vote of 21 to 19 the Common Council last night passed the ordinance redistricting the city into four wards and reducing the size of the City Council. Over vigorous obstruction, which, however, could advance no reason for its being, the measure triumphed, and the hearty applause of the citizens who filled every available inch of space in the chamber will be echoed in all parts of Richmond.

The administrative board was likewise given the approval of the lower branch of the City Council by a vote of 21 to 19, although the vote was on a substitute ordinance which included the fire and police boards under the control of the administrative board, in that respect amending the plan proposed by the committee. While the committee which formulated the plan has always been of the opinion that the fire and police boards should be under the administrative board, it had been felt that such an inclusion might overload the measure and be politically inexpedient at this time. The result is that the action of the Common Council last night may make the situation in the Board of Aldermen more critical and hazardous. However, the Common Council was practically unanimous for an administrative board, and that fact will have great weight in the upper branch.

Favorable action by the Board of Aldermen is the goal for which there must be persistent work this week on the part of all who are supporting the plan for a better form of government. Strenuous efforts will have to be put forth, but the campaign will not relax.

The members of the Common Council who fought and voted for the plan last night rendered Richmond a notable and patriotic service, and must come in for general commendation.

GOMPERS'S POSITION.

President Samuel Gompers, of the American Federation of Labor, does well to look pale and haggard. He would do better if he had the sense to appreciate and the courage to meet the demands of the public at present. In speaking of the Los Angeles dynamite outrage he said:

"It was the act of individuals, not of a labor organization. I am not aware that any housecleaning is called for."

Well and good. No individuals have been declared guilty except those who have confessed, but can the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers strike claim that all its doings were the unrelated "acts of individuals"? Because the mass of labor unions do not countenance murder, it does not follow that the 111 violent acts of the Bridge and Structural Iron Workers in the course of their strike were just "acts of individuals."

As the New York World puts it: "Millions of college of property have been destroyed, and 101 lives sacrificed in these 'acts of individuals.' With an average of one murder to every 'act' it will not do to say that the 'individuals' did not will any man's death. They willed and wrought the means of death."

Nor was it an "individual" who put up $1,000 a month in Indianapolis to finance the dynamiters, to buy the clocks and nitroglycerine and railroad tickets needed in that national campaign which aimed among other things at making Los Angeles "an example the world will always remember." Some directing mind was behind this plan. Some evil genius thought out the possibility of wrecking the water works and leaving Los Angeles a prey to conflagration. And whether the unions knew of the plan or not, the unions furnished the money, and the dynamiters were union men working for a union strike. These are the facts as the plain citizen—be he union man or clerk or storekeeper or lawyer or farmer—sees them. If Mr. Gompers finds in this array nothing to make him think that the time has come for the unions to clean house, then Mr. Gompers demonstrates his unfitness for the responsible position of president of the American Federation of Labor.

The leader of union labor must be neither blind nor an anarchist, and Mr. Gompers comes perilously near to being both.

THE SOUTH THE BULWARK.

In an address at Atlanta the other night President Schurman, of Cornell, after noting that the white population of the South is more largely of the old American stock than the people of the North, expressed regret that the latter section was wandering off into strange theories of government, like socialism, with these frank utterances:

"In the South alone I have found that same spirit of conservative progressiveness which marked the spirit animating the founders of our country. The South will be the salvation of our country, for from it will spread the right kind of conservatism, bringing back the erring sections to a realization of their mistake."

These ideas and suggestions are far from new, but they are as true as they are old.

Some years ago, while the Virginia Bar Association was holding an annual meeting at the White Sulphur Springs, Mr. Groesbeck, of Ohio, the eminent lawyer, best remembered as having been counsel for Andrew Johnson in the latter's impeachment trial, and who happened to be a guest at the springs at the time, remarked to a Virginian guest that "the association was a splendid body of men intellectually, and he believed that if occasion required it the State could produce as great men then as in the past. But," added Mr. Groesbeck, "the trouble about you Virginians is that you are not American: you haven't the American spirit."

"There is where you and your people are sadly mistaken," was the Virginian's reply. "We are the most American people on this continent, for the reason that the vast majority of us have no admixture of foreign blood. We have imbibed the American spirit with our mothers' milk, and drawn it from the soil in which we have been rooted for generations. It was this American spirit that caused Virginia to stand with the South in the late war for the preservation and conservation of the American institutions handed down by our fathers, including the Constitution."

