

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.
Evening and Sunday, one year, \$7; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$1.75.
Sunday edition only, one year, \$1; six months, \$1; three months, 50 cents.

ALL WORK AND NO PLAY

The ruinous pace set by the business life of the average business man in this country is again brought startlingly to public attention by the sudden compulsory retirement of Charles Schwab, the president of the American Steel Trust, from all business occupations, and his enforced rest from all cares for an indefinite period. While it is understood that Mr. Schwab's case is not so serious as to preclude his eventual return to active work, yet it is quite likely that his present experience will convey a warning to go slower in the future which he will hardly let go unheeded.

must be paid sooner or later when her laws are disregarded. "All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy" is as true if applied to "the children of a larger growth" as to those still in knickerbockers. The American business man has not yet learned the lesson of alternating his strenuous life in the warehouse or the counting room with the daily recreative enjoyment of the gentler things; he has not even reached the point of leaving his business at his place of business; generally he takes it home with him, to his family or to his club. The result is that he talks and thinks "shop" when his mind should be absolutely free of all such engrossing thoughts.

THE DANGERS OF A POSTAL SAVINGS BANK SYSTEM

"Money is the commercial fertilizer. Take the money out of a community and its commercial soil will dry up and become barren from lack of nourishment."

By JOHN HARSEN RHOADES, President of the Greenwich Savings Bank, New York.

The present agitation over the Postal Savings Bank system is one of vital importance to all interested in the subject of savings banks and in the question of national and industrial thrift.

There are, to my mind, three very good and valid reasons why this new system of postal savings banks will never be a feasible one in this country.

First, because the money deposited should, so far as possible, be invested in or near the district in which it is collected, to be used directly and indirectly for the benefit of the depositors as a whole, and for the upbuilding of local communities all over the country. Especially is this true in connection with real estate loans where moneys borrowed go largely into building, thus giving the means for the employment of mechanics and tradespeople. As it is now, this is done. For instance, all of the real estate held as security for loans by the savings banks of the State of New York, amounting to \$464,000,000, is located in the districts where the deposits were originally made; in like manner the savings banks of Chicago are of benefit to their own district, as are those of Boston, of San Francisco, or any other city or town where a savings bank is located. In addition to this is involved the question of loans to municipalities; the largest creditors of New York city today are the savings banks located within the greater city, who are carrying \$80,000,000 of its debt, a sum so large that the common people, standing shoulder to shoulder by and through their thrift, could, if they chose, give

and get, a wholesome government at all times to this great city.

Money is the commercial fertilizer. Take the money out of a community and its commercial soil will dry up and become barren from lack of nourishment.

Now, by the provisions of the postal savings bank system, all of the moneys collected throughout the country are brought to a common center—Washington. And the various districts drawn upon are left without capital by so much as is deposited in the new postal savings system.

Secondly, by the constant changes in the administration at Washington our postmaster will but have mastered the intricacies of the banking laws sufficiently to make him an efficient public servant when he will be removed for another whose political following supplants that of his predecessor. In England and on the Continent the postmaster is in office for life, and his system of procedure is continued without change during his incumbency.

Then, too, our postmasters throughout the country are not trained bankers. Banking is a business by itself and is as different from that of the distribution of mail as the business of running a newspaper is from sailing a ship.

But to me the greatest danger of all is the—

Third and last reason for the non-adoption of the new system, namely: The inability of the Government to invest these vast sums thus collected and the consequent and natural jobbery or schemes by which the moneys may be invested.

LEGISLATION ON CLEANLINESS

The laws of cleanliness and the municipal regulations are slowly coming to coincide in some cities. The Orange, N. J., board of health has passed an ordinance requiring all barbers to wash all their utensils in boiling water before beginning business each morning; also requiring that every razor shall be washed in corrosive sublimate after each time of using. In the same place there is an ordinance requiring saloon and restaurant keepers to wash in water which has been used for no other purpose every glass or drinking vessel before serving a drink. For the violation of either of these ordinances there is a penalty of \$10.

