

Times Dispatch
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Entered January 7, 1905, at Richmond, Va., as second-class matter under act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 15, 1912.

IMMEDIATE REVISION NECESSARY.

It is gratifying to know that there will be no change in the policy of calling Congress in special session next spring for the purpose of revising the tariff. Governor Wilson is reported to be still in favor of such action, and Representative Underwood has issued a statement since election day favoring the consideration of the tariff at a special session of Congress.

There is only one argument against the calling of Congress into extraordinary session for this purpose, and that is based solely upon considerations of political expediency. Some of the more practical politicians are putting forward the time-worn argument for delay which in effect is that sufficient time should be taken to ascertain whether the popular mandate is for tariff reductions. Other opponents of a special session think that time should be given to a board or commission to investigate the industrial and commercial facts bearing upon the tariff problems.

If the recent success of the Democratic party can be traced to any special cause it is that the people of the country wish to be relieved from the exactions and inequities of the existing tariff law. The Democratic campaign was conducted upon the basis of constantly reiterated assertions that, if successful, the tariff rates would immediately be revised and would be ultimately placed as near a revenue basis as possible, after taking into consideration the requirements of legitimate business interests. Moreover, the attitude of the Democratic party towards the tariff is already well known through the bills introduced during the past two sessions of Congress by Chairman Underwood, of the Ways and Means Committee. Business interests long ago discounted Democratic success at the polls, and they now prefer, if the Democratic party is to revise the tariff downward, to have the reductions made as soon as practicable. Uncertainty and delay are the worst enemies of prosperity, and the business world wishes to have completed immediately the work of revision which is contemplated. Neither should it be forgotten that the Democratic party has an immense amount of work before it. A policy towards corporations must be formulated and enacted into law. The complex banking and currency problem is demanding legislative action. Certain measures of industrial and social relief must also be considered by Congress. As a consequence, Congress should be called into special session to revise the tariff in order to get it out of the way of important matters which will come up at the first regular session under the Democratic administration. Postponement and procrastination will be considered in many quarters as an evidence of a lack of good faith. It will also render final action more difficult by giving the opponents of tariff reductions additional time in which to develop opposition to the Democratic program. There should be no further argument relative to tariff revision. Action should be had as soon as possible.

LET HAPGOOD READ THE PROOF.

If Robert Collier insists on supporting the ideas for Collier's Weekly he ought at least to let Deposed Editor Norman Hapgood read his proof. That we would be spared the pitiful slant of the following bungled sentence on a page that during the Hapgood regime sparkled with brilliant and elegant English. Under the head "Please Omit Flowers," which is itself a piece of poor taste, some apprentice blacksmith of words murders the language so: "Busy as a beaver, hard and fit as an athlete, ready for whatever fate may be in store, and wearing the same toothful grin in the face of victory or defeat, he would be a hardy mortal, and one lacking humor, who would venture to send his misdirected condolences to the distinguished also ran of Oyster Bay."

Now the author of this mild best must have intended to convey the idea that the "also ran" was "busy as a beaver, et cetera," but his order of phrases attaches the business and even the toothful grin to the anonymous "he" as the sentence subject. Far be it from us to get captious over the errors of haste or bone-headedness that creep into editorial copy, but this wouldn't have happened when Hapgood breathed his spirit into every line of the Weekly. From this "bull" on the Bull Moose, regretful readers can already guess what a loss his going means to lovers of good taste and good English—and honest thinking.

JIM CORBETT, APOSTLE OF CHEER.

James J. Corbett, the former heavyweight champion prize-fighter of the world, has just come out of a Philadelphia hospital, having left behind his appendix and twenty-three pounds of weight. While in the convalescent ward, he was the life of it and he left with the cordial good wishes of all his fellow-patients. They liked him as much as the American sport-loving public once did. One small boy was most interested in the ex-king of the ring, and when they bade each other good-by the little fellow's eyes were full of tears. The week before Corbett had been told that the little chap would have to have a leg amputated, and the big fellow buoyed up his small admirer by talking to him, telling him stories and helping him "put sand on the track." As soon as he had rallied from the operation he wrote a letter to Corbett: "You know, Mr. Corbett, I told you I would be brave and stand the pain. My leg it does hurt, but I gave you the promise. Please come and see me Thanksgiving. I am going to live and tell all my boy friends how you helped me bear the pain."

SWAT THE BELATED FLY.