After a long pause the Ohian rejoined: "You are right; the idea is new to me, but it is true; it should be disseminated. To the South we must look in the future to bulwark our institutions and foster the American spirit," he concluded.

President Schurman, the educator, simply put in different language and in a public speech the declaration and admission of Mr. Groesbeck, the statesman, made in private conversation.

THE JEWS IN AGRICULTURE.

In mention of the third annual convention of the "Federation of Jewish Farmers of America," held in New York last week, and which attracted widespread attention, the Boston Globe says: "The Jew naturally takes to business and can prosper where others fail." It is true that the Jew often prospers in business where others fail, but also it is true that there is no reason why he should not prosper in agriculture where others fail. Certainly there is no reason why he should not prosper equally with others in agricultural pursuits. Logically, atlvicly and naturally, the contrary is the case.

For again it is true that, as Mr. Jacob Schiff, in urging "back to the soil" upon his race, asserted in his address before the convention, "the Jews were not by nature traders or money lenders, but were by nature, religion and tradition tillers of the soil and care-takers of the heros." This statement is borne out by biblical history, and the further asseveration of Mr. Schiff's that "circumstances over which the Jews had no control had forced them from the soil and into the marts, where self-preservation compelled them to exert their best efforts," is sustained by that most eminent, reliable and impartial of Jewish historians, Graetz, who argues the proposition to an unchallengeable conclusion.

More than this, and most interesting to note, the Jews are going "back to the soil" in considerable numbers—numbers surprising to those who are prone to regard or have been taught to believe that commercialism is the dominant instinct of the chosen people.

In the New York convention forty-odd organizations, in nine States, were represented, and the reports all showed that the Jewish farmers of the country—most of whom are located in the Middle West and the Northwest—are progressive and prosperous, and well satisfied with the conditions and their environments. In the same connection it is brought out that the Jews by thousands are farming in Brazil, and thousands more are cultivating 17,000,000 acres of land in Argentina. Specific instances and examples demonstrate that given the opportunity, the Jew is as successful in farming, as potential a factor in agriculture, as he is in trade, commerce and finance, and rises as rapidly in that domain as when from under persecution he has risen in science, art and literature, as a pacifist or what not.

While the Jewish citizen is a liberal and lavish spender and a generous giver to charity and all other good works when he can afford it, he is inherently frugal, a natural monopolist and master of detail in his chosen or necessary vocation, or in places of responsibility. These last characteristics, or qualities, account largely for the fact, as printed recently, that the only three great public demonstrations in New York, following which parts of the appropriations were turned back into the treasury, were managed financially by Jewish heads.

The same characteristics are more needed in agricultural development than in any other industry. More power and speed to the Jewish "back to the soil" movement, and may it extend to Virginia, where abundance of land awaits and invites it!

RARE, BUT NOT UNIQUE.

A Hong Kong prisoner named Kiernan, who a quarter of a century ago was sent up for life by a Brooklyn judge, has been offered a pardon by Governor Dix, but is debating whether he will accept it. His indecision is due to the fact, he explains, that he has grown to like his work as a "trusty," has no relatives, and, outside the prison walls, has no friends.

In noticing the incident, the Brooklyn Standard Union says: "Old Kiernan's case is rare, but by no means unique."

Precisely. We recall a somewhat similar case of a negro "trusty" around the Capitol here, who, after serving a long penitentiary term, was fitted out with money and clothing to go "home," by the basement clerks and officers and members of the Legislature. In a few weeks he returned—the picture of woe. He had no "home" and no relatives and no friends, he said, save those in the prison and around the Capitol building, and he begged for his old job of "trusty," merely for something to eat and a place to sleep. If we mistake not, he died a quiet and unofficial "trusty" of the State, on a contribution pay roll of his Capitol friends.

SPREAD OF COMMISSION GOVERNMENT.

Ten per cent. has been the rate of increase of commission government in the United States as a result of the elections of November 7, measured by the population of the cities adopting it. In 170 cities, having almost 4,000,000 population, and in thirty-three States, it is now in force or soon will be. Thus points out the Chicago Record-Herald, "commission government seems to be finding favor generally, though in many places it is looked upon yet as an experiment."

