

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

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AMERICAN COMMERCE IN AFRICA

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the manufacturing and shipping centers of the British Isles, forasmuch as it has been found that freight rates from New York to South Africa have been offered at less than one-half of the rates quoted from England. At a recent meeting of the Johannesburg chamber of commerce, and in the very presence of the British Trade Commissioners, a cable dispatch was read offering freight from New York to Natal at 10 shillings per ton, while the lowest rate from England was given as 21 shillings 3 pence. The impression which this announcement produced can be better imagined than described, and although the South African business men were puzzled to

know how the thing could be done, they are reported as losing no time in ascertaining what goods they can order from the United States on such favorable terms. Here is another instance of the expansion of American trade, the outgrowth of American shrewdness and enterprise. The possibilities of rich trade in Africa are simply immeasurable, and the exploitation of that almost virgin field will be among the most exciting and interesting features of the world's trade movements in the immediate future. Cheap freight rates play a most important part in the development of that trade, and the New York offer furnishes proof that the everlasting Yankee nation is not going to be left in the rear of the procession.

THE RIGHTS OF A DOG

A peculiar but apparently righteous decision has been rendered by a St. Louis court in the case of a boy who was bitten by a dog while tying a tin can full of stones to the animal's tail. The parents of the boy brought suit against the owner of the dog for damages. The decision was against them, the judge ruling that when a dog bites a man, woman, or child engaged in tying a tin can or other weight to its tail, the beast is acting "purely and honestly in self-defense."

This decision is one of the very few in which it appears that animals, as such, have any rights, and in a way it is a test case. Of course, persons have been prosecuted for cruelty to animals, under a special law, but this is a case in which the dog itself is justified in resistance. All things considered, it seems to be a pretty good test case.

The temper of any animal can usually be upset by abuse, particularly by deliberate and intentional persecution. A dog or a horse frequently knows whether its master is beating it willfully, out of mere vicious temper, or for reasons of discipline, and it may be added that horses and dogs trained under the former system are very likely to be vicious, or stupid, or both. It is not well for children to grow up with the idea that they have a right to beat, torment, and abuse animals, and that the latter have no rights in the case at all. Some parents encourage this idea, seemingly with deliberation. When the cat, exasperated by continual teasing, turns upon the child and leaves a long red scratch on the teasing hand, the parent exclaims: "Naughty pussy to scratch baby!" and the result is many more scratches. If the child were taught kindly but firmly that the cat was within her rights in defending herself, a wholesome respect for law and the cat might be the result.

HEROISM

Of K. B. Ford, medical student of Indianapolis, it is safe to predict that he will be a physician who confers honor upon his profession, says the "Chicago Inter Ocean." In spite of his youth he has shown already that calm courage and that devotion to duty without which no physician can be really great.

John B. Stoner, a traveling salesman from Dayton, Ohio, was stricken with confluent smallpox at Lewisville, Ind. A panic appeared to have seized upon the village. Dr. Morton Graf, a young physician, just beginning practice, was the only resident who would go near the sick man. But because he did go near him he was driven from town by threats of violence, and Stoner was left not only without medicines but even without food and water.

The village health officer telegraphed to Indianapolis for help. Mr. Ford had never had smallpox, and the patient was an utter stranger. But he saw what his chosen profession required of him and responded to the call. He came to Lewisville, built a cabin in the woods, and with the help of a Dr. Smith, who came over from Knightstown, removed to it the sick man and his effects.

There he stayed alone, doing all he could for his patient. In spite of his efforts Stoner died. The plucky student, still alone, buried the dead man and his effects, and even read over the body the funeral service, an office which no minister of the neighborhood would perform. Then he went back to Indianapolis.

Few men probably are boasting just now that they live in Lewisville, Ind. But any man must count it an honor to have known K. B. Ford. When the test came he was ready, and met it to the utmost. He proved that he has in him not only the making of a devoted physician, but he also proved what is a great deal more important to himself and to his country, that he is in every sense of the word a real man.