Several million disease-carrying flies fell victims to the prowess of Sarah Johnson and the rest of the fly-swapping cohorts in the Times-Dispatch contest last spring. Then it was quantity that counted. Now it is quality. The price on the head of the half-frozen flies that blunder around in the sunshine nowadays should be a thousand times greater than for one of midsummer's myriads. For those belated survivors will be the architects of next year's pests. They will lie dormant during the winter and then crawl out to begin breeding their million-fold families. Therefore swat them now!

WORTHY OF EMULATION.

A valuable work has recently been inaugurated at the University of Texas. Under the auspices of the department of political economy an Applied Economics Club has been organized, primarily for the purpose of calling the attention of the citizens of Texas to the existence of the most serious economic problems of the State and to suggest what seems to be the best solutions. The method adopted is to send out circular letters to representative men in all walks of life, requesting their opinion as to what economic questions demand immediate consideration. When the answers are received, the instructors and advanced students in economics at the State university direct their research work towards the facts bearing upon the problems. Taxation, capitalization of railroads and corporations were the subjects first selected for study. The results of original investigation along these lines have recently been published in a university bulletin.

SAZONOFF'S ASSURANCE.

The assurance which, according to St. Petersburg and Vienna dispatches, Sergius Sazonoff, the Russian Minister of Foreign Affairs, is said to have given that Russia will not back with arms Serbia's pretensions to an outlet or outlets on the Adriatic, chimes significantly with and imparts additional interest to a suggestion we find in the London Spectator.

That contemporary, which in canvassing territorial rearrangement of Turkey as the result of the Balkan war, has been decidedly pro-Russian to the extent of admitting the justice of the claim of Russia to access to the Mediterranean, and "thinking" it might be desirable to accord the Muscovite possession of Constantinople and a strip on the western shore of the Sea of Marmora, and the Dardanelles, propounds this as a vital question, as the "major problem" of "How can Russian and Austro-Hungarian interests be reconciled?"

Then it suggests in speculative reply the possibility that a secret compact, not known officially to the other great powers, and only calculated to see the light in case of a signal Turkish defeat, may exist between St. Petersburg and Vienna. "In other words," assumes the Spectator, "Russia and Austria-Hungary may have communicated with each other and agreed upon a policy of settlement that will be satisfactory to both."

This carries us back to what was admittedly a well-founded "suspicion" current some years ago, that a "secret understanding" between Austria-Hungary and Russia then existed, under which it was proposed that when the hour struck for driving the Turk out of Europe they would combine to divide his European domains between them, the former taking the western half, including Salonica, and the latter the eastern half, embracing Stamboul. The suspicion was freely discussed by students of the peace's East question, and its probable ultimate adjustment, some of whom boldly challenged official denial. That has never been made.

The hour in point seems to have struck. The Turks have sustained the signal defeat upon which the Spectator's suggestion was hypothesized. On bended knee the Porte is suing for peace at the hands of the victors.

Can it be that Russia and Austria-Hungary see in the present debacle an opportunity to attempt to make their "secret understanding," said to have been reached in the past, an accomplished fact? Can it be that the Sazonoff assurance is the forerunner of a working, practical coalition to precipitate conditions in the Balkans that will justify Russian and Austro-Hungarian intervention and effort to

carry out the division program described? In view of Austria-Hungary's virtually defiant attitude towards the triple entente and the difficulty in getting her to commit herself to any compromise, the questions are not without pertinency, to say the least. They are not without logical prompting in truth; and the answer and developments cannot but be awaited with both interest and anxiety. There are suggestions of coincidence in the Sazonoff interview and the alleged long-standing "secret understanding" of Russia and Austria-Hungary, which warrant apprehension, if nothing more, of something beneath the surface between the two powers that may yet prolong greatly and expand the scope of the Balkan conflict.

HAMPED BY FAME.

Was Milton right when he wrote: "Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise To scorn delights and live laborious days?" The awkward case of Dr. Alexis Carrel, winner of the \$40,000 Nobel Prize for achievement in medicine, seems to prove that fame gets right much in the way of the modern scientist. For seven years Dr. Carrel pursued his wonderful researches in aseptic surgery, organ transplanting, and artificial life, unhampered by any large publicity. But as soon as his prize-winning was announced, the hungry world swooped in on his time and privacy. Many of the intrusions were, of course, from mere curiosity, but many of them were necessary concomitants of the surgeon's fame. He must stop his precious work to travel to Sweden and get his prize. He has to write a long paper, setting forth, if possible some new thought or process of knowledge. He has to make addresses before great scientific societies. Meanwhile, his beloved laboratory, full of new mysteries and triumphs to help cure, or ward off, disease from men, is neglected.

