

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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WHERE A NEW BUILDING IS NEEDED.

There can be but one opinion as to the opportunity of the proposed appropriation of \$2,500,000 for a new building for the Department of Agriculture. The structure in which the department is now housed was good enough when it was erected. It was a fair representative of the status which agricultural affairs had at that time in the general scheme of departmental business. The Department of Agriculture was then a comparatively recent creation, and the Commissioner had but a short time before burst into the full-blown dignity of the Secretary.

cause the subjects in charge of the department have been greatly diversified, and, more than all, the scientific investigations undertaken by its bureaus have assumed so wide a range and added so largely to the money value of the different crops of the country as to make a comparison with the activity in these fields in former years almost impossible. In every direction the work of this department has expanded and grown in importance and dignity. The present building has become too small for all its bureaus, and it has been necessary to rent buildings here and there to accommodate them. The work done by the department has greatly risen in public estimation, and no objections will be heard in any quarter against the erection of a structure which in its externals shall typify the magnitude of the nation's agricultural interests.

AMERICA AS I FOUND IT

By KUBELIK, The Celebrated Magyar Violinist.

Two things that impressed me most were the beautiful women and bad waiters.

THE two things that have impressed me most in America have been the beautiful women and the dreadfully bad waiters. The women are superb—the waiters horrible. And the trouble is they have both been equally attentive to my music. The ladies—God bless them—have shown their appreciation in the most charming manner; but the blacks, the negroes that have served me my breakfast and dinner, have been most inefficient and almost insulting just before asking for passes to my concerts. And the most enthusiastic music lover among them have been the most careless table attendants. It is a little maddening to have your coffee spilled down your back because of your waiter's enthusiasm over last night's performance of a violin sonata.

melodies have been called for over and over again. It has astonished me to find such genuine musical culture here. We are wont to look for more enthusiasm than criticism in any but the oldest of musical nations. But I have found that I have been under greater tension in America than in Europe. At times I have felt a greater critical power in the audience. This has been particularly true of the large cities, which are in every sense true music centres. The men of America are more like my own countrymen than any I have met elsewhere. They have blood in their veins. Musicians are apt to see the "cranky" side of most people, because we are said to be "cranky" ourselves, and doubtless we are, and a Hungarian musician is the worst of the lot. After a man may not appreciate my remarks that nowhere else have I found men who so resembled my own people. But we are very proud of our blood at home, and I am sure the courteous American gentleman is at least a second cousin to our best Hungarian nobleman.

Theatres in Shakespeare's Time.

In the time of Elizabeth, who was a daughter of Henry VIII, the theater was very different to the luxurious ideas that we now associate with our playhouses. Once entered into the dark and narrow oval of an Elizabethan theater, writes an antiquary in the March "Lippincott," the first thing to strike the visitor must have been the group of fine gallants that sat and peered on the stage. There among the players, and each interfering with them at times, these troublesome interlopers smoked, played cards, and criticized the play and the actors, or bandied jokes or abuse with the groundlings that stood below on the stone of the yard. The literature of the day is full of allusions to this almost incredible custom, to the breaking up of which wit and abuse of satirist and dramatist seem to have been lavished in vain. On the stage in earlier times a piece of ordnance was placed and shot off to increase the verisimilitude of war, or to announce that the performance was about to begin. The mingling and settings were of the rude. A throne was commonly set to denote the state of kings. The scene was frequently indicated to the learned design conveying the locus of the play, as Venice, Elsinore, or the Forest of Arden. In some of the older plays the stage directions are simple to a degree: "Let the messenger be led off and a head be brought in on a pike," "Let Venus descend," if you conveniently can, from above." Even after the queen's death the exigencies of one historical play, so-called, demanded: "Enter Queen Elizabeth in bed."

As to University Work.