Texas, the State in which the commission plan originated, has sixteen cities now prospering under it; Kansas has twenty-five, Illinois, seventeen; Oklahoma, fifteen; South Dakota, eleven; California, nine; Alabama, eight; Iowa, seven; Wasaington, six; Massachusetts, six. The States in which it is being tried in one or more cities are Colorado, Georgia, Idaho, Kentucky, Louisiana, Maine, Maryland, Michigan, Mississippi, Minnesota, Montana, Nebraska, New Jersey, New Mexico, North Carolina, North Dakota, Oregon, South Carolina, Tennessee, Utah, West Virginia, Wisconsin and Wyoming—a list representative of North, East, West and South.

It is to be hoped that the day is not far distant when Virginia municipalities will be in a position to give commission government a trial. There are now at least two of the smaller cities of Virginia that are contemplating the adoption of the plan when they can legally do so.

HONORS A CONDUCTOR.

The ancient and honorable vocation of train conductor has been honored again. John McNab, a conductor on the Louisville and Nashville, has been running between Louisville and Frankfort for forty years, and that is the consideration which moved Governor-Elect McCreary, of Kentucky, to appoint McNab as the first colonel on his staff.

There was another reason, however. During the late campaign McCreary was a passenger on McNab's train, and the politician asked the conductor how things looked. McNab told McCreary that he thought he would be elected by 15,000 to 25,000. McCreary was not counting on more than 5,000 to 10,000 himself, and rallied McNab on his high figures. McNab stuck to them, and McCreary said, Well, McNab, if you guess right, I'll make you a colonel." McCreary's majority went to 30,000, and he has notified Conductor McNab that he is soon to be Colonel McNab.

This was a very graceful recognition, no doubt, of a good man. A man who can be the "cap" on a train forty years straight is very much of a man. The conductor has to deal with all sorts of people, and hard situations look him in the eye almost every day, but he "comes clean" on his job. He is the best known man in the territory he traverses, and if conductors went into politics they would generally prove successful. They have carried more babies and been of more help to women and the lame, the halt and the blind than any other class of men. The conductor is regarded as a fountain of knowledge, wisdom and light in dozens of the communities he penetrates, and, what is more, he is usually right. He will stand about as much as a man can, but he has to reduce many a surly passenger, who would do something wrong, to a state of crushed politeness.

Moreover, the conductor is the especial object of dead-beats. They all lay for him. They try to get by him, but they rarely do it.

The conductor is, as a rule, very loyal to his "road" and a vigorous defender of its policy and prestige.

THE MONTANA METHOD.

A refreshing story comes from New York to the effect that a well-known Montana man lately chastised a "masher" in a subway train. The "masher," dressed in the latest fashion, was determined to make a "killing." His persistent attempts to attract the attention of a woman passenger also attracted the attention of the man from the Western mountains. The Montana man quickly protected the woman. He made the "masher" kneel before her for forgiveness, and then almost beat the life out of him. The passengers were delighted. That is the Montana method, and it is effective and preventive. There are a good many extravagantly clad youths hanging around Broad Street who are in the same class with the New York "masher," and some one of these days a bold one of them will get "trimmed" just like the man in the case quoted. There are too many of these cheap sports in Richmond, and why they cannot be arrested for vagrancy we do not know.

THE RIGHT IDEA.

Ira S. W. Anthony, B. A., principal of the Strasburg High School, is personally unknown to us, but he has the right idea about the function of the public school in the community. In the latest issue of the Strasburg News, published in a goodly and beautiful place, is a letter from Principal Anthony, in which he urges the people of the town to use the high school library and to come to the school and inspect it. The library referred to has 350 volumes, comprising "the very best literature on the market, being selected from the works of both England and America's greatest men of letters."

In his letter, the principal says

"I want every person in Strasburg and vicinity to feel perfectly free to come and get books to read. The books are not mine or the students' of the school, but yours, and we will expect you to read them. We have books suited to every person, from tender youth to ripe old age."

Mr. Anthony also wishes that "more of our patrons would visit us and inspect our equipment and standard of work. * * * Take a day off and come out to see us."

Modern school experts agree that the public school should be a social and civic centre, reaching out beyond the pupils to the citizens generally. That is what Mr. Anthony would make his school, and his example is worthy of general imitation. Get the people interested in the school and in acquiring knowledge themselves, and you speed the cause of education.

An Italian woman, a former resident of Naples, committed suicide in Pittsburgh because she "could never see the blue sky." The tall buildings and the smoke shut off the view. People who love the blue sky should live in Richmond, where the sky is bluer and the air is sweeter than anywhere else in the world.

