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SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS, POSTAGE PREPAID

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CLEANLINESS

No city can be really beautiful without being clean. A well-ordered municipality is a joy to the citizen, and much of Washington's attractiveness is due to the fact that, like a good housewife, the authorities are ever striving to keep it looking spick and span.

Mr. Warner Stutler, Superintendent of the Street-Cleaning Department, has just submitted his report of operations during the past fiscal year, and the report indicates that as much as possible has been accomplished by the money set aside for the purpose.

Time was when the people were not educated up to the belief that an immense street-cleaning fund was a good investment. It is not so many years since the call for hundreds of thousands of dollars for such a purpose would have inspired a protest against a profligate use of money. But we know more about the value of sanitation than they did in the olden time

and, as a matter of fact, growth, concentration of population, and changed conditions have made it essential.

The cleaning system in the Capital has been made a great convenience to the householders and more and more of them are realizing it year by year. The removal of all sorts of waste by contract keeps the premises of the city purified and gives everybody the opportunity to serve the cause of sanitation by having his own little bailiwick in an orderly condition.

Mr. Stutler asks for \$458,500 for the next fiscal year. The expansion of the city and the increased use of facilities for disposing of waste have called for much more work in order to meet the demands of the situation. Whatever it costs to keep the Capital clean, there will be few to find fault so long as the work is well done and the fund is, as is shown by the detailed reports, intelligently disbursed.

Factors in the Growth of Cities

"People should refuse, if possible, to live in unhealthy neighborhoods. It is better to pay high rent than large doctor's bills."

By L. L.

It has been a curious fact, in the past, that cities have seldom grown in the direction anticipated by their founders. The population has persisted in taking a track of its own.

Of late, however, there have been tendencies which indicate that it may be more possible to predict the direction in which a city will grow in the future, than it has been in the past. Chief of these is the increased attention given to sanitation.

The modern householder takes into consideration, when renting or buying a house, the healthfulness of its location; and it is not too much to say that until about fifty years ago nobody ever thought of such a thing. Sanitation would drive people out of a neighborhood a good deal quicker than a run of typhoid fever.

It follows, therefore, that a person shrewd in the selection of healthful localities can tell pretty accurately in which direction the city of the future will expand. Nothing is likely to interfere with his calculations unless it be the artificial operations of capitalists on a large scale.

If it happens to be to the interest of a rich and unscrupulous man to sell a great deal of land in an unhealthy neighborhood, he can sometimes offer enough inducements to people to get them to settle there instead of in a more wholesome place. But the cases in which such manipulation is possible are fortunately rare. There is a good deal more danger that the capitalist will get hold of the best sites for himself and his friends, and leave the poor to get along as best they can in fever-haunted streets.

The public conscience should be kept awake on this point. People should refuse, if possible, to live in unhealthy neighborhoods. They should get out of them even at some sacrifice of convenience and money. It is better to pay high rent than large doctor's bills.

Britain's Worst Defeat in the Boer War.

By Gen. LOUIS BOTHA, Commander in Chief of the Boer Army.

Four or five days before the battle of Colenso I saw from the Tugela heights that the British were massing in great numbers at Chieveley and neighborhood, and became convinced that a heavy engagement was imminent.

According to my notion there would be three points of our position assailed, and at these three points I and the burghers commenced thoroughly to prepare ourselves. I kept the intention foremost that nothing of these defensive arrangements should be seen by the other side.

My conjecture as to the enemy's lines of advance proved to be absolutely correct, and I had no need to modify it as the fight proceeded.

In fact, so complete was the surprise that at the first point of conflict the Imperial Light Horse and the British regulars came along with their rifles slung over their shoulders, in careless order, to within sixty yards of my men and guns—the hill of Hlangwani—before we opened fire.

Then, as you may imagine, the slaughter was terrific and the discomfiture complete. That was the British right wing.

The second point of attack was at the Bridle drift, made by the British left wing, and distant about six miles up the river from Hlangwani. There one of the British generals—I don't know who—marched with a large force. Opposing them were the Zoutpansberg and Swaziland commandos.

My men allowed them to come within 200 yards and then opened fire.

The British did their best to get through, and I must say that I never saw anything more magnificent than their charges at this point, which was the main objective and easiest of attack.