The merit of a university, in the long run, depends upon the men who are called upon to conduct it, says President Daniel C. Gilman, in "Scribner's"—upon them absolutely, if not exclusively, for although the teachers must have such auxiliaries as books and instruments, books are nothing but paper and ink until they are read, and instruments but brass and glass until craft and skill are applied to the handling. So after a university has been launched, eternal vigilance is required in order that the highest standards may be kept up when new appointments are made, and that every member of the body may receive encouragement and help in the prosecution of his studies. I do not think that what is called "pull" has had much to do with appointments in American institutions, although I have known a few instances where "pull" and "push" twin reproaches, interlopers from other fields, have been invoked in behalf of university candidates. As a rule, aspirants to too well aware that their qualifications will be uncovered if "push" and "pull" are cross-questioned, and that the truest evidence of ability is not found in the testimonials of friendship, but in records of the past—personal, domestic, and scholastic antecedents—discipline, examinations, writings, investigations, prizes, honors. Work performed is the surety of work that will be performed in future. Even without the interference of "push" and "pull," it is hard to discover the best men, and hard to capture them when they are discovered.

HOW A SOCIETY WOMAN DIVIDES HER DAY

Society is a business; devotees must be practical business women.

By Mrs. FLORENCE CLINTON SUTRO.

The woman that plans her day is the one that succeeds.

SOCIETY in New York is a business, and to be successful in it a woman must be, first of all, a practical business woman. By a proper division of her time she multiplies it, and by subtracting every superfluous quarter hour she adds immeasurably to the sum total. We are living in an age of hurry. We have not the leisure of the old salon days, and we must literally make time if we would have enough for the regular routine work of everyday life. This is as apparent probably in the matter of conversation as in anything else. A wise woman recently said, "We no longer converse; we talk small talk." A few chosen words, a few brief courtesies are all that are allowed as we are hurried along in the rush. But this very rush is an incentive to put what we have to say in the most epigrammatic form. We have keener wits and quicker intuitions than had the ladies of long ago, who called, lolled about for hours and gave long disquisitions on politics and manners. Our Mme. de Staels bolt down into fifty words what that amiable and brilliant society queen said in five hundred.

And as in conversation, so in everything else during the day, it is alertness that counts. It is the woman that is expeditious and plans her time methodically and allows nothing to interfere with her plans, once made, that succeeds. The hours are long and exhaustive, but with good health and proper care there is nothing so exhilarating as the daily life of a busy woman. Of course these Lenten days are given over to more charitable work and less so-called society "diversion," but this diary of this Monday, March 24, 1902, is a fair sample of the 265 days of any given year: I rise at 7 and breakfast with my husband at 7:30. From 8 to 9 the minutia of the household is gone over and everything from the grocery's overcharges to the details for the menu for the day are checked. From 9 to 10 letters and correspondence. At 11 a Lenten sewing class at Mrs. Richard Irwin's, where a dozen or more ladies sew for the benefit of the mission children on Stanton Street. At 12, call at the Netherlands to confer with the president of the Vassar Student Aid Society, to complete plans for the giving of an opera (written by a woman) for the benefit of the society. At 1 luncheon

at home. At 2:30, drive an invalid member of one of my committees; from 4 to 6, Monday calls; 6:30, dinner at home; 7:30, annual meeting of St. Michael's Chapter of the Church Association for the improvement of Labor, read report as delegate for cathedral and pro-cathedral work; at 10, a reception, and home again in time to answer important letters and then to rest. Every day is different in detail, although exactly similar in plan and scope—to get as much in and as much out of the twenty-four hours as possible. There is no time for the egotist or the misanthrope. Amiability and light-heartedness govern all rules of thought and action. If society in these days of self-imposed penance seems to withdraw temporarily from the glitter whirl of entertainment for entertainment's sake, it is none the more earnest and none the less a power for the betterment of the classes as well as the masses. The enormous resources of wealth and culture represented by that magic word "SOCIETY" would be dissipated and of no avail were it not for the carefully planned day of the hard-working and much maligned woman of fashion.

