

The Evening Times

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War and Its Rigors.

General Young's defense of the army in the Philippines voices the convictions of a trained soldier who knows the inexorable aspect of "grim visaged war" and the militant duty of the vigorous prosecution of a campaign if a campaign is to be prosecuted at all.

A Testimony Drill.

In the course of murder trials it frequently happens that the life of a human being hangs on accurate and clearly given testimony, and on the disposition of the jury to make allowance for the weak places in testimony which is other than clear and accurate.

When Admiral Dewey gets our mimic war in full swing on the Spanish Main, will he suspend hostilities for breakfast?

Let them be warned that upon the accuracy of their testimony depends a fee, large enough to make the matter one of some moment to the poorer subjects of the experiment.

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Again, the witness may be a relative or close friend of the prisoner, and tremble with fear lest his testi-

mony add to the proof of guilt. How many people are able to think clearly and express themselves carefully in such circumstances? Above all, the average person is much less careful than he should be, in his daily walk and conversation, to be accurate in his statements.

President Roosevelt hasn't found a bear in the canebreaks yet, but the discovery of a hunter named Bob Bobo, of Bobo Station, seems even a richer find.

In addition to being a merchant, Sir Albert Rollitt, D. C. L., LL. D., M. P., is plainly a man of letters.

President Gompers' action in giving the lie direct to President Eliot, of Harvard, was anything but academic.

Uncle Sam's chant of parting to Minister Wu seems to be: "Say au revoir, but not good-by."

Mr. Babcock figures in the Speakership fight as threatening to spike the Cannon boom.

It now looks as if England intends to give Morocco a good tanning.

When Admiral Dewey gets our mimic war in full swing on the Spanish Main, will he suspend hostilities for breakfast?

American authors are certainly in the saddle these days. Two of them have just been made chevaliers by Italy.

When Sousa's band makes that "March King" tour of the world, John Philip will not be backward about blowing his own horn.

After a long rest the story of the discovery of hidden Aztec treasure comes up smiling. Now is the time to find Captain Kidd's buried gold on the Gulf Coast.

It's the "get-rich-quick" firms themselves, not their patrons, that do the rapid evaporation act.

And now France has an armor plate scandal of her own. What is the French for blowhole?

Servia's new ministry must surely be a scratch affair. Every blessed name on the cabinet list ends in "itch."

When the President puts that tattered buckskin hunting suit it will be high time for the canebreak bears to take to the woods.

Some of our Senators should be interested in the details of that fist fight in the Austrian reichsrath.

That 10 per cent raise in the salaries of 96,700 Pennsylvania Railroad employes will increase the Thanksgiving spirit.

Great Britain is preparing for a "remnant sale" of warships, but a bargain counter navy isn't likely to appeal to purchasers.

"A MAD WORLD, MY MASTERS."

Bred to the Bandit Business.

THAT is rather a colorful and picturesque story which comes from Sicily, by way of Rome, and tells us of the thrilling raid of the mounted carabinieri in the haunts of the notorious brigand, Barsaloue, in one of the mountain districts. It seems to me, however, that the newspapers are making too much noise over the fact that among the captured bandits were a marquis, a politician, and several doctors and lawyers.

To Settle the Speakership Fight.

IT is always well to have a good precedent in mind when matters of moment approach a climax, and I respectfully call the attention of the House of Representatives in the National Congress to the fight for the speakership in the annual gathering of the Choctaw Indians. Just as is the case in the House, the honor of being speaker was eagerly desired by the various candidates, so eagerly, indeed, that when the final contest came they all engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight on the floor of the council house.

A Good Deal in a Query.

AN answer to the query which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of sweet Juliet—"What's in a name?"—poor George Washington Hall of this city, could make answer with not a little plausibility that there was \$2,000 in it, so far as he was concerned. George, who is colored, was suing the Metropolitan Traction Company for this amount, having been struck and injured by one of the company's cars; but, on the witness stand, the lawyer for the defense so impressed upon his mind the obligation of truthfulness carried with the name of George Washington that he confessed to a carelessness on the streets which relieved the defendant company of responsibility for his hurts.