Mr. Taft had an excellent Thanksgiving dinner. No wonder that he enjoyed it, undoubtedly because the fine forty-pound turkey was of Virginia ancestry, the ten-pound mince pie was made of Old Dominion mince-meat, the ten-p und apple pie was made of the best Nelson county winesaps, and the hefty plum-pudding was fashioned by the artistic hand of an old Virginia cook. If he only had a dish of King William spareribs, the feast would have been complete, unless the Orange Observer had sent him some of her excellent onion and molasses pie.

Now comes the Augusta County Argus on the trail of one of our new legislators, saying:

"Hill Montague, he-ette of Richmond, newly elected to the Legislature, has joined the winagrettes, the screeching sisterhood (suffragettes)."

Really the Argus is getting violent, for besides referring to the equal suffrage women as "cows," and to one of them as "a rag and a bone and a hank of hair," the Argus says that the "hugless females" are in an unprintable kind of a fix. Oh, sisters, on!

First Aid to the Injured.

When I am wroth with sundry things
And all the world is upside down,
And in my heart are mutterings,
And on my brow there rests a frown,
I seek fair Mollie, and I find
The moment that I reach her side
My anger takes and in my mind
I am completely Molli-fied.

When doubt my spirit weak has filled
And I can't reason where I stand,
My faith in things completely killed
By unbelief on every hand,
I seek dear Jennie out, and lo
My unbelief goes with a whizz;
I look into her eyes and know
The truth 'way back to Jennie-sis.

When questions deep enmesh the state,
And men of brains say this and that,
And leave me in a mess so great
I hardly know where I am at,
I run to Polly, and full soon
She cures me of my errant fix,
And I achieve the wondrous boon
Of a clear visioned Polly-tics

And then when these three maidens dear,
Although they love me, say me nay,
And with a heart all full of drear
Send me a-marching on my way,
I seek out Susan, dear, sweet, Sue,
And there find all my joys abide,
And leave a world of care and rue
By going in for Sue-cide.

CARLYLE SMITH.

Voice of the People

Ardent Anti-Suffragist.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—B. W. S.'s defense of woman's suffrage is ludicrous in the extreme. Her predictions, geometrically speaking, have reached the reductio ad absurdum point.

When will the time ever come when a Virginia man, or any sane man, will be as ashamed of his wife and daughters for saying they did not want to vote, as if they had said they did not believe in God and in humanity?

When that time comes, when he is willing to have his wife and daughters go to the polls, mingling with the negro women, the negro men—the new woman, thirsting with ambition to thrust in her ballot to save the State of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, of Monroe, of Marshall, of Lee, of Jackson, of Stuart, from degradation, why, before that time comes he must have become a non-believer in God and in humanity or a hopeless imbecile.

I don't predict, but I assert, that as sure as there is a difference between black and white, night and day, storm and calm, rain and sunshine, that there will be a marked difference between the respect and deference bestowed upon the woman who mingles in politics and the one that does not. Her opportunities broaden—for what? What greater opportunities has any one than a woman for doing good—the "angel of the fireside," "the home-maker?" These terms can't be applied to the ballot woman. Woman's sphere is home. Her gentle influence there is not narrow nor circumscribed. The hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. All history proves the truth of this trite quotation.

Governor Mann won the hearts of the women of Virginia when he espoused the cause of temperance. Woman's influence over husbands, sweethearts, friends, brothers, elected him, but 90 per cent. of those same women would have suffered the terrors of the inquisition before they would have gone to the polls. I hardly think that His Excellency wants to read the destruction of Virginia upon the wall as Daniel did that of Babylon.

In the Governor's ten years' vista, I wonder which of the suffragette readers does he see in the executive chair pardoning criminals, for surely a woman, even a suffragette, would be too tender-hearted not to pardon all. Would he address her as governess or would all feminine terms be masculinized?

A big adoption would be on new grammars then. What a feast for some publisher! We Virginians, of course, hope the B. F. Johnson Company will have the deal.

