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EUROPE'S "COMMON DANGER"

All the way from Rome comes the news that King Victor Emmanuel's recent visit to St. Petersburg, and the further journeyings to Berlin, Vienna, and other European capitals are, after all, in the interest of general disarmament and peace among the continental nations, in order that the money thus saved may be employed to combat an enemy whom they all dread—the competition of the everlasting Yankee.

Italy's young ruler, it would seem, can see through a millstone with a hole in the center just as far as the next man, and he is quite able to understand that if in less than two decades the Yankees have succeeded in gobbling up so much of the trade, internal and external, of Europe, there will be nothing but scraps left for the natives in a half century or so.

Mr. Morgan is putting whole steamship lines in his capacious pocket; he and Mr. Yerkes are dividing among themselves all of London's underground traffic; in every corner of the "right little isle" and of the continent the Yankees are spying and burrowing, and when they disappear it is discovered that a goodly share of the trade of the country has gone with them. And now comes the straw that breaks the camel's back. American dressmakers are going to establish a combine covering the principal cities of Europe, and Paris and London, and Vienna and Berlin are no longer to be the originators and arbiters of fashion. There, now.

The European worm has been wriggling long enough under the Yankee competition foot. He is going to get out from under it, if he can. But it's going to be a tough job.

THE AVERAGE MAN

"The average man only becomes an entity when the average is taken from a large number of individuals, the majority of whom have many common characteristics."

The "New York World" declares that the average man is a myth; in other words, that there never was and never will be a man who answers to the description given of this individual in statistical works. Hence, it would seem to follow that when we talk of the average man we are basing our argument on a fallacy. But a little reflection will show that this is not so.

It all depends on the subject of the argument, whether the term "average man" will prove useful or misleading. When we say that the average man lives to be thirty-six years old and no more, that is the truth, although it does not mean that there is a large mortality among men at this particular age. The average is based on mortality statistics which include children, and the man who reaches thirty-six has simply survived the conditions which lead to the death of a large proportion of the children of any community before they are five years old.

When we say that the average man will be fired with patriotic enthusiasm when his native land is invaded, we tell the truth, because all experience has shown that in such a case practically the whole male population will be ready for military duty. Those who do not are abnormal. That is a case where the average man is the typical or representative man.

But there is no doubt that in some cases the term is a misleading one. When the average is based on statistics taking in large numbers of individuals at two extremes, we do not have the typical man at all, but a neuter or a hybrid. For example, when the North and South were utterly at variance on the subject of slavery, there would have been no sense in trying to find out what the average American thought on that subject, by statistics. There were two average Americans in those days. The average man only becomes an entity when the average is taken from a large number of individuals, the majority of whom have many common characteristics.

WHIMS OF THE DINING ROOM

Although the late King of Bavaria's habit of dining with a bust of Queen Marie Antoinette in front of him provides the most noteworthy example of the inanimate dinner guest, his majesty was far from inaugurating this strange custom, which has been observed by several eccentrics, and which probably owes its origin to a certain Henry Constantine Jennings, says "Tit-Bits."

The eighteenth-century eccentric on one occasion purchased a statue of Venus, and for the first six months after he had obtained possession of the same the fair goddess occupied a seat at the head of his dinner table, with two footmen in lace liveries standing behind her, whose duty it was to place the most costly viands before her by way of oblation.

One of the largest gatherings of inanimate guests assembled at a luncheon party given by Clyde Fitch, the dramatist, a few months ago, on which occasion the animate guests found, on reaching the rendezvous, that seated at the table, which was strewn with pale pink rose petals, were a number of dolls elaborately dressed to represent the most famous female characters in the dramatist's plays.

Some two or three years ago a company of the Third African Battalion, who had been employed in annihilating the swarm of sparrows that were eating up the crops at Ker, Tunis, were regaled with an omelette containing 5,000 eggs, that measured seven feet in circumference.

A few weeks ago this gigantic dish was recalled to mind by the chief item on the menu of a reception enjoyed at Ganderheim, in the Hartz Mountain, when, to celebrate the occasion of one of the local schoolmaster's hens laying her thousandth egg, the town was decorated, and a supper held, at which the health of the hen was duly toasted and a gigantic omelette partaken of.