Doubtless no man ever works altogether out of love for the work. He somehow desires a public recognition of his ability and results. He wants to feel the glow of pride in having his new truth acknowledged. But does he not pay a heavy price? His energy must be diverted from its real task to explain and justify and defend. Men are eager to see him and talk to him and fulfill the ancient rites of hero worship. Yet, did they allow him to follow his quiet and secluded studies, in the time they steal from him, he might have added a year to the average length of human life. This is a queer paradox that fame should interfere with human progress.

The Rev. Hanks is busy these days patching the parsonage roof with wheat pan-cakes. If he only had elastic currency a feller ought to be able to buy plenty of suspenders all right. Miss Pansy Tibbitts has went to West Hickeyville to attend the aluminum banquet of her alma mater, the West Hickeyville Female Conservatory. Hank Tumms says a conservatory is where they keep fish, but Old Man Purdy says Hank is a liar, for a place where they keep fish is an aquarium.

T. Egbert Peavey stumped the county last week tryin' to sell clothes wringers, but he came back disgrusted. He says clothes wringers is just like kids around here. Every family has four or five.

The gun that isn't loaded is the one that does the harm. The mule that looks the sleepest, at the end of the day, is the one that gallops like a steam engine.

The man who looks the homeliest kin keep house like a charm. The steak that looks the tenderest is always hard to eat.

The man who talks the slickest is the slowest to deliver. The man who doesn't talk at all is right there with the goods.

The man who talks philanthropy is not the cheerful giver. The man who boasts of bravery is quickest to the woods.

The loudest prayin' deacon is the poorest one to trust. The softest-talkin' married folks are quickest to divorce.

The fastest-goin' friendship is the quickest fer to bust. The smallest lookin' copper is the bravest on the force.

The feller with the silk hat hasn't got the biggest pile. The steadiest of housemaids ain't the fairest fer to see.

Don't bank upon a feller who has always got a smile; Appearances ain't always just what they're cracked up to be.

Life in America for Ambassador Bryce has been just one honorary degree after another.

In the light of the election returns it would seem that William Watson's sonnet, "They are America, dauntless, therefore," ought to be revised.

Twenty-three hundred love letters were found in the effects of an Austrian bachelor, but there are some unwedded males in Richmond who require the services of a dozen postmen.

Do your Christmas shopping now. There was a White House wedding in Roosevelt's term, but there will be three in Wilson's.

Tumulty is an appropriate name for a President's secretary.

A friend got to arguing exceedingly about some of these Balkan battles the other day, and it took a near-by dentist three hours to put his teeth back in place.

A Minnesota hunter had special spectacles fitted on his retriever. Our own experience has been that the trouble is rarely with the dog's eyes.

If the champion stenographer can write 117 words a minute for a whole hour, how many can the ordinary manicurist talk?

I never know a feller till he's gone, and I don't seem 't be any shorter 'n' him since.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Learning a trade. In latter days when'er a man finds that he needs the dough, He knows that he can get it if he isn't quite a fool.

He sits him down and figures out a scheme that's sure to grow, And then he writes an ad and starts a correspondence school.

There's no excuse for ignorance in any living man. You can be taught most anything that you may want. They teach horseshoeing now by mail, the barber trade as well. They teach you how to run a motorcycle or aeroplane. Hairdressing, manicuring and too many arts to tell.

They even teach you how to run machines that will make rain. Short-story writing is a thing they dearly love to teach, Although they do not teach how to sell the stuff you write.

They tell you how to darn a sock, or how to make a speech. They also teach you how to breathe, to walk, to chew, to bite.

They teach you how to clean straw hats and make a lot of dough, Or how to run a trunk railroad and make a million, cool.

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From the Hickeyville Clarion. The last time he was down to the city Uncle Ezra Harkins drank a fancy drink called the puss cafe, and he says it made him feel real kittenish.

T. Egbert Peavy has got a new monologue which he wears in one eye, and when his celluloid collar is clean he looks like a regular jigsaw of a dude.

Uncle Jabez Handy says the weather office is a liar when it says there was only two inches of 'rain last Friday night. He ketches two foot in his makin' five foot that he knows of personally and there was probably a lot more.

This is a weekly paper, but it would be a darn sight stronger if some of the elite members of the local smart set would drop in and settle once in a while. According to the old blue laws, a feller couldn't whistle on Sunday, but Hank Tumms says it is wussier than that in this burg, for a feller can't even wet his whistle.