AT THE HOTEL.

"William, have you any mispelt words?" "N-n-no sir?" "Then what have you got 'em on the bill of fare for?"—Life.

Pierpont and Poker.

By JOSH WINK.

[Mr. Pierpont Morgan is quoted as having said that poker should not be termed our national game—that it is based on deceit and bluff, and is wicked. The following verses are compiled from data furnished by a gentleman who seems conversant with the game under discussion.]

Oh, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, what a lot of fun you've missed! The joy of seeing ace—four big ace—in your fist. The glad sensation when you split your best and only pair To make a straight—and draw your card—and find the right one there.

Oh, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, it may be an awful sin, But poker isn't simply luck—it's science, when you win.

Oh, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, you have dallied some with ships, And yet you glow resentfully when some one mentions chips. You've made a jackpot of the mines and sweetened it with stocks, And fed the kitty day and night with railroad shares in blocks.

Yet with all this you've missed the thrill that fills you in the hush That comes when some one raises you and you have made a flush.

Oh, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, you may view it as you choose, But poker's like some other games—it's wicked when you lose. When people shuffle stocks and bonds, and railroads, ships, and milk, It's much the same as when the game depends on how one fills.

Yet when the poker cards go round the backs are at the top, And he who has the smallest stack may make the others drop.

Oh, Mr. Pierpont Morgan, it's a bad game, that is true, But everyone may not indulge in such big games as you; And maybe some one gets at much fun out of two small jacks.

As you do when you win a road with miles and miles of tracks. And, as is hinted heretofore, it is an awful sin, But poker isn't simply luck—it's science, when you win.

TONIC FOR NERVOUS PEOPLE.

"Do you know a good tonic for nervous persons, Simpkins?" "No; what I want to find is a good tonic for people who have to live with them."—The Bits.

What Should Break an Engagement?

By Mrs. THEODORE SEWARD, of New York. Author, Club Woman, and Parliamentarian.

"If a man to whom you are engaged needs reformation, it is wiser to break the engagement than to marry him with the hope of reforming him. If your influence before marriage is not sufficient to effect this, do not imagine it will be more successful after marriage."

In these days, when many young people look upon the subject of engagement in a frivolous and irresponsible way, some of them will, no doubt, be surprised that the above question should be asked at all.

The very fact that the question should seem to them to be a strange one is because they do not for one moment consider that in becoming engaged they enter upon a relation not to be heedlessly broken, which should lead to the sacred obligations of marriage. Nor do they consider that it is a contract not to be entered into carelessly or without earnestly weighing the question of fitness, of suitability of taste and temperament and of aims and ambitions.

There can be no question but that sometimes, after careful consideration, there are conditions under which it is better that an engagement should be broken than consummated.

An engagement should be broken when on either side there is discovered a lack of principle, of uprightness, of integrity of character, without which there can be no foundation for mutual respect and happiness.

It should be broken when there is found to be an incompatibility of temper, which leads to continual misunderstandings and bickerings before marriage. It is better to break the engagement than to keep it and sue for a divorce after marriage.

Again, when one discovers in the other the trait of extreme and unreasoning jealousy, which is always a root of bitterness in married life, it is better to break the engagement.

If a man to whom you are engaged needs reformation, it is wiser to break the engagement than to marry him with the hope of reforming him. If your influence before marriage is not sufficient to effect this, do not imagine it will be more successful after marriage.

Besides the extreme of irresponsibility, there is another extreme of conscientiousness. Both are equally irrational. A person who would endure martyrdom for life rather than break a promise held as sacred as the one with which the troth was pledged, considering that nothing should break an engagement; but death, is an illustration.

The best remedy against the necessity for breaking engagements is for people who are attracted toward each other to let attraction wait upon opportunity for a thorough acquaintance and deeper insight into the real character of each. This is a reasonable precaution, and in most cases will prove effective and a restraint upon flightiness, which has entailed much misery upon many.

