

The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, DECEMBER 3, 1912.

THE GOVERNORS.

Virginia, and her capital, Richmond, welcome the Governors of her sister sovereign Commonwealths. It is not only the pride of being hosts to a distinguished gathering that warms our hearts.

Virginia has given much to the nation in the past. Now she stands ready to give more. The strength of her sons and the glory of her ideals are devoted to service.

The program of addresses is sufficient proof of how closely related are fundamental questions of government from Maine to California.

So important is it for the country that the conference of the House of Governors be perpetuated and given unity and power, that it is to be hoped this meeting will result in a permanent organization and the establishment of a central body to supply a continuous bond between the States.

With such deep convictions of the meaning of this gathering does Richmond welcome her guests. Her cordial hospitality hopes to make the visit of the Governors a time of pleasure.

A DEMAND OF CHRISTENDOM.

Harkening back to massacres of Armenians in Kurdistan last summer which seem to have attracted comparatively little notice at the time, a letter from Jerusalem, printed in a religious contemporary, urges that we take our part in the settlement of the Balkan question.

also, it will be the centre as well of his fanaticism, outrages and revengefulness. The powers have already, under their treaties with Turkey, bound the latter to give full protection to Armenians and other Asiatic Christians.

Now, however, the outlook is that the slate will be wiped clean for a fresh start in European Turkey. The status quo, both as to territorial possession and international jealousy, has become a recognized thing of the past.

PEACEFUL PATRIOTS. The Richmond Board of Aldermen has this night an opportunity to conserve the interests of the people of the city by an exhibition of pure and lofty civic patriotism.

What is asked of the Aldermen tonight is to vote against the granting of the light and power franchise, because they are convinced that it is wrong in principle and practice, even though their constituents are persuaded that it is right.

But the Aldermen are wise and far-sighted enough to know the facts. Even according to the admission of some of them, they are convinced that the franchise should not be granted.

The franchise promises nothing that will help those most eager for its passage. It is a faulty instrument, drawn in the interest of the company seeking the gift and not in favor of the workers who must pay the price.

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SOCIETY SCHOOL FOR WASHINGTON

The opening of Congress and the approaching entrance of hundreds of new people into official Washington life with the return of the Democrats to power need not cause us to blush with shame at the social shortcomings of our own people.

too big for her interest—and nothing too small. Among her other qualifications it is urged that she is a divorcee.

The bureau will lend its taste and training to any good cause. It will supply chaperons and hostesses for bachelors who must entertain. It will arrange every detail of balls, weddings, dinners and receptions.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS. The Occident has committed no prettier theft among all its beautiful robberies from the Orient than the stealing of the chrysanthemum.

It is less than a hundred years since this flower of Chinese origin and the bright Greek name found entrance into Europe. Yet so ready was its welcome that this year the eighty-first annual exhibit was held in this country.

SUMTER IMITATES STAUNTON.

"After all that has been said about the reduction of municipal government to a business basis, it has," observes the Literary Digest, "remained for the city of Sumter, S. C., to proceed to the logical limit."

What most folks who are too old for Santa Claus would like to find in their stockings Christmas morning would be an antidote for old age and loneliness.

Among the other ridiculous aspects of the Balkan War is the fact that during the armistice the defenders of besieged towns will be given daily provisions just enough to keep them alive in case they have to be killed if hostilities are resumed.

We hope the Governors will all have such a good time that they will learn why some people think being Governor of Virginia is almost as fine as being President.

The thirty-three visitors to Atlantic City who went in bathing on December 1 must have water on the brain.

Where is the old-fashioned man who remembers the name of all the royal dishes that can be eaten in the country at hog-killing time?

Between the people who want offices and the other people who want to keep them out, Woodrow Wilson may be reconciled to one term without any trouble.

Sarah Bernhardt says she is not going to give up the beautiful America. Certainly not, as long as the beautiful America is ready to "give up" to Sarah.

On the Spur of the Moment.

By Roy K. Moulton.

Caught on the Fly. The census shows that there are 125,000 idiots in this country, not including those who smoke cigarettes in telephone booths.

Speaking of dogs of war, Hon. Felix Frankfurter, has just been appointed to a position in the military department.

An auctioneer will be the next Lord Mayor of London. It evidently takes a man with a voice to hold that job.

But if the new baseball union has three strikes will it be out? One candidate for Congress in Michigan swears that he has spent only \$3 during his campaign, but \$3 is a lot of money to spend for some office.

Judging by the price of a stricken steak, it must take a small fortune to buy a whole cow these days.

According to birth statistics there is also a bumper crop of Adam's apples this year.

It seems that President Madero should have stuck to his doctoring. The theatrical managers always hold back until after election, and then they send all their shows out just the same, no matter who is elected.

Personal. Pete—You ask what is a dude? A dude is a party who wears a dress suit Sunday afternoons.

L. W.—You ask if we know where you can get a second-hand baby's cab. No, we don't even know where you can get a second-hand baby.

H. G.—You ought to be able to get enough beefsteak for 50 cents to blind over a black eye, but not much more.

Lottie—You say your aunt friend was shot in the cafe. We are unable to say whether that is a vital point.

The Bash Bazook. The bash bazook is a warrior bold. A blood-thirsty young Turkish blade, we are told.

His looks are ferocious. He carries a knife—A long crooked one, when he wants to take life.

He breathes fire and smoke, but it is a Turkish cigarette.

He's always the first to be sent to the front.

He's always right there with the hair-raising stunt.

But we always hear when the battle's begun.

They've got the gay bash bazookas on the run.

When battles are lost and it's time for rebukes.

They lay all the blame on the bash bazookas.

The bash bazook is a fierce looking man.

His mustache curls up on the Kaiser Bill plan.

He struts and he snorts, and he threatens and scowls.

And scares all the children and horses and fowls.

But he can't scare armies of men in the field.

When fighting gets hot he is quickest to yield.

He makes war on women and children all right.

But in a pitched battle he's apt to take flight.

His ways are spectacular, strenuous, rough.

And he always gets lots of newspaper stuff.

But when any battle is lost on a fluke, they lay all the blame on the bash bazook.

VISITING AN ART GALLERY WITH AN ART CRITIC.

By John T. McCutcheon.

