The Times-Dispatch

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TUESDAY, JUNE 11, 1912.

FOR PRESIDENT—WOODROW WILSON.

The split in the Republican party seems imminent and inevitable. Even though a house divided against itself cannot stand, it is alike the opportunity and the duty of the Democrats to nominate a man who can meet the objections which will be directed against both Taft and Roosevelt in case each heads a wing of a disrupted Republican party. The Democratic nominee, in order to fulfil the requirements of the situation, must appeal to the same desire for progress under law that is found in both parties. He must carry the traditionally debatable States, and in order to do that he must capture the great independent vote, without which Democratic success is impossible.

The East is the battleground upon which the Democratic fight must be won. In 1904, when Roosevelt went before the country for the first and and only time so far, every Western State voted for him. He carried everything but the solid South. His sweeping majorities in the presidential primaries in the Western States this year indicate that he would not fall far short this year of his former strength. The fairest hope of the Democrats is, therefore, in the East, where Roosevelt is strong. The Democratic problem is, then, to select a candidate who can appeal to the East, and especially to the independent vote in the East.

The leading Democratic candidate in the presidential preference primaries is Clark. But where is his strength? The solid South will go for any Democrat, and with fairness to all its votes may be eliminated in a practical analysis. It is, therefore, necessary to find the man who can secure enough votes outside the South to win. Can Clark do this? Investigate the results of the presidential preference primaries in the light of the presidential elections from 1884 up to 1908, and what do we find?

Arizona is for Clark, but Arizona is for any Democrat, because it is a Democratic State. California is for Clark, but California has not gone Democratic in twenty-eight years. Colorado is for Clark, but it is a Democratic State, although it was swept along in the Roosevelt wave in 1904. Illinois is for Clark, but it never went Democratic but once, and that was in 1892. Idaho is for Clark, and Idaho went Republican in the last two elections. Iowa is for Clark, but it has not gone Democratic in twenty-eight years. Kansas is for Clark, but it has been Republican in the last three elections. One vote in Maine is for Clark, but Maine has never gone Democratic. Maryland is for Clark, but it has been Republican in the last four elections. Massachusetts is for Clark, but Massachusetts has never gone Democratic. Missouri is for Clark, but it went Republican in the last two elections, although it should be in the Democratic fold. Montana is for Clark, but it went Republican in the last two elections. Nebraska is for Clark, but it has gone Democratic but twice in the past twenty-eight years, the last time being in 1908. Nevada is for Clark, and it has been Republican as often as it has been Democratic. New Hampshire is for Clark, but it has never gone Democratic. Rhode Island is for Clark, but it has never gone Democratic. Washington is for Clark, but it went Republican in the last two elections. Part of West Virginia is for Clark, but West Virginia has not gone Democratic since 1892. Wisconsin gave six delegates to Clark, but Wisconsin has been Republican in the four last elections. Wyoming is for Clark, but it has been Republican for the last three elections.

Subject Wilson to the same test. Delaware is for Wilson, but it has been Republican for the four last elections, although before the free silver craze it was consistently Democratic. Maine in part is for Wilson, but it has never gone Democratic. Minnesota is for Wilson, but it has never gone Democratic. New Jersey is for Wilson, and it has been Republican in the last four elections, despite the fact that in 1884, 1888 and 1892 it was Democratic. Oregon and Pennsylvania are for Wilson, but they have never gone Democratic. South Dakota is for Wilson, but it went Republican in the last three elections. Wisconsin has nineteen delegates for Wilson, but Wisconsin has not gone Democratic since 1892. Utah is for Wilson, but it has not gone Democratic in the last three elections.

Five Southern States are for Underwood, but they would go to any Democrat. Outside of Ohio, Harmon has only a few scattering votes.

What do the results of the presidential preference primaries mean? They mean that in a majority of non-Southern States a varying percentage of Democratic voters, rarely representing more than 60 per cent. of the normal Democratic vote, have expressed their choice. They may mean by such a vote that their choice is simply personal, and is not their choice of the man who would be most likely to carry their State. The fact that the Massachusetts Democrats voted for Clark, for instance, proves little as to the way the electoral vote of the State will go. This is generally true, with a few possible exceptions.

