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TUESDAY, APRIL 23, 1912.

STILL SHOOTING BLANK CARTRIDGES.

There was more willful muddying of the water last night at the meeting of the East End Citizens' Association. The candidates and some of their allies tried to make out that the plan to have a primary for a convention to nominate the Administrative Board is a usurpation of the people's rights. The same brand of demagoguery that has been handed out at many other such meetings was handed around last night. The very men who denounced the convention plan as a trick of the "politicians" are about as "seasoned and astute politicians" as there are on the turf today. They did not define the issue; they dealt in denunciation. There was something sinister and significant in the unanimity of their attack. These politicians dodged completely the fact that the proposed convention is to be based upon a popular primary. They try to make the voters believe that the convention proposed is the old style of convention, when the convention suggested is based absolutely upon the primary. The peanut publicists mislead the people in their attacks upon conventions, because they fail to point out that the old style convention was controlled by the bosses, while the people themselves, through the primary, control such a convention as suggested by Chairman Miles Martin, of the City Democratic Committee. The old kind of convention was the instrument of the boss; the new convention is the mouthpiece of the people. No one proposes to substitute even so popular a convention for the primary; it is sought simply to use the convention in a case where the primary is so intangible as to menace the people's interest.

Some of the citizens' associations have recorded themselves against the nominating convention, but The Times-Dispatch believes that they have done so without hearing and understanding both sides of the question. The only active opponents of the convention are the politicians and their friends. The great silent vote has not spoken; the patriotic and public-spirited people of Richmond are not yet heard from. The politicians who obstruct the convention plan are afraid to let the people think, and they are trying to choke off this issue before the people have had time to understand it. These ward steersmen assail the press of Richmond, but the press has a record of protecting the rights of the people and promoting progress in city government, in which respect it differs from its assailants.

The politicians, with their blank cartridges, make a lot of noise and smoke, but they cannot scare the people.

PROTECT RARE DOCUMENTS.

One of the most flagrant instances of the unheeded advice within our knowledge is the present infamable handling of the precious collection of historic manuscripts in the Virginia State Library. That these documents, so valuable that no real price can be set upon them, should be left at the mercy of any chance fire that might break out in the building in which they are kept can only be explained by pure, stark ignorance of their worth. Neither the legislators of Virginia nor the officers seem to have the remotest idea of the heritage of historic material left during this generation in their careless keeping. Yet outsiders who are informed in such matters, and who have enjoyed the untold benefits of using this collection, are not so ignorant nor so ready to acquiesce in the reckless storing of what should be an sacred trust. We publish elsewhere a very pointed and illuminating letter from a Kentucky gentleman who has felt called upon to protest with dignity and justice, against the possible loss of this treasure. It is a harsh and bitter commentary upon State pride and the sense of responsibility of our legislators when a stranger can tell the truth that hurts.

Yet every word in this letter is true, and we welcome the criticism in the hope that his words may bear strong enough to arouse a sentiment that will result in the proper protection of this library of original sources. The present condition is due to no lack of earnest and persistent effort by the library authorities to secure adequate fireproof storage for these documents. They asked for \$4,000 to provide metal shelves for this matter from the last Legislature. But a short-sighted policy of economy, politics and the above mentioned ignorance dictated that this item be struck out of the appropriation bill at the very last moment. It apparently did not enter the consciousness of the "Solons" that, regardless of the interests of Virginia, they might owe a duty to the rest of the country, so much of the record of whose history is partly inclosed in these papers.

They were so much interested in the rather small-print foot note they were adding to history that they forgot the very much more important chapters that have already been written by far greater men. Yet at any moment all this noble inheritance may become a pile of ashes, and the outcry at the loss will be nothing but a clarion proclamation of folly. The relentless habit time has of not repeating itself means that, once gone, these records are gone forever. As our correspondent points out so forcefully, the loss of a \$20,000,000 capital in New York was regarded as a light calamity compared with the loss of the unwritten history that vanished into nothingness. Is there no way in which private beneficence or public spirit can move toward the safeguarding of this treasure?

THE CHEEFT AMONG HYPOCRITES.

Nowhere has the habitual hypocrisy of Theodore Roosevelt been better shown than in the case of the New York primaries. The publication of the expenses of Taft and Roosevelt for their campaigns in preparation for the primaries shows that the Roosevelt campaign cost the good round sum of \$59,126.75, while Taft's cost less than a tenth of that sum.