This is all very good, especially if the legislation is enforced, which would seem a somewhat difficult matter. It might be cheaper for the barbers and restaurant keepers to pay a fine now and then than to comply with

the ordinance, for it must be remembered that in such businesses everything which adds to the work of the employes at a busy time of day means ultimately the employment of more help, and that costs money. However, it is not possible for public places to be too clean, and there is no danger that they will be for some time to come.

It should be remembered, however, that the danger which comes from indiscriminate use of drinking vessels is very small compared with that arising from impure foodstuffs, and over these there is practically no supervision in most places. Moreover, even if the local markets are controlled in the interests of health, there remain the great canning factories, which furnish a large part of the bill of fare of every hotel. It is of little use to keep the dishes clean and allow the food in them to remain unwholesome.

TURKEY QUITE UNABLE TO PAY HER DEBTS.

Interest in Young Turkey has been revived by the report of the discovery of a conspiracy among the Arab sheikhs in Constantinople, a dozen of whom have been banished. The conspirators are believed to have been the organs of the Young Turks in Europe, and the Sultan has, therefore, instructed the Porte and his representatives abroad to keep him informed of the movements of Young Turks.

The grand vizier has been unwell—his illness is said to have been of a diplomatic character—and in order to hasten his recovery, says a Constantinople letter in the "Philadelphia Ledger," the Sultan has presented him with a large sum. Said Pasha feels sorely his helplessness and powerlessness as grand vizier, and he is believed to retain his office, in which he is, like his predecessor, a mere figurehead, because of the financial advantages it procures to him. A Turkish grand vizier is paid better than an English prime minister, and, besides other advantages, he is very frequently the object of his sovereign's generosity. Said Pasha is somewhat of a miser, and he is even said to count every evening, before going to bed, the money that he has in his house.

Besides the grand vizier, the minister for foreign affairs, Tewfik Pasha, has received a valuable token of imperial favor and of recognition of his diplomatic successes. The Sultan has presented him with the mansion in which he now lives, and which has for the last fifteen years been the official residence of the Turkish foreign minister. It was built by Baron Blanc, formerly Italian ambassador here, and cost about \$40,000. On his departure from Constantinople the baron sold it to the government. The minister of finance is so hard up

that an irade issued a fortnight ago instructing him to pay a month's salary to State officials remains a dead letter. The garrison of Constantinople, which had given unmistakable signs of unrest owing to non-payment, received a month's pay yesterday; the necessary amount having been borrowed from the Tobacco Regie. This company is anxious to obtain an extension of the term of its concession, and, in the hope of winning the good graces of the Sultan and his government, it readily consented to advance \$250,000 to the treasury.

The civil functionaries, however, are not so fortunate, and they will have to wait until the minister of finance can scrape together the \$7120,000 required for the purpose. Messrs. Lorando and Tubini are also waiting for the payment of the fourth installment of the indemnity which the government has engaged to pay them, and the date for the fifth installment is fast approaching. The Porte has dropped the pretext that it retains the July installment as compensation for the arrears of taxation due by these gentlemen—a pretext which was wholly untenable in view of the terms of the agreement with France, but confesses its inability to pay, and promises to do so with the first money which comes to hand.

The unification scheme, of which we have heard so much of late, appears to have been shelved for the time being, and there is no longer any talk about it. It seems that in view of the pressing need for money the unification project has given way to the scheme for the conversion of the customs loan, because no ready cash is to be obtained from the unification, whereas nearly two millions would flow into the State coffers from the conversion.

THE SONG OF THE BOOKS

By ISABELLA R. HESS.

With eyes that were weary and red,
And a mind that was far from bright,
A man he sat by his study fire
In the lonesome hours of night.
Read! Read! Read!
So jaded and worn he looks
That I almost shrank as I heard
him sing
This mournful "Song of the Books."