In the great twilight zone of debatable States that lie between the established territory of the two great parties—Ohio, Indiana, Connecticut, New Jersey and New York—this much, and this much only, has been decided: New Jersey overwhelmingly prefers Wilson to Roosevelt, and Ohio barely prefers Harmon to Wilson, although Wilson broke almost even with Harmon in the choice of district delegates.

The fair test for availability resolves itself into the questions: Who is most likely to carry the East and who is most likely to carry the five great doubtful States? The question is not: Who secured the greatest number of votes in the primaries?

Harmon might prove strong in Ohio and New York, but his nomination seems impossible because of Bryan's opposition to him. Clark would be badly beaten in New York, New Jersey and Connecticut; he could do no better in those States than Bryan, who suffered three defeats in them. Underwood is a man of presidential mold, but he is unknown, and for that reason unavailable.

The Times-Dispatch believes that Woodrow Wilson stands a better chance of carrying the debatable States and capturing the independent vote than any other Democrat. Any Democrat but Clark might be elected, but Wilson, although representing no new principles, has the platform and the personality that will have the most forcible appeal to the American electorate, and he should be nominated. Why has he such an appeal and why should he be nominated?

Wilson is for the independence of the judiciary and not for the recall of judges or of decisions. He is for constitutional government and not for personal government. He is for tariff for revenue only and not for a tariff for special privilege. He is for the personal guilt of the men behind corporate lawbreaking and not for their protection. He is for strict adherence to the unwritten law as to presidential tenure and not for a third term. He is for honest primaries and not for purchasable primaries. He believes in the deliberate will of the people and not in the hasty temper of the misguided mob. He is backed by the people and not by Wall Street. He represents principles and not a boss. He is a leader and not an agitator. He is for publicity and not for pandering to popular prejudice. He is for democracy and not for demagoguery or dictatorship. He is the master interpreter of democracy into popular phrase instantaneously understood, and not a purveyor of platitudes. He is a free man and not a slave whom corruption can control. He is for the rule of the majority and not for the rule of the machine.

The New Jersey primaries were the crucial test of the availability of Wilson. He swept that State in the face of the fact that influence and money were marshaled there to make their last stand against him. He lost but four New Jersey delegates, and for that defection the discredit is due to James Smith, Jr., the once omnipotent boss, whom Wilson would not substitute in the Senate for the people's nominee. Wall Street and the bosses are powerful in New Jersey, but the people lined up for Wilson, the masses and classes as one. The New Jersey people are of a kind that are of the same temper as the people of New York and Connecticut. The voice of the people of New Jersey, the voice of sane second thought and patriotism, is the same voice that will respond in other decisive States if Wilson is chosen to lead the Democratic party.

If the nominee is to be sound on issues, Wilson is as sound on every essential issue as a piece of seasoned timber. If a man of experience is required, Wilson has already had more than the only Democrat who has been elected to the presidency in fifty-six years. If a man who would be of the right mold is needed, Wilson would be a President both constitutional and progressive. If a man is demanded who has no strings tied to him, there is Wilson, walking in the open, without money and without machine. If there is a man whose character is impregnable against malice and unimpaired by slander, there is Wilson. If a faithful guardian of American institutions is needed, there is Wilson.

The Times-Dispatch has from the outset been in favor of a free convention at Baltimore, desiring that the Democratic party might be wholly free in its deliberation and choice. The Times-Dispatch has not heretofore sought to advance the interests of any candidate, and it does so now only because of the strong compulsion of necessity. To nominate a weak Democrat at Baltimore will mean not only to lose the election, but to strike the deadliest blow that has been aimed at our government since the War Between the States. This great and powerful country, with its 50,000,000 of souls, can survive, as it has survived, Republican extravagance and misrule, but our constitutional democracy cannot survive the personal ambition of Theodore Roosevelt.

There is the danger. There is the destruction that threatens our institutions and our national life. The Republican party, with its back against the wall and its straw men, has proved itself wholly incapable of dealing with that present demagogue and would-be dictator, Theodore Roosevelt.