A New Terror in Burglary.

BURGLARY in itself is full of terror to the mind of the average man, but a new element of dread is now added to it by the action of certain New York housebreakers in the Bronx borough. After looting a home from which the

family were absent for the evening, they gave an impromptu concert, using a cornet and a piano found in the house. When you stop to think of the key-touch of a man whose regular business is with a "jimmy," or of the wind-instrument resources of one whose conversation is mostly in furtive whispers, you may imagine the probable delights of a burglar concert. Let us hope that the murder of Music, heavenly maid, shall now be classed as a capital offense, calling for the application of the death penalty.

Could Always Locate Him.

THERE is a strong temptation for indulgence in poetic allusions to imprisoned hearts, the letters of Cupid, the chains of Hyman, and all that sort of thing, in the news of the marriage of Lemuel Dennis and Miss May Smith in the Dublin, Ind., jail the other night. The bride was a free woman, but the groom was behind the bars on a charge of assault with intent to kill, and the wedding march was played on a guitar by one Tyler Crutcher, in defiance vile for having bunked a farmer out of \$2,100. I cannot clearly understand why a young woman should want to marry a man in jail—unless, indeed, she knows already the advisability of a wife always having her husband just where she can lay her hands on him.

The Husband and the Dog.

"LOVE me, love my dog," is a homely old English saying that has always rather appealed to me by its significance of affectionate partnership; but I doubt if Milton Long, of Cincinnati, indorses the sentiment. Mrs. Ida Long, his wife, not only insisted that Milton should love her dog, but that he should eat at the same table with the animal, and not be helped until Ponto's wants were first satisfied. In addition, also, he charges, in the course of divorce proceedings, that Mrs. Long always nursed Ponto tenderly when the dog was ailing, but the husband, poor man, had to scramble through his illnesses all by his lonesome, the best way he could. Naturally, therefore, Milton Long is protesting against this state of things—and, while husbands should not be encouraged to complain as a general rule, this really seems to be an exceptional case.

Legal Purchase of Votes.

I cannot but admire and marvel at the wisdom of Miss Bertha Berbert, who has just been elected school commissioner at White Plains, N. Y., and who attributes her victory to the free and unlimited circulation of her own photographs. Although the young woman herself is plump and fresh-looking, this may nevertheless be described as a new wrinkle in campaigning. And, while I do not doubt that, in case of the average pretty girl, the gift of her photograph would purchase almost any masculine vote, still there is no legal element of bribery in the transaction. Miss Bertha Berbert is to be congratulated upon having discovered a cheap, effective, and entirely safe method of buying the suffrages of her countrymen.

"JACQUES OF ARDEN."

THE MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC WORLDS.

EDWARD LLOYD, the English tenor, may come to America for another tour. Some time ago it was said that the singer had retired and had determined to lead a quiet existence on his English estate. Recent reports from London, however, indicate that music lovers will have another opportunity to hear him in concert.

MELBA will sing with the Metropolitan company upon her return from Australia, which will be some time in February. Next season the prima donna will make a concert tour of the United States in a private car.

AMELIA BINGHAM, who, in addition to managing and starring in "A Modern Magdalen," controls another company playing the same piece in the one-night stand, has been figuring out her position in the theatrical world and has ascertained that she has in her employ, all told, about eighty-five actors and actresses, and, together with royalties, transportation expenses, and other fixed charges, she has a total weekly expense account of about \$10,000.

CARL GRENGG, the famous Viennese basso, was recently overcome while singing in "William Tell" at the Imperial Opera House, Vienna. His physicians declare that there is slight chance for his recovery, as he is suffering from acute brain trouble.

ALVAREZ, the noted tenor, experienced some difficulty before he became famous in convincing the faculty of the Paris conservatory that he had a voice.

The judges did not consider his voice of sufficient merit and he was refused admittance. M. de Martini, the eminent teacher, was able to bring out all the latent tenor which has since placed Alvarez among the great singers of the world.