Books, books, books!
On the table, shelf, and floor!
And books! books! books!
You can't even count them more!
And the presses work night and day,
And pour them out like a flood,
And they crash on us weary readers
With a great and awful thud.

Read! Read! Read!
You haven't got time to think!
Read! Read! Read!
You can't even stop to think!
For the books they pour right on
In a strong, resistless stream,
Till they fill the blessed hours of day,
And they color the nightly dream.

And you dream of the ladies and lords
With a stiff, uncommon way
That you learned to know in the novel
That you read but yesterday;
And you knew, as you turned the pages,
If they could come back to life
They'd finish that daring author
If they had to use a knife.

And the days of the dear old colonies!
You dream of them, every one!
For the quaint colonial novels
Are sold in the bulk by the ton!
And you blush as you dream about them,
For you never knew before
That Washington died at Gettysburg
In the French and Indian war.

And Benjamin Franklin, respected,
So dreadfully was he love-lorn
That he loved a historical lady
Twenty years before she was born.
And your dream is of crimson color,
For the pages with blood were dim,
And the hero had lives so many
That a cat wasn't in it with him.

O Thackeray, Dickens, and Eliot,
In bindings unfingered and prime,
Don't fancy that you are forgotten;
We'll read you whenever there's time!
Oh, books, books, books!
Historic, or gay, or sedate!
We can't read the best amongst you,
For we've got to be up to date!

And there are books of poetry, too,
Of their manifold wonders we've heard,
And we've got to wade through them all,
Tho' we don't understand a word.
O William the Great, of Avon!
Up there so calm on the shelf!
Why can't you be reincarnated
And teach them a thing yourself?

And the wondrous books with a purpose,
A full dozen score, or more,
That make you pore over questions
That ne'er troubled man before!
Has the spinster the right to marry?
Is Wagner good for the soul?
And if women are given the ballot
Should the babies go to the poll?

Oh, books! books! books!
It ends with a doleful wail!
Oh, books! books! books!
What an awful gruesome tale!
How the writers, they write! write!
And the printers, they print! print!
And the readers, they read! read!
And add to the publishers' mit.

O writer, with restless pen,
Have ye no heart in your breast?
And printer, with hungry press,
Don't you fancy that you need a rest?
Just give us a chance to breathe
Before you go at it again!
Do you think we are reading machines,
Or just plain, every-day men?

Oh, books! books! books!
What don't they do in your name?
Oh, books! books! books!
Who can it be that is to blame?
With brain that was all worn out,
And with wan and weary looks,
That man collapsed by his study fire
While singing the "Song of the Books."

—Jewish Messenger.

WHY MEN SNEER AT DECORATIONS

Are decorations—stars, garters, crosses, ribbons, all the various insignia of the so-called orders of chivalry—to be classified, not in jest, but in the serious language of the law, with children's toys? An issue on this point was made in the German Reichstag a few days since, and the ponderously minded member of that ponderous body were duly horrified at the scandalous nature of a proposition which in this country would perhaps receive a very general assent if a serious answer were ever called for. Alexander Pope was, however, ahead of the Berlin legislators in making this classification, and melodiously setting forth that while the child was "pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw," the "toy" of his later years was equally empty as to any quality save that of its appeal to his perverted fancy. Following him, the ribald muse has wellnigh laughed out of the field of serious consideration decorations of all sorts and styles.

And yet if a man has distinguished himself from his fellows by doing better than all the others in some great sphere of human activity, says a writer in "Harper's Weekly," is it not well that authority should signify this to the world at large? And if it is, what more convenient way is there to do this than that of the "decoration?" With the case presented in that form perhaps the most vitriolic cynic would admit that the decoration is a useful and commendable part of our social machinery. Shakespeare appreciated it justly. He said:

Signs of nobleness like stars shall shine
On all deservers.

And in his customary way he put his finger on the real point in the case in that word "deservers." There is where the ribaldry gets in its knife, for in about seven cases in ten the decoration is given without any regard whatever to desert; and the commonest thing in human experience is for desert to be neglected.