But all to no purpose. They were driven back time after time, and though one or two stragglers got through the river, they were quickly taken prisoners. The main body was repulsed.

No fewer than five times they charged, and I never want to see finer bravery than I saw there.

The third point of attack was at the center, near the railway line, in the attempt to get through the wagon road and over the wagon bridge.

The British first of all moved their guns to the right of

the railway line, looking north, and fired on our near positions for some time.

Getting no response—for I had issued strict orders on this point—they limbered up and came nearer, seven hundred yards from the railway bridge. The Krugersdorpers and Vryheidrs who were stationed here reserved their fire until the enemy were quite close, but when it did open the effect was terrific.

Meanwhile the main body of the British infantry was proceeding on the left side of the railway line toward the river. There I had stationed some men on a kopje under Oosthuizen and Kemp, of Krugersdorp. The infantry at this point was subjected to the most merciless fusillade, and when the plight of the guns was seen they made desperate attempts to get across the line to their succor.

Five times they tried, but it was beyond human possibility to get through the hail of lead. As soon as one lot was shot down another rushed forward, and I saw the officers riding up and down toward the end of the futile endeavor to make them charge again. But it was more than human flesh and blood could bear, and eventually they desisted.

Meanwhile the gunners of the Armstrong batteries had been shot down, and I sent Lieutenant Pohlmann with the Johannesburg police to re-enforce the Krugersdorpers so as to stop any attempt to retake the guns. In this they were successful.

The battle raged from daybreak to 4 in the afternoon, when the British retired and left us the field.

How did I know that the struggle, long pending, would take place that day? Easily enough. A scout came in at 1 o'clock in the morning with the news that the whole British camp was alight, and I knew then that the attack would be made that morning.

When day broke and it was clear enough to see, there they were deploying into the three different lines of attack in three divisions, their front extending over six miles. I calculate that their main division numbered 8,000 men. Their bravery was astounding. Sometimes they advanced at a walk, in regular order, and when they were mowed down those that were left limply dropped in the grass and waited until the next lot came up.

SIMPLICITY AND REGULARITY THE LAWS OF HEALTH

By Mme. ADELINA PATTI

To be healthy is the natural state, and disease is, in nine cases out of ten, our punishment for some indiscretion or excess.

Every time we are ill it is part of our remaining youth which we squander. Every recovery, whether from headache or pneumonia, is accomplished by a strenuous effort of vitality, and is therefore a waste of our capital of life.

Therefore do not let yourself be ill.

The best plan to avoid illness is to live regularly, simply, with regularity that stupid persons alone will deem painful or eccentric.

Sleep eight hours in every twenty-four.

Ventilate the rooms you work and sleep in. Very few people, even among those who think they are well up in modern ideas, have any conception of what ventilation means. Even when my wife was the only thing I had in the world, I slept with my windows wide open, summer and winter, and never caught cold in that way.

Examine seriously into your list of social obligations. Have the good sense to recognize that there is neither pleasure nor profit in most of what you regard as essential in that line, and simplify your social life—simplify it all you can.

Complicated living breeds worry, and worry is the main enemy of health and happiness—the one fiendish microbe that does more to destroy the health and happiness of mankind than any other.

Make your home a pleasant place, cheerful, but well within your means.

Drink nothing but water or milk—especially drink lots of water. You never can drink too much of it.

On the other hand, remember that alcohol is poison which does untold damage within you; that wine, beer, coffee, and tea are poisons, too. Shun them as you would diluted vitriol.

WOMEN PHYSICIANS IN ENGLAND

A quarter of a century ago a few enthusiasts, who were duly sneered at by the general public and by the great majority of the medical profession, established the London School of Medicine for Women, taking for their premises a small house with outbuildings in Hunter Street, says the "Woman's Journal." The struggle for existence was not an easy one, but some medical men of high position, who were fully impressed with the desirability of organizing an institution where women could receive a first-class medical training, and the few women who were competent to do so, volunteered their services and lectured at the school during its earlier years. Among the former may be mentioned Dr. Edward Schafer, now professor of physiology in the University of Edinburgh. The school increased in numbers, and the pupils presented themselves at the only examining boards in England which at that time would admit them to examination for degrees; and at the University of London, which is notoriously the most severe examination in Great Britain, they obtained very high honors. The school has so well prospered that it has been able to erect a most satisfactory group of buildings on the site of several old houses in Hunter Street.