Pretty Women Fascinated by Ugly Men

ONE of the most remarkable traits of femininity is the tendency of women to fall in love with men whose plainness of feature is obvious to the point of positive ugliness, and in all ages and countries this tendency has been strikingly demonstrated. Mirabeau, one of the leading spirits of the French Revolution, a man whose face was hideously pock-marked and whose figure was short and unwieldy, exercised a fascination over the fair sex which was little short of marvelous. It is said, indeed, that no woman could resist this Callian of politics, whose only attractiveness lay in his undoubted gift of eloquence. After his death his rooms were found to contain numberless love letters from all sorts and conditions of women, many of whom declared their passion in hyperbolic strain. And yet Mirabeau was so ugly that his hideousness passed into a by-word in the streets of Paris at the period in question. At the present time there is a woman confined in a private asylum, suffering from melancholia brought about by an unrequited love affair. The object of this unfortunate creature's worship is a certain comic singer whose pretensions to good looks are anything but great, and, as a matter of fact, he is considered by many people to be the ugliest comedian upon the stage.

A Real American Gets a Vote at 61

The first real American Indian ever registered in Rockland had his name added to the voting list of Ward 2, last week. His name is Loren Lee. He was born on the Shinnecock reservation, Long Island, N. Y., and is of pure Indian blood. He is eighty-one years of age and made a fine appearance. He has served in the United States Navy. "Indians not taxed" are not permitted by law to vote in this State, but Mr. Lee was assessed and taxed last year, and so qualified.—Kennebec Journal.

LILIES OF PEACE

Night fell over Jerusalem, The wind with the world's voice sighed, For the Light of the world had perished: Truth, mercy, and love had died. When this broad earth's greatest genius On the cross was crucified. In a wide and waste old garden He lay in eternal sleep; And the tireless Roman soldiers Must a ceaseless vigil keep. By the tomb with its great stone portal Of this king whom the rabble weep. Ere dawn broke o'er Jerusalem The Roman soldiers dream: That fragrance faint steals by them, That through the darkness gleam The tall, white Easter lilies, Then they drifted down sleep's stream.

They Never Would Be Missed!

On the surface and the "L" cars these nuisances are found— I've got a little list! I've got a little list! Of all those known offenders, who might well be underground, And who never would be missed—who never would be missed! There's a youth who holds a cigarette, which hasn't yet gone out. And the damsel who eats peanuts, and throws the shells about! The person who sits sideways on the bus, as it were— The dude who tries to fascinate the ladies with his stare! That most irritating nuisance, the babbling bicyclist. They'd none of 'em be missed! They'd none of 'em be missed! There's the man who chews tobacco, and then expectorates. The would-be humorist—I've got him on the list! The lover and his sweetheart, who whisper and make dates! They never would be missed! They never would be missed! Then the idiot who whistles, the girls who smirk and smile. The woman with a bundle who will shift it all the while! The mothers with sweet babies, who squall for blocks and blocks. The Wall Street man who loudly talks of bull's head and stocks. The child who asks "not questions, and never will destit! I don't think she'd be missed! I'm sure she'd not be missed! The golfer with his dialect, and the idiot of the day. The "in-mo-bi-list! I've got him on the list! The bend who has a parapluie, and sticks it in the way! They'd none of 'em be missed! They'd none of 'em be missed! The vixen who's been shopping, and the hoydens chewing gum. All those who've had a plethora of lager beer and rum! The maiden, who invariably will catch the money strap. And the lady who is fleshy, and flops upon your lap. And there are a score of others you can put upon the list. For they'd none of 'em be missed! They'd none of 'em be missed! —La Touche Hasecock in New York Sun.

MRS. FISKE NOT BOOKED HERE

In a communication to The Times, Harrison Gray Fiske denies the oft-printed statement that Manager Chase had decided not to devote a week at his local theatre to Mrs. Fiske this season.

Mr. Fiske says: "I have never made any proposition to play Mrs. Fiske at Chase's Grand Opera House, in Washington, but Mr. Chase's representatives have written me several times in the endeavor to secure Mrs. Fiske for that house. This story that Mr. Chase had declined to play Mrs. Fiske has appeared in print several times, and, as it is absolutely unfounded, I would request that you will state the facts, which are shown clearly enough by the letters I enclose from Mr. Chase's representatives, and copies of the only letters I have written on the subject."