Throughout the country Roosevelt has been following that the New York primaries were a fraud and a farce, that under the law they amounted to nothing, and that the sweeping Taft triumph in the most important State in the Union was without significance. If the New York primary is really as hopeless and unimportant as Roosevelt wishes to have the nation consider it, why did his managers spend \$59,126.75 under such a law in New York City alone? Or has the Roosevelt campaign been so lavishly financed by men like Hanna, Munsey and Perkins, who hate Taft because he has interfered with their special privileges, that \$59,000 seems a negligible amount to Roosevelt?

It is the same old bare-faced hypocrisy that has been the one consistent trait of the Roosevelt character. This monumental falsifier, who can do no wrong, ought to profit from the observations of Zophar, the Naamathite, who said: "The joy of the hypocrite is but for a moment. Though his excellency mount up to the heavens and his head reach unto the clouds. . . He shall be chased away as a vision of the night, though wickedness be sweet in his mouth, though he hide it under his tongue; though he spare it and forsake it not; but still keep it within his mouth. . . It is the gall of asps within him."

IS A LIBRARY POSSIBLE?

It is to be hoped that the question is a public library for Richmond possible contains in itself what the legislators term a reductio ad absurdum. It is absurd and ridiculous, even pitiful, that such a question can be asked. For a city of 100,000 people, in this day and generation not to have a public library is impossible. The evidence to be presented this evening by the representatives of various civic organizations to a committee of the Council should sweep aside every other consideration save the practical one of how the library is to be secured and how soon it can be doing its untold service to the whole community. The very character of the support this movement is receiving proves how deep-seated is the demand. Education and labor will present their claims this evening. These two elemental forces in the pursuit of a means of spreading beauty and truth cannot be stopped or turned aside. They are the foundations of all civic greatness, and what they ask will ultimately be given them.

No more important movement toward building the Greater Richmond can be imagined. A library extends its enlightening influence into every other activity of human life. It furnishes a guide and an inspiration for increased wealth, and beyond everything else, for increased happiness. There is not a single soul in the entire city, of whatsoever race, color, creed or age, who would not be benefited by such an institution. And this for the simple reason that it means more truth. For example, there is at present no collection of books on sociological and municipal questions open to the people. Yet every agency in the city is grappling with the solution of new and puzzling issues of social service and better government. Would it not be wise to provide the means of learning what others have done in these matters? But why argue? When the people want a library they will have it. The meeting to-night means they want it now. If you desire to help, your presence would add the Council to decide.

THE WISDOM OF MORGAN.

It is a good thing to learn something of how a great creative financier values life from the vantage ground of huge wealth and the years. J. Pierpont Morgan is not often interviewed, but the Titanic disaster moved him to break his silence. His words are full of pathos and wisdom. His opinions are large, bold, going to the roots of life for their meaning, and untouched by sentimentalism. "Oh, some one says," he said, concerning the loss of the Titanic, "there is no such thing as money losses in existence. Think of the lives that have been mowed down and the terrible deaths." The man who has spent his years in the creation of money values knows that wealth is only a symbol, and that life is what counts. Yet he is not unappreciative of what it will buy. His single visit in the town where he goes to take the baths is to a florist shop. In three minutes, it is said, he gathers the best of all it contains. Of course, he misses the fun of raising the flowers, but it is a healthy sign of human feeling to love them. This same devotion to beauty has character-

ized much of the declining years of his life. Regarding his generosity in helping in the restoration of the Campanile in Venice, he declared, "Money devoted to repairing works so fine and so unique is not a gift; it is a reparation. The Campanile had to be restored." That is a lofty and sincere attitude of mind. Great works of art have to be preserved. Genius of any kind resolves itself at last into simplicity and directness.

And in every case the occupation with large affairs and long knowledge of the world brings the wisdom of setting the family affections above all other rewards. Gray and old and embattled, with his face towards the sunset, Mr. Morgan answered the query as to his greatest joy in life, as follows: "Work and my twenty-eight children and grandchildren."

AN ACCOMMODATING REAR-ADMIRAL.