The annual distribution of prizes took place on the 11th instant. Mrs. Garrett Anderson, one of the pioneers of the movement, presided. Mrs. Anderson has been identified with the school from its foundation, and is now its dean. It must be a matter of great satisfaction to her to find that her daughter has followed in her footsteps and become a recognized medical practitioner. At the distribution of prizes there was a large attendance. The value of the instruction given, the character of the students trained, both commended themselves to the public at large. The government of the endowed charities of St. Dunstan's in the East gave a scholarship of £50 a year for three years, and other scholarships of equal and some of greater value were also distributed. The work of the school has steadily progressed during the past year. A due proportion of those students who presented themselves for examination have passed, and many of them have accepted important appointments not only in England but in other parts of the world. Two new appointments of

WOMAN.

By LEIGH MITCHELL HODGES.

The earth had been made, and man had been made, But somehow it lacked in the bloom, Till the God of the good to whom ages have prayed, Turned it into a garden with woman.

He builded her fair like a lily of white, And with love did he perfume her being.

And if through her did come the first shade of night, Ever since by her light we've been seeing.

For you know that a new wick gives no light at all, Till it's blackened and trimmed with the shears, So perhaps that is why she has brightened this ball Through all of its varying years!

And I think it is sweet at the close of life's day, When we part hands with all that is human.

To be led to the light at the end of the way, As it ever has been—by the woman. —Atlantic City Sentinel.

The Right of Solitude for the Invalid

The right of solitude is one which is not enough emphasized in some families. When animals are sick, their instinct is to crawl off by themselves until they get well or die, and most human beings have to a certain extent the instinct of the animal in this respect. Those that have, ought to be indulged in it, and it is a melancholy fact that they seldom are.

In about five cases out of ten the most important medicine for a sick person is quiet; and this is especially the case in those ailments which are only incipient warnings of more serious trouble which may come later on. If the tired brain and nerves, and the disordered functions can find a solitary corner and rest for a day or two, serious illness may often be avoided, but this is just what, in a majority of cases, is impossible.

There are people who take it as a personal grievance if anybody in their households wants to be alone. They cannot understand why cooing and fussing is not wanted. They cannot see why human companionship is sometimes a burden. To them solitude is the worst of all miseries, and they therefore persecute the unfortunate invalid with attentions.

One reason why solitude is often preferable to companionship for those not entirely well is that most folk with any self-respect desire to appear well in the presence of others, and the effort to talk, to look comfortable, to present a pleasant appearance, is just the straw too much for the weakened vital forces which might have recuperated in the unobtrusive solitude of a room apart. Of course, in cases where loneliness causes depression and brooding, a cheerful companion is the best of medicine, but the whole thing amounts to this: when a sick person wants to be left alone and in quiet, his wishes ought to be respected to the letter.

NEW INTEREST IN DELFT WARE

A large quantity of alleged delft is imported into this country every year, and sold over the counters for the real Dutch ware, but it is not delft at all. Color is the most important guide in judging delft. In real delft the background is not more or less bluish, but pure white, says the "New York Tribune." The only part of the piece that is blue is the design, which is a deep indigo tint, the secret of whose production is known only in the Holland delft factories. The texture of true delft is hard, greatly resembling porcelain.

Many of the imitations are pretty wares, but they are not delft. Factories all over the world have for years tried to reproduce the process of the shrewd Dutchmen, but to no avail. The best imitations are "made in Germany." One of the best known comes from Bonn,

but it is a soft ware, somewhat resembling majolica. The entire surface, too, has a bluish look, as if the design had "run" and spread over the white.

Another mark by which the amateur may distinguish real delft is the fact that no two pieces are alike. A set of plates may be decorated with the same design, but if the buyer, in examining them, perceives slight differences in outline and coloring, can at the different places, she may know that she is buying real delft. The reason is that delft is hand decorated, consequently no two pieces in the world are precisely alike, while the imitations of delft are printed. Delft is one of the standard wares, bought, like silk, year after year. But there is a prediction in the trade, that it is to have a special vogue this fall in desk articles.