Only the other day the extreme of rashness was reached when at an evening gathering of a little company of acquaintances some one dared any couple in the room to be married then and there. A young man and woman rose at once and accepted the challenge. A justice of the peace was sent for and they were married.

Could there possibly be better conditions for a future divorce? In a country like America, where the ratio of divorces to marriages is so alarming, this question of what should break an engagement is a timely one for discussion. If many of the hasty engagements were broken the effect would certainly be to diminish the number of applications for divorce which now flood the courts in certain States.

THE PEARL AND THE TEAR

By LEON MEAD.

What is thy mission, oh! lovely Pearl? The diver has groped for thee; What purpose inspires thee now to unfurl Thy glimmers out of the sea?

THE PEARL. I'm to be set in a diadem That a fair young queen will wear; Oh, I am to be the choicest gem That will nestle in her hair!

What is thy mission, oh! shining Tear, That grief hath asked thee to share? By whose command dost thou now appear Out of the depths of despair?

THE TEAR. A pitiful message do I bear, Evolved by Love's scourging rod, From the throes of a soul in wild despair To the waiting heart of God.

WHISPERS FROM A WOMAN'S HEART

Absolute abuse is not half so hard to bear as indifference, and there is nothing on earth that will bring such a quick return as a little unexpected interest. Follow with your eyes some one whose skies do not seem very bright just now. If she has on a new gown, or especially an old one made over, do not fail to make remarks about its extreme becomingness, and give little caressing pats and touches to folds, ribbons, and hairpins. The more so, if the woman be plain and self-conscious, will she feel happy and at ease if you make her moral atmosphere warm and sweet. It is an easy way to make yourself loved; just cultivate the little habit of making people contented with themselves. It was just this talent that made the great queens of society whose names are immortal.

It was a clever Frenchman who said: "Those who have suffered much are like those who know many languages; they have learned to understand and be understood by many." It is an impossibility to fully sympathize with another's experience unless it has been at some time one's own. In a trouble or grief we turn instinctively to someone who we know has been through the same experience. It is the old human longing for companionship that shows itself. The feeling is strong within us that "she will know and feel with me." Not for me, mind you, but with me. Therein lies the whole power of the sympathy.

Patience is a lamp that we keep in an out-of-the-way corner, only to be slowly and reluctantly produced and lighted when the sun of hope has set. It does not at first burn clearly enough for us to walk quickly by its light, but it enables us to plod along slowly till either the sun rises again or our eyes become accustomed to the dimness and we forget that we ever knew anything else.

Fear is the most skillful general in the world, because he has the most exhaustive knowledge of human nature. He seldom attacks any two people from the same side, and never makes a mistake as to the vulnerable part of one's armor; and everyone shares with Achilles the peculiarity of this one danger point. A well-known Indian fighter who has time and again, with merely a handful of soldiers, held at bay and finally vanquished a whole horde of yelling, painted savages, could not be induced by any bribe to go into his own cellar after dark; and another one, whose name is synonymous with high-toned chivalry and honor, declares with conviction that nothing but fear of scandal keeps him from committing acts of absolute defiance to law and order. And then remember how deadly afraid was the great Napoleon of a cat.

And after all, nothing is so bad when it really comes as when one worries about it, for one worries about the whole, and only a part happens at a time. There was only one heart which had to bear all its load of sorrow at one time. That was the heart of the Lord at Gethsemane, and it broke.

The most perfect chivalry is that of the Golden Rule. Think a minute; isn't it so? Chivalry, in the accepted sense of the word, means valor, courtesy, bravery, and dignity. It implies an absolute sacrifice of one's self for another and a perfect indifference as to reward or recognition. Chivalry prizes and cherishes the slightest token of appreciation or friendship, and by idealizing them compels others to admire certain traits in the object of devotion. Does not this correspond perfectly to the teachings of the Golden Rule, and does it not go to show that all good things are related to each other in a more or less great degree?