It was not stated at the time whether the worthy hen, like the fat goose of

that celebrated lawyer, Lord Erskine, which frequently dined at the same table as his lordship and his astounded fellow-guests, was invited to the reception given in his honor; but, had it put in an appearance, it would only have followed the example set by a favorite horse owned by the Earl of Argyll, which animal, on the occasion of the banquet given in a coach-house elaborately decorated for the occasion, in December, 1839, was led to the table and provided with a bowl of champagne, of which liquor it drank several quarts amid the plaudits of the assembled guests.

That animal "banquets" are becoming comparatively common in the United States nowadays may be gathered from the fact that about six months ago a millionaire hostess invited a number of her friends to a dog banquet.

A GOOD MOTTO.

By PRISCILLA LEONARD.

Is life a fert and tangle,
And everything gone wrong?
Are friends a bit disloyal?
And enemies too strong?
Is there no bright side showing,
Then—as a sage has said—
"Polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead."

The darkest plank of oak will show
Sometimes the finest grain;
The roughest rock will sometimes yield
A gleaming, golden vein.
Don't rail at Fate, declaring
That no brightness shows ahead,
But "polish up the dark side,
And look at that instead."

AN INFERENCE.

Ethel—I confess that my sole object
In life is to kill time.
Maud—So that he can't tell anyone
Your age, I suppose!

THE DUTY OF GOSSIP

By L. L.

"Why should not intelligent and thoughtful people, when they hear of some misfortune which is not their business, pointedly refrain from making remarks about it, particularly to the ones concerned?"

It is reported that a mining operator in Salt Lake City recently committed murder when goaded to desperation by taunts about his domestic affairs. He had had trouble with his wife, and, on being tormented by remarks on the subject, turned upon the tormentors and shot them, afterward committing suicide.

It is rather surprising to find how many people there are who apparently regard gossip as a duty. Not only do they comment upon the private affairs of their neighbors, openly and in private, but they talk to their neighbors on the most delicate subjects, and often in a taunting way which is utterly unjustifiable by any code of morals. And, somehow or other, these people seem to consider that they are fulfilling a duty to the public when they behave in this manner.

It is not too much to say that to a sensitive person it is almost harder to run the gantlet on this sort of thing than to endure the trouble which causes it; and, moreover, it falls on the innocent oftener than on the guilty.

The person who deliberately "goes to the bad" is apt to be left severely alone. The gossips know, for one thing, that nothing they can say will hit very hard upon a thoroughly determined sinner. He does not care for their opinion and is likely to give them as good as they send. Hence, they confine their remarks, as a rule, to the injured person—his mother, or his wife, or his children—the one who is not to blame, and who can be made to suffer. It is a thoroughly mean and cowardly performance, and if some respectable folk knew how detestable they appear in this role, perhaps they would give up playing it.

No one asserts that such comments do any good. It has been proved over and over again that they do harm. Why, then, should not intelligent and thoughtful people, when they hear of some misfortune which is not their business, pointedly refrain from making remarks about it, particularly to the ones most concerned?

THE SYMBOLISM OF DANCING

By VEDA VEDESCA,

Premier Danseuse, from Madrid Royal Opera House.

"Why was there a first dance? Some say that love was its origin."

We have a saying of Cervantes in our country that "there never was a Spanish woman yet but she was born to dance." Everybody dances in Spain, and everywhere you see dancing, in the courts and in the gutters, in the city streets and on the country hillside, in the theaters, and even in the churches. For in Seville there is a custom today of dancing during divine service.

One of our poets has said that our dancing is like "the bounding of the soul, the bursting of laughter, the poetic restlessness of the body, the quicksilver of the five senses."

In a country where so much is made of dancing, and where there is so great a variety of dances, one is naturally and necessarily taught the meaning of and the ideas to be conveyed by the different forms of the art.

Dancing is the giving of the whole body to gesture, which even in slight degree of use is a great and elegant aid to expression.

Dancing is the oldest of the arts, and I think comes nearer to nature in its expression than any other. Poetry is the happy choice of words for the expression of sentiments and images drawn from the observation of nature.

Painting and sculpture are the resemblance in color and form of original nature. Music is the expression of passions which raise their likeness in the mind of the hearer. Dancing is a combination of all.

Like painting and sculpture, it depicts form and color, but the chiseled marble and painted canvas can but exhibit one phase of a character, one feature of an emotion, while dancing gives expression to many to all expressions.

