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THE UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

It is no wonder that the British Academy of Sciences was thunder-struck when one of its members, Sir Frederick Bramwell, advanced the suggestion that Italian ought to be made the universal language. Such a proposition, coming from one whose mother tongue is today practically the world language, was well calculated to take away the breath of the distinguished men to whom it was addressed.

What is there about Italian to give it the prestige which would entitle it to be regarded as suitable for adoption by the nations of the earth as the medium of international intercourse? If anything, it has lost ground rather than gained it, for outside of music it is heard but little outside of its own country. That it is soft and musical is true, but this applies with almost equal force to the Swedish tongue, and yet no one would be likely to propose that as the language universal. If French has been unable to attain the distinction, with all the prestige of centuries of

use as the language of courts and polite society in Europe, what hope is there for the language of Dante and Tasso and Alfieri?

Some years ago the ambition was entertained in Germany that by reason of the growing political and commercial importance of that country German might in time come to be adopted as the universal language, but today that idea is entertained no longer. It is evident—and the surprising thing is that it should not be evident to an Englishman—that the language which is spoken by nearly one-half of the world's population and is understood by many more millions, is the only one likely to become universal. Next to it Spanish holds rank, but even that, with all the prestige of centuries of use in many parts of the world, can never hope to be accepted as a universal language. English is concise, virile, practical, and if ever any language will serve as the universal medium of communication between the nations of the world it will be none other than English.

JEFFERSON'S TREES

By L. L.

Joseph Jefferson is said to be very indignant over the misuse of a bit of New Jersey woodland in which he has taken especial pride. He leased the property not long ago to a man who permitted a lumber contractor to cut down hundreds of the trees on it for telegraph poles. On being informed of this Mr. Jefferson waxed exceedingly wroth, and it is said that a lawsuit may be the outcome. But that will not restore the trees which have been destroyed.

This matter of the destruction of woodlands is a serious one in the United States, principally for the reason that the practice has reached such proportions. For a hundred and fifty years the forest was regarded by the average American as his natural enemy. The man who cleared the most land was considered most enterprising, and there was no thought of preserving the trees or protecting them either from lumbermen or from forest fires, except as the latter endangered human life and property.

The time when such a view was natural, and to some extent right, has gone by. It passed with the passing of the individual pioneer, and the advent of lumber companies with their ruthless destruction of immense tracts of woodland. The enormous profits which at first attended this business speculation tempted many men into it who had neither foresight nor principle, and who cared nothing for future profit to be secured by proper care of the forests. The time has come to check this thoughtless and wanton wastefulness of our resources, and secure to future generations at least a remnant of the woodlands which ought to belong to the people of America as places of recreation, and sources of profit and comfort.

BIRD MUSIC

Bird music presents a fascinating field for exploration, says Henry W. Oldys, in "Harper's Magazine." What seems to the careless glance only a mass of unrelated tones becomes under the more intense gaze of the student a coherent and systematic structure. The gradual development from simple cries and ejaculations of the remote past to the elaborate combinations of different notes that the present offers to the ear has not moved in a chance direction, but has been under the guidance of a law that apparently shapes its course toward a fixed ideal. Such general laws are never perfectly uniform in their operations, or we should miss that variety which makes nature so attractive. Hence it is not surprising that we find in some quarters development of mere vocalism paramount. Birds often have beautiful voices and great skill in using them whose songs show little appreciation of musical form. The mocking-bird and canary are striking examples of this class. On the other hand, many birds, such as the wood-thrush and chickadee, with perhaps smaller compass and less brilliant execution, must be ranked higher when judged by the composition of their songs.

It will doubtless occur to the critical reader that it is incorrect to judge bird music by the standard by which human music is tested. The student of the phil-

osophy of music, in particular, will feel satisfied that from the apparently fortuitous manner in which we have acquired our present musical standard the development of bird music must necessarily be moving in another direction and along different lines. But however cogent the grounds for this belief may seem, investigation shows that there is striking evidence that the evolution of bird music has paralleled the evolution of human music, and that both are tending toward the same ideal.

The history of human melody discloses that the pleasing features of songs which appeal to the esthetic taste of civilized man have been gradual accretions during the progress of music from its starting point. Rhythm, or the metrical division of musical utterances; tones of fixed pitch, which, passing through various stages, have become limited to those that constitute our present scale—seven in the diatonic and twelve in the chromatic; the sense of modern tonality—the constant melodic reference throughout a tonic or keynote—all these have developed at different stages of progress. Other esthetic rules have also become established, prominent among which is that of repetition. Repetition of single notes, of single phrases (on the same or a different pitch), and of combinations of phrases, all have their pleasurable effect.