What Is Meant by American Success

By MAX NORDAU.

If one were to ask a number of Americans what they imagine by success, he would evidently receive very different answers.

Many would reply: "Success means money. To be successful is synonymous with meaning a palace, a yacht, a private Pullman car, with eating off gold plate, having the most expensive box in the opera house, buying one's wife the largest diamonds in the market and one's daughter an English duke, or astonishing the world by the price of one's pictures, the number of one's pairs of trousers, and the amount of one's stakes at poker." This is, of course, the coarsest view of wealth. It does not go beyond the most brutal selfishness and the mental horizon of an illiterate publican. Men of higher intellectual and moral attainment who hunt after wealth dream of making a nobler use of their gold. They desire to found universities and libraries, to create museums, to put up public monuments, to assist talent, to reward genius, to be the providence of the poor and the sick, and to spread faith. In the one case, as in the other, one is greedy for money on account of the power it incarnates, the power to satisfy low appetites or non-reverent aspirations, provoking whims or philanthropic sympathies, to gall one's fellow-men, or to be of use to them.

For others, success means the esteem of their fellow-countrymen. They do not desire to present them with money, but to give them the work of their brains. They see themselves as popular orators, admired administrators, politicians, or legislators. Each dream of enthusiastic receptions by cheering crowds, of electoral victories, and of holding some office, from mayor of his native place to President of the United States.

Yet others understand success in one shape only as fame. To be known to the whole world, to find that one's name is a household word with all people of education—that is a "consummation devoutly to be wished," a goal which seems higher and more comprehensive than that of the millionaire or the public man. With fame, or so at least those believe who strive for it, goes also pecuniary reward and the respect and admiration of one's fellow-men.

NUGGETS.

How often is seeming courage callousness?

Faith is the carrying quality.

Cruelty to a dumb animal is the lowest form of cowardice.

Some successes are too easy to attain.

I know a man whose manners are so perfect that he has none.

Modesty is the most beautiful of the Graces, but only the superlatively rich can afford such a luxury.

It is necessary at times to tell a lie, but it becomes more necessary immediately after to make that lie the truth.

The most miserable creature on the face of the earth is the totally selfish man. His birth is a loss to the world, and his death is the world's gain.

We expect our friends to love us so much that they will do all things for us and never call on us to do things for them. Honestly, now, wouldn't you like such friends?

It is often as desirable for the sheep to wear the clothing of the wolf as vice versa. Many of us, sheep that we are, would lose our wool, if not our whole carcasses, did we not cover that wool with a wolf-skin. What a protection it would be to a lamb to have the bark of a dog!

A HEAVY PART.

Cora Squeen—Were you cast for a heavy part? Joover Nile—Should say yes. Why, I've got to carry the leading lady up three flights of stairs in the second act.

ELBOW POWER.

"I tell you," said the doctor, "it's the man who can push himself along that succeeds best in this world." "Not at all," replied the professor. "It's the man who can shove others out of his way that succeeds best."—Chicago Tribune.

A CEREAL STORY

By JAMES BARTON ADAMS.

John Jones was attacked by the cereal fad, would eat only cereal food, No sustenance save but the grains of the field to nourish the body was good; He thought he'd discovered the secret of life in barley and oats, wheat and corn, And said he would live and have plenty of health till Gabriel tooted his horn. And meats were but fit for the dogs and the cats, 'twas full of vile "animalcules," And men who would eat the microbe-swarming stuff were simply condemnable fools; And though he was given the laugh of the horse he said, as he stuck to his whim, That he who laughed last never failed to laugh best, and the last laugh was coming to him.

At breakfast he reveled in cereal mush, well tempered with sugar and cream, And nicely browned pancakes of wheat or of corn he thought were a cereal dream. He drank a decoction of cereal stuff at the opening meal of the day And swore that no mocha or java on earth bore such a delicious bouquet. No matter what new-fangled product was sprung from the cereal shops of the land John Jones was the first to afford it a test and tell all his neighbors 'twas grand. And soon he became such a cereal crank, a result of his cereal feed, That nothing but stories in serial form would the cereal idiot read.

