

THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWNS POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID. MORNING EDITION, one year, \$5; six months, \$2.50; three months, \$1.25.

ANARCHISM IN THE COAL REGIONS

It is a sinister circumstance that as soon as an attempt is made to resume work at any of the collieries in the Pennsylvania anthracite region there is an immediate outbreak of violence.

being accustomed at home to force, they are utterly unable to appreciate the freedom of action vouchsafed to the dweller in this country so long as he keeps within the bounds of law and order.

Conditions in the Pennsylvania mining section seem to call for serious treatment. It is a notorious fact that the population around the mines is made up in great part of the most illiterate, sordid, and turbulent of immigrants.

It will be seen that here is a problem to the solution of which all the wisdom and strength of the authorities will have to be applied, nor will any course prove effective which stops short of either the entire elimination of the objectionable element, or its reduction to such a state of mind as will insure its subjection to the prescriptions of the recognized code of lawfully organized society.

LITERARY PIRACY IN RUSSIA

By JEROME K. JEROME, in "London Times."

The Germans have a proverb, "Let him who is hurt cry out." In the interests of international copyright I would that some English writer of more importance than myself were equally a sufferer by reason of the incomprehensible disinclination of the Russian Government to conform to the Berne convention.

Moscow version can only be a concoction founded on memory.

A batch of these brochures, claiming to be translations from my works, was sent to me awhile ago. They bear titles more or less attractive, I quote one or two as specimens—"Women I Have Loved," "Lona, Ethel and I," "Strange Experiences of a Night."

I have no remedy. I must rest passive, knowing myself to be misrepresented. Publishers are discouraged from issuing authorized translations, knowing they will have to compete with pirated versions cheaply put together.

WEST INDIAN SUPERSTITIONS

The French islands have two superstitions which are not found in some others of the West Indies, says the "New York Commercial-Advertiser."

unusual for him to get off on some technical point, owing to the defective drafting of the law. Of course, he tells the ignorant negroes that he procured freedom by his magical powers, and thus their superstition is strengthened.

There is something so indescribably sinister about an obeh-man's appearance that he can always be picked out by anybody who has had much to do with negroes. Dirty, ragged, unkempt, diseased, deformed, there is yet an air about him of cunning authority.

British law punishes obeh with flogging and imprisonment. Nevertheless obeh is practiced by white planters almost as a matter of necessity in order to frighten the negroes and prevent them from stealing the produce of the plantations.

You may walk through your friend's "occo-plee" or banana plantation and notice a skull stuck on top of a stick, a small bottle full of dead cockroaches tied to a branch, or a miniature black coffin placed on a little mound. "Hullo, old man," you say; "working obeh, eh? I'll come and see you flogged at the jail." He tries to laugh, it off shamefacedly, saying there is really no other way to make "those wretched niggers" keep their thieving hands off the crops.

ATTRactions OF A POLITICAL CAREER FOR YOUNG MEN

It is understood that Captain Hobson's application for retirement was based on a desire to find a larger sphere of usefulness in the councils of the nation.

By Capt. RICHMOND PEARSON HOBSON, U. S. N.

"I can unhesitatingly say that the opportunities for a young man in politics in America are far greater than can be found in any other country, or have been found at any time in the history of the world."

Fundamentally the object of a politician's career is service. The attraction is the thought of taking part in a work that affects large numbers. There are about sixteen hundred millions of human beings on the earth, gathered in habitats, and associated in races, nations and states, where the life of the individual touches in an almost unlimited number of ways the community in which he lives.

While, broadly speaking, the main function of the individual is production, for upon production is built the conditions of individual life; on the other hand, the affairs of the community and the opportunity of the individual are so inseparably joined that the former at once becomes a matter of vital importance, and should enlist the support of all.

The individual should make his life count for a maximum of useful service in the world, and to do this, I believe that everyone, man or woman, should take a keen and lively interest in public affairs. Every citizen, of either sex, in this sense, should be a politician, and make his or her influence count on the side of good government.

Particularly does this apply to the man who, from natural endowment, education, or force of circumstances, finds un-

usual opportunities for notable public service. To him the call is imperative, and it is his bounden duty to accept and to fill the wider sphere.

Politics, like any business or profession, should enlist the attention of just such men; for the representatives of the people in the government of the nation should be drawn from those who are ablest, the strongest, and of the best characters, irrespective of their walks in life.

A person thus going into politics for a career should, to my mind, place and keep always before him and uppermost in his mind the idea of service—service extending to his city, to his State, to his nation, and through his nation to the world at large.