Love Is Love Still.

Out of the sorrow I wait you a song Over the valley and mist-shaded hill; What of the right, dear, and what of the wrong?— Love is love still! Out of the sorrow a song, like the light— Song that shall seek you, to soothe and to thrill; What of the barriers, deep as the Night?— Love is love still! Out of the sorrow—the tempest's far sweep, Song that is sweet with God's wonder and will; Dark Night is over us; deep calls to deep— Love is love still! Out of the sorrow God speaks to us best; Love's every mission His angels fulfill. Here, on Love's breast, is your refuge and rest;— Love is love still!

GOT HOLD OF IT.

Strumleigh (humming an air)—Tum-tiddy-tum-ti-ti-tee— Friend (interrupting)—What is that thing? Strumleigh—Why, one of the things they were playing at the classical concert last night, by—er—what's the man's name? You know—er—something you catch hold of. Friend (with sudden inspiration)—Handel?

OBSERVATIONS ON THE PROPER DISPENSATION OF CHARITY

By FELIX NICHOLAS, of Poland.

A great deal has been printed of late concerning the proper way of administering charity. In my opinion, no way in which assistance is offered to a poverty-stricken individual can so demoralize him and blunt his finer feelings, as that which compels him to ask for aid and the benefit of charity. Charity must come to him unasked, without his knowledge of its source, if possible, just as a sunbeam of Providence descending suddenly from above, to brighten the rough, dark pathway of life and lighten the heavy burden of the everlasting dread of hunger and all the companions of poverty. This way must be used with all true charity, be its subject worthy or unworthy.

In the first place, the man should be given a helping hand, with best wishes, because he may deserve all the assistance you can tender him. In the second place, perhaps, this act of true charity will revive in him the extinct spark of honesty, if he has been unworthy, and self-respect, if he has been cast down, and compel him to live a useful life.

The main device of charity lies in finding out all the need and source of suffering of the poverty-stricken man and his family. His life and his habits should be well examined. He must be investigated with the eye of an expert detective, and as soon as the sorrow spot is detected, it should be healed by applying the best of means—this without his knowledge, if possible. I concede that this is a very difficult task, but to me it seems the only way if we are to distribute true charity.

It happens often when you ask the sufferer to enumerate his wants, that he is afraid or ashamed to tell

you all that he needs. Some of them might seem to you to be of no very great importance. This annoys both parties, makes relations strained and less confidential, and sometimes may suggest to you a lack of self-interest and a blunting of the finer feelings. But this confirms my opinion that assistance should be tendered without an application from the sufferer.

Again, charity must act promptly, and I do not approve of the suggestion that the case should be permitted to reach its extreme. How can you know what are the limits and power of endurance of your subject? Will you wait until some member of his or her family starves to death or until he has blown out his brains, and then bring in your help? Such a case offers for the students of human character and life a very wide field of observation, but not for charity.

I do not believe that he who knows of the distress and anguish of some poor human being should, instead of coming at once with cheerful willingness to his aid, wait until the extreme is reached. He is not fit to perform the sacred duty of charity. I cannot find in the lessons taught by Jesus Christ proof of and encouragement for such action. Do not treat the sufferer, do not treat charity as a business, for you then deprive it of its true character. The proverb says that they give twice who give promptly. Not only Christian sentiment, but experiences of life approve this way of action. In my opinion, all means and forms of charity are good if applied to remove and lighten the sufferings of humanity. The form in which my views on this subject have been presented is crude, but I hope that some truth of value may be found in them.

A SMALL BOY'S PLUCK

A pathetic case of overwork and starvation came to light in a New York hospital the other day. An eight-year-old newsboy collapsed on the street and was taken to the hospital for treatment, when it was discovered that the youngster had been trying to support his mother and two little sisters, and had been working so much and eating so little that he is not likely to recover.