A VANISHING VICE

Under the heading "A Vanishing Vice" the London Spectator deals with the passing away of an old human weakness. "Pride—the cruel pride denounced in the Bible, the pride which delighted to humiliate, the mortal moral disease of the mighty—is now but seldom seen." It is stated. The writer continues: "The dying out of certain forms of power, the increase all over Europe of individual freedom, have abated the despotism of the proud." Human nature, we shall perhaps be reminded, is changeless; but this well-worn doctrine is not entirely true. Civilization offers to man the solvent of self-control by means of which he may reduce, and afterward recast, the vices which are his by inheritance, till finally, after many transmutations, they come out in the likeness of virtues. Even pride of birth and pride of intellect, it is claimed, have been modified, and the former, it is pleaded, surely does more good than harm. Concluding his consideration of the subject, the writer asks: "If the sinister power of the old pride is wan-

ing, what may we expect from the promise of the new?" This is his reply: "This new pride is, we believe, the best outcome of the self-consciousness of modern times. The doctrine of human depravity has had its day. Faith in the dignity of humanity is the faith by which alone the residuum can be saved. It is to qualities and not to schemes that we must look for a solution of social problems. The self-respect of the lower classes is beginning to awake. Men are refusing to be dirty, to be ignorant, to live under conditions which education can but make the more degrading. Pride has been paradoxically called the only vice which is a substitute for all the virtues. If this pride does but penetrate low enough, we shall have a powerful lever indeed by which to raise the masses out of the sordid slough of indifference into a region of respectability from whence alone they can obtain a glimpse of a height that is higher."

Temptations.

St. Louis Star—A million dollar poor-house and a million dollar jail will be tempting refuges to three-room flatters whose rent is raised monthly.

Two Sides of a Fence

HIS SIDE.

Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of singing sweet and clear;
A break, a pause, and then just after,
Bursts of merry girlish laughter—
Over that big board fence, Jim; just over
That ugly fence!

I can hear it all, but I cannot see.
My neighbor is quite strange to me;
But I'm sure as guns she's a charming
miss.
With lips just saucy enough to kiss—
And she's over a high board fence, Jim;
Over a blooming fence!

Drat these social laws that block the
way
To my dropping over some pleasant day.
To think of our being dull in a place
When I'm just dead sure there's a pretty
face—
Over a blasted fence, Jim; just over a
measly fence!

HER SIDE.

Over that high board fence I hear
The sound of a whistle, shrill and clear,
And a deep bass voice, with a doleful
tone,
Which sings the refrain, "I am all
alone!"
Over that great board fence, dear; just
over that rough old fence!

I can smell the smoke of a good cigar,
And hear the twang of a sweet guitar.
I've had to guess at looks as I can—
But I know there's a bona-fide man—
Over that tall board fence, dear; just
over that horrid fence!

Of course, 'twould be an awful sin
For me to write and ask him in.
But think of our being dull, my dear,
With a nice young man so very near!
Over a dreadful fence, dear; 'way over a
mean old fence!

—Puck.

DECAY IN THE POPULATION OF IRELAND

By His Eminence

PATRICK FRANCIS CARDINAL MORAN,
First Australian Cardinal.

There is one economic feature of Ireland at the present day to which we cannot close our eyes. We see a never-ceasing gradual decrease of population, so that while fifty years ago we had more than 7,000,000 of inhabitants, today, commencing a new century, we are not more than 4,500,000.

In this, however, there is one redeeming feature. As a result of the emigration from Ireland's shores new Irelands are springing up on every side, girding the world with friendly nations wherever the language or scepter of the British empire holds sway.

And now, as of old, the sea-divided Gaels are one. We are one in sympathy and affection for the old land. We are one with it in national life, one in resolve that in so far as in us lies every grievance under which the Motherland of Erin suffers shall be redressed.

It has been often said that the Catholic Celt has gone with a vengeance from Ireland's shores. Without a doubt, we have gone to many lands. No English-speaking country is so remote but Erin's sons will be found among the most prosperous, the most enlightened, and the most industrious of its citizens foremost in love and justice, in hatred of tyranny, and in defense of freedom.

"I thank the Almighty that I was born in Ireland, poor Ireland, suffering Ireland, holy Ireland. I venerate the footsteps of Ireland's early saints, her ruined sanctuaries, her wayside graves."