The Navy League, which, as the New York Nation tersely but comprehensively observes, believes "in forced draft battalions—paid for by forced drafts upon the tax-payers—and in a merchant marine nursed into being and kept alive by artificial food," recently asked Rear-Admiral Chadwick for his views as to the restoration of our merchant fleet. Admiral Chadwick proved accommodating—too accommodating for the comfort of the leaguers, it would appear. The league received an answer, but not such a one, it is entirely competent to infer, as it desired. Here is the initial declaration in the admiral's reply:

"I would say that I am not in favor of subsidies of any kind. I think that all that is necessary to restore our shipping is to abolish the Cromwellian laws which now stand on our statute books, and thus give our ship owners a chance. Our vessels carrying trade has been protected to death, literally. This somewhat ruthless and evidently surprising blow at the league's fetish the admiral follows up with another, which he lands on about the same tender spot. Thus it is delivered: "All the subsidies, nursing and coddling in this world can't avail against our present brutally ignorant and unbusinesslike system. I have had these opinions many years, and to-day am as strong in the opinions I here express as ever."

However, Admiral Chadwick, having gotten his "fighting jacket" on and his hand well in, was not disposed, it seems, to stop short of giving complete satisfaction. He therefore proceeds to hammer into demotion the arguments in favor of their cause the American subsidists have based on the British subsidization policy. He proves by facts and figures that the premises of our subsidists are false and their deductions forced and absurd. The British government, he affirms and demonstrates, does not subsidize at all, in the sense in which our ship builders would have us do in this country.

Finally, and to adapt a part of the Nation's review of his reply, the admiral "quotes the secretary-general of the Hamburg-American Line, Herr Huldemann, as citing the experience of England and Germany to show that with virtually no subsidies—the smallest per ton of merchant fleet of any in Europe—England and Germany could 'immensely increase their fleets' in the decade prior to 1909, England by almost 5,000,000 tons, and Germany by more than 3,000,000 tons. Herr Huldemann sees clearly that the lack of growth in other countries must in part be ascribed to the 'false educational influence of the system of subsidies' extending by the fact that it makes the receiver of the subsidy a government pensioner and spares him the trouble of earning his bread by his own efforts."

At the last, the solution, and the only solution, of the problem of restoring our merchant marine lies, as Admiral Chadwick makes unchallengeably plain, and as the Nation reminds us, Grover Cleveland held, in free ships and in opening the doors to competitive ship building. And to that complexion there is gratifying evidence it is coming, since some of the most perfervid subsidist members of the Chamber of Commerce of New York, at the late meeting of the body to consider the free ship issue, admitted that the hydro-headed ship subsidy monster had been practically wounded unto death.

The Manassas Journal must be credited with an original suggestion for a Virginia State flower:

"Virginia has no flower emblematic of her sweetness and beauty, but she is not alone in this, as a number of States have not. If any State, however, would adopt a flower, it should be Virginia, the Old Dominion, the Mother of States. In this connection, we would suggest the sweetly scented geranium, one of the earliest flowers of spring. Virginia being the first State to bud and blossom in this great Union, it is fittingly appropriate, it would seem, that she adopt a flower with all the freshness of a burst of a new season."

ABE MARTIN

Life had returned from Oregon greatly comforted over his possibilities there as a well-to-do man. He had sold his mandarin. It had been so long since it was an event when mother put on her bonnet and a pastray shawl and went out thro' the front gate.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Grandpa. When grandpa dons his old square spectacles and sits him down to read the World, he is not only about the politics that vex and what the people need. The family all sit in state until he has got through. And almost anxiously do wait to hear what he would do this year. He folds the paper carefully and then for half an hour, he stares up at the ceiling with a look that's mighty sour. When he has got it all through out he gives us all his year. In way of caustic comment that's more forcible than heat. He slams the politicians and he hits reformers hard. He cites ancient history and sprouts it by the yard. The way he slams the modern fads and fancies is a fright. But after all is said and done grandpa's most always right.

Caught on the Fly.

But there is one consolation. Neither Ecuador nor Paraguay can send its revolution around the vaudeville circuit.

A New Jersey Democrat has resigned an office at holding it fifty-two years. He is believed to be the only Democrat on record who was allowed to hold an office that long and the only one who ever resigned an office of any kind.

A Kansas Judge rules that no man who makes only \$4 a week has a right to get married. No, indeed! Not unless his bride is a stenographer or a manufacturer.

The price of gold bullion has been reduced. Everything seems to break just right for John D.

Perhaps, in the Lorimer investigation, perpetual motion has been found at last.

But there is no law in Kentucky against tipping the liquor jug.

According to Uncle Abner, Old Bill Perkins always tells how Bryan would have done if he had been president, and the worst of it is nobody can contradict him because nobody knows what Bryan would have done.

