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BELONGS TO THE WHOLE NATION

At a meeting of the executive committee in charge of the arrangements for the G. A. R. Encampment Mr. Lorin M. Saunders pointed out the value of such gatherings at this particular juncture as tending to emphasize the policy that national improvements, in this city no less than elsewhere, should be paid for from the National Treasury.

SPRING BRIDES TAUGHT HOW BEST TO MARKET

A PRACTICAL woman with an eye to business has established a marketing class. This class is composed of girls who expect definitely to be married before long and others who have more or less founded hopes.

The Art of Developing Personal Power

If you form a habit of continually consulting other minds for guidance, you weaken your own judgment. If you depend upon yourself, and appeal only to the highest powers of the universe for strength, you fortify the best qualities within you, and educate your own nature for self-government.

Well-Bred Women.

The best-bred women do not fuss. They take their gowns and their furniture, their jewels and their children as a matter of course. They are unconscious of their veils and their gloves, and they expect everyone else to be equally so.

A MAY IRWIN REMINISCENCE

May Irwin relates a story of an experience that the manager of a company with which she was connected some years before she became a star had on the road. The company was playing "one-night stands" in the West, and as it was carrying considerable scenery it was having lots of trouble in the local playhouses about sufficient stage help to place the effects in position each night.

In most of the towns the janitor officiated as stage carpenter, property man, bill poster, and, in fact, did everything, and it was only through the most strenuous efforts that a sufficient force could be secured to give the performance.

One day the manager of the company, in despair, telegraphed to his agent, whom he knew was in a particularly bad town that day:

"Be sure to arrange so that on our arrival all the stage carpenters, property men, cleaners, electricians, etc., will be on the stage awaiting us."

The agent, who was of a facetious turn of mind, answered: "Telegram received. He will be there."

The French farce, "The Girl From Maxim's," which, on the occasion of its local presentation, two years ago, was very strongly denounced by the Washington reviewers, not, however, on account of the naughtiness that was supposed to lurk in the vicinity of its chief character, Praline, but on account of its marked stupidity, has been tried in London and has been found to be sadly deficient.

It has, however, given the London critic a splendid chance to pounce upon the production and to declare in unmistakable language that Praline was anything but a perfect lady.

It is needless to say that the English presentation of "The Girl From Maxim's" will be short lived, as over there they can't go in much for the sort of farces adapted from French sources that Mr. Frohman has unsuccessfully tried to thrust on the people of Gotham, especially at the Madison Square Theatre, during the past few years.

It is practically settled that Miss Hilda Spong, Daniel Frohman's leading woman, will return to London after the finish of the run of "Notre Dame" and will not be seen in this country next season.

Miss Spong will be missed, for in a certain line of society roles she has no peer.

Her last role was one which was entirely unsuited to her personality, but that she will long remember her delightful work in "Trelawney of the Wells," "Wheels Within Wheels," and "Lady Huntworth's Experiment."

Mr. Frohman's other star, Bertha Garland, however, has by no means dropped the starring part out of her bonnet. A new play is now being written for her, and she will start out once more at the head of her own company early in September. The play is said to be a modern comedy.

RECENT GOTHAM WIT

Two of the undoubted successes of the theatrical season in New York are "Soldiers of Fortune," Richard Harding Davis' novel in dramatized form, the work of Augustus Thomas, and "The Diplomat," a comedy by Martha Morton, in which William Collier is appearing at the Madison Square Theatre.

Notwithstanding that all the advertisements of the Collier play bear the announcement that Miss Morton is responsible for the piece, there are many persons who are very familiar with her previous work, and who set up the claim that while she may have devised the story, she never wrote the many bright lines which have so materially assisted in making "The Diplomat" the success it is.

Just who is responsible for the smart dialogue of the play is apt to become a miniature Shakespeare-Bacon discussion, the friends of Comedian Collier insisting that the lines fairly bristle with the actor's own sayings, while the admirers of the playwright aver that she wrote the entire play.

There are many good sayings in "The Diplomat." For instance: "What a beautiful opera 'Trovatore' is," he remarks.

"That's not 'Trovatore,'" says Collier. "That's the torador song from 'Carmen.'"

"Oh," says the man. "De Koven's?"

"No, yet," answers Collier, whereas the audience laughs immoderately.

And the theatregoers of Gotham imagine they are listening to something new.

As a matter of fact, the same story has been told in many different guises since Mr. De Koven's success with "Robin Hood."

Collier's valet, who plays a very important role in the piece, asks him if he doesn't want a drink. Collier, who is rather given to imbibing—in the play—hesitates for a moment, and then says:

"There are a thousand reasons why I should not take a drink, but for the life of me I cannot remember one of them."

Again, when Louise Allen—Mrs. Collier in private life—remarks that she is one of the original "Florodora" sextette, the comedian replies:

"Ah! I have known over 300 originals, and I'm very glad to meet another."