There are mighty possibilities, far greater, I think, than most of us realize, for our country to influence the world at large. In fact, the happiness of the whole human race will be profoundly influenced by the interest which Americans take in the affairs of the world, and through the foreign policies to be adopted by Americans as a result of that interest.

I can unhesitatingly say that the opportunities for a young man in politics in America are far greater than can be found

in any other country or have been found at any time in the history of the world.

America may effectually advance the progress of free institutions in the world; she may effectually dictate peace to the world; she may inaugurate the adoption of a new principle in the treatment of the yellow and the black races by the white race, and in the relations of the white nations among themselves—namely, that right and even advantage lie, not in injury by war and bloodshed, or any other method, but by helping others, advancing the principle of the brotherhood of nations and the brotherhood of man.

It is essentially a life of sacrifice, but I think the thought of the possibility of our country influencing the world should be a supreme inspiration to Americans. As to the incidental features, I think, broadly speaking, that the man who proposes to make politics his special field should provide, if possible, a means of livelihood outside of the salary of political office, or else he should be prepared to live a frugal life. The men who have the means are certainly called upon to enter the race, and it will be a happy day for our country when the field of politics becomes the choice of those who stand in a position to select their life work.

UNIFYING INFLUENCE OF BRITISH COLONIAL CONFERENCE

By Hon. JOSEPH CHAMBERLAIN.

During these last few weeks I have been holding with the able and distinguished representatives of Great Britain's self-governing colonies a conference whose educational influence is bound to be almost as important as its substantial results, and in which we have interchanged free and frank communion on all matters of common interest.

One thing has struck me more than anything else in connection with this conference, and that is that those who represent the British dominions across the sea, whatever may be their individual differences or the differences of their respective countries in politics or circumstances, are all animated as are these in the mother country, and in at least an equal degree, by a patriotic desire to strengthen the lines which bind all together.

That is the goal to which we direct all our efforts. There are two main avenues to reach this end. It can be reached through imperial defense or through imperial trade.

I am not so foolish as to suppose that we could attain to an ideal with a single step. I am inclined to think that we in England are more advanced in these respects than even is public opinion in the colonies. It was not always so. There was a time when we were neglectful and unsympathetic and when talk was heard, in some quarters at any rate, about letting the colonies go.

All that has passed away. The colonies have our affection and regard, in full measure, and I think we are prepared to do even more in the way of consolidating the empire than perhaps has occurred to them; and I recognize that the two islands we call the United Kingdom, as they have the headship of the race, must be willing to bear the burden in even greater proportion than may be arithmetically their due.

If it be the fact that the protection we afford by our fleet, and the markets we open and obtain, do not bring us immediately an altogether corresponding return, I am not in the slightest degree discouraged. If we move slowly we are moving surely, and I have absolute confidence in the future.

I believe that this conference which we are holding will lead to great results, and will mark a considerable advance. The twentieth century heralds a new chapter in British history. No longer have we to read the annals of a kingdom—it is the history of an empire with which we have to deal. The work of this generation is to lay broad and deep the foundations upon which shall be built the edifice of our future greatness—and I feel that I can say with our own Milton:

"Methinks I see a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her like an eagle mewing her mighty youth and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full midday beam."

That is a promise which is open to us, a promise which Great Britain alone, or which the colonies alone, cannot achieve, but a promise of which nothing can deprive us if we are only true to ourselves and the high destiny which is placed within the reach of a noble ambition.

OCEAN SALVAGE SERVICE

A plan for building and running ocean steam lifeboats has been put forward by Henry F. Craggs, of the well-known shipbuilders of Middlesburgh, England. He calls it an "International Blue Cross Ocean Life and Salvage Service," and proposes that it take, to some extent, the place of the Red Cross in the army. It is not intended to anchor the boats in fixed stations, says the "New York Evening Post," as it would be manifestly impossible to do so in soundings running to thousands of fathoms, but to have each cruise within fixed limits of latitude and longitude, and announce from time to time in the maritime journals and almanacs the particulars of the cruise of each, so that when a ship goes to sea it will know where the boats will be found at certain times. The main idea is to establish at stated intervals along the most frequented of the water highways steam lifeboats of a type especially designed to withstand the stress of all weathers, and Mr. Craggs says that he believes that were it known to seamen that on a given date one of the lifeboats would be within sight of a certain fixed latitude and longitude, many crippled ships and crews who have had to abandon ships in their boats would be saved and accounted for.

of its intention to other ocean tracks. He proposes to raise \$1,500,000 by the issue of Blue Cross 24 per cent consols, the interest on which could be paid, and the working expenses of the fleet met, by the earnings from salvage and special awards. For subscribers to the capital Mr. Craggs looks to the marine insurance companies, which he thinks would surely come, as they would be the most ready to see the advantages of the plan. It is a novel scheme, and seems to have a sufficient amount of value to recommend some sort of a trial, particularly as it does not come from a tyro, but from a man who has spent his lifetime in designing, building, and sailing ships of all kinds.