To the Democratic party has come the great and solemn duty of seeing to it that under our Constitution government of the people, by the people and for the people does not perish off the earth, and the man to win that battle and preserve those rights is Woodrow Wilson.

A BOYS' GOOD ROADS CONTEST.

It is a well-recognized principle in our social advance that the boy is father of the man. If constructive ideas can find lodgment in the youthful brain, they will come to fine harvest. It has been so with the Boys' Corn Clubs; it has been so with the Boy Scouts. In many campaigns of an educational nature, such as the antifly crusade, the boys are earnestly demanded.

Page county, Iowa, is seeking to get the boys interested in the good roads movement. In the last week in March a series of good roads meetings was held in all the country districts, closing with a big county meeting, to which all the boys in the county were invited. At this meeting an organization was effected, with the result that hundreds of boys have become interested in the plan for highway improvement. Any boy under twenty-one was privileged to enter the competition and was assigned half a mile of road, to be worked by the King split log drag and ordinary farm tools. In the fall on a certain date a committee of impartial men will go to the various townships and judge the half-mile sections that have been entered in the contest. The farmers in each township are to pay prizes of $5 for the best half-mile, $3 for the second best and $2 for the third best. A sweepstakes prize will be awarded the boy having the best half-mile in the county. Under the State law all the boys will be paid for dragging up to a certain limit. Moreover, there are five fine prizes for team work done by groups of boys, who keep up from two to five miles of continuous road. These prizes run from $10 to $100. The leader of each of the five teams will be given a medal. Team members are allowed to participate in individual work. Prizes are also offered for the best written story of "The Work I Did on the Half-Mile of Road I Entered in the Page County Boys' Good Roads Contest."

This means effective work in the good roads movement, and it is an invaluable educational stimulus for better highways. The contestants have entered the competition with much enthusiasm, and intense rivalry prevails. The idea of enlisting boys in the good roads movement is excellent and practical. Virginia would do well to adopt it.

THE RAILROADS AND THE TARIFF.

Railroad authorities have much to say these days about the attitude of the public toward railroads. They protest that despite the increased cost of labor and materials, the roads are not allowed to raise their rates. But why do they never call attention to the fact that the "protective tariff" burdens them?

Because of that tariff, the steel trust and other steel and iron manufacturers charge from $28 to $34 per ton for steel rails, which, according to Mr. Carnegie and Mr. Schwab, who certainly ought to know, can be and are rolled at $12 per ton. Leaving a wide margin of profit, the railroads are paying from $10 to $16 per ton more for rails than they should or would pay were there no tariff.

In round figures, the railroads of the United States buy three and a half million tons of rails per year, so that for rails alone they pay annually $45,000,000 more than they should. E. J. Burke estimates in "The Public" that taking into consideration the iron and steel purchased by the railroads in the shape of cars, locomotives, wheels, axles, trucks, trimming, bridges, structural material, etc., they are paying from $125,000,000 to $150,000,000 annually as a bonus to steel manufactuers.

If the question is put, Why do the railroads, which are not benefited by the tariff, put up with the extortion? here is the answer, according to Mr. Burke: "Twenty-three directors of the United States Steel Corporation are in control or on the directorates of 55 per cent. of the railroad mileage of the United States."

It's a cinch Root has that temporary chairman's speech all written and memorized right now.

There may be a deadlock in the Baltimore convention, but Alton B. Parker will have no cause to feel nervous.

The congressional nomination back in Missouri must have looked like a bird in the hand to Champ Clark.

Dr. Wiley has been offered the position of health officer of Boston, and now watch out for impure beans and brown bread.

Frau Kunetick, of Jungbunslav, is the first woman suffragist elected to the Bohemian Diet, and her name sounds like most of the suffragists look.

A California youth jumped higher than any other man in the history of the world when he cleared the bar at six feet eight and a quarter inches the other day. But life in California always has kept the citizens on the jump.

A Chicago woman says that a hat weighing more than four or five ounces causes brain fatigue. Any old kind of a hat is often enough to make the man who pays for it lose his balance.

