

THE EVENING TIMES.

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A GREAT POSTAL CONVENIENCE

The suggestion made by Assistant Postmaster General Shallenberger in regard to the introduction of a return-letter postage system for the convenience of foreign correspondence has been advanced by some of his predecessors in office. It is greatly favored by business houses having extended relations with foreign countries, and it is in every way a common sense proposition. The idea, however, has not thus far commended itself to the postal authorities of other nations, and, desirable though the innovation would be, it is doubtful if the near future will see its introduction. The reason for this aversion on the part of other countries is not far to seek. It is to be found in the fact that each one of them is afraid of the loss of postal revenues which might result. Supposing, for instance, that such an arrangement existed between this country and Germany and one hundred thousand prepaid envelopes were sent from here to Germany, while only half that number were sent from there to the United States, it will be seen that to this extent the German postal revenues would be loser. Mr. Shal-

lenberger proposes to overcome this objection by keeping an account of the number of prepaid envelopes received in each country becoming a party to the suggested system, and to balance the account annually by remittances in the manner now in vogue in the interchange of international postal money orders. It is quite probable, however, that this proposition will be met with the objection that it would involve a troublesome and expensive system of bookkeeping, and if there is any one thing that European governments shun more than anything else it is the incurring of expenses to which they have not been accustomed. However desirable, from more than one point of view, the suggested innovation would be, the objection to it heretofore displayed by even the governments of Great Britain, Germany, and France does not augur well for its adoption by those countries in the near future, and much less, of course, for its general acceptance by all the countries composing the International Postal Union. It may come some time; probably it will; but a campaign of education will be necessary to achieve it.

"THE LIGHTNING LUNCH"

The latest thing "on" Erie Avenue just now is the "Lightning Lunch." It is calculated that a practiced Chicagoan can "do" its prescribed course in the "inside of a minute." --Daily Paper.

A Chicago man rattles ahead at a pace
 At which a mere Londoner reels,
 And, in proof of his haste
 For an ill-advised taste,
 Has a habit of rushing his meals.
 He esteems it bad form, and old-fogeyish, too,
 To sit down at a table and munch;
 In Chicago, you know,
 It is quite comme-il-faut
 To go in for the "Lightning Lunch."
 There is nothing more chic,
 Nor more Yankee-like "slick,"
 Than an up-to-date "Lightning Lunch!"

Their soup in the form of a capsule they bolt,
 Their fish course they suck from a quill;
 Concentrated beefsteak
 They're enabled to take
 In the shape of a rather large pill;
 Mutton chops are condensed into wafers with ease,
 There is nothing to chew or to crunch;
 And a lozenge completes,
 If they're anxious for "sweets,"
 What's comprised in a "Lightning Lunch."
 And they're able to boast,
 In a minute at most,
 They can tackle the "Lightning Lunch."

None the less let us hope that the plan will not spread,
 For, whatever the Yankees may do,
 We have not the least wish
 To consume soup and fish
 In the form of a pellet or two.
 We should not be content with a tabloid for tea,
 Though the notion seems funny to "Punch,"
 And we firmly decline
 Upon globules to dine,
 Or to lozenges suck for our lunch.
 If Chicago reveals
 A desire for such meals,
 Let her stick to her "Lightning Lunch!"

There is not the least doubt that some time may be saved
 Where one's food in this way is obtained,
 But, admitting 'tis so,
 We should much like to know
 What is done with the leisure thus gained.
 Because, if it's spent in a sordid attempt
 Further dollars together to lurch,
 We can only deplore
 "Filthy Lucre" should score
 At the cost of the maltreated lunch;
 And shall do all we can
 To keep under a ban
 The ent of the "Lightning Lunch!"

—London Truth.

WHY MEN GET MARRIED: THEY NEED SOMEONE TO CONFIDE IN

By THOMAS Q. SEABROOKE.

"When the heat and dust of the day's business battle are over, how good to have one true woman, who has sat apart in the calm shade, to advise the man with loving, cool, and unprejudiced judgment!"