Ordinarily the deserfer does not clamor for reward. He is apt to be a proud man, a reserved man, a man with perhaps a rather extreme sense of his personal dignity. He does not wear his heart upon his sleeve. Having done his part in some perhaps magnificent achievement, he is satisfied, and maybe does not care for ribbons. Or if he gives any thought to them, he leaves that to authority; and authority, glad enough to be left to itself, gives him the go-by and bestows its next decoration upon his majesty's dentist, or upon the man who has invented the perfume that pleases the crown prince, or upon the great chiropodist without whom the royal feet would be impossible. This is the trouble with decorations, and this is why men sneer at them, and justly contemplate them as trivial baubles whose main purpose is to please shallow-minded persons.

RECOLLECTIONS OF GEORGE ELIOT

Between 1852 and 1854 I lived at John Chapman's house, No. 142 Strand, says W. Hale White, in the "Bookman." George Eliot, or rather Miss Evans, lived there at that time. Chapman published free-thought books, mostly on communism. Very few of them, I need hardly say, paid their expenses. He had recently become the proprietor of the "Westminster Review." This also did not pay, and he borrowed money on it all round from his friends. He engaged Miss Evans as sub-editor. She had a dark room at the end of a long, dark passage, and in that room I have read proofs to her. My own room, the quietest I have known in London, or out of it, was over hers, and looked across the river to the Norwood Hills. Mrs. Chapman kept an American boarding house, and her family, Chapman's staff, and the visitors had meals together. I remember vividly the day on which I came to No. 142 and had luncheon there. Miss Evans sat opposite to me. I was a mere youth, a stranger, awkward and shy. She was then almost unknown to the world, but I had sense enough to discern she was a remarkable creature. I was grateful to her, because she replied even with eagerness to a trifling remark I happened to make and gave it some importance. That was always her way. If there was any sincerity (an indispensable qualification) in the person with whom she came into contact she strove to elicit his best, and generally disclosed to him something in himself of which he was not aware. I have never seen anybody whose search for the meaning and worth of persons and things was so unrelenting as hers. The traveling American was not very interesting, but even from him she managed to extract whatever gave him a title to existence. She had little notebooks, in which she jotted down whatever struck her. Passages she had read which she had not been able to understand were also put down and looked up at her leisure. These notebooks, many of them at any rate, are still in existence. The style of Miss Evans' conversation was perfect; it was quite natural, but never slipshod, and the force and sharpness of her thought were never lost in worn phrases. She was attractive personally. Her hair was particularly beautiful, and in her gray eyes there was a curiously shifting light, generally soft and tender, but convertible into the keenest flash.

The likeness by Sir Frederick Burton is good, but it gives permanence to that which was not permanent in her face. It lacks the generality combined with particularity which we find in portraits by the greatest masters.

I fancy that one of the reasons why she and Chapman did not agree was that she did not like his somewhat disorderly habits. She has been accused of "respectability." Even Sir Leslie Stephen, in his scholarly essay, describes her as "eminently respectable." It is not very easy to understand what is meant by this word. If there is any meaning in it worth preservation it is conformity to usage merely for the sake of conformity, and perhaps, more precisely, it is mental compromise. I deny that in either of these senses George Eliot was "respectable." She never terminated inquiry till she had gone as far as her powerful intellect permitted her to go, and she never refused to act upon her investigation. If she did not outrage the world by indecency it was not because she was "respectable," but because she had not deduced indecency as the final outcome of thinking or the highest achievement of art. She delighted in music, and played Beethoven, one evening, as I shall never forget, to me alone. She was not, I suppose, a first-rate performer, but she more than satisfied me, and I was, I am afraid, a little incoherent in my thanks. A favorite composer with her was Gluck, and it was she who introduced me to Orfeo. She was generous to a degree which nobody now living can measure, and she not only gave money to necessitous friends, but took pains to serve them. Years after I had left Chapman's I wrote her asking if she could assist a poor man of letters whom we both knew, and she got work for him.