Give mortal combat to the fly.

June should hereafter be known as the month of presidential nominees.

On the Spur of the Moment

By Roy K. Moulton

Business Is Rushing.

They're wagin' war in Africa in real
old Sherman style.
They're shooting folks in China and
manoeuvrin' a pile.
The rebels down in Paraguay are
kickin' up their heels.
And the movin' picture feller, he is
busy making reels.

They're ski racing up in Norway
and they're scalin' the Swiss
Alps.
And the Yaquis down in Mexico are
out in search of scalps.
The suffragettes in England are all
busy raisin' hob
And the movin' picture feller, he is
strictly on the job.

All the well-known "possibilities" are
speakin' every day
And most every noted orator is mixed
up in the fray.
The special trains are whizzin' round
the country with a yank
And the movin' picture feller, he is
turnin' off his crank.

The earthquakes and volcanoes and
prize fighters do their share
And there's plenty of excitement every
day and everywhere,
But we do not have to travel round
to find it, for we know,
That we'll see the whole blamed business at the movin' picture show.

How to Save Money.

When your wife asks you for 15 cents, make such a fuss about it that she will think you are the injured party and will beg your forgiveness with tears in her eyes. Then put on your hat and go down town and buy yourself four or five 15-cent drinks, asking the bartender to have one with you every time, and smoke several expensive cigars.

When you buy an automobile get a $7 one and then spend $97 a week on it for repairs at the garage.

Always buy 37-cent shirts, two or three of them every week, wear them once and throw them away.

Rent a house on the outskirts of the city because it is cheap and then spend the difference and some more in car fare for yourself and family.

Go without overshoes and save $1 and then have pneumonia and spent $198 in doctor's bills.

Buy your goods of a mail order house and then buy them over again at home.

Hire a $7 man to fill a $70 job and then spend your time correcting his mistakes.

According to Uncle Abner.

One of them entitled to a Carnegie hero medal is the feller who invented the three-cornered lead pencil that don't roll off the desk.

A feller never knows until the time comes whether he is going to be a daredevil or a coward, and you can't tell much by the looks of a feller, either.

The Hardshell congregation of our village is thinkin' some of cuttin' down expenses by dispensing with the sermons and the music.

A feller gets a worse reputation for drinkin' after he stops than he had before, for everybody says: "You oughta seen him when he was hittin' 'em up—a regular souse." But then, it's a purty good plan to quit anyhow.

There is only one thing that worries a woman more than the high cost of living, and that is her back hair.

The only thing in the world that will stick tighter than a mustard plaster is a life insurance agent.

The price of strawberries may be lower some day, but the bottoms of the boxes will never be. They are getting higher every year.

Elmer Jones has bought the right to sell a patent hair restorer. His territory is all that section of the United States east of the Mississippi River, and he expects to start out on the bicycle in a day or two with the idea of canvassing the territory before fall.

Deacon Stubbs missed the train the other day when he started to go down to the city. He figured No. 17 would be two hours and fifty-five minutes late as usual, but she was only two hours and forty minutes late.

Whenever the public function is a failure there never seems to be anybody in perticklar to blame, but when it is a success everybody is responsible for it.

Uncle Ezra Harkins says it is too durn bad that rheumatiz gen'ally comes in the winter time, when there ain't any work to do around the farm anyhow.

If a feller wants to see hw many different styles of plug hats there have been in the last forty years he wants to go to a high-toned weddin' in this man's town.

One of the embarrassin' things in this world is to get to the barber shop late in the week when the Police Gazette has been all worn to pieces.

Women used to go to a party to talk about their clothes, but now they go to the party to talk about their electrics and make it embarrassin' for those who haven't got one.

There ain't no one who can be so polite as the feller who is about to foreclose a mortgage on your house and lot.

The only way you kin get something for nothing in this world is to hang around the post house.