For longer or shorter, every man is once a bachelor, and as the world therefore has been, and is, full of experience of the single state, it is a curious fact that there should be almost universal ignorance today as to what is the most oppressive woe of bachelorhood—the one which most effectively suggests matrimony. Love-hunger, says the average sentimentalist; instinct, cries the philosopher. Both are wrong. Men who devote themselves to the religious life are very happy in their singleness, because the great, compelling need of a wife is not theirs. It is the necessity of having one true friend and confidante in the busy bustle of worldly life. Advisedly I speak of this true friend as a woman. She is always the mother or the wife. When the heat and dust of the day's battle in business competition are over, how good it must be to have one true woman, who has sat apart in the calm shade, to advise the man with loving, cool, and unprejudiced judgment! When undecided as to how to act in any coming crisis, how certain it is that her natural timidity will gently lead him into the safe, conservative path! When anger or misfortune comes upon him, how sweet her soothing word, how encouraging the touch of her loyal hand!

To his mother goes the wifeless for these comforts, advice, and encouragements, but the mother-care and the mother-love are usually divided between many, and besides, it is in the destiny of human nature that she shall not long outlast her children's prime. It is in search of

an interest in him as true and lasting as hers, that will bourgeois consolations, helps, and guidances that a man seeks a daughter of a stranger and makes her his wife. There is more moral help to a man in the habit of confiding to a woman all his deeds of today and his plans and hopes for tomorrow than the motherless bachelor can understand. While a man's unbosoming of himself to his mother or wife is full and free, he has the protection of a second guardian angel; the remembrance of such a habit will hold him back from wrongdoing even when tempted sorely. Cultivation of a custom of confiding in another man, even in a father, would not have the same effect. That man's moral perceptions, not being as fine and sensitive as a woman's, would connive at what she would condemn, would garner a smile where she would wear a shudder. And in the field of material struggle his aggressiveness would advise the peril which her fears would counsel safely against.

The mother is loyal till death, because of a beautiful instinct which can never be too much praised. The true wife is the second mother, loyal and trustworthy, for a widely different cause. She is part of her husband; his success or failure, his griefs and joys are among the possessions that with him she is to have and to hold. So when barren bachelorhood realizes the many blessings of having womanliness to confide in through life, there is courting and a wedding and an adding to the sum of human happiness.

A FIELD FOR REFORM-- THE EVIL OF DRUG-TAKING

By GEORGE DOUGLASS.

The man or woman who is the victim of drugs is to be pitied, for nine times out of ten the habit can be traced to careless professional treatment. During the past ten years I have come in contact with any number of the "dope" fiends, and with few exceptions they all told the same story: "I was suffering intense pain; my doctor gave me a hyperdermic injection; I experienced ease and quiet. The pain returned, another injection, until, at last, I became a victim."

They all tell the same story with now and then a slight variation. All of them, however, are not slaves to the hypodermic. Some dissolve the tablet in their mouth, some chew opium, others use cocaine. Then, again, there are the Jamaica ginger fiends, the paragoric fiends, the cologne drinkers, and the patent medicine fiend.

The effect of the spirits is more decided than whisky; it kills the victim suddenly. A man may have the arsenic habit. He trains or educates his system to the point that he can take a dose of the poison, enough to kill several people, two and three times a day. One day, however, he leaves home in the morning apparently well. Later in the day he drops dead on the street and heart failure is ascribed as the cause.

It is my belief that physicians make a great mistake by being so free with the hypodermic injection, for it is responsible in a very large degree for the increasing prevalence of the drug-fiend.

The advocate of prohibition ought to take the matter in hand.

MEN'S CLOTHING AS A CLUE TO NATIONALITY

There is no mistaking the American when he wears the clothes he brought with him, says the "Tailor and Cutter." He almost always wears a jacket of the lounge type, which somehow seems cut with the special object of making him appear to have very round and uncommonly fat shoulders. The jacket hangs away at the waist, and this, together with his singular fondness for straw hats, which, both in shape and texture, suggest the idea of a carving from a cornucopia, gives a dumpyness to the figure which is still further accentuated by the closeness of the fit in the trouser legs.