In "Soldiers of Fortune" Mr. Thomas has supplied some sayings which he has labeled wit. The following are two samples:

"He looked like a two-spot in a dirty deck," and, again, "He had a dark brown tate in his mouth."

And yet audiences at the New York Savoy Theatre actually scream with delight when these two scintillating remarks are uttered.



HARRIET STANDEN, Who Is Singing the Soubrette Role in "The Burgomaster."

THE VALUE OF PAIN IN HUMAN DEVELOPMENT

By ELIZABETH ELLICOTT POE.

HOW strange it is that a feeling so universally avoided should contain such potent elements of value. Pain is one of the great primitive feelings that have determined the life of the race.

Primal man struggling through the woods in his half-dazed fashion did not snatch up the broken limb in feeling of wrath. It was through the operation of the law of avoidance of pain. Ignorant, half-animal that he was, his greatest innate idea was a recognition of pain.

Pain did not come into the world as a preventive but as a developer. Pain is always associated with progress, if the progression is often toward death.

All material things are perfected through what would be pain if they possessed a sense of recognition of it. Gold is put into the crucible and tested with heat at a very high temperature, while plants and shrubs are trimmed to secure their highest development.

Horace is taught obedience and carriage by the use of whip and spur. So man ought not to murmur at the pain which perfects, rounds, and brings him to his highest self.

Poet has said, "One cannot be a poet unless he has loved and lost." Perhaps this is an extreme view, but in a great many famous instances it has been the incentive to the world's best poetry.

Dante, with his lofty mind and noble soul shining in singular brightness among the lesser minds of the Florentines, needed the inspiration of a "lost and loved Beatrice" to paint his wondrous pictures of the highest and lowest depths.

An Interesting Insurance Question.

"Can you insure fractions of a quadruplet?" is the question Justice Kennedy is to decide after mature cogitation, says the "London Express."

Mr. Caviller, a Lloyds underwriter, thinks you can—or that he can—and his counsel in court yesterday argued the point seriously.

It arose from a dog, a celebrated fox terrier, Hardwood, winner of many prizes and specials at English shows, and bought by Lionel Jacob, an official of the public works department at Lahore, for resale to some Indian rajah with a taste for pedigree puppies.

WHY THE COUNTRY BOY HAS THE BEST CHANCE IN LIFE

By the Rev. EMORY J. HAYNES, D. D., of New York.

THE country boy has the best chance in life, because before he is born his parents are stronger. Nearly all the conditions of physical life have favored the boy for at least a generation, and often for several generations.

The quiet of his infancy was of incalculable value to his nervous system during the first two years. In fact, the element of quiet cannot be overestimated. It assures sleep. It is not easy to sleep in the noisy town at any time.

The city boy does not sleep like the country boy, for he neither retires as early, nor when in bed can his slumber be so perfect. Noise is one of the greatest foes of human life. It no doubt prevents nerve nutrition that should go on at night especially, and that prevents growth of body and development of brain.

Children of the hills have no sweeter memory than that of the delicious slumbers of the old country home.

Because he eats fresher food and fewer of the patent prepared foods that are today no doubt a prolific cause of impaired health to adults. A distinguished biologist has recently asked: "Why did we hear so little of so-called blood poisoning forty years ago? Because our food was more nearly natural."

The country boy drinks fresh, pure spring water, properly salinated to build bones and enrich the blood, to make good teeth and avoid intestinal fermentation.

Because a certain deliberation of development is possible instead of the hot-house forcing of the city life. Your city boy has too many "spectacles." He belongs to a club as soon as his mother does, for children in the social circle have "duties" of this kind thrust on them, in the name of both church and charity, all too early. And the boy, by the time he is

THE LOVE OF LORDS AND LOVE OF LUCRE

WE do love a lord—and by that term I mean any person whose situation is higher than our own. The lord of a group, for instance, a group of poets, a group of millionaires, a group of hoodlums, a group of sailors, a group of newsmen, a group of school politicians, a group of college girls, says Mark Twain in the "North American Review."

As to morals, it may be doubted if the country boy has any advantage. Owing to late years his temptability is his point of failure. Sure it is that in the common virtues the city lad of good family is, as a rule, full as likely to behave as well as his young friend who comes from the country.

Rich American girls do buy titles, but they did not invent that idea; it had been worn threadbare several hundred centuries before America was discovered. European girls still exploit it as briskly as ever, and when a title is not to be had for the money in hand they buy the husband without it. They must put up the "dot" or there is no trade. The commercialization of brides is substantially universal, except in America. It exists with us to some little extent, but in no degree approaching a custom.

Some Strange Secrets of the Romany

IT seems but little short of the miraculous to have the hidden history of one's life read so perfectly by utter strangers, but the means by which they make it appear that they do so is not entirely palmistry, which, regarded as a science, has little part in gypsy fortune telling.