Voice of the People

Wilbur Wright.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—When Wilbur Wright died the world lost a great man—a man with the heart of a hero and endowed with genius seldom equalled, never surpassed. Quiet, stern, reserved, he was a leader of men. Those whom he taught and with whom he worked were glad to follow and obey. They admired and loved him, and with pride they called him master. His ideas were high, his faith in himself and his work unbounded. He strove not for money or fame, but to fulfill the dream of ages, to conquer what had before defied all efforts of man. And he succeeded. Whatever may be the future of the aeroplane, whatever may be done by others to advance it farther towards perfection, the glory of the achievement will be the glory of Orville and Wilbur Wright; for it was they who labored patiently through the years that a dream might become a reality. And it was they who, when success came, went quietly on their way, striving to improve their work, boasting neither of what they had done nor of what they could do. And hen many who to-day loom large in the public eye are forgotten th Wright brothers will be onored as we to-day honor the great men of the past, and men will humbly and proudly render homage to the memory of those who dared what others would not dare and won what others could not win.

"FLOYD." Pizarro.

"My Hat Is in the Ring."

"My hat is in the ring!"
Whose hat is in the ring?
Thine Theodore? Not thine?
Our faces do not shine
To see it there,
We do not shout
To see it there.
We cannot shout
To see it there.

"My hat is in the ring!"
We hear thy boast
And feel the sting
With him who feels it most.
Fair-minded men resent
Thine act, indignant swore
The deal thou's't dealt the President
Isn't square.

"My hat is in the ring!"
We thought to sing
A romance true,
An idyl new
Of friendship strong
As that of ancient song,
The love of man for man
Like that of Pythias or Jonathan
Alas! we cannot sing.

"My hat is in the ring!"
O fateful fling
That flung it there!
We'd fain recall
Thy challenge from the ring,
And let the curtain fall.
From thy escutcheon, whilorne fair,
Erase the stain
Instead, with mournful grace
We spread the pall
O'er the face
Of friendship slain
Upon the open plain.

"My hat is in the ring!"
A worsted thing.
Puissant Theodore,
Pugnacious Theodore,
Befouled and battered,
By thine own hands bespattered.
Hadst thou with thyself been strenuous
In fame thou wouldst be more ingenious,
Clear shining like a star
In future years afar—
The civic teacher,
A lair preacher,
A game, an elemental man,
Intuitively ripe,
A singled-eyed Republican
Of Lincoln type.
Erstwhile, till late,
We thought thee great.
Perchance, we shall when all is o'er.
Ah, yes,
But somewhat less,
Excessive Theodore,
Barbaric Theodore.

GILBY CAMPBELL KELLY.
Charlottesville.

Need Organ and Auditorium.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—Doubtless all business and musical people, and also the majority of the general public of Richmond, were delighted to learn, through the columns of the newspapers, that there is a scheme on foot to build an auditorium, and that the installation of an organ in that building worthy of the city is also contemplated. The numerous disadvantages of the present building, which has had the dignity of the title, City Auditorium, thrust upon it are so obvious that it is unnecessary to enlarge upon them. Suffice it to say that it cannot lay claim to any reason, either of accessibility, convenience, comfort or acoustics, why it should be put to the use it is. Other people know better than I do the advertisement, and great benefit to the city, from a business standpoint, a centrally located, well equiped auditorium would be. The value of a fine organ in such a building cannot be fully realized only by those who have seen the results of such an enterprise. Towns of twenty thousand and up in England have their public organs and a borough organist who is paid by the Council to give periodical organ recitals and concerts, which are attended by thousands, are a great event in the musical life of the community, and do more than any other musical happenings to foster a love of good music in the places so fortunately situated.

