

THE EVENING TIMES. FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES TO OUT OF TOWN POINTS POSTAGE PREPAID. MORNING EDITION, one year, \$5.50; six months, \$3.50; three months, \$2.25.

WASHINGTON'S ENVIRONMENT TO BE AN AID IN ITS BEST DEVELOPMENT AS A CAPITAL

By LOUIS P. SHOEMAKER

Washington is no longer at the end of Southern development. It is increasing in wealth and importance not alone because it is the Capital of the Nation. It is being influenced by that factor which makes all cities great—that is, the wealth and development of the surrounding territory and the success and progress of the people.

An observing person will be favorably impressed by a trip of a few days to Fortress Monroe, Norfolk, Newport News, and Richmond because of the development and improvement, evidence of business thrift and progress, in this vicinity.

At these points we hear frequently of the changes which have recently taken place and are now progressing throughout the South generally. This is particularly gratifying to a Washingtonian or anyone interested, as so many are, in the Capital City of our Nation, for while it may not become a great manufacturing, commercial, or business city, it is beyond doubt now, and always will be, the political, social, and intellectual center of our country.

Washington has been regarded as a Southern city, at the end of a chain of cities so often mentioned together—namely, Boston, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Washington. Soon we will have to add Newport News or Norfolk, if not two others, Richmond and Atlanta. Our Capital City, then, instead of being at the South, will be along the line of an

most abnormal commercial development and business thrift of our great country.

This situation, generally speaking, means a great deal for Washington because it will thus be enabled to equal our expectations and consequently become a city essentially characteristic, possessing wealth, exhibiting substantial as well as artistic development, and perhaps considered to be the most magnificent Capital of the world.

Realizing as we do, the extensive resources of the South; having a conception of the mineral, agricultural, manufacturing and commercial importance thereof, all of which, while only beginning to expand, will eventually achieve enormous proportions, together with the influx of population which is now coming and in the near future will to a greater extent come from the North and West as well also from Europe, we can obtain a glimpse of the future for Maryland, the Virginias, and perhaps the Carolinas and Georgia. We are reminded also of the fact that this section is blessed by nature with a genial climate sufficiently cold to invigorate the people and urge a strenuous attention to the various spheres of industry and trade, while in winter the weather is not severe and almost all kinds of business can be conducted with impunity. Then, too, the climate being mild, the lives of the people are prolonged and they enjoy better general health and are less

affected with pulmonary troubles which are prevalent in the North and Northwest.

This feature alone is bringing annually to these States men who have accumulated fortunes in the colder sections. The advantage, too, is that they come with capital, experience, and enterprise capable of advancing commerce and trade. The result of their labor will necessitate the shipment and transportation of productions, manufactured articles, and mineral resources to the markets not only of this country but of the world.

As all roads of the North and West now lead to New York, so will all the roads of the South, Southeast and perhaps those of the Southwest lead to Norfolk and Newport News. There and in that vicinity can be found a harbor sufficiently large to float the navies of the world, or vessels capable of transporting productions, natural and artificial, which will eventually accrue from the yet undeveloped resources of our vast country instigated by the tact, ingenuity, and capacity of our people.

The attention of thousands will be directed to Washington and this adjacent territory by the members of the Grand Army and their guests who will visit the battlefields of Virginia, which include Norfolk and the historic James River to Richmond.

TAKING NO RISKS

The people of the city are under obligations to the Commissioners for vetoing the proposition to hold an automobile race during the Grand Army encampment, and equally to Major Sylvester, the Chief of Police, for formulating the very conclusive argument upon which the Commissioners have based their refusal. It was most natural, perhaps, that the automobilists should have desired to improve the opportunity afforded by our superb streets, which present an ideal area for a speed test of such machines, but the safety of the public, of course, overshadows all other considerations.