PREVALENCE OF GLUTINION.

Edward Earle Purinton, son of President Purinton, of the West Virginia University, who has just completed a thirty days' fast, declares that three score and ten is a life limit fixed by human glutinon, and that men should live to be 200 years old. Mr. Purinton says his fast has more than fulfilled expectations, both physically and mentally. He swallowed nothing but acid fruit juice, which he classed as medicine and not food to the faster. He sums up his reasons in four words—resurrection, domination, delectation and Hismination.

"The voluntary fast," he says, "brings a mental control, a conscious power over the body. Dinner, disease and death are the logical triumvirate at whose slightest nod humanity's chief executioner—fear—smites down at 35 a man whose body should last at least 200 years, and then be transmuted into the universal, unswayed by the fleet shadows we call death. Break the shackles of meal time, evolve from the family table, forget the archaic dinner bell, let hunger alone dictate as to the time and choice and manner and amount in eating, and you have taken the first step toward individual growth."

BERLIN'S WOMAN'S CLUB

In Berlin one of the most helpful organizations for Europeans may be found in the "Hilfsverein," which is thirteen years old and has some 15,000 members. The members are women from every branch of mercantile and industrial employment; the few hundred free life members and associates are women of property, who pay a yearly fee of whatever size they originally choose. The association aims to better the chances of its members by technical education, to open the way to steady employment, to provide for them when ill or in temporary need, to stand behind them in all cases calling for legal redress, to add to their opportunities for wholesome pleasure, and to influence all employers toward desirable measures for the comfort and health of their working force.

There is an advisory board, consisting of five well-known men, drawn from the ranks of bankers, manufacturers, and city officials—all men of sound business sense and of genuine interest in the situation. Next comes the executive board of the club, of which the first president, the treasurer, and two advocates are men; the remaining seventeen members are women. There is also a committee for the care of the sick, which has charge of all money devoted to hospitals and pensions.

Acting under the direction of these committees, the association maintains an employment bureau, a whole system of information and assistance for vacations in the country, an office of legal advice, a very complete system of medical and surgical oversight, a branch for emergency cases and pension during lack of work, a series of lectures, entertainments, and instructive courses, special performances at the theater, a loan bank, etc., and has a surplus in the bank at the end of the year. In these particulars the "Hilfsverein" is much like our educational and industrial unions for women.—The Criterion.

ONE ON THE BARRISTER.

The English papers tell this story of an incident in a revision court:

A certain person who figured on the register was objected to by one of the agents, on the ground that he was a two-thousand-dollar mortgage on his good old Kansas farm.

Thereupon the agent on the other side rose and gave corroborative evidence as to the decease of the gentleman in question.

"And pray, sir, how do you know the man's dead?" demanded the barrister. "Well," was the reply, "I don't know. It's very difficult to prove."

"As I suspected," returned the irate barrister. "You don't know whether he's dead or not."

The barrister glanced triumphantly about the court. His expression gradually underwent a change as the witness coolly continued:

"I was saying, sir, that I don't know whether he is dead or not, but I do know this: They buried him about a month ago on suspicion."—New York Tribune.

THIRTEEN ON A QUARTER.

The commonest of all our silver coins is the 25-cent piece. In the words "quarter dollar" are thirteen letters. "E pluribus unum" contains thirteen letters. In the tail of the eagle are thirteen feathers and in the shield are thirteen lines. There are thirteen stars and thirteen arrowheads, and if you examine the bird through a microscope you will find thirteen feathers in its wing.

DE COURTIN' OB DE MORKIN' BIRD

Mistah Mork Bird swing on de tip-top limb, An' he sing: "High-er O! Come-a-high-er-o hee!" For he see Miss Mork Bird peep at him, W'en he sing: "High-er O! Come-a-high-er-o hee!" He love Miss Mork Bird, so he do; An' he know Miss Mork Bird love him, too; For she first look up, an' den look down, An' twis' huh neck, an' smooove huh gown; An' huh sweet l'il haht go pitty-patty-pat, As fas' as a woodpeck's r-r-rat-tat-tat; An' den she say: "Chirrr-ree! Chirrr-ree! Will you be true, dearr-ree? Chirrr-ree! Chirrr-ree!" Den he sing: "High-er O! Come-high-er-o hee!"