The Frenchman favors fancy vests of wonderful elaboration. He wears a frock coat with short skirts and is fond of a lot of trimming on the collar and lapel. The coat grips at the waist like a belt, and the skirt springs out like an infant crinoline over the taggiest part of his very baggy trousers, which, by the way, come in suddenly at the foot and look not unlike knickerbockers which have been left growing too long and have reached to the ankle instead of to the knee. His hat is usually a silk one, but it is flat-brimmed and of a pyramidal shape, such as is traditionally supposed to have been once worn by Welsh women and Irish gentlemen of the Kyrle Daly and Hardress Cragg period. He also wears an extraordinarily ample black silk tie, which of itself would be a sufficiently distinguishing feature.

The Germans are more bulky as regards physique than most of the Continentals, and carry themselves with an uprightness which suggests military training. They are broad of shoulder and deep of chest, and they favor the morning coat suit which English tailors, if they are wise, recommend to those of their customers who are stoutly made. The cut of their clothes follows English lines; in fact, were it not for the prevalence of Prussian blue as the dominant color of the material it would be difficult to say in what respect any decided marks of distinction could be found.

The Danes and Swedes are fond of blue cloth, and in most of their suits the evidence of real good, old-fashioned tailoring is noticeable. Their garments appear to be mostly hand-sewn, and though the cutting in most cases is indifferent, it is easy to understand, when looking at the garments, how it is that so many of the West End workhops, especially in the ladies' trades, employ workmen who learned their tailoring in Denmark and the adjacent peninsula.

EXPERTS IN DEMAND.

A thoughtful writer has reviewed, in a current educational journal, the newer callings into which men and women of culture and character have been pushing of late, says the "Boston Transcript."

When all the well-known professions and avocations of work are so crowded that the competition for positions has become tremendous it is a relief to know that an expansion is constantly taking place, opening new forms of service to the skilled and competent. There exist certain fields, the writer declares, in which at the present time it is impossible to obtain enough trained persons for the positions offered. Foremost of these is the teaching of special branches in the higher educational institutions, a demand which is constantly increasing and broadening.

The new agriculture, forestry, the experiment stations, and laboratories have created a demand for a considerable number of specially trained teachers as agriculturists, horticulturists, pomologists, entomologists, dairy experts, biologists, plant pathologists, bacteriologists, etc. In every large city there is some demand, it is stated, for expert chemists, geologists, prospectors, microscopists, etc. The work along these lines is now mainly done by college professors, but a few persons have already opened private offices with success. Chemists are needed in hundreds of manufacturing establishments. An inviting field for expert mathematicians is found in the Coast and Geological Surveys of the National Government and in the offices of the great life insurance companies, where they serve as actuaries.

It is pointed out that the United States Weather Bureau also employs a considerable number of trained men. The demand for competent lecturers in university extension, in teachers' institutes, and farmers' institutes for popular instruction in science, literature, history, and economy has never yet been filled. The position of health officer in city and State is a recognized post of responsibility, requiring great knowledge and power on the part of the incumbent. As librarians, statesmen, journalists, diplomats in railroad work, in commerce, in religious and reform work, it is well known that the college-bred men and women are fulfilling their prerogatives in posts of great usefulness and power. The summary is significant and seems to show conclusively that the expansion of professional occupation for the educated is keeping pace in a cheerful measure with the increasing output of trained men and women.

FRUITAGE

By CHARLES W. STEVENSON.

Now have ripe fruits drawn their fill
 Deep out of earth and the sun-thrilled air.
 Dewy morn's dawn!—stately, still,
 Noon's drowse down in the white-hot flare.
 Wind-blown twilights, sowing thick stars,
 Over lone fields, late shorn of gold,
 Shadow old faces at orchard bars
 Telling the harvest tales long grown old.

Wings of flight on the water's edge;
 Wings of flame on the flower's rim;
 A boy asleep in the shade of the hedge,
 Mother-birds fluttering over him.
 Haze on the golden afternoon!
 Tinkle of bells where the cattle roam.
 And, to the housewife's busy croon,
 Happy thoughts of the harvest-home!

So, too, sits on the careworn face,
 Furred by tears in the hard years gone,
 Sweet content, with a hallowing grace!—
 Peace, for plenty! as death draws on.
 Wisdom it is that waits and works!
 Pleasure smiles when it cometh late.
 Under the dark earth fruitage lurks!
 Harsh on shore doth the keel oft grate!