The letters referred to by Mr. Fiske are from Miss H. Winnifred De Witt, Mr. Chase's general manager, and J. K. Burke, the booking agent of the Chase house. They show a desire to have Mrs. Fiske appear at the Washington and Baltimore theatres under Mr. Chase's control, but the correspondence fails to reveal any evidence of an arrangement which would bring the well-known actress to this city or Baltimore. In view of the correspondence submitted by Mr. Fiske, the reports to the effect that Mr. Chase had decided to provide only offerings of vaudeville for his patrons and not to play Mrs. Fiske, convey an erroneous idea, inasmuch as Mr. Fiske very obviously never had any serious intention to book his wife for a local engagement.

The announcement that Manager Walter Clarke Bellevue will present a play of his own making at the Lafayette Square Theatre next week is of more than ordinary interest, inasmuch as it will be the first original play which a local stock organization has given since the Frawley company did Lee Arthur's "Private John Allen" at the Columbia three years ago.

It is expected that the Lafayette company will give an unusually careful performance. The company will be strengthened by the appearance of Edmund Lyons, who played Nero so capably in the original production of "Quo Vadis?"

Eugene Blair is in the city, as her company rests during Holy Week, as, indeed, do a majority of the traveling theatrical organizations of the country.

Miss Blair has been playing "Camille" and "Peg Woffington" in the principal cities of the West and South with considerable more than ordinary success. She will next week inaugurate a six weeks' engagement at the Lyceum Theatre, Cleveland, and may possibly extend her engagement as long as the theatre-going public of that city evidences a desire to see her performances.

Miss Blair is no stranger to Cleveland, having played popular stock engagements there at the head of her own company for the past three seasons.

PINE BLUFF'S OP'RY HOUSE

Last week one of the "Arizona" companies—not the metropolitan one—quite suddenly found itself deprived of a booking in a certain one-night stand owing to damage to the theatre by storm. The time for filling the open date was short, and, rather than lay off, Frank Buckley, the business manager, arranged for the company to put in the night at Pine Bluff, Ark.

There is nothing wrong with Pine Bluff as a show town, except that it has no theatre. The playhouse was destroyed by fire in 1899, and since then such attractions as have been played in a former lively stable that seems to have little to recommend it except its size. At least 'his is the impression that one gets from Mr. Buckley's description of it.

"The theatre is an old lively stable," he says, "which has been extensively altered by converting the stalls into dressing rooms. The room formerly used for washing wagons is now the stage, the 'traps' being naturally constructed by turning the water outlets into larger cavities. The 'rigging loft' is what used to be the hay loft, and the 'fly galleries' are under the eaves where the swallows will doubtless 'nest again' in the spring. The barn proper, of course, makes a very interesting auditorium. The entrance has been entirely remodeled and much improved by removing the large sliding barn doors and putting on doors with hinges. For the convenience of the carriage trade in wet weather a very pretty canopy is made by stretching horse blankets over the walk to the curb. What was formerly the harness room is now the property room, and the hostlers are the scene shifters. The manager is also the lithographer and press agent and 'stands on the door.' He is what would be termed in the large cities of the East a 'bustler,' as he owns the land and the building as well as a third parlor next door. He is also the leading butcher of the town and devotes his leisure to the drama merely to satisfy his love of art. The ticket office is a wonder of architectural ingenuity, the entrance being from the top by way of the hay loft. The treasurer sells all reserved seats from memory, and this recently caused a small riot when the treasurer took one too many drinks and sold the first row twice on the occasion of a female minstrel show. No electrician is required, as the theatre is lighted by incandescent lights. So you see it is really quite a nice place to play in."

The role of Peter Stuyvesant in "The Burgomaster," which was played here last year by Richard Carroll, will be interpreted next week during the engagement of the Pixley-Luders musical piece at the Columbia by Herbert Cavothra.

Mrs. Patrick Campbell will tonight, at the Columbia Theatre, appear in another Pinero play, "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith."



Miss ISABELLE IRVING, One of Charles Frohman's Best-Known Leading Women.

TRIALS OF THE MAIL CARRIER

By MICHAEL A. FITZGERALD, President of the New York Letter Carriers' Association.