Richmond or any other city can never be made to love and value good music as is its due without some means of bringing constantly before the people music of the highest order. A few concerts during the course of a long year are of little or no value to the cause of the best music. People doubtless enjoy these concerts, but it is an impossibility for a flash in the pan such as these concerts are to instill a love—and I mean an intelligent love—for music of the higher form. In music, as in any other art, the man must be educated, and to be educated they must be in constant touch with the best examples of that art. The organ is truthfully called "The King of Instruments." It is full of possibilities, no other instrument is, and a fine organ is a rival of a fine orchestra and very often superior to it in variety and dignity of tone. By means of an organ people become acquainted with the best organ music, different kinds of orchestral compositions, grand opera, pianoforte compositions, oratora and sacred music, which they would otherwise never hear. As matters now stand in Richmond, our churches seem to be about the only places were people expect to hear good music, and it is not always there as we should like it. The effect of the music (?) heard in our vaudeville and moving picture shows must be counterbalanced. People who love the vulgar in music must be made to love and appreciate music of an elevating character. They may not have the means, opportunity, or desire to cultivate this taste for themselves, but they can be helped to do so. By all means, let us have a fine organ, and if we are to have an auditorium to seat ten thousand persons, let us have a seventy-five thousand dollar hu b a $75,000 organ. I am sure it will be the best investment the city could make, and its elevating and refining influence will be felt throughout the city and the State. Yours truly,

BEN J. POTTER.

Roosevelt's Support.

To the Editor of The Times-Dispatch:

Sir,—In an editorial in The Times-Dispatch of last Thursday you take the position that the supporters of Colonel Roosevelt compose only about one out of every three voters in the Republican party.

The statistics from which this idea was derived are doubtless throughly authoritative. But the conclusion deducted is certainly an erroneous one. While only 30 per cent. of the Republican voters actually cast their vote for the ex-President, he received in Illinois 60 per cent. of the preferential primary votes.

Is it proper to assume that in all the States where Roosevelt's candidacy received it's enthusiastic indorsements all of the great number who were too indifferent to visit the polls are opposed to the Colonel? Does it lie within the realm of the possible that among those who did not vote at the primaries there are as many friends of Roosevelt as there are who would vote in November for the President.

H. B. L.
Afton.

WEST POINT NEWS NOTES

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

West Point, Va., June 10.—Rev. Edwin Harris, pastor of the Baptist Church, preached a special sermon on Sunday night under the auspices of the Young Woman's Auxiliary, a missionary society. A large crowd was present and the church was decorated in field daisies, ferns and tall vases filled with cat o' nine tails. The closing exercises at the morning services at the churches were broken up by the ringing of the fire bells. The churches were soon vacated to find that a lot of fish nets and other tackle were burning.

Miss Margaret Palmer, who was a student at the Richmond Woman's College the past session, is the representative from the Young Woman's Christian Association of that institution to the annual meeting now in session in Asheville, N. C.

The following teachers for the West Point High School have been appointed for the ensuing session. Professor King, of Glen Allen, principal; Miss Katheryn P. Howerton, assistant principal; Misses Nettie Williams, Olive Gault and Maude Bland.

Dr. Roscoe Spencer, of Johns Hopkins University, of Baltimore, has returned to his home here for the summer.

Mrs. Ed. Morvitz will go to Baltimore this week to spend a few days with her sister, Miss Mignon Levin, who will sail for Germany and Switzerland on June 28.