Uncle Ez Harkins says a good cold bottle of beer would hurt nobody, but Hank Tumms says Uncle Ez is a liar, for he was knocked sensible with one once when the bartender threw it down on the saloon.

When I see a fellow that don't take no interest in his mail—well, I ain't never seen one yet.

Miss Euphemia Perkins has started to commit suicide by starvation. She has taken up poetry writin' for the magazine.

A family has moved in next to Hon. Peter's place, and judge by their washin', they must be some folks. There was five white waists and a suit of pajamas.

Miss Huggins, our popular speaker and dealer in frog legs, reports that the market is on the jump. His wife collects alimony from three former husbands, and that, together with the frog leg business, puts him on easy street.

Miss Amy Pringle, our popular milliner, is going to have three front teeth filled with gold and having the gold leaf signs removed from her millinery emporium for that purpose.

Woman who volunteers to entertain the company with a song or two. Men who wear bangs. Red flannel underwear. Cheap hammocks. Seventeen dollar automobiles. Cafe quality poetry. Mail order store teeth. Spindle legged gaudy chairs. Designing mamma who has seven daughters. Smoking tobacco that they give away.

Voice of the People

Wilson vs. the Bosses.

Wilson vs. the Bosses. Sir—It seems to me that certain newspapers in Richmond, as well as elsewhere in the State, are wont to lambast everything that savors of bossism, and then at a most opportune time (for the bosses) play squarely into the hands of the boss-esses. Judging from recent editorial utterances of some of these papers, they are now in the act of repeating this trick as regards the presidential situation.

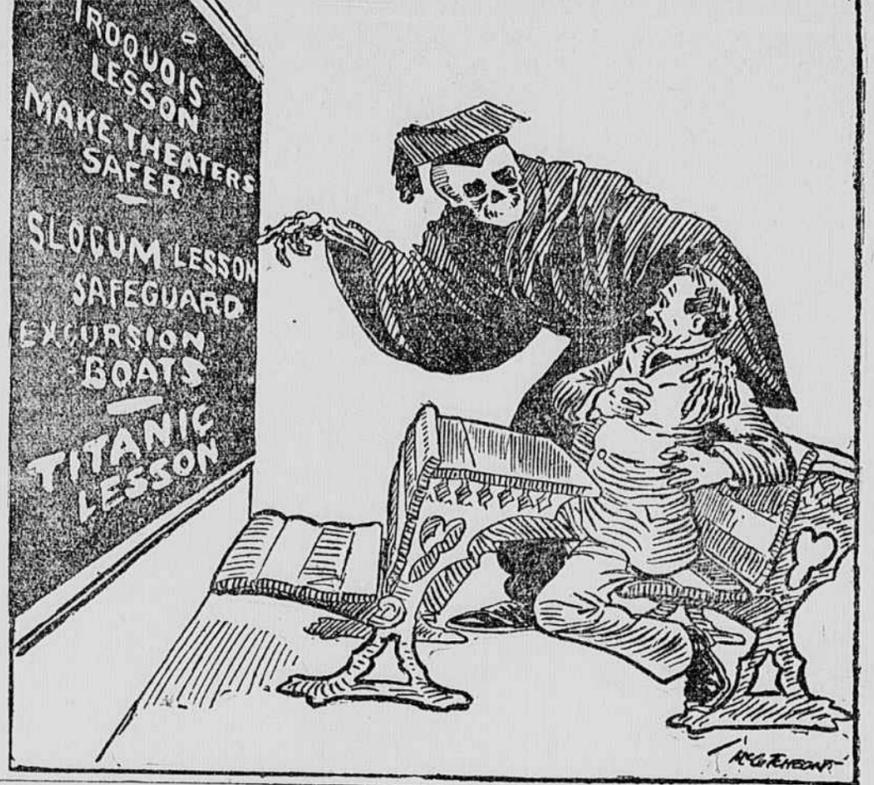
For some time it has been practically settled that the fight at the Virginia State convention would be a fight between the supporters of Governor Woodrow Wilson for an instructed delegation, on one hand, and the opponents of Wilson, who favor an uninstructed delegation, on the other. It is a fact too apparent to admit of dispute that the sentiment of Virginia Democrats is largely in favor of Wilson as the Democratic nominee for the presidency. Hence the opponents of Wilson have resolved to fight Baltimore convention, as they realize the utter futility of trying to secure the delegation for any one of his opponents.