It is all very well to say that the racing machines would be in the hands of experienced chauffeurs, but we have unfortunately become familiar with instances where the machines failed to respond to the control supposed to be exercised by those in charge of them. In fact, it

seems that it does not take much to convert one of these "red devils" into a man-slaughtering contrivance. At all events, it would never do to expose the big crowds that will witness every public feature of the encampment to the possibility of an automobile tragedy. Major Sylvester puts the case quite tersely when he says: "As to the control of motor vehicles, we know that up to the present time no unquestioned means has been adopted whereby that has been accomplished, and should a race be permitted under any circumstances it would be attended, no doubt, with all the dangers that are incident and belong to the conduct of such machines."

To guard such multitudes as will assemble in the city on occasions like the encampment against the ordinary accidents liable to happen in itself a task of no mean proportions, and it is only the part of wisdom not to increase the risk unnecessarily.

AUTUMN

By LINDSLEY FLAVEL MINES.

Yearly reviving of Saturnian reign, When forest, field and hedge with gold is filled, When dreamy mists of silence brood, and stilled Seem all the cheerful summer walks again The dry leaves rustle in the shade-reft lane, Then silence gathers as before; nor build There any songsters now, since that sweet guild Fleed in the van of Summer's vanquished train.

LITERARY GHOULS

Body-snatchers is the epithet now used to describe those who take delight in describing all the faults, vices, and pettinesses of great men, when the latter are dead and cannot help themselves.

A most happy term has been added to the vocabulary of literary criticism. It is the epithet of body-snatchers, to describe those people who take delight in describing all the faults, vices, and pettinesses of great men, when the latter are dead and cannot help themselves.

To a certain extent, of course, this may be defended on the ground of realism. A true biography is preferable to one which is a mass of impossible flattery. It is more complimentary to the subject of it. But it is not necessary to pile up the abuse as high as the praise was formerly piled.

One Crosland has recently been doing this in the case of Burns. He says that Burns was a dipsomaniac, and immoral, and a demagogue, the latter on account of his verses entitled "A Man's a Man For a That." In regard to the latter, it might be said that war has been made rather upon its implications and interpretations than its actual meaning. Take, for instance, the lines:

The rank is but the guinea's stamp, The man's the gowd for a' that.

This does not deny worth to aristocrats; it merely states that title is only the stamp on it. Is anybody foolish enough to assert that a drunken and profligate lord is better than a clean-minded, honest, and gentle-hearted workman, or that a nobleman who is really fine and honorable is any the finer or more admirable because he has a title?

Burns had his faults, and they were numerous, but, after all, he was respectable compared to Byron and some other poets with more advantages. It was a loose-reined age in which he lived, and the wonder is not that, with his sensitive nature, he yielded to its influence, but that in spite of it he gave us so many exquisite lyrics which will live through all ages. Emphatically, he wrote for the future, and lived for his own day. Peace, therefore, to his ashes.

THE AUDIENCE.

In the drop-curtain of many theaters will be found a round hole the smallness of a sixpence, and yet of a magnitude that through it, between the acts, the folk on the working side of the footlights may read in the unconscious faces turned toward them the verdict—failure or success—however colossal it may loom, says Marguerite Merington in the September "Bookman." This peep-hole fairly symbolizes the relation of the mimic world behind the curtain toward the real world beyond; seemingly unaware of its presence, yet sympathetically and structurally adjusted to its pleasure, dependent on its approbation for the right to live. Unlike the statue, picture, book, a play cannot afford to wait for a favorable judgment. A play once produced is doomed or chosen for all time. Accordingly, even in the rapt, ecstatic moments, which playwright and players are on their knees before their art, always the tail of the mind's eye is looking through that peep-hole at the audience!

A play come to full fruition must be regarded as a product; an art-illusion, in which three accessories—creator, impersonators, and witnesses—have had a hand. Economically, the value of an audience to a production is to assist a conspiracy in the nature of the children's game "pretend!" Under conditions admittedly unreal, a story is to be mimed before them, and just as far as the result affects them temporarily with a sense of reality, so far is the production constructively a success. Whether or not it pleases is another matter.

THE AGE OF PERSECUTION GAVE THE JEW A PRICELESS LEGACY

By L. L.