Magnolia blooms breave sweet, an' smile, W'en dey hear: "High-er O. Come-a-high-er-o hee!" De squirl' he laugh lak a cute 'I'll chile, W'en he hear "High-er O! Come-a-high-er-o hee!" De woodpeck's tips he bright red haf, An' tap he drum wid a r-r-rat-tat-tat; De tree toad flutah he thro: "Chirrr-rink!" An' de owl in de hole look wise an' wink; De frog he cough, an' de slim bluejay Break half in two w'en de mork bird say, Wid a trimbel sweet: "Dearr-ree! Chirrr-ree! I will be true, dearr-ree! Chirrr-ree! Chirrr-ree!" So come high-er-o! Come-a-high-er-o hee!" —W. W. Fink in The National.

THE BIBLE OF ZOROASTER

About a year ago an announcement was made of a rich gift to Columbia University of manuscripts of the Avesta, or Zoroastrian Bible, presented to Columbia by several Parsis of India, through their high priest, Dastur Kalkhosru Jamsasp of Bombay.

The crowning gem of the collection has now arrived in the form of a sixth and most precious codex of the Zoroastrian ritual, sent through the same distinguished high priest, for Prof. A. V. Williams Jackson to present to the library of the university.

This newest accession is a manuscript that is remarkable in many ways. It is nearly 500 years old, and it contains the Yasna, or liturgy, including also Zoroastrian hymns that are still chanted by the white-robed priests of the Indian Parsis, as they were more than twenty-five centuries ago in the table-land of ancient Iran.

As described in the monumental edition of the Avestan texts, by Prof. Goldner, of Berlin, this manuscript is known by the signatures, and it was some time the property of the Magian priest, M. Pauli. Beside its age and acknowledged merit, it is especially valuable because it contains in excellent form not only the original text of the liturgy in the sacred Zoroastrian language, but it is accompanied also by an old Sanskrit version of each sentence to aid in interpreting the original.

The great codex itself now comprises 160 folios, but three leaves have disappeared at the beginning, and they must have been missing generations ago. The manuscript is not bound, but consists literally of fugitive leaves, simply laid between sheets of thin paper, and often damaged or patched. But each of its pages is precious because of the excellence, accuracy, and independence of the reading.

THE WAY OF THE WORLD

By CLINTON COLLINS.

Old Josiah Havercomb had figured it down fine.

How certain things had got to happen at just a certain time. And so he went forthwith and placed—not thinking of the harm—A two-thousand-dollar mortgage on his good old Kansas farm.

Forthwith he bought a bicycle to give his big son, Ned, And for the smaller boy he got a drum, likewise a sled; A great big square "planner" he purchased for his Bess, And for his dear wife, Mandy, he got a new silk dress.

He put a new roof on the barn and built a wire fence, He fitted up the parlor quite regardless of expense; He got a new farm wagon, and tools without restraint, And had his house done over with three good new coats of paint.

This done, a rainstorm struck the house, which promptly lost its roof—Spilled everything about the place that wasn't waterproof; Dug all his vegetables up and broke down half his trees, And leveled all his growing crops as neatly as you please.

Not one thing that he'd figured out came just that way at all—A man who owed him some cold cash was crowded to the wall. His wife took sick, his big boy left; His troubles were complete. When the mortgage saw the crisis and started in to eat.

It really was a wonder for its strength of appetite.

Without the slightest effort it took everything in sight.

'T would masticate a kitchen stove, digest a hard steel saw, And never looked as if it had a thing in its great maw.

It ate the parlor furniture, and then the new farm cart, It swallowed the "planner" ere it fairly had a start; It ate the "taters" in the barrels, the onions in their sacks, Then all the winter vegetables, the hay out of its racks.

It went into the garden and devoured the growing crops, The juicy pear and apple trees it stripped clear to the tops; Ate up all the poultry and the live stock on the place, And then looked 'round for something more without a change of face.

It started on the garden tools, but Josiah called a halt;

He realized with them in hook he wasn't worth his salt.

He settled with the mortgage, in fear of future harm,

And thus he saved the family—though the mortgage got the farm. Now his works for Brother Josh, just came down the pike a piece, He doesn't do the "figurin'" and so his mind's at ease; And Bess, she bangs a typewriter, down at the village store; It's sweeter'n the "planner"—at least she likes it more.