We Virginia women cling to the traditions of our State. We remember too well the teachings of our mothers and fathers to try to control the ballot. Why do these seekers of notoriety, these unsatisfied women of the period want to thrust the ballot upon us? We would rather be womanly than logical. We would rather adopt the German motto, "Ich dien"—I serve—than the Latin, "Rego"—I rule. We don't want to dominate politics. Very few, if any, of the refined women of the State will thrust themselves or be thrust into politics. When the Prophet Isaiah was depicting the misery on account of their wickedness that would come upon Israel, he says: "And the women will rule." The advanced women doubtless considers it illogical to believe in an old-fashioned book like the Bible—if it be, let's be illogical. We still, in this age of airships, wireless telegraphy, electric contrivances, murders and defalcations, believe that the Bible is the only rule to direct and guide us. Governor Mann's mother, some fifteen miles distant from here, in the county of Rockbridge, taught him that in his Shorter Catechism, she, as superintendent of the Nottoway Courthouse Presbyterian Sunday school, taught it to hundreds of children. We that are raised by good mothers and fathers on the Shorter Catechism and the Bible can't be suffragettes, and all of B. W. S.'s logic or non-logic can't make us so.

The Governor was too wise in his campaign to even predict the triumph of the suffragettes, for if he had, despite the temperance bill and the high school bill, by which so many of us women are earning our living to-day, why all might have been forgotten in lending our influence to shoving him under. Our optimistic Governor must not predict evils, but lend a hand to crush them out, for we know that he does not want, even when he is out of office, his State tarnished, or to see her glory departed.

The non-suffragettes are not depressed over the fact that the General Assembly of Virginia will ruthlessly tear away the veil from the holy of holies—they know too well that the class of women that would vote would not uplift Anne-ticsis will exclaim: "When that day comes, God save the Commonwealth." In anticipation they will imagine their wives turning Republicans, or more likely some made-to-order party in order to contest for their seat in the Senate chamber or the House of Delegates.

They know that chaos, yea, anarchy, will rule, worse than in Reconstruction times. When that day comes many who have had their mothers, wives and daughters tenderly ministering to their wants, and waiting upon them all the days of their lives, would look and feel so awkward back in the kitchen with long, green-checked gingham aprons on, wiping the dishes, while their wives and daughters are straining every nerve at the polls to win an office for themselves or for their favorite candidate.

No, some of us may be in B. W. S.'s eyes foolish, illogical, weak-minded, but we will not take up the cry, "let the men go to the background, the women come to the front." Most Virginia women are content with their spheres. Even if in the next ten years you suffragettes succeed in honeyfuggling the lawmakers into your way of thinking, why, most of us will not take advantage of the glorious privilege of suffrage. Our natures revolt from it. We live in a land of freedom. One man or woman may lead the pony to the brink, but 20,000 cannot make him drink.