The boy's father was formerly a well-to-do man, but upon losing his money he disappeared, and has not been heard of since. The deserted wife worked hard to support herself and her three children until her health gave way, and then her little son told her "not to worry" for he would take care of the family.

Such a case as this—and it is not by any means unique in large cities—certainly ought to make strong men ashamed to plead inability to support their families. The father of this little fellow was too cowardly to face the loss of his money. He ran away rather than take a lower position in the community than that which he had been accustomed to hold. He left his wife to do the best she could for herself, with three children—one a baby—to support besides herself. All that the father of this little brood felt able to do was to keep the breath in his own good-for-nothing body.

Now, while this father is shirking his rightful duties, and very possibly living on charity somewhere, his boy, who ought to be in the primary school, has been working early and late for eight months to take care of himself, his mother, and his sisters—a task which was too much for that grown man, his father. If the father is anywhere within reach of the papers, and reads the account of his son's heroism, it ought to shame him into getting a job on the streets and sending every cent of his pay home, beyond what is required for mere food and lodging.

Zooiety.

In the heart of a jungle miles away, Where tiger and bear hold sway, There's a bit of a monkey, old and gray, That sits in the sun all day And spins wild yarns of a far off land With its jungle folk of another band.

And the monkeys walking hand in hand, Soberly chant this lay:

"Hark to the tales that our father tells, Of the nights he dined with the howling swells, Of the dash he cut with the jeweled belles, Of the glitter and chatter and noise. Guest at the table our father sat, Dressed like them, with a white cravat, And under his chair a stovepipe hat! Wouldn't that jar you, boys?"

The monkeys journey from far and near Such wonderful tales to hear. Some of them wink, and some of them sneer.

But mostly they land and cheer: For surely the monkey is truly great - Who lives to describe such a terrible fate.

And yams his brothers before it's too late What they must shun and fear.

Hark to the song that the monkeys sing As they solemnly walk in a jungle ring:

"Father wasn't content to swing On the end of a banyan limb; Father went roaming the world to get Some proper ideas of etiquette. Father fell in with the swagger set— Look what they did to him!" —Newark News.

POETRY AS AN ASSET OF LIFE

By JOHN F. FARLEY.

Whether one reads Coleridge's "Hymn in the Vale of Chamouni," with its base of piety and its reach of musical fervor, or becomes fascinated with the sonnet and self-examination of Shelley's "Alastor," the unalterable fact remains that in poetry one apprehends the normal speech of man in his aspiring mood.

Recently I encountered a long poem by Bliss Carman (uned to express the imaginary activities of the god Pan and his brood through wood and dale, and the lit of his lines kept surging through my mind with all the witchery of a brook's refrain.

Among many associates that have added the charm of friendship to my life, I know of no one who has not indulged in poetry or expressed a preference for a particular poem at some time in his life.

One young man I knew who had carousing habits and, ordinarily speaking, was of a vulgar frame of mind. Yet under the influence of a retrospective look over the sunshiny fields of his youth he had written a genuine poem—full of sad music and picturesque power.

Therein lay his chances of escape from the dominion of self and sin, if he but knew it; for the godlike in his nature, if given encouragement, would have freed him from the vassalage of vulgarity.

Facts have a reclaiming work to do among the thousands who think only of business, and who carry the atmosphere of the counting-room into their homes. If an Emerson could evoke the immortal strain that tells of a simple flower's beauty—through the exercise of feelings natural though deep—what is there to prevent the ordinary man or woman from loving their tired limbs in the clear pools of poetry, and, through drinking frequent draughts of the sparkling waters on every hand, become, as it were, infused anew with a love for life, and at one with the spirit that animates and prompts the song of birds?

It is not only a possible, but a laudable thing for one to develop a fondness for the heroism of great deeds, an understanding of chivalrous thought, and a determination to find more joy and more satisfaction in one's communion with other human beings.