At last he was downed by a cere-cous ill, lay tossing with pain on his bed, The doctor declaring his once healthy brain had turned to bran mash in his head. And medical skill failed to fetch him around, and with glimmer of hope in his eye He passed from the earth feebly singing the joys he would find in the sweat by and by. They laid him to rest and the minister spoke of the reaper relentless and grim Who, gathering in the ripe sheaves of the earth, had flashed the keen sickle on him. And just as a delicate tribute to John—and nearer one was never seen— They sowed his last resting place over with cats that his grave might be ever kept green.

—Denver Post.

SLEEPING CARS A GREAT TRIAL FOR TRAVELING HUMANITY

It is a matter of daily surprise to philosophers that murder is not committed every morning in a sleeping car. There never was an invention less adapted to its purpose. A human being who can woo nature's sweet restorer and win her under the conditions provided in a sleeping car is devoid of nerves or a conscience, says the "New York Evening Sun." To talk of going to bed in the vehicle is an absurdity. In the first place people agree that to rest in a bed the clothing must be removed and a nightgown or pajamas put on. But no two persons agree as to what to take off on retiring to a berth in a sleeper. As it were. Others take off a garment or two and spend the remainder of the time looking for a place to stow them. Hardy spirits get almost down to the buff, in a sitting posture fold up their clothes, and lay them away for and aft, putting the lighter articles in the lemon net on the port or starboard side. But this requires practice and a nice sense of balancing.

The ladies, we believe, retire in their street costumes, and not only button the flaps of the kenneled, but fasten them with safety pins. We remember an aged spinster who refused to go to bed in a crowded car because a man had the lower berth, and it had always been her custom to look under the bed before retiring.

The car having quieted down, everybody makes a pretense of going to sleep, but in nine cases out of ten it is a hollow farce. The hearing is stretched for every sound, and the porter coming down the aisle with muffled feet is like a marching procession on the Fourth of July.

A natural breath has the volume of a snore and a whisper rushes like a catarract. It is impossible to lie still. The body has the consistency of jelly, and is shaken into all sorts of molds by the motion of the train. The conversation at stations where the train stops intrudes offensively. It is difficult to believe the speakers are not looking in on you in your misery.

Laughter is an insult. As the night wanes breathing becomes more difficult, until the Black Hole at Calcutta seems like a breezy upland compared with your prison. Red-eyed and nerve-shattered, you sneak toward the washroom in the morning, after pulling on your trousers in a recumbent position. You would like to take a bath under Niagara, but have to be content with a cat wash in a basin that looks like a fingerbowl. Other pallid and saturnine persons wait for you to get through, or tread on your toes in the passage. Murderous gleams

you detect in their eyes, and some are sick at heart and humbled in spirit. As the sun rises the place is like a ward in a hospital that has not been ventilated for a month. Human nature is at its worst. All the passions strain at the leash, optimists become pessimists, and dyspeptics dangerous. It speaks well for the restraint of the American character that all the crimes in the calendar are not committed before the train reaches its destination. If the porter gets a tip it is because the victims are willing to pay for their release. If there is one thing in our strenuous life that calls bitterly for reform it is the sleeping-car.

THE FAIREST SPOT.

By S. E. RISER.

One who had traveled far and seen The lands that poets praise, Who knew the hills and plains of France And England's flowery ways; Who through the Old World and the New Had passed with wondering eyes, Stopped where a toiler stood, one day, And heard his pensive sighs.

The scene that spread before them there Had naught to give delight; There were no lovely vales, no streams, Nor snowy peaks in sight; They saw no ships with white sails spread, Nor gazed at fruitful plains; The fields were small and poor and bare, No flowers lined the lanes.

He that had seen Yosemite And journeyed down the Rhine, Who had beheld the snow upon The tallest A'ennine, Spoke of wonders of the world; The other shook his head; "Here is the fairest scene of all The world contains," he said.

"But here," the traveler exclaimed, "Is neither lofty height Nor ancient castle that may once Have housed a gallant knight; Here is no splendor waterfall, No rich plain spreads away— Yet here is laid the fairest scene In all the world, you say?"

"Here is the fairest scene of all," The simple one replied. And pointed to a cottage where Poor vines crawled up the side. "There are no castles here; the fields Are small and poor and bare, Yet here is earth's most lovely spot— The one I love is there." —Chicago Record-Herald.