QUESTION OF TEMPERANCE.

"Not much in this life," complained the chronic kicker; "not much for me. Everybody else I know seems to get along, but I'm out in the cold."
"Well, that won't happen to you in the life to come," remarked sly Mr. Pepprey.

A DISTINCT ADVANTAGE.

She (thoughtfully)—I beg, your pardon, sir, you have the advantage of me.
He (jauntily)—I should say I had. I am the fellow you jilted ten years ago.

EPITOME

One can't judge a man by his coat; his necktie is a much better criterion.

Women have twice as many troubles as men, for they have twice as many clothes.

You can best judge of a man's friends by the umbrella he carries.

The nearer in dress, manner and speech woman gets to man, the farther man gets from woman.

The most pitiful sight in the world is a man who has exhausted life at twenty-five.

A true marriage is perfect happiness—and there is no such thing as perfect happiness in this world.

The man who steals a million dollars, and endows a church with 50,000 of it, affords the devil great amusement.

The quickest way for one woman to get into another woman's favor is to appear to be jealous of her.

In these days of social enlightenment wealth's only salvation is sacrifice; if wealth tries to save too much it will lose all.

The man who says he is a gentleman has gone a long way toward disproving it.

It is lucky for the world that all the advice that is given is not followed.

Promptness is often a mistake. If you do not believe it, recall the fate of the early worm. Many men have succeeded because they hesitated at the right time.

TOLD OF THE KING.

Gen. Thomas L. James has a good story to tell in the "Utica Observer" of the incident which occurred during the visit of the present King of England to this country in 1869. Col. George Bliss, who, at that time, was Governor Morgan's private secretary, was detailed by the governor to meet the prince and his suite in New York and accompany them to the capitol of the State at Albany. The party left by the famous steamboat Daniel Drew. A foreign steamer had just arrived and a number of letters were handed to the prince just as the steamboat left the landing. He was so busy reading them and dictating replies to his secretary, being seated in the wheel house, that when the boat arrived at Poughkeepsie, where a large crowd had assembled, he declined to show himself, saying that he was too busy and that his mind was too much occupied with his correspondence. The Duke of Newcastle, who was in charge of the party, urged him to go out on the paddle-box and exhibit himself, but he declined. "Let Colonel Bliss appear in my stead," and, so, that the crowd should not be disappointed, the gallant colonel did go out and stood on the paddle-box. He was taken for the prince and was received with enthusiastic cheering, and bowed his acknowledgments as the steamer left the dock. Few if any in the crowd knew that it was not the prince upon whom it was bestowing its plaudits.—Leslie's Weekly.

NOISE.

An addiction for loud, harsh noises is probably at base a disclosure of the physical courage that has no nerves. There is nothing in noise itself that pleases. On the contrary, those of strong nerves it shatters in time, and those of sensitive make-up it kills. The eternal uproar in our cities sends many to hospitals, to country sanitariums and to the cemetery. No good is accomplished by it, most of it is preventable and needless, and the tendency is always to make those who make it coarse and harsh themselves.—Brooklyn Eagle.

IF WILLIE WERE KING

I wish I'd be a king awhile—I bet you then they'd be
A lot of things made different that don't seem right to me.
I'd fix it so a boy could play till 10 o'clock at night
And never haft to go to bed alone without a light;
And right in our back yard I'd have a lake all filled with fish,
Where I could go and hook them out whenever I would wish.

And there's a boy in Sunday school who has a pa that's sad
And drinks and gets in jail and makes his mother awful sad—
He never has new clo's to wear, and one time when he cried
Right out in Sunday school, when I was settin' by his side,
The teacher ast him what was wrong, and so he said his pa
The night before had pounded him and nearly killed his ma.