For example, in a painting a maiden smiles in one phase of her love—it may be the beginning of the end. The dancer depicts every emotion—surprise, admiration, timidity, perplexity, agitation, languor, desire, ardor, eagerness, impatience, transport of joy, ever giving point to the musical accompaniment that is at best but its background.

Why was there a first dance? Some

say that love was its origin, and just as the peacock spreads his tail, the turkey struts, and the bird whistles to show his love to his mate, so man capered and gyrated in front of his love to express his admiration.

Dancing differs from singing in this, that the same music may be set to a variety of words, while in dancing the attitudes, gestures, and motions are so directly derived from the principles of nature that there is no difficulty in depicting the various emotions by appropriate bodily and facial expressions.

A dance without meaning is worse than insipid, it is an insult to the beholder; and just as there are national dances that faithfully depict the national character, the sturdy good nature of the Englishman, the droll humor of the Hollander, the rural simplicity of the Tyrolean peasant, and the grim paths of the Russian, so each character and each phase of character can be and must be literally and poetically expressed in the dance of that character.

In the old Irish jig and reel dancing the course of courtship is aided by the bold, firm stepping of the man, the maidenly mincing of the woman; she retreating as he advances, she advancing as he moves backward.

Again, the national dance of Hungary—the Czardas—is a representation of a courtship. There is depicted the bold advance, the modest retreat, the proposal, its rejection, and finally an open-armed acceptance. Every step of the way is as clearly portrayed in the facial expression as in the rhythmic movements of the body.

The real charm of dancing is in the graceful swaying of the body and arms, rather than a violent movement and in complicated steps.

Everything must be done as easily as one breathes. There must be nothing of artificial look; nothing that speaks of difficulties overcome. But a purpose must be expressed, a thought must be conveyed, by every look or gesture. Then and then only will the symbolism of dancing be expressed by poetic pose and action.

THE ENGINE.

Over the bridge, through the steam of the trains,
Through the mist and the rains
And the black, oily street—
With the sound, hoarse and shrill, of the whistle blown first,
And the sudden wild burst
Of the galloping feet—

A swerve round the corner, a shout to the horses,
The clamor and clang of the sharp-swinging bell—
Ahead, streams of traffic stopped short in their courses,
Behind, hurried footsteps that follow pell-mell—

Fit down the street, rolling wide in its track,
With the smoke floating back
And the sparks flying fast—
With the red trail of coals and the jolt and the jar
Dying duly afar
So the engine goes past!
Fire!
—Scribner's.

The Need of Charity at Home

By BARRY BULKLEY,
Secretary Business Men's Association.

Of all charities to which the citizens of Washington have in recent years been called upon to subscribe and of all that appeal most thoroughly to the human sympathies, there is none more deserving of support than the effort to supply the poor mothers and children of the District of Columbia with free car tickets for use during the heated spell.

I think the gentlemen in charge of this noble charity should receive a more hearty and spontaneous support than is being accorded them at the hands of the residents of the District of Columbia.

I recall two or three years ago, that it was my privilege to serve as secretary of the committee of one hundred citizens, formed for the purpose of raising funds to relieve the famine-stricken people of India, and I also recall with a great deal of satisfaction that, although the collection was made in the heat of summer, when most of our citizens were away, fully \$3,000 was raised for this object.

"If \$3,000 can be raised to assist the suffering in far-off India, cannot a like sum be raised to help give the priceless boon of fresh air and restore the roses to the cheeks of the little tots of the city?"

I understand that the fund for the children has not reached the \$700 mark. This is not due to the lack of energy on the part of the special committee, I am sure, for it is composed of men accustomed to handle such undertakings and men of the greatest energy and of the widest acquaintance. Nor is it due to the part that the newspapers have played in making their appeals as strong and as numerous as possible. It is due more to the fact that, in the rush and bustle of everyday life, one does not pause to think how much good a small sum given for this cause will do.

If, as I have stated, \$3,000 can be raised to assist the suffering in far-off India, cannot a like sum be raised to help give the priceless boon of fresh air and restore the roses to the cheeks of the little tots of the city who will suffer so much under our intolerable heat? God bless the children! Subscribe to the car-ticket fund!