Romany gather every possible bit of information about the inhabitants of the neighborhood where they happen to be sojourning by judicious questioning of servants and neighbors, and hoard the treasure in their marvelous memories. And to this fact that their naturally keen powers of observation have been trained for centuries to read character and life history from the face, that certain generalities always obtain with certain types of hands and faces, that general facts may apply to anyone's past history and that only "what comes to pass" is remembered out of the mass of information given one, and you have the key to their statements uncannily accurate.

As for their prophecies for the future, Romany themselves believe in the power of some of their women to peer into it, but the utterances of the ordinary gypsy fortune teller in reality only seem to have been fulfilled when looked back upon through the "mists of years" because of coincidences. It cannot be denied, however, that certain gypsies are psychic as to present conditions, and that at rare intervals a Romany "dye" may be found who possesses the gift of "second sight." If one's pocketbook can stand the drain and one's nerve the strain of being told of impending evil it would be a merely pleasurable, "mild excitement," in these days of psychical research to seek a gypsy fortune teller. It is no case for nerve depression, for, leaving out the probability of being told "rainy tales," it must be remembered that the lines of each individual has in himself more power to influence the future than any prophecy of misfortune.

ONE LOVELY ROSE

By KATE THYSON MARR.

Dressed for the ball there came to me One lovely rose; No card betrayed by whom 'twas sent, This subtle, fragrant compliment. But well I knew the sweet intent Of that one rose.

I read within the petals sweet Of that one rose A secret that my heart divined, Of love around my heart entwined. In which were truth and hope combined, In that one rose.

I whispered in the velvet heart Of that one rose: Hast come to tell me, sweet, that I His life and love doth satisfy— The one—doth it so signify? By this one rose?

For Her Sweet Sake. The shades of old Olympus vacant are— For Dema, they say. But if the Gods those shades did now frequent, I'd pray: Gods: Make me very clean and pure and delicate. That I may learn to love with tender might; Help me get rid of all that she would hate. And be her gentle-man, clear-eyed and white— For her sweet sake.

Gods: Make me brave; as true as steel, as strong. That I may light and conquer all her foes; Not girt with mail as knights did redress wrongs. But shrewd and modern-wise, in evening clothes— For her sweet sake.

Gods: Make me modest, thoughtful, very wise. That I may take possession of her throne; That I may take to her in kindly guise, And, ruling gently, make her all my own— For both our sakes.

—Andrew Comstock McKenize in the New York Press.

In Shakespeare's Town. In the last year or two the youngsters of Stratford-on-Avon have taken up a quaint custom. The town is full of children playing in the streets in an apparently aimless manner, but as soon as American tourists appear the boys gather around him and begin a recitation in chorus of wondrous information about the life of Shakespeare, the dates of his birth and death are given, and half a dozen judiciously selected dramas are named as best representative of his work. The performance closes with a rendition of the famous quatrain over the grave—"Cursed be he"—delivered in a tired voice. The mass play is perfect; not an infelix gets out of time. When they have finished they continue standing in a ring, mute and preading, and the appeal of their eyes will haunt the visitor unless he gives a penny right around the circle. During all the time of one's stay in Stratford, a tourist will instantly form whenever the tourist shows himself. Every boy in the village is equipped with the minatory rhyme and the biographical facts.—New York Tribune.

Only a Gold Band. The maidens of Denmark never receive a diamond engagement ring. They are always presented with a plain gold band, which is worn on the third finger of the left hand. On the wedding day the bridegroom changes the ring to the right third finger, which is the marriage finger in that country.

The English Regalia. The regalia, as now exhibited in the tower, are substantially identical with the ornaments used at the coronation of William and Mary (1689), having experienced but trifling modifications since the seventeenth century. The main exception is the state crown of Queen Victoria, which will probably arouse the chief interest, says "Good Words." It is a magnificent diadem, containing 27 pearls, 2,785 diamonds, 5 rubies, 17 sapphires, and 11 emeralds. Among them are found a sapphire taken from the famous ring of the Confessor (supposed to give its owner the power of blessing cramp-rings), and recut for Charles II. in the form of a rose; a sapphire bequeathed to George III by Cardinal York, the last descendant of James II, and above all, "the fair ruby, great like a rocket-ball," given to the Black Prince after the battle of Najara by Pedro the Cruel, King of Castile, and worn on the helmet of Henry V at Agincourt.

The crowns of state belonging to previous monarchs have long since been broken up, but the upper portion of that used by George IV still remains, a mound made of "one entire stone of sea-water green color, known as an agmatite."

Unusual. The Bank of Pokenville had failed. "Eventually, I presume," said the reporter, who had called on the president for information, "the depositors will get dollar for dollar." "In my opinion," responded the president of the bank, "the depositors will never get a darned cent."—Chicago Tribune.

He Took the Hint. Edith—If you kiss me I'll scream. Jack—Then your mother will hear you. Edith—She's awful deaf.—Brooklyn Citizen.