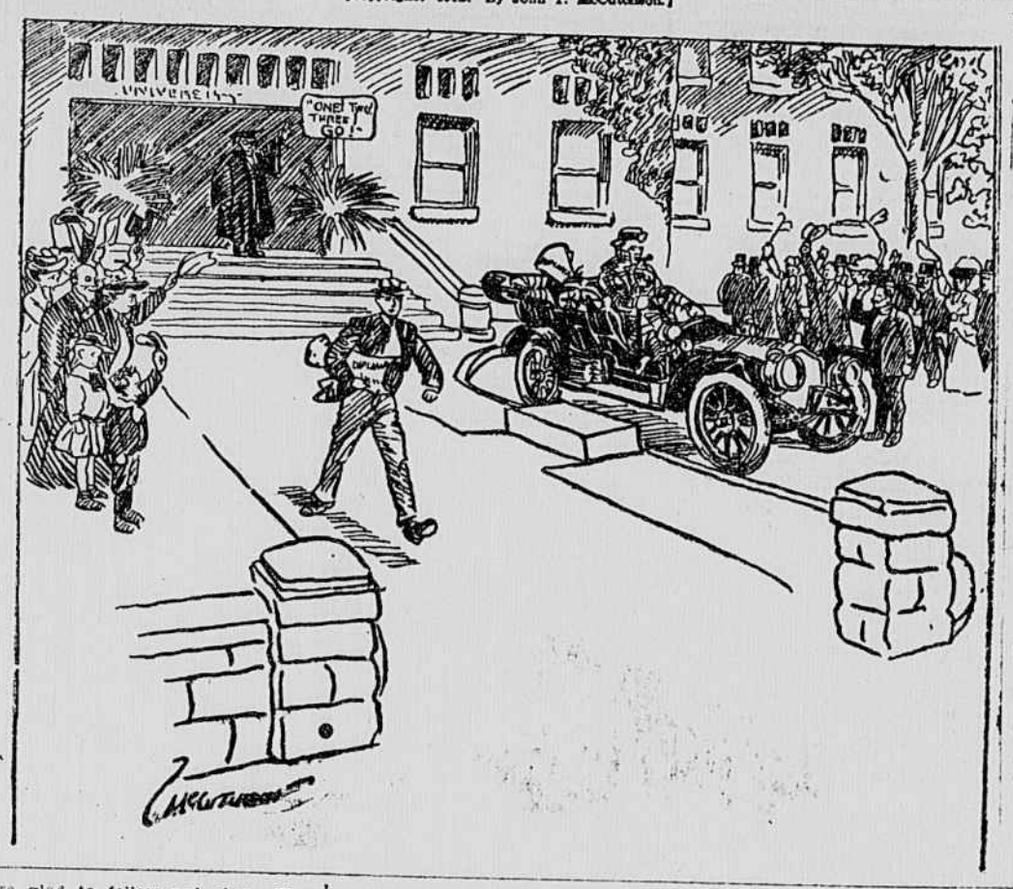
Dr. B. B. Bagley is attending the medical convention in Atlantic City, N. J., this week.

COMMENCEMENT DAY.

The Start of the Race.

By John T. McCutcheon.

[Copyright: 1912: By John T. McCutcheon.]



SERMON BY BISHOP CANDLER.

First Feature of Commencement at Emory and Henry College.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Bristol, Va., June 10.—Commencement at Emory and Henry College, the historic Methodist school at Emory, Va., for young men, was inaugurated with the baccalaureate sermon on Sunday by Bishop W. A. Candler, of Atlanta, one of the most prominent of the Methodist bishops. Another bishop in attendance was Bishop H. C. Waterhouse, of Los Angeles, who was for more than twenty years president of this school, having been promoted to the bishopric from that position. Bishop Waterhouse's successor at the head of the school is Dr. C. C. Weaver, of North Carolina.

A notable feature of the commencement will be the address before the graduates on Tuesday. L. E. Johnson, president of the Norfolk and Western Railway Company, will be the orator on this occasion. The commencement will conclude with the annual alumni banquet on Tuesday afternoon. Orations were delivered to-day by the classes contesting for the Robertson medal, which has long been regarded as one of the most notable honors of the institution.

Building Permits.

Building and repair permits were issued yesterday as follows:

J. S. Moore, to erect a two-story brick tenement on the west side of Eighteenth Street between Main and Franklin Streets, to cost $2,700.

H. R. Heard, to repair a frame dwelling, 32 North Sixth Street, to cost $25.

Richmond Stove Company, to repair a two-story brick stable in rear of factory on the south side of Main Street between Twenty-fifth and Twenty-sixth Streets, to cost $100.

O. W. Gundlach, to repair a frame dwelling, 206 Fulton Street, to cost $100.

A. J. Waugh, to repair a frame dwelling, 407 West Fourteenth Street, to cost $200.

Election in Bristol To-Day.

[Special to The Times-Dispatch.]

Bristol, Va., June 10.—The biennial municipal election of Virginia Bristol will be held to-morrow, when a Mayor and three members of the Council are to be elected. George M. Warren, who was nominated in the recent Democratic primary, is being opposed by J. C. Hockett, an independent Democrat, and George W. Hammitt, a Republican.

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UNDER BOTH U.S. GOV'T. & STATE SUPERVISION

Abe Martin

When it comes t' th' high cost o' living rhubarb kin prove an' alibi. Ther' ain't nothin' as ugly as ugly wall paper.