—New Orleans Times Democrat.

PATENT FOODS

In a lecture delivered before the Southwest London Medical Society, Dr. Robert Hutchinson has been doing his best to smash some popular idols, says the "London Telegraph." He asks at the outset what is the necessity for patent foods at all, and, although he admits that there are certain scientific conditions which might justify their existence, he proceeds roundly to declare that "not one of them is worth the money asked for it." In one much-used food there are six units of energy for a shilling, in another nine, and in another sixteen and a half, while in a "shilling's worth of meat there are 111, of eggs 1,965; of milk, 3,440, and of sugar nearly 5,000.

Even in the matter of compactness, says Dr. Hutchinson, artificial foods, as given to the patient, do not compare favorably with many natural foods. For example, if it is a question of giving sugar, a pound of honey, at 9d, is a better source of sugar than a pound of malt extract at 8s. Again, take cod liver oil emulsions, as a means of administering fat. "In cream you get a more valuable substance, because ordinary cream contains more than 50 per cent of fat, and butter fat is as easily digested and absorbed as the fat of cod liver oil, besides being much more palatable and considerably cheaper."

There are emulsions of lard, but they are no richer in fat than butter, which contains 80 per cent. Again, there are other foods, combining fat and carbohydrates, or sugar, which cost 5d or 9d for two ounces, but chocolate contains more of both, and common Everton coffee consists of equal quantities of fat and carbohydrate without water. So the doctor goes on, saying grievous things of many products we look on with great respect, but he observes for the comfort of the manufacturers that human nature is the same as in the days when Naaman, the leper, refused to bathe in Jordan, considering the cure too simple. If you tell a man to drink milk or to take any ordinary food he will probably pay no heed to your advice, but if you tell him to take so-and-so's patent food, which he has some trouble to get, and for which he has to pay a good deal, then he will diligently take large quantities of it, and boast that he is doing so. At the same time, there is no doubt that in the vastly com-

An Imaginary War Poem.

By JOSH WINK.

There is tumult in the offing;
 There is cheering on the shore;
 And they've silenced all the scuffling
 With the big guns' fancied roar.
 Now the coast has been defended
 And the supposititious foe
 Found his strategems were ended
 Near the reef of Norman's bow.

'Twas 4:30 in the morning,
 When the lookout saw afar
 Something that called forth the warning
 "Clear for action! Here they are!"
 Then, in thought, there came a rattle,
 And the sea began to boil,
 While the terrorizing battle
 Went, according unto Hoyle.

Everything was handled fussless—
 Fighting Bob was nowhere near,
 So the brief affray was fussless,
 And no bluff could appear.
 It was awful, technically,
 How we swooped upon their line,
 Giving them no time to rally,
 Driving them across the brine.

Theoretically bloody,
 Our imaginary clash,
 Till the sea, in thought, was ruddy,
 From our sanguinary dash.
 From the foe came "I surrender!
 I surrender, ere I sink!"
 Then we called, in accents tender,
 "Come aboard and have a drink!"

Thus we fully demonstrated
 By a diagram or so,
 We could get ourselves located
 Near a theoretic foe.

There is tumult in the offing;
 There is cheering on the shore;
 For the merry game of golfing
 Will be taken up once more.

—Baltimore American.

AMERICAN AFFECTION FOR BEAUTIES OF THE FOREST

By EBEN GREENOUGH SCOTT.

Of all the forest-loving races of Europe, none has sought the woods for the woods' sake, like unto the English-speaking people; nor has any ever afforded the spectacle of an annual migration to the wilderness in such magnitude as do the Americans of today. They go with the eagerness of hounds loosed from the leash, and, buoyant with the spirit of adventure, accept adventure's strokes or rewards with the indifference or delight of a knight of La Mancha.