Beaconsfield's Prophecy Concerning Balfour

Arthur James Balfour, Britain's new prime minister, is being much written about as belonging to the old patrician class, says the "New York World." In fact, the Balfour family is only two generations old, as the British reckon family history. He has no great-grandfather.

The founder of his greatness was James Balfour, who made a large fortune in India, brought it back to Scotland and purchased the estate of Whittinghame in 1817. It is now one of the finest in East Lothian. Grandfather Balfour further paved the way for his grandson's present fame and good prospects by marrying a daughter of the Earl of Lauderdale, which put the Balfours right in the middle of the road for anything that was worth having in the three kingdoms. Grandfather Balfour's eldest son clinched matters by marrying a Cecil, a sister of Lord Salisbury, the just retired prime minister. And of course they all went to Parliament.

The late Lord Beaconsfield, when he came home from Berlin in 1881, after negotiating the famous treaty which secured "peace with honor," was met by a Tory delegation from Lancashire and asked to name a good candidate for Parliament for the city of Manchester. Beaconsfield replied: "Take Arthur Balfour; he will be a second Pitt." Beaconsfield's prophecy is now half realized by the succession of Balfour to the premiership. Whether he will prove a "second Pitt" remains to be seen. Beaconsfield was a great flatterer when he cared to be.

A NEW NATIONAL ANTHEM—WHAT IT WILL REPRESENT

By LOUIS RAPHAEL DRESSLER,
Composer of "Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes."

"We have men who are as fully capable of expressing the new American spirit in song as those who express it in Wall Street and in the Presidential chair."

Patriotism in music, like patriotism in everything else, travels in waves. Its ebb and flow, is as perceptible as is the rise and fall of the stock market.

Just now we are undergoing a musical patriotic upheaval. With the extension of the country's boundaries, its new grasp on matters of material moment, a new vitalization has been felt through the art centers.

There is a new national scale in painting, in sculpture, in architecture, and in music. Our composers are saying: "We need a new basis of composition, but we need above all a new national anthem."

A special committee of the Society of the Cincinnati of Rhode Island has recently offered a gold medal for an original air adaptable to the words of the hymn "America," and other societies and organizations throughout the country are pursuing similar courses; with the intent of arousing interest in a new national rallying hymn.

So far many have tried and many have failed; but the pursuit is by no means abandoned by reason of non-success.

It takes a long time to outgrow anything that speaks to the national heart. It will be hard to recast ourselves to an air that is to take the place of the "Star Spangled Banner;" but the time is growing ripe for every moment, and we certainly have men who are as fully capable of expressing the new American

spirit in song as those who express it in Wall Street and in the Presidential chair.

Stiles G. Pratt would write a most scholarly anthem, as would Edward Alexander MacDowell, Dudley Buck, Homer N. Bartlett, or Horatio Parker. Among those who would treat it more popularly are Reginald de Koven—whose recent music to Kipling's "Recessional" is by far the best setting the poem has had; Edgar S. Kelly—filling Prof. Parkes's chair of music at Yale College; and Henry K. Hadley, whose symphony, "The Swans," received a "public prize" last winter, and was performed by the New York Philharmonic Society—an honor accorded for the first time to any member of the younger coterie of American composers.

Mr. Hadley is thoroughly American, and has fire and originality, and is the most promising among our younger composers. There are also two or three of the women composers of America who might compete successfully for the honor. Miss Laura Sedgwick Collins, a leader among the daughters of the Revolution, has a distinguished American ancestry and a pronounced national tinge to some of her music. Mrs. H. H. A. Beach, of Boston, is another true American composer whose work has found distinct favor in other lines.

It was not until Joseph Haydn had been to London and witnessed the wonderful tumult with which the Englishmen received a superb performance of "God Save the King" that he felt compelled to write a national hymn for Austria. We Americans were never more patriotic than we are today, and this patriotism is bound to be crystallized in song.

A new anthem commemorating our new country is as certain to be written as was the "Star Spangled Banner," the musical setting of the victory of the new union of a century and a quarter ago.

GIRL'S NAMES.