Old Man Purdy and our village president and concealal undertaker, Amos Butts, went to a theatre show down to the city Sunday. The name of the play was "Voodville." Purdy said it was pretty fair in parts, but the plot of the piece he ain't got figured out yet.

Hod Peters traded a grindston, buggy whip, patent wringer and two joints of stove pipe with Hil Sprink for a corn planter, two bushels of apples, a photograph and a family Bible. Currency ain't needed in these parts. A feller which can eat peas with a knife ain't got no business on a farm. He ought to go into voodville and get 12 shillin' a week as a juggler.

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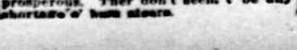
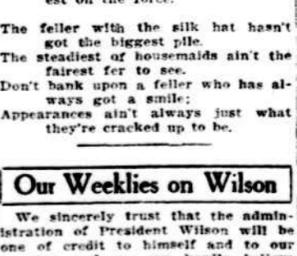
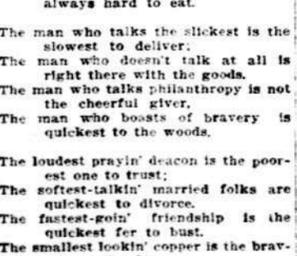
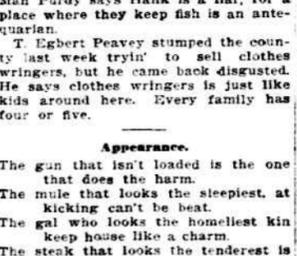
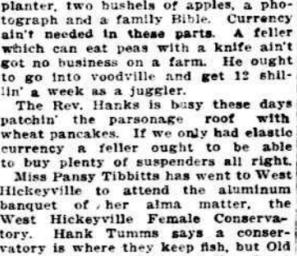
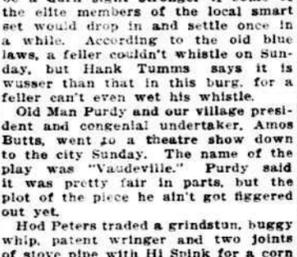
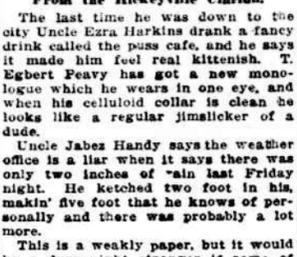
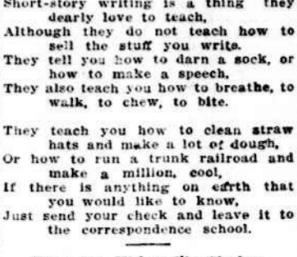
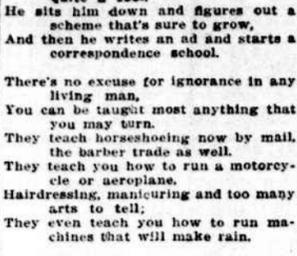
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By John T. McCutcheon.

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The one who will always remain a clerk.



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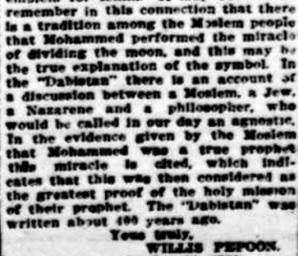
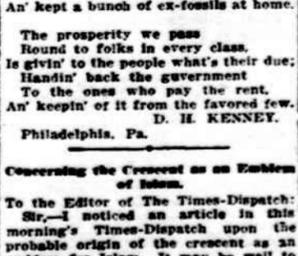
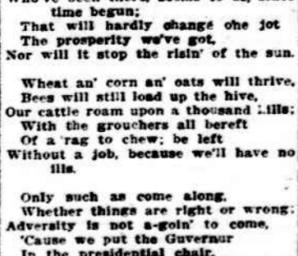
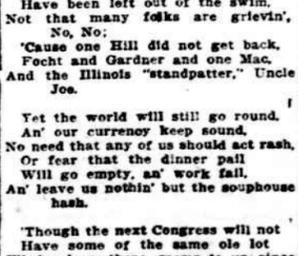
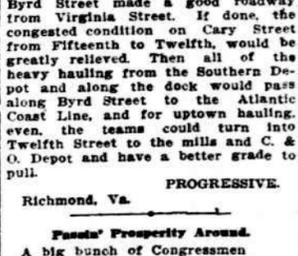
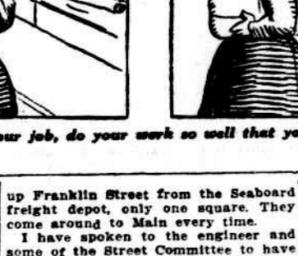
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QUERIES & ANSWERS

Bishop Otey. Please tell me the main facts in the life of James Otey, the first Bishop of Tennessee. I have not been able to find out anything about him.