Nor have the Americans stayed at the mere enjoyment of their adventure; they have embodied it in their literature. They have been the first people to introduce into fiction the life, savage and civilized, of the forest, and to portray in classical accents the real life of the woods, the lakes and the plains. Their first novelist of reputation, Cooper, laid his scenes in the forests of the upper Hudson, of the Susquehanna, and in the Oak Openings of Michigan; Irving descends the Big Horn in a bull-boat, and follows the adventurers across the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, and through the desolation of Snake River to the Oregon; and Parkman, enlightened by his tribeship with the Ogalallas, has ended history with the spirit of the wilderness, and has drawn inspiration from its woods and streams.

The greatest and best of the Americans, their writers, poets, philosophers, and statesmen, all have worshiped Great Pan in his groves. Bryant, Lowell, Emerson, Agassiz, made annual pilgrimages to the woods; Webster composed a part of his Bunker Hill Monument oration on a trout stream; death overtook Governor Russell on the banks of a salmon river; and the President of the United States was called out of the Adirondacks to assume his office, while President Harrison the moment his duties were done, turned his back on the White House and sought repose in a cabin on the Fulton Chain.

These are a few only of the worthies of our land out of the great number who have hied to the woods for recreation, observation, and inspiration; who, indeed, have gone into the woods for the woods' sake. We can say of the American forest what Jacques du Bois said of the forest of Arden: Men of great worth resorted to this forest every day.—The Atlantic.

THE LOVE OF THE TEUTON FOR THE GREATEST OF BARDS

At Weimar, where Rietschel's famous "double monument" of Goethe and Schiller stands, Shakespeare is soon to have his place, says the "Fall Mail Gazette." Subscriptions for his statue are at present going on. The very active "German Shakespeare Society" has just issued, in its Yearbook, a statistical survey of the representations of the works of the great English dramatist on German stages last year. It appears from it that 163 theatrical associations have given, during 1901, not less than 879 representations of twenty-five dramas of Shakespeare, namely: "Othello," 134 times; "The Merchant of Venice," 115; "Romeo and Juliet," 83; "A Midsummer Night's Dream," 79; "Taming of the Shrew," 74; "Much Ado About Nothing," 66; "As You Like It," 44; "Winter's Tale," 42; "Macbeth," 40; "King Richard III.," 32; "King Lear," 28; "Comedy of Errors," 22; "Julius Caesar," 21; "King Henry VIII.," 9; "King Henry IV.," first part, 8; "King Richard II.," 7; "King Henry IV.," second part, 5; "The Merry Wives of Windsor," 5; "Measure for Measure," 4; "Anthony and Cleopatra," 3; "King John," 2; "King Henry V.," 1; "Timon of Athens," 1; and "Coriolanus," 1.

This number of representations, in which the stages of German Austria and the German speaking part of Switzerland are not included, is the more noteworthy when it is remembered that it is not the custom of German theaters to have pieces running consecutively for a length of time.

POLITICAL AMENITIES A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

The following appeared in the "London Times" of 1802:

After the late election for Norwich, Mr. Windham happening to meet one of the electors, was told by him his reasons for not voting for him. In the first place, he did not like him; and, in the second, his aversion arose from his being a turn-out, and many more observations equally affronting. Mr. Windham replied very coolly: "You do this, sir, to put me off my guard, but I am collected, and though the laws of courtesy bid me knock you down, yet, as you have before voted for me, and as I think it may teach you how to behave in future, I shall only pull your nose," which he did, by ringing it well.

Where Government's Power Fails.

Baltimore American—Uncle Sam may rule the destinies of nations, but he can't make a woman wear her hair in an unbecoming fashion.

INDIA'S MANY HOLIDAYS.

Cawnpore has the proud satisfaction (or otherwise) of knowing that it has more bank holidays than any other big town in India, says the "Bangkok Times." Omitting Sundays, Cawnpore last year had thirty-three, Bombay twenty-six, Calcutta twenty-four, and Madras twenty official holidays. The amount, as far as Cawnpore is concerned, is thought excessive by many, for business reasons.

BACHELORS TO THE FORE.

Mr. Balfour is the first bachelor premier since Pitt, says the "London Daily Chronicle." With him are Lord Kitchener and Lord Milner to represent celibacy in war and statesmanship, while the bishop of London waves the banner of bachelorhood in the church. Lord Kitchener's preference for unmarried officers is notorious. The feminine preference for officers is equally well known. It will be an exciting match.