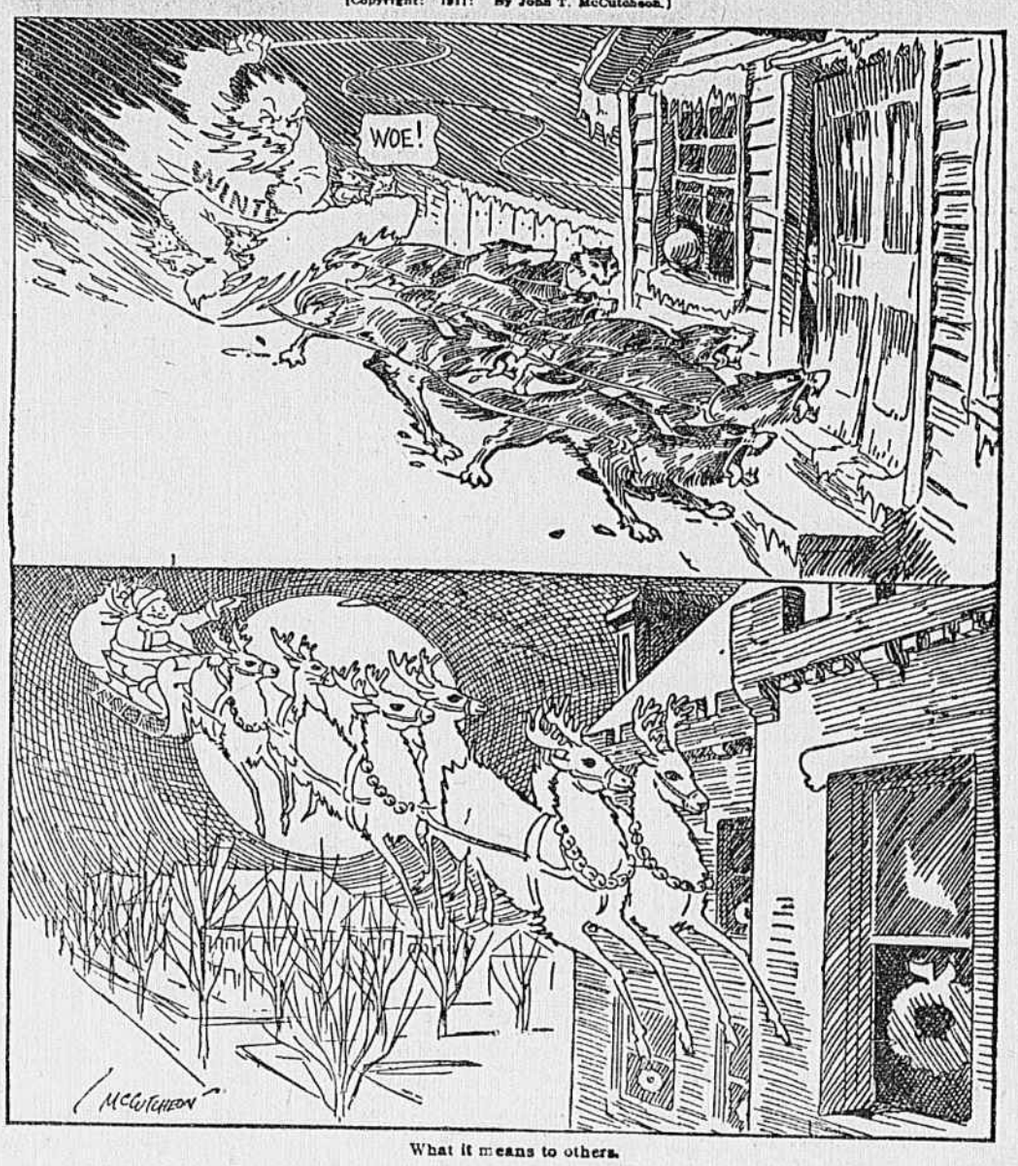
A NATIVE-BORN VIRGINIA WOMAN.
Kerr's Creek.

Abe Martin

Ez Pash says th' centre o' population is in th' hair brush at th' New Palace hut-tel. Curt Hodges, our tonsorial artist, reports a big Saturday one hair cut, two shaves an' a hedge.

What Winter Means to Some Children—and

[Copyright: 1911: By John T. McCutcheon.]



What it means to others.

La Marquise de Fontenoy

FRANCIS ARTHUR AGLEN, who has lately succeeded to the inspectorgeneralship of imperial customs in China, held for nearly half a century by the late Sir Robert Hart, the organizer and creator of the service, is the son of an English archdeacon, and the son-in-law of Professor Isaac Bailey Balfour, King's botanist in Scotland, professor of botany in the University of Edinburgh, and one of the most celebrated botanists of Europe. Frank Aglen was educated at Marlborough College, joined the imperial customs service in 1888, twenty-three years ago, and became the right hand man of Sir Robert Hart, directing the entire service for his chief, when the latter was shut up in Pekin during the siege of the foreign legations by the Boxer rebels. He is a remarkably level-headed man, possessed of a knowledge of Chinese dialects and character which can only be compared with that of his predecessor, and is the author of many reforms in the service, notably, that which requires a thorough acquaintance with the principal Chinese vernaculars. He is only forty-two years of age, and therefore still in the prime of life.

Sir Robert Hart, by the by, left a fortune of a little over a half a million dollars, which represents in part the savings from his large salary from the Chinese government during fifty years, and in part, too, the big monetary gifts which it presented to him from time to time. Chinese officialdom is corrupt to the core. Indeed, there is probably no nation in the world where official graft plays so great a role, and where it is so generally accepted as compatible with principles of private honor and integrity. No man had greater opportunities of graft than Sir Robert Hart, as the all-powerful head of the customs service, accountable to no one and to nothing, excepting his own conscience, and that he should have died in relatively moderate circumstances, especially when his fortune is compared with the altogether colossal wealth accumulated by his contemporary, Li-Hung-Chang, whose opportunities were not so great, fully confirms all that has been written in these letters and elsewhere, concerning his single-minded service to the Chinese government.