Frances is "unstained and free;"
Bertha, "pellucid, purely bright;"
Clara "clear" as the crystal sea;
Lucy, a star of radiant "light;"
Catherine is "pure" as the mountain air;
Henrietta, a soft, sweet "star;"
Feliccia is a "happy girl;"
Matilda is a "lady true;"
Margaret is a "shining pearl;"
Rebecca, "with the faithful few;"
Susan is a "lily white;"
Jane has the "willow's curve and grace;"
Cecilia, dear, is "dim of sight;"
Sophia shows "wisdom on her face;"
Constance is "fire and resolute;"
Grace, delicious, "favor meet;"
Charlotte, "noble, good, and true;"
Harriet, a fine "odor sweet;"
Isabella is a "lady rare;"
Lucinda, "constant as the day;"
Marie means "a lady fair;"
Abigail, "joyful as May;"
Elizabeth, "an oath of trust;"
Adella, "nice princess, proud;"
Agatha "is truly good and just;"
Letitia "a joy avowed;"
Jemima, "a soft sound in the air;"
Caroline "a sweet spirit hale;"
Cornelia, "harmonious and fair;"
Selina, "a sweet nightingale;"
Lydia, "a refreshing well;"
Judith, "a jewel none excel;"
Priscilla, "ancient of days."

—Monty.

SPOILED A DEED OF HEROISM.

"Uncle," said little Johnny, "tell me how you charged with your war horse up the San Juan Hill at the head of your troops."

"Well," said the battle-scarred veteran, "I mounted the fiery animal, drew my sword from its scabbard, rose in my stirrups, cried 'Forward!' and sunk the spurrs deep in the quivering flanks of my gallant steed."

"Yes!" exclaimed the boy, breathlessly. "Go on, uncle. Tell me the rest of it."

"There isn't any more to tell, Johnny," said his uncle, with a pensive sigh. "The horse balked."—The Chicago Tribune.

—W. T. SHERMAN.

"P. S. I think that mule was at Fort Morgan, Mobile Point, when I was there in 1845."
—W. T. S.

The Secretary of War finally directed that this mule be kept and well cared for, at public expense, as long as he lives.

MAJESTIC MAN.

By JOSH WINK.

Majestic man! How proudly he goes ever on his way!
How firmly he maintains his course, with neither stop nor stay!
No petty curiosity can lead him from his path—
Inquisitiveness feminine awakes his caustic wrath.
He holds his way unwaveringly—
But mark you seating crowd!
They struggle hitherward and you, with objurgations loud,
What is it? Oh, what is it? Why, it is your men of might
Observing with expressions tense two little newboys fight!

Majestic man! He holds the world submissive to his sway;
The elements are harnessed for his pleasure night and day.
With calm, unfaltering confidence, he rules affairs of state,
And woman's wondrous nature has his dislike strong and great.
The trivialities of life—
Wait! Here's another mob,
Mark how within its boundaries the heads excited bob,
What is it? Some debate on how to pay the nation's debts?
'Tis mighty man before a new display of cigarettes!

Majestic man! As we have said, he goes upon his way,
Unheeding all the little things that fret the hours of day.
The burden of the world is his—no moment must be lost;
His mind is ever working on—
Look! Here they're shining shoes,
And one lone man is in a chair with bootblack at his feet,
While fifty mighty men are rubbernecking from the street.

But, as we started out to say, man is too great to stop
And fool around and look at things, like women when they shop.
—Baltimore American.

FAMOUS WHITE MULE.

There is or was an army mule a pensioner of the United States—tradition says that army mules are immortal, hence the doubt as to tense, says the "New York Tribune." But this mule, Mexico, was ordered to be sold at Mount Vernon Barracks, Ala., in 1883. He had been at the post a long time, and had grown gray in the service, having an honorable record in the Mexican War, and the officers at Mount Vernon asked the quartermaster general to retain him till the end of his days. This application, signed by William A. Knobbe, then an artillery lieutenant, and indorsed by a dozen proper military authorities, including General Hancock and General Sherman, is on record at Washington. How the white mule's record grew in honor with successive indorsements may be seen from the commanding general's letter.

"I have seen that mule, and, whether true or false, the soldiers believe it was left at the Big Spring, where Mount Vernon Barracks now are, at the time General Jackson's army camped there, about 1819-20. Tradition says it was once a sorrel, but now it is white from age.

"The quartermaster's department will be chargeable with ingratitude if that mule is sold or the care and maintenance of it thrown on the charitable officers of the post. I advise that it be kept in the department, fed, and maintained till dead."

W. T. SHERMAN.

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