If we have gone with a vengeance, we will be sure to come back to Motherland. I do not say that we will come back with a vengeance, for the word "vengeance" is not to be found in our vocabulary. But we will come back with all the filial affection due to the mother whom we love.

We cannot but regard her grievance as our own, her sufferings and humiliations as our own and with strong arms and generous hearts we will leave nothing undone that filial piety may inspire to achieve for old Ireland the fullest measure of those blessings which we enjoy in the remotest homes of our exile.

I thank the Almighty that I was born in Ireland, poor Ireland, suffering Ireland, holy Ireland. I venerate the footsteps of Ireland's early saints, her ruined sanctuaries, her wayside graves. I love her harbors, her rivers, her lakes. I rejoice in her blue mountains, her mossy streams, her undulating plains. I cherish every leaf of her forests, every flower of her meadows, every shamrock of her green hills.

So long as life remains it will be my prayer that faith, hope, and charity, the virtues typified by the triple leaf of that dear little sacred plant, may every day abound more and more among Erin's sons, and that every blessing that heaven can bestow may be the inalienable heritage of that dear old land.

The End of the Quest.

Unarm him here. Now wish him
rest.
His was the fate of those who fail;
Who never end the knightly quest,
Nor ever find the Holy Grail.
He was the fiercest lance in all
That virgin honor called to dare;
The courtliest of the knights in hall,
The boldest at the barrier.

Joyful he took the sacred Task
That led him far by flood and field;
His lady's favor at his casque,
God's cross upon his argent shield.

See where the Paynim point has left
The crimson cross that could not
save!

See where the scimitar has left
The favor that his lady gave!

For this poor fate he rode so far
With fate untouched by toll or
time:

A perfect knight in press of war,
Stainless before the Mystic Shrine.

One finds the Rose and one the rod;
The weak achieve, the mighty fail.
None knows the dark design but God,
Who made the Knight and made the
Grail.

The single eye, the steadfast heart,
The strong endurance of the day,
The patience under wound and
smart—
Shall all these utterly decay?

The long adventure resteth here;
His was the lot of those who fail,
Who ride unfoiled by sin or fear,
Yet never find the Holy Grail.
—Frank L. Pollock, in the Atlantic.

THE BLENHEIM MADONNA

The costliest picture in the world is in the possession of the Duke and Duchess of Marlborough. It is known as the Blenheim Madonna, was painted by Raphael, in 1507, and is valued at \$350,000.

The picture is an heirloom of the Duke of Marlborough's, whose large and very valuable collection of paintings has come down to him from his great ancestor of Blenheim fame.

It has been proposed to the British government to pur-

chase this celebrated Madonna, which was originally painted for the Church of the Servi at Perugia.

The picture is eight feet high, representing the Madonna and child seated upon a throne, with a figure of St. John the Baptist on the left, and that of St. Nicolas of Bari on the right, the last two being nearly or quite life-size.

Its high valuation arises from the fact of its being one of the best preserved specimens of Raphael's painting extant.

THE SENSE OF PRE-EXISTENCE:
IS IT A MENTAL PHENOMENON

By F. V. C.

An article recently appeared in a London paper dealing with a singular mental or psychic phenomenon which has been attributed by some eminent authors to a supernatural and by others to a purely material cause. The phenomenon in question is the conviction, at times, that what is at the moment transpiring around one has been brought to cognizance at some previous time. The sensation, in the writer's experience, is of very brief duration, but lasts sufficiently to fill the mind with astonishment, not unmixed, perhaps, especially on its first visitation, with some measure of foreboding fear, as from an omen or sign of impending calamity.

Sir Walter Scott enters in his diary, under date of February 17, 1828, that, on the preceding day at dinner, although in company with two or three beloved old friends, he was strangely haunted by what he would call "the sense of pre-existence;" namely, a confused idea that nothing that passed was said for the first time—that the same topics had been discussed, and the same persons had stated the same opinions on them. The sensation, he adds, "was so strong as to resemble what is called a mirage in the desert or calesture on board of ship, when lakes are seen in the desert, and sylvan landscapes in the sea. . . . There was a vile sense of want of reality in all that I did and said."

Scott adverts to this quality of impression in his novel of "Guy Mannering," and Warren and Bulwer Lytton allude to it in certain of their works.

Theological writers have discussed this strange state of feeling as evidence that the spiritual part of man existed before the corporeal body. Glanvil and Henry Moore wrote to this effect in the seventeenth century. At a more recent period the eminent poets Southey and Wordsworth have made a similar deduction from the premises. From this point of view, however, it must be confessed that it is a remarkable coincidence which reproduces an occasion with all attendant circumstances in a manner precisely similar to what occurred in a previous stage of existence.