"Their environment destroyed only the weaker ones, while the stronger were preserved through the observance of that unequalled sanitary code, and perhaps also by the very persecution which kept the race apart from the debauchery and license of the Middle Ages. It is not always misfortune in the long run to be segregated, especially when the people who do the segregating are not overfit to associate with."

In the current number of a Jewish publication there is an interesting comment on the health of the modern Hebrew. Dr. Maurice Fishberg says that the most common diseases of the Jewish race are neurasthenia and hysteria, while they are less affected by contagious diseases and diseases of the digestive organs than any other people. Both these phenomena he attributes to the long-continued influence of historic conditions. The highly strung nervous system of the Jew is the outcome of centuries of life in cities; while his immunity from disease affecting the internal organs is also indirectly due to these conditions.

A process of selection went on during the centuries of Jewish urban life, which weeded out the weaker and less enduring natures, preserving the nervous, alert, and sensitive individuals. It is a well-known fact that when it comes to epidemics of any kind, the full-blooded, vigorous people who never have known what it is to be ill usually go down before the wiry, tough, nervous individuals, and are less likely to survive the attack.

Some day a book will be written on the medieval and modern history of the Jewish race, and the influences which have developed the unique constitution, temperament, and individuality of the Jew. Among these the Book of Leviticus will be given a prominent place.

Through all the hundreds of years when Jews were herded like sheep and hunted like rats, when their quarters of the city were unfit for human beings to live in, when their water supply was cut off at sunset, and the gates locked on them, the stern laws regarding the preparation of food and the care of the health acted as no

modern sanitary law has ever acted to preserve the people from extermination. Had it not been for the steadfast religious faith and stubborn persistence with which they held to the law of Moses, the unnatural conditions in which they lived must have killed them off. As it was, their environment destroyed only the weaker ones, while the stronger were preserved through the observance of that unequalled sanitary code, and perhaps also by the very persecution which kept the race apart from the debauchery and license of the Middle Ages.

It is not always misfortune, in the long run, to be segregated, especially when the people who do the segregating are not overfit to associate with. If anybody doubts that there was enough animalism and vice and lack of moral stamina in the Middle Ages to have wrecked the Jew, had these influences been added to his other disadvantages in the race for life, let him read "Boecacio." The Dark Ages are not nearly as pretty in history as they are in romance.

The upshot of it is that by a peculiar process of artificial selection and race improvement, working through several hundred years, the Jew has risen from the position of an outcast to that of a leader, and there is a lesson in this for all students of social conditions. The moral of it is that in history there is nothing quite so likely to happen as the unexpected. What would Shakespeare, the sane, the clear-eyed, the magnificent, whose "Shylock" gives the Hebrew his due, far beyond the need awarded by any contemporary playwright—what would even he have said if anyone had prophesied a Disraeli?

COST MONEY.

De Style—Did you learn to drop your h's while you were at the coronation? Gumbusta—No; but I found no difficulty in dropping my X's and V's.

A COMMON VARIETY.

Young Doctor—What kind of patients do you find it the hardest to cure. Old Doctor—Those who have nothing the matter with them.—Judge.

MORTALITY IN GERMANY.

In Germany only 413 out of 1,000 males reach the age of fifty years, while more than 500 out of 1,000 females reach that age.

Our American Queen.

She seeks her garden in the morn, And plucks and dandles with care; A gingham bonnet crowns her head And hides her golden hair. She's not afraid to soil her hands; She's busy as a bee; The spade she handles with much skill; The queen of spades is she.

And later, on the links she's found, With skirt to match her hose; Just note the color of her cheeks, And watch her graceful pose. The caddy hands her out her club, And then he makes the tee; She drives, and you conclude at once, The queen of clubs is she.

The afternoon will find her out To see a game of ball; She knows the fine plays when they're made, And does applaud them all. She's pleased, of course, when her boys win, And claps her hands with glee; You cannot lose her on the field— A diamond queen is she.

At night you see her at the dance Bewildering and sweet; A score of men about her would Do homage at her feet; She smiles, and all the world smiles, too, So it appears to me, With one accord we do proclaim, The queen of hearts is she.