TO be a successful handler of Uncle Sam's mail a man must be well-nigh perfect physically and mentally. The wear and tear on shoe leather is no greater than the tax upon the brain. One must have a good knowledge of human nature and a penchant for deciphering hieroglyphics, be possessed of a strong back, a peaceable temper, and be able to tell from the very looks of an envelope when, where, and to whom it should be delivered, whatever the address inscribed upon it.

It is a healthy occupation, for carriers are out of doors all day and constantly on the go. What is lacking in salary is made up in work and good nature.

I have been in the service of the New York postoffice for over sixteen years, but I am a mere beginner. There was one member of the force, Charles P. Tyler, who died not long ago at the age of seventy-nine, after having tramped the streets with a carrier's bag for over fifty-five years. Tyler literally worked up to the day of his death. He went on his accustomed routes during the last day of his life. When he lay down at night the lamp simply flickered out. He always said he couldn't afford to be sick, and he never was, and when the end came he gave out, as did the one-hoss shay.

Smith's window, or deliver himself to her rival across the street. One's brain refuses to act after a while, and one goes tumbling down the street, with numb legs and worn-out brain, dropping letters anywhere to get rid of them.

I have in my route the Park Row building which has twenty-six stairways to climb, and 2,800 tenants to receive mail. Letters come for all and it is necessary to know by intuition that this morning's note to "Harry Smith, Park Row building," does not mean the Harry Smith on the sixteenth floor to whom you made a delivery yesterday, but another Harry Smith on the fifth.

On one trip from the postoffice 3,771 pieces of mail were delivered in this building. This is an exceptional case. Each carrier has from 5,000 to 10,000 letters and packages to deliver, and if his route be an extensive one he has so much more to do.

It is an active and a tiring life, but there are compensations. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we are the greatest public benefactors and the most trusted of the Government's servants. For we hold in our hands the business secrets of the world, yet never divulge them. We carry messages of hope and good cheer to the millionaire and the pauper with equal impartiality and without a fee, and hand from door to door the intimate, personal news from dear ones far away that would reach their destination in no other way.

New York could strike from her list many of her so-called necessities and more of her real luxuries, but what would she do without her mail carriers?

THE INFLUENCE OF THE EMPLOYER

HOW many employers realize their responsibility for the success or failure, the moral growth or deterioration of those in their employ? Is there not a large number of people who, if they pay their employees what they consider fair wages and receive full value for their money, recognize no further obligation on their part? An employer buys an employee's labor as he would any other commodity, and there, for him, the matter ends. He takes not the slightest interest in the personal welfare or the future possibilities of the employee. It is a cold-blooded business transaction—nothing more, nothing less.

an employer; and, when he makes plans for their improvement, he is making the most profitable investment he can make for himself.

Like beetles like, and snail employees feel a response of appreciation and helpfulness on their employer's part, they will not study how to avoid every possible waste of material, time, or energy, or think how they may make improvements in the conduct of his business. Perhaps there is nothing else so productive of cheerful, helpful service as the expression of approval or praise of work well done, and yet there is nothing so grudgingly, so meagerly given by employers. Many of them seem to think that commendation is demoralizing, and that the voicing of appreciation will lead to listlessness and the withdrawal of energy and interest. This evinces but a poor knowledge of human nature, which is always hungering for approbation; but how mistaken such views are is shown by the loyal and unstinted service given to those large-minded men who treat their employes as members of a family committed to their care.

In order to receive the best service, you must appeal to the best impulses, the highest ideals and noblest motives of those who work for you. If you suspect their faithfulness, if you doubt their loyalty and give them the impression that you think they will shirk their duties the moment your back is turned, if you do not recognize their manhood and womanhood, their appreciation of what is just and right, you do both yourself and them an incalculable injury. Suspicion and distrust dampen their enthusiasm and quench their ambition, and, instead of putting creative energy into their work, instead of feeling a real interest in your welfare and sharing with you the responsibility of your business, they simply become indifferent, perform their tasks perfunctorily, constantly watch the clock, and are only too glad when the hour comes for release from their drudgery.

On the other hand, the man who is in sympathy with those working for him, who feels anxious to have them succeed, who wants to help them bring out the best that is in them, and who will praise and encourage them, will form real and lasting friendships which will continue through life, in addition to helping to create faithful workers, men and women who have high ideals and noble purposes.