Strange to say, the newspapers who profess to be at variance with every-thing Wilson tends to bossism concur in the scheme hatched in the fertile brain of bosses who manufacture as Democrats. Admitting that Wilson is the



A GRIM TEACHER

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choice of the Virginia Democrats for the presidency, they should not their sentiment be reflected at Baltimore? Democracy itself means a government by the people, and when this bed-rock principle is discarded as an absolute relic of the crude past, the very essence of life is removed from our party.

For over two years all of the candidates now mentioned for the Democratic nomination for the presidency have been in the limelight; the people have had a chance to judge of them, and of the principles which they represent. Now why at this late date do we have no preference, and that the question of a standard bearer lurks off in the hinterland of party politics?

For what do we send representatives to the national convention? Is it not to reflect our sentiments and give voice to our thoughts? When we commit our interests to the delegates it is presumed that they will be true to our interests and not betray the trust reposed in them. What would we think of a candidate for Congress or any other legislative office who, asking for our suffrages, would say: "I shall be bound by no code of principles, but will be governed by policy alone?" We might have an abiding confidence in his integrity, but would we care to run the risk of having him, as our representative? Nay, verily!

I believe that the Democrats have a most excellent chance to elect the next President. But I do not think that a reactionary can be elected, even though professing to be a Democrat. To win we must have a genuine progressive Democrat as our leader. The free elements of thought in the country are now asserting themselves with remarkable zeal, that will inevitably work profound changes and mark this as a most noteworthy era in the history of American politics. The great Democratic landslide of 1910 was not an earnest of future Democratic success. But on the contrary it meant that if the Democrats of the country showed an ability to grasp the magnitude of the situation, and made an honest effort to relieve the people of the intolerable tariff burdens imposed by trust-controlled lawmakers, then that record should be taken as a criterion for further confidence. The people want a change—not from Republicanism, but from oppression. They will brook no candidate who does not honestly believe in a reformation. They have

"A weapon firmer set and better than the bayonet— A weapon that comes down still as snowfall, that falls upon the good. Yet executes the freeman's will as lightning does the will of God. And from its force no bolts or locks can shield you— 'Tis the ballot box."

To my mind Woodrow Wilson is preeminently the logical Democratic candidate. He represents the principles for which the people are clamoring for enactment. He is a genuine progressive, and one whom none but the bosses and special interests need fear. He would add lustre to the already bright galaxy of Virginia who have occupied the presidential chair. The proof of these assertions is found in the fact that he is being so violently opposed by the enemies of a free government. Bosses and manipulators have been busy since his name was brought forward as a presidential possibility trying to deride and defame his name. They have with gigantic strokes and malevolent precision hurled maledictions at his head. But after all this his genius shines forth with adamant brilliancy. Long after the bark of these little flies shall have ceased to fret the circumambient air, and oblivion with a charitable hand shall have covered their trail, Woodrow Wilson will be canonized as one of the greatest Democrats, and his teachings will be taught to the rising generations.

In conclusion, let me ask if we Virginians be made a part and parcel of the cabal now being attempted to teller the Democracy over to the Wall Street interests? Shall we countenance such a base intrigue? Shall Virginia add another to chariots of mystery borne by a presidential possibility, such as Charles F. Murphy, of New York? I pause for an answer.

W. E. BEVERLY.

Rocky Mount.

Memorial for Titanic Heroes. To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—The charity of our forefathers has found expression in untold acts of such unparalleled heroism that the world emerges from its sorrow with the great gift of new inspiration for such deeds of undying fame in a tragedy "an and and deep and dark as can be woven of the warp and woof of mystery and death." No tragedy in fiction can equal the

stories as told by the survivors of last Monday morning. No story can or will be written of greater manhood. Men went down to their death, obeying the last law of man, the unwritten law of the sea. And they met death squarely, face to face, as only brave men can. They bore with them only the consciousness of a duty, well done and faithfully performed. This it is that makes a man, that strikes our blood and urges all men on. It awakens men to the fact that the civility of the dark ages is not yet a thing of the past, but still smolders in our breasts, to be flamed into living fire, when need arises. It teaches men that the Anglo-Saxon race places something above mere life. And it teaches them other things: It teaches them of love and devotion, of the love which refuses separation, a love which clings to love until death itself doth part. It brings the message of self-control, of mastery over mind and matter, even as the waves enveloped the souls of the faithful as the ship slowly bore them to their grave.