—Yonkers Statesman.

QUEER ELEVATORS OF LONDON.

Lifts in the city offices are generally too few, and are painfully slow, and the sanitary arrangements are altogether inadequate, says the "London Daily Mail." In one of the largest blocks of offices in the city the lifts resemble small open horse boxes in elegance of structure, and move round in a circle. Passengers are supposed to step in and out at will. There is no danger of accident from falling to catch these primitive lifts. No one in a hurry would use them, but would tire himself climbing five or six stories instead. He has to choose between losing time and wasting energy.

A MISTAKEN GENERAL IDEA CONCERNING MASCAGNI'S WORK

Over here Mascagni is regarded as a one-opera man, which is most unfair. Since May 17, 1890, when "Cavalleria" first saw the footlights, he has produced seven operas, "L'Amigo Fritz," "I Rantzau," "William Ratcliffe," "Silvano," "Zanetto," "Iris," and "Le Maschere," says the "Brooklyn Eagle." All but the last have been decidedly successful. "L'Amigo Fritz" was probably looked for the most anxiously and regarded most critically. Musicians wanted to know if "the second verse of this song was to be the same as the first." They found it more radically different, and yet as good if not better. From the desperate wail of Santuzza to the gentle tears of Suzel, from the fiery and guilty passions of the Sicilian peasants to the calm, honest love of Alsatian farmer folk, the distance is not greater than from the music of "Cavalleria" to that of "L'Amigo Fritz." Erckmann-Chatrain's Alsatian idyl is as happily translated into the language of music as was Verga's formidable story.

With the possible exception of "Le Maschere," the only failure in his list, each of Mascagni's operas has shown fresh originality, given new proof of his artistic independence. In each of them he is so thoroughly himself. He is Mascagni, "after nobody," not even after Mascagni. An intermezzo, connecting the last two acts of "L'Amigo Fritz," ranks among musicians far above the famous intermezzo of "Cavalleria." The latter owes its success, they say, to its pleasing smoothness, but is far surpassed by the other in vigorous dramatic power and breadth.

Certain it is that with the single exception of "Carmen" nothing had evoked such enthusiasm as this "Cavalleria" since the production of "Faust," thirty years before. Apart from its real artistic worth, which is undeniable, it probably owed much of its success to a certain reaction against the complexity of Wagner, the Niagara of his orchestration which had beaten and buffeted opera-goers till they were dazed and weary. Mascagni relies on the sovereign power of straightforward melody. He has also the superlative merit of brevity. He does not believe that art is necessarily long, but realizes fully that time is fleeting. Then, again, there are his subjects. Wagner finds in legends and among the gods of Walhalla the material from which he molds his heroes; Mascagni goes to the very heart of the people, deals with the loves and hates of common people, brings his creations within the sphere of human sympathy, is a realist of realists. Gounod, in sarcastic mood, designated the tune being ground out by a street organ as the first step toward musical immortality. If this be so, then has Mascagni been among the immortals these ten years.

THE NEW REPORTER

None of the experienced newspaper men happened to be in when the fire alarm rang, so the city editor sent the green reporter. After returning from the configuration the green reporter wrote laboriously for a time and then turned the following over to the city editor:

There was a fire alarm sounded about an hour ago, and a reporter for the "Herald" arrived at the scene of conflagration before the fire department responded promptly. After the alarm had been attached to the water main, it was found that the hose was not carrying the aqua pura to the burning defiance of the fire. Several of the firemen, who were excited than the others, were in the vicinity of carrying the

fire closer to the source of water supply, but this plan was abandoned on account of the extreme heat of the flames.

"In the meantime the fire fiend raged worse than ever and kept on raking until the entire stable was reduced to ashes. The live stock was saved, with the exception of one cow, which was badly scorched, but will survive. The harness and other items too numerous to mention perished in the flames. The reporter did not learn who owned the stable nor the street it was located on, but if the readers of the 'Herald' will call up the fire department they can find out. There were several other interesting facts the reporter did not learn, but they cannot be mentioned for lack of space."—Ohio State Journal.