His fortune, such as it is, along with his baronetcy, is inherited by his only son, Sir Edgar Bruce Hart, who represents the Chinese customs service in England, and who will be remembered in this country as having been the Chinese representative at the International Postal Union Congress at Washington in 1897; figuring in a similar capacity at the Congress held at Rome in 1906. He has the blue button of a mandarin of the third rank, and has inherited from his father, not only certain Chinese titles of nobility, but also his noble ancestry. For the Chinese government, in its desire to honor the late Sir Robert, presented him, along with nobility for himself, also nobility for three generations of his ancestors. So that in spite of Sir Robert's being a relatively self-made man, his son finds himself with four generations of patrician forbears.

Sir Edgar's well paid position in London, as representative of the Chinese customs service in England, is not likely to be disturbed by any revolution in China. For the imperialists, as well as the rebels, alike honor and cherish the memory of the late Sir Robert Hart, as the most faithful foreign servant of their nation; and moreover, his salary is derived, not from the national treasury, but from the funds of the customs service, which ever since the organization by Sir Robert Hart, have always been under European control.

I learn that Sir Edgar and his mother, the now widowed Lady Hart, have resolved to sell by auction the marvelous collection of Chinese curios accumulated by Sir Robert Hart, and only part of which was lost in the Boxer rebellion of 1900. This should bring some wonderful masterpieces of Chinese art into the market, and will also serve to recall memories of the warm-hearted little Irishman who toiled so valiantly there in Peking all alone, while his wife, his son, and his daughters, enjoyed the charms and the luxuries of existence in England. In fact, I cannot help thinking that both his widow and his children must sometimes feel a touch of remorse when they recall the loneliness of his life at Peking, whole decades passing by without their visiting him, while he on his side was absolutely prevented from leaving China.

One thing which Sir Edgar inherits from his celebrated father is the latter's well known taste for music. Every one who ever visited Peking during Sir Robert's time will remember his wonderful private orchestra of splendidly trained Chinese, who played even the most difficult of European compositions, with the utmost taste and feeling. His band was in great demand at every entertainment, and was one of the most attractive features of Peking life. Both Sir Edgar and his wife are musicians to the core, and while the new baronet is an expert on the violin, Lady Hart has a beautiful contralto voice, besides being one of the cleverest amateur actresses in English society.

The announcement that the new Minister of Education in England, Joseph Albert Pease, only consented to accept the office to which he was appointed if Sir Robert Morant was removed from the department, either by compulsory resignation or translation to some other sphere of activity, serves to call attention to this very remarkable knight, to whom the present King of Siam owes his education, and to whom also the people of Siam are indebted for most of the reforms which they now enjoy. Morant, when quite a young man, went out from New College, Oxford, to Siam, to act as a tutor for one of the principal nobles of that country. There he was brought into contact with the reigning family, and before three years had elapsed was appointed by the late King to be chief tutor and mentor to the crown prince, who now occupies the Siamese throne. The late King recognized his sterling qualities, and made him a friend and confidant. Indeed, it used to be said that the monarch never sanctioned any important measure submitted to him by the princes of his house, and by his ministerial advisers, without taking counsel of his son's tutor, who used to be referred to by many as "Siam's uncrowned ruler."

This aroused much jealousy. So when the late King fell ill, and his power passed temporarily into the hands of his half-brothers and other princes, the situation of Morant became impossible, and he found it well to return to England. There he became the chief assistant to Sir John Gorst when the latter was Minister of Education, and when Sir George Kekewich retired from the office of chief secretary and permanent head of the Department of Education, Morant was appointed to his office, with a salary of $10,000 a year, and advanced to the Knighthood of the Order of the Bath.

Last year Sir Robert issued a confidential circular which caustically commented on the glaring inefficiencies of the teachers of elementary schools, and urged the government inspectors, to whom the communication was directed, to use their influence as far as possible to secure a better and more intellectual class of men for the job. Through the disloyalty of one or more of the inspectors to whom this confidential document was addressed, it fell into the hands of the National Union of Teachers in elementary schools, who promptly demanded his dismissal.

The new Minister of Education manifestly credits them with more political influence than his predecessor; and anxious for their support, has exacted the dismissal of Sir Robert, who unless he gets another government appointment, is likely to enter Parliament as a Conservative, and on the return of the Unionist party to power, will undoubtedly in that event go back to Whitehall, as Cabinet Minister of Education.

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Eleven Hundred and Nine
East Main Street
is the temporary home of one of Richmond's
Best Banks.