The phenomenon is attributed by the famous Dr. Wigan to the dual mind, which is made by present-day psychologists to account for most of those occurrences which cannot be explained according to natural laws or what is known of natural laws. This theory Dr. Wigan exploited in a book published in 1844 called "The Duality of the Mind."

But, with all due deference to such authorities as those quoted, does it not seem more likely that the duality of mental impression may not result from some temporary derangement of the brain skin to that produced in the sense of vision by rubbing the eyes, when objects will, for a brief time, appear double? This, it seems, is a very simple and rational theory, neither involving two or more brains nor one or more previous stages of existence.

IRON AND DUST

The mighty ones who wrenched the
world with pain,
Far in the past,
Attila raging o'er the bloody plain,
The Scourge of Heaven, and bold Tam-
erlane—
Where are they now?
The dust of centuries old Time has
cast
Above each brow.

Where rears the spirit of the Norman?
Where
The untamed soul
That from the sea, a lion from its lair,
Arose 'gainst England? Where the ban-
ner fair
The world saw wave
O'er Harold, resting in man's common
goal—
A narrow grave?

What profits Alexander now, that he
Across the world
Bore ruin, sorrow, death, and misery?
The grim phalanx which irresistibly
Moved o'er the field—
Dust—all is dust! The war-flags all are
furled;
Gone every shield!

Man lifts his voice and fills the universe
For one short hour
With blatant vauntings of his sword or
power;
For God a sneer; for Destiny a curse,
Time's stroke is slow;
But when it falls, man withers at its
power
And bows him low.

Man's arm is strong; his footstep shakes
the land;
His iron grasp
May hold a mighty nation; but his hand
Withers and falls when stops the run-
ning sand
In old Time's glass;
Death's finger touch—a shudder—cry—a
gasp.
The strong ones pass!

Where is the glory of the sword and
shield?
The bright spear's rust;
Fond lovers stare where once the legions
wheeled;
The stolid plowman turns the battle-
field.
The olive tree,
Green badge of peace, may from a
Caesar's dust
Spring tranquilly.

Oh, you who would immortalize your
name,
Ye'er soulless cast
Your brother's blood upon the pyre of
shame
And call the dread black smoke immor-
tal fame!
Though reared unseen,
The sodded mound white marble will
outlast,
And still be green.
—Lewell O. Reese in San Francisco
Bulletin.

PHILOSOPHIC MAUNDERINGS.

It is the privilege of every man to
doubt his neighbor; it is his fate to be
doubted.

It takes an interview with a Missouri
mule to convince some men that they
are not infallible.

It may be heroic to lead your men into
battle, but the chap that stays with the
commissary gets more filling.

One way to invite destruction is to tell
the cook that you don't like soap in the
prongs of your fork.

You don't have to begin to suspect the
hen just because the egg won't stand
poaching.

If cleanliness is akin to godliness,
modern politics is away beyond the forty-
seventh cousinship.

THE ROSE AND THE FACE

By RALPH RUNYAN, in "Philadelphia Ledger."

In a grassy plot in the burying ground,
Where my joy lay hid 'neath a tiny mound,
I planted a rose—in the very place
Where the rots could draw from the dear dead face
The delicate tint of the cheeks so fair,
The graceful poise and the symmetry rare.

I waited; the days seemed long as years;
Oft did I moisten the rose with tears;
It grew to the height of him who lay
In the little mound 'neath the sod and clay;
And a single bud, on the topmost limb,
Promised to perfectly picture him.

One morn, as the bush in the breezes swayed,
I bowed by the little mound and prayed;
The bud burst forth in a rose so fair,
And the face of him was mirrored there!
It spoke—in the voice of my precious dead—
It spoke—and these are the words it said:

"Flower of Paradise—Heaven-born,
Kissed by the sun of eternal morn!
Reared and nurtured by Infinite hand,
Tint from the cheeks of a seraphim band;
Woven from tresses of angels fair,
Breath of the cherubim—perfume rare;
Flower of Paradise—dead to thee—
Risen to bloom in eternity!"

I gazed on the rose as it drooped its head,
And it faded white as the face of my dead!
The petals fell, and the bush decayed,
But the perfume sweet on the breezes strayed,
And it lingers still, though the mem'ry's dim
Of the rose, and the bush, and the face of him.