M. H. O. You should be able to find the Memoir by Bishop Green, of Mississippi. Otey was a Virginian, of course, and Green's Memoir is probably in the State Library. James Harvey Otey was born January 21, 1809, in Bedford County, Va., the son of Isaac Otey, a thirty years member of the State Legislature, and his wife, who was of the Matthews family. He was educated at New London Academy and the University of North Carolina, where he graduated at the age of twenty and received a degree said to have been contrived especially for him--Bachelor in Belles Lettres. He became a tutor in Latin and Greek in the university, married October 13, 1831, Miss Eliza Pannell, of a Petersburg, Va., family, and soon after moved to Maury County, Tenn., and opened a school for boys near Franklin. This he immediately abandoned to return to North Carolina, where he succeeded Francis in charge of the Warrenton Academy. Here he was ordained June 7, 1837, and soon re-established himself in Franklin, Tenn., reopened his school and combined the work of teaching with his pastoral duties for eight years, numbering among his pupils Matthew F. Maury and Braxton and Thomas Bragg. In 1837 he was made Bishop of the Diocese of Tennessee, and served with ability and distinction to his death, April 23, 1862. Physically, Bishop Otey was a wonder, and of about six feet four in height, and of the highest vigor and activity. His pulpit appearance was considered most impressive and his style and manner of the utmost elegance.

Elbert Hubbard. Will you give me the address of Elbert Hubbard and some list of his works?

MRS. FRANK B. (2) MESSERS. (1) East Aurora, N. Y. (2) "Message to Garcia," "The Legacy," "Little Journeys," "Contemplation," "Man of Sorrows," and many others.

Horseback Coffee. Is there a coffee which contains no caffeine? I have heard that such a thing is known.

From the consul at Tamatave he has lately come to Washington berries of a variety of coffee grown in that place and known as "mantaska." I declared to be a natural caffeineless coffee, and you can find out all about it by a letter to the United States Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C.

The National State and City Bank invites you to open an account either subject to check or at 3% interest in its Savings Department. CAPITAL and SURPLUS \$1,000,000.00

PUT THIS LABEL ON YOUR GOODS. Telephone MADISON 608 and ask CHAMBER OF COMMERCE.

Concerning the Crescent as an Emblem of Islam. To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir, I noticed an article in this morning's Times-Dispatch upon the probable origin of the crescent as an emblem for Islam. It may be well to remember in this connection that there is a tradition among the Moslem people that Mohammed performed the miracle of dividing the moon, and this may be the true explanation of the symbol. In the "Dabistan" there is an account of a discussion between a Moslem, a Jew, a Nazarene and a philosopher, who would be called in our day an agnostic. In the evidence given by the Moslem, this miracle is cited, which indicates that this was then considered as the greatest proof of the holy mission of their prophet. The "Dabistan" was written about 400 years ago.

Yours truly, WILLES PEFOOK. Richmond, November 14, 1912.

Our Weeklies on Wilson

We sincerely trust that the administration of President Wilson will be one of credit to himself and to our country, and we can hardly believe otherwise after the record he has made.

Abe Martin



I never know a feller till he's gone, and I don't seem 't be any shorter 'n' him since.

Voice of the People

A Better Way Up town. To the Editor of the Times-Dispatch: Sir, I said several years ago if the city bought Mayo's Bridge right of way it would have to widen and raise the street leading from the bridge. It looks as if it is to be so now. Let me suggest, that as the Henrico Railway Company wishes a right of way to the southside, they be required to build an elevated road, graded from Ross Street to the bridge, and that no track be allowed on the ground on Fourteenth Street, and that an elevator or steps be at Main Street and look to the Southern Depot. There would be no necessity of passengers getting off at any other point. If it should be, the few could walk one square for the benefit of the general public. I would further suggest a street be cut at Locust Alley from Main to an alley running now to Cary Street, and necessary to the dock. Only one house on Main would be condemned. I dare say if Locust Alley is widened, no driver will pull up that grade and then up Broad Street. It is hard to get a driver to pull