For the band gathered on the deck and played "Nearer, My God, to Thee," for the comfort of those who could hear. These could see death unflinchingly; they were men. No one could portray a more dramatic close than this simple, but impressive act, to a tragedy as sad and deep and dark. It is useless to dwell further upon the details and incidents of it all. Long since they have become indelibly imprinted upon our minds and souls, to be carried with us as a reminder of our heritage.

The question arises, should not we, Anglo-Saxons, admired for our hero-worship, should not we as a fitting completion to the sacrifice of the men in their obedience to that "law" of the sea, and to the love and devotion of those who went down to their death, refusing life rather than their death, loved ones, and to the band who comforted the dying with a thought of the life to come, should not we erect some reminder of these acts of heroism and of the courage of the generations to follow us after our death?

Let us one and all unite in the effort to erect some permanent mark of esteem for such deeds as displayed on last Monday morning.

JAMES A. RODGERS, Ashland, Va., April 20, 1912.

Virginia's Unprotected Manuscripts.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch: Sir—Will you permit me to call attention to the State of Virginia's unprotected manuscripts? I think you will find the motive an entirely friendly one. I have several times had occasion to inspect your manuscript collection in the Virginia State Library in Richmond—the most valuable historic mine in America—and to me it would not be a condition and imminent danger from fire are appalling—even appalling. Surely, a collection of this value, and which permit it to be deemed to destruction, as it will be if it remains where and as it is.

The building in which the manuscripts are kept is in no sense fireproof. It is liable to start any day in the office of the lower floor. The manuscript room has not only wooden floor, door and window frames and shelving, but is also built of inflammable materials, magazines, newspaper files.

How recently the New York State lost a building of the same value, and the loss of the \$20,000,000 building that was most deplored, but the destruction of the rare historic manuscripts there. Millions could not have bought them. Millions cannot replace them.

That loss was small compared with what not only Virginia, but the nation will probably suffer, if your office and the possibilities should continue in this thing like its present dangerous situation. The library officials are plainly powerless as things are at present, to improve the conditions. The only thing to be done is to provide for the housing of this priceless collection in an absolutely fireproof building, furnished throughout with metal shelving, filing cases and other furniture. This building should be situated at a distance from any other building—unless a fireproof one—and nothing of an inflammable nature (besides the manuscripts themselves) should be allowed in it. It should be amply provided for the proper classification, arrangement and display of the present collection, and for the proper accession of accessions for generations to come. With a suitable place for their reception, most valuable accessions could be promptly be obtained, consisting both of private collections and of documents now in the possession of the several State departments. But leaving aside the possibilities of growth, and considering merely the collection as it at present stands, it seems to me that Virginia owes it to herself, to her great past, to her great historic names, to her remotest posterity, and also owes it to the nation at large to care properly for this great treasure received by her as a sacred trust from past ages for future ages.

LOUISVILLE, KY.

TEMPLE BOBBEY.

QUERIES & ANSWERS

Unsigned Letters, etc. There have been several dozen letters destroyed because they have no signature or ask to have business addresses published in this column. One might suppose that the statements have been made often enough for any one to understand that no letters will be noticed unless they have real significance, and that no trade addresses will be given here. Still correspondents go cheerfully along writing to ask the address of the Jones Jewelry Company or the Smith Shoe Store and sending in notes with no signature but "S. Y. Z." or "Daily Reader."

Old Library Belongings. Please inform me who will buy a lot of excellent old books, pictures and pamphlets. MRS. B. B. N. Gladly, if you will send stamped and addressed envelope. Business addresses cannot be published here; it is too much like free advertising.

Brook Trout. A correspondent asked some time ago whether there was still a stream in Virginia which would furnish sport for the trout fisherman. I know such a stream in Highland and will write fully about it if your correspondent will write me at Hightown, Va. JOHN H. HEVENER.

Mr. Hevener's mail is likely to be of the "endless chain" variety if all who are interested in such a trout stream write to him.

Mr. Carnegie's Address. Please give me Andrew Carnegie's address. 2 East Ninety-first Street, New York City.

Physics. Can water rise in a pipe higher than the level of the reservoir from which the water comes? Would it make any difference whether the body of water was large or small? H. F. W.

Colonel Withers. Please state date of birth of Colonel Withers, the Kentucky trotting horse owner, ultimately the cause of his death. He practiced law in Mississippi; entered the Confederate service in 1861 and was killed in the Civil War; organized the Mississippi Light Artillery, which he commanded as colonel during the war. He returned to Kentucky in 1871 and established the Fairlane Stable, which soon became famous.

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