THE INVENTIVE YANKEE

A device so simple and yet so effective has been tried in Waterbury, Conn., for the catching of thieves, that its success is not half so surprising as the fact that nobody has thought of it before. The farmers of one of the suburbs of that town had been much troubled by marauders who stole their fruit and vegetables. They set up of nights with shotguns, hoping to catch the depredators, but the only result was that they became cross from loss of sleep. They laid traps, and did everything else that tradition has sanctioned in such cases, but all to no effect. Finally a way out of the difficulty was found, and as not infrequently happened, it was a woman who found it.

The woman was a shrewd old maid, one of the neighbors of a deacon who had lost more heavily than most of his townfolk from the enterprise of the thieves, and she suggested that the deacon's apple brandy might induce them to remain until they could be treated with proper hospitality. She thought it was rather a pity to waste the brandy on them, but that in view of the end to be attained it would be worth while. So the deacon took a keg of brandy, labelled it "sweet cider," and put it in

a convenient place. The next night he found half a dozen of the light-fingered folk asleep in his orchard. While liquor of this potency may not always be attainable, it might be "practicable to dose some sort of drink with a sleeping potion as a trap for thieves. This plan would not be open to the objections of poison, and it would be superior to the shotgun, in that it would work without human agency and leave no harmful effects behind. It would simply catch the thief and hold him until such time as he could be secured and taken into custody.

Head Is Best Protected.

An Australian officer, who saw the greater part of the war in South Africa, says the "London Pall Mall Gazette," has been telling a Melbourne interviewer that from his experience he thinks the head is the safest part in which to receive a bullet. "The head is the most protected part of the body. Out of scores of cases of wounds in the head that came under my notice, only one was fatal. In many of them the bullets glanced off the skull, merely inflicting scalp wounds."

Legends of "Pots and Pans"

In the dim legendary days of giants and fairies there dwelt on the mountain tops overlooking the winding Pennine Vale, along which lies the town of Saddleworth, two giants named Alder and Alphin, says a writer in the "Manchester (England) Daily Dispatch." Such colossal creatures were they that they amused themselves tossing great fragments of rock across the countryside, as small boys would throw pebbles into a stream. In recent times one of the giant's toys, a boulder several tons in weight, was found lying miles away at Ashton-under-Lyne, the marks of great fingers impressed upon its hard surface. For long Alder and Alphin were friends, their fastnesses being upon adjacent hilltops; but at last they quarreled. Naturally enough, there was a woman in it. The fair maid Rimmon lived hard by, in Rimmon Pits, a lovely dell. Near Greenfield's utmost bounds A circling rock a crystal fount surrounded, Where beauteous Rimmon oft concealed did lave Her flowing tresses in the silvery wave.

Both giants were enamored, but the woman's choice rested upon Alphin, and him she married. The rejected Alder, in rage and chagrin, sent Alphin a challenge to mortal combat, and from the topmost peaks of their lofty hills the giants hurled great rocks across the valley at each other, until Alphin was struck down and died. Then the unhappy maiden flung herself over the precipice, and the fountain nymphs tenderly lifted her corpse and laid it in the same grave with that of Alphin, at the foot of his hill of Greenfield. This is but one of many quaint legends which cluster around that rugged district, where the spurs of the Pennines shoot out to the westward, into the lowlands of Lancashire and Cheshire. Few individual peaks are more richly crowned with folk-lore and historical reminiscence than that near Saddleworth, which goes by the curious local title of "Pots and Pans."

It was from this summit that the murderous Alder hurled the death-dealing boulders at Alphin, whose home was on the neighboring height of Greenfield. There, also, one may find one of the most interesting Druidical remains in the whole country, a fine stone altar, with massive shaped boulders lying around, which, in prehistoric times, probably formed the walls of a Druid temple. For years past it has been matter of regret that this hill, with its interesting remains, has not been open to the public. It has been dedicated to the sacred goddess, Grouse, and except in the shooting season its coarse turf has felt only the step of the gamekeeper. Only the whirr of wings as the moorland bird rose from the scrubby heather has disturbed the stillness. There is every prospect now, however, that the public will soon have access to "Pots and Pans," for Mr. Brooks, the man who owns it, together with a large tract of surrounding grouse moor, has offered to throw it open to the people of Saddleworth on payment of a nominal rent.

GODLINESS AND CLEANLINESS.

The Bishop of Fano, in North Italy, provides for the association of cleanliness with godliness in his instruction to pastors. In all churches after feast days the floors are to be cleaned with a sublimate solution. At least once a week pews and confessional benches must be wiped with a damp cloth and the grating of the confessionals washed with lye.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.