If I was king I'd go and find the boys that's used that way
And send their pa's far off some place where they would have to stay,
And then I'd send their ma's and them new things to wear and eat
And build new houses so they'd all live on a better street—
I'd make them all so glad, I bet, they'd never cry no more
With places on their arms and legs all black and blue and sore.

And there's a little girl I know that has no pa at all,
And she can't walk, because one time her brother let her fall—
I'd buy a pony cart for her, all soft and nice inside,
And make her just as glad as though her pa had never died,
And I'd put up a castle here, so ma'd not feet so bad
Because our house was not so grand as what the Bronsons had.

I wish that I could be a king—there's lots I'd like to do:
Aunt Liza's teeth don't seem to fit—I'd get her some that's new;
I'd fix it so a boy could go wherever he would please,
And not get whipped because he tore his trousers climbin' trees,
But, oh! the best of all the things I'd do would be to let
Boys always eat their pie before the other things were et.

MACKAY AND OCHILTREE.

Of the late John W. Mackay's characteristic name was more continually conspicuous than the unaffected modesty of the man. Anything approaching flattery was an affliction. One evening up at the old Windsor Hotel, seated with a group of men of affairs and good friends, something was disclosed of one of his current accomplishments, some extraordinary progress made in telegraph and cable enterprise, the consequence of which challenged Col. Tom Ochiltree, the genuineness of whose admiration was never questionable, into the enthusiastic ejaculation:

"By the aboriginal, John, you are the eighth wonder of the world."
"Oh, no, not so bad as that," answered Mackay, showing amusement, "only the ninth, only the ninth. The eighth wonder is bigger than any other things this continent will ever see."
"And what was that?" demanded the bonfire-complexioned Texan. "What the devil is the eighth wonder, then?"
"The man with the ball-bearing jaw," quoth Mackay.

"Durned if I see the point," vowed Colonel Ochiltree. At least that is what he said, for at the moment the Ochiltree voice had been drowned in a merry shout that filled the big, broad corridor.—Boston Journal.

TILL THE WIND GETS RIGHT.

Oh, the breeze is blowin' balmy
And the sun is in a haze;
There's a cloud jest givin' coolness
To the laziest of days.
There are crowds upon the lakeside,
But the fish refuse to bite,
So I'll wait and go a-fishin'
When the winds gets right.

And my boat tugs at her anchor,
Eager now to kiss the spray;
While the little waves are callin'
"Drowsy sailor, come away!"
There's a harbor for the happy,
And its sheen is just in sight,
But I won't set sail to get there
Till the wind gets right.

That's my trouble, too, I reckon;
I've been waitin' all too long,
Tho' the days were always pleasant,
Still the wind is always wrong.
An' when Gabriel blows his trumpet,
In the day or in the night,
I will still be found awaitin'
Till the wind gets right.

—The Chicago News.

A Frost.
St. Louis Globe-Democrat—Nebraska reports the first frost of the season in the West. It is apparent that Colonel Bryan intends to duplicate his record of 1890.

LIGHTHOUSE MEN FORGOTTEN.

Lighthouse keepers on Percy Island, off the coast of Queensland, in 1900 were forgotten for months by the government authorities, says the "New York Tribune." The food supply of Percy Island is supposed to be delivered once a quarter, but no food arrived at the island after the first week in June until a British sloop chanced to pass in October. The islanders, twenty in number, who were delirious from lack of food, managed to haul the vessel, which left behind an ample supply of provisions, and reminded the Queensland government of the lighthouse men, whose existence it had forgotten.

THE REASON WHY.

Judge Henry McGinn, who was recently elected State Senator in Portland, Ore., tells this story: Two days after the last election, when the returns showed a very close race between McGinn and Dr. Harry Lane, two Irishmen met. One asked the other:
"How is it, Mike, that in so many votes it should be nick an' nick between Hinnery and Dock Lane?"
"Well, I'll tell ye," was the answer. "They're both very onpiller min, an' if ye knowed wan, ye'd be certain to vote for th' other, an' both as thin as a d—d well knowa."—New York Tribune.