A TALE OF A CORK

The Haswells had just gone to house-keeping, in a little box of a house on the edge of the District, that looked precisely like every other house in the block, except to them. Mrs. Haswell had distributed her wedding china and time in the pantry and kitchen. Haswell had selected the proper place for his pipe rack, and they had by degrees become settled, when they found that they had no molasses jug.

They made an excursion downtown to attend to that and several other small purchases, and selected a moderate-sized jug of comfortable, home-like aspect. Then they noticed that it had no cork.

"We don't sell corks with the jugs," explained the salesman—it was a high grade china store with home-furnishing annex.

"What an idea," said Mrs. Haswell. "I don't think we want a jug without a cork, do you, Marmaduke?"

Marmaduke didn't, and they went into another crockery store and asked for a jug. That also was corkless.

"We don't keep corks," said the deferential salesman. "Anything else?"

"N-no. I guess we won't take the jug today," said the lady of the house, hesitatingly. It did seem ridiculous to have a 10-cent jug sent away out to their house. And they went home.

The molasses jug was forgotten until Marmaduke who was brought up in Massachusetts, wanted beans and brown bread, and it was found that they had no molasses. When the molasses was ordered it had to be put in a glass bottle, and the next thing Haswell knew, he came home from office one day and found his spouse deluged with molasses. The bottle had been set too near the stove and had overflowed over everything. It was plain that they must have a molasses jug, and one was ordered next day. When it came up there was no cork to it.

"I forgot all about the cork, Evelina," said her husband, apologetically. "I'll get one today, if that will do."

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"I forgot all about the cork, Evelina," said her husband, apologetically. "I'll get one today, if that will do."

Evelina thought it would, and in the meantime discovered that an individual butter dish set on the top of the jug was not enough to keep the molasses from believing itself champagne. There was a second deluge of the sweet stuff, after which a stopper was improvised out of a roll of paper.

Marmaduke forgot the cork for three days in succession, tried the cork of a beer bottle and lost it down the jug, where it persistently bobbed up and stopped the molasses from coming out, and finally brought home a cork that was two sizes too small, so that there were soon two corks instead of one in the jug. Then he measured.

The cork which finally went into the jug had to be whittled down to fit, and was secured only after Mrs. Haswell had made a special trip down town for it. "They'll give you a cork in the store where your jug is filled," said the clerk who heard her woes.

"Maybe," said Mrs. Haswell to her husband, "but who wants to go around town with a molasses jug? Under her arm such weather as this? And what I want to know is, why don't they sell the corks where they sell the jugs?"

Thus far that question has remained unanswered by any Washington merchant.

A KISS.

By W. S. SNYDER.

If thou lovest me, send to me Something that shall live for aye; Something that shall rapture be, And confess thy constancy.

Whether thou be far or nigh, Something that the heart shall thrill, Make it pause and start and leap, Trust and doubt, and warm and chill, Faith inspire and hope instill.

Share, and yet its sweetness keep; Bring thee nearer in my dreams, When thy love enraptures me, Than yon radiant Pleiad seems To the starlit mystery— Send me something, dear, like this, Nay thou can'st not—'tis a kiss.

THE KAISER'S GALLANTRY.

The Kaiser, according to the latest news from Berlin, is evidently one of the politest and most gallant of living monarchs. Several weeks ago he was conversing with a pretty girl at Crefeld and jokingly made the remark: "But you girls should all have your young Heutenants to dance with." Nothing more was thought of the remark until the following day, when an order was issued by the Kaiser assigning a Hussar regiment to garrison Crefeld, which had hitherto been without dashing Heutenants. The "Priesnigge Zeitung" issues a serious polemic against this royal extravagance "merely to satisfy the desire of young Crefeld maidens for ballroom cavaliers and dashing Heutenants as sweethearts." Nevertheless, the fox-haired Teuton maidens of Crefeld sing the praises of the Kaiser.