From an ethical, no less than from a purely selfish personal point of view, these men are wholly mistaken in their methods, for experience proves that in the long run unwilling service, exacted by a hard taskmaster, is neither as satisfactory nor as remunerative as that which is willingly, lovingly rendered. Boys and girls, as well as men and women, are very quick to catch the spirit you manifest in dealing with them, says J. Lincoln Brooks in "Success." They very soon see whether you are interested in them personally and anxious to promote their welfare, or look upon them as mere machines, to be worked to the limit of their endurance, and cast aside when they are worn out or when you have no further need of their services.

The greatest good of an employer is wrapped up in the highest welfare of his employes. Their interests are identical, and cannot be separated. The well-being and contentment of those who make it possible for him to carry on his business form a large part of the assets of

RUINS IN JERUSALEM

THE Greek Catholic monks, who are in possession of the chief portions of the Church of the Holy Sepulcher, are now going to hold a bazaar opposite it, where pilgrims may purchase souvenirs of their visit to Jerusalem. During the process of clearing the site the foundations of an old medieval church, 40 meters long and 20 wide, with three apses, were discovered. A number of fine capitals, fragments of basalt pillars and bas-reliefs, with symbolic animals, were found, all these remains having doubtless belonged to the choir of the shrine. Last year a valuable silver chalice containing a piece of the holy cross and relics of the Apostles Peter and Paul—according, at least, to the inscriptions on them—was found at the same place.

The patriarch of Jerusalem, it is said, is keeping other discoveries secret, owing to his dislike of the Roman Catholic Church. Those mentioned above are all the more important, as it can be ascertained to what church they belonged. According to the statement of a medieval traveler the hospice and the monastery which the citizens of Amal founded about the year 640, as a refuge for western pilgrims, were situated due south of the Holy Sepulcher, about a stone's throw away. The first church was built in honor of St. Mary de Latina, and the second, in honor of St. John the Baptist. The French monk Bernard, who lived there in 1870, highly praised the hospitality and the large library of the hospice. A Mohammedan historian says it was destroyed by the Khalif Hakim, and rebuilt shortly afterward, while, according to another account, it prospered down to the time of King Baldwin of Jerusalem, from 1110 to 1118, when the two communities of St. Mary and St. John adopted the latter as their joint protector. This was the origin of the Knights of St. John. The ruins now discovered, therefore, are the remains of the cradle of this order. It is most unfortunate that the preservation of these very interesting remains seems impossible, owing to the ill-feeling which exists between the Greek and Roman Catholics in Jerusalem.

The Holy Coat of Treves.

The holy coat preserved at Treves, in Germany, is claimed to be the seamless garment worn by Christ, and for which the Roman soldiers cast lots during the Crucifixion. It is a tunic, about five feet long, cut narrow at the shoulders and gradually widening toward the knees. Many miracles are said to have been performed by this robe. Its history for the last 700 years is clear enough, but the darkness shrouds the story of the relic prior to the twelfth century. The Catholic Church relies for proof of its authenticity upon a tradition that it was one of a chestful of relics sent as a gift to the church at Treves by the Empress Helena. She is said to have found the coat at Jerusalem while in search of the true cross. A legend says that in the ninth century the holy coat was concealed from the Normans in a crypt of the cathedral. There it remained forgotten until 1195, when it was rediscovered and placed in the high altar.

THE DOWER.

And do you love the wild rose spray, The window grasses wimple? The meadow brook upon its way, With merry laugh and dimple? Wood quiet—do you worship where The boughs above it dangle? The mellow vintage of the air— Do you know its tang and sparkle? Or have you heard the cricket sing, When chilly dusk was falling? And then, your heart remembering, The silent voices calling? Hear you the secrets of the stars? And what the wind is saying? And out beyond night's prison bars? With tears have you been straying? Has beauty been to you a flower, To you her face a swelling? To walk bare, a worshipper, To know her grace unfeeling? "Three happy ones! For you the light, Love, hope, the bright tomorrow! But when the night will be the night, Will the will be double sorrow!" —Inez and Crockett in Louisville Courier-Journal.