FAY TEMPLETON, probably the cleverest member of the Weber & Fields company in New York, the other day spent an hour or more at Mrs. Osborn's Play House with Blanche Ring. Miss Ring, who is the substantial hit of "Tommy Rot," sang "The Belle of Avenue A" until Miss Templeton announced she had become thoroughly familiar with the quality of Miss Ring's voice and her style of singing. In a few days Miss Templeton will add Miss Ring singing the song from "Tommy Rot" to her repertoire of imitations.

FRANZ SCHUBERT left several unpublished songs. The manuscripts of these and that of the orchestration to his "Hymne de Saint-Sacrament" were recently found in an iron box which belonged to the composer.

PADEKIEWSKI was the special attraction at the recent musical festival at Bristol, England. He played Beethoven's "Emperor Concerto" and his own "Polish Fantasia" before an immense audience.

MARIE TEMPEST, who is playing the chief role in "The Marriage of Kitty," at Wyndham's Theatre, London, recently surrendered herself to the mercies of an English newspaper interviewer.

She admitted that she started at the foot of the dramatic ladder, at a salary of \$20 per week. She is a thorough believer in actresses succeeding through their own merits, and says that a young woman with the proper amount of determination and talent is bound to come to the front. Miss Tempest said that every noted French artist has come from the Conservatoire in Paris, and that every French actress considers it her duty to learn elocution, fencing, and the art of moving gracefully about the stage.

ARTHUR WELD, the director of the "Florodora" orchestra during the career of the imported musical comedy at the Casino Theatre, New York, has turned his attention to composition, and has written a number of solos that are used in "The Silver Slipper." One of these, "The Love Star," is introduced in the first act and is regarded as one of the best numbers of the performance. Another, "Two Eyes of Blue," is sung by Mackenzie Gordon in the second act of the same piece.

MAURICE GRAU will give a series of cycles this winter at the Metropolitan Opera House. Among the most interesting features will be "Der Wald," a composition by the young English writer, Miss Eleanor Smyth.

FANNY BLOOMFIELD, ZEISLER played Beethoven's "Emperor," E flat concerto in Berlin last month at her own recital. Her changes of tempo were criticised and the reviewers declared that her interpretation lacked vitality and power.

"Of Making Many Books There Is No End."

The Story of "Owd Bob."

Alfred Ollivant, author of "Bob, Son of Battle," has just written another dog book entitled "Danny." His first story was written while lying in compulsory idleness, recovering from injuries received in maneuvers. For some reason or other it did not sell at first, especially in this country. Perhaps this was owing to the title, which is not nearly so good as "Owd Bob," under which name it was published in the English edition. One person in Milwaukee, however, wrote a letter of appreciation to the publishers, and this letter, being used in advertising, not only earned him their heartfelt gratitude, but started an excellent sale. The moral of this seems to be that if you buy a book and like it exceedingly you should write to the responsible persons, and tell them so.

Mark Twain's Courtship.

The illness of Mrs. Clemens recalls a story which is told of Mark Twain's courtship. At the time of his marriage, in 1859, the author was known only as a rising newspaper man, and it is said that when he asked his fiancée's hand of Mr. Langdon, her father, the latter asked for references. The names of several Californians who knew the young man were given, and some weeks later their replies to inquiring letters arrived. With one exception every "reference" denounced him, and had it not been that Miss Langdon still believed in him and had great influence with her father, the outcome might have been a broken engagement.

A Football Poet.

Holman F. Day, the Maine poet, is an enthusiast over football, and went so far the other day as to write some football songs.

Mr. Janvier in Provence.

Thomas A. Janvier has written a book entitled "Christmas Kalends of Provence," which bids fair to be as delightful as his Mexican books. Mr. Janvier is a Philadelphian by birth, but his first book, "Color Studies," was quite un-Philadelphian in atmosphere, being a series of clever stories of Bohemian life in New York, in which each character bore the name of some sort of paint—Rose Madder, Vandyke Brown, and Crenniz White among them. It required ingenuity to fit these appellations to the exigencies of fiction, but Mr. Janvier did it. He is best known, however, through his sketch books of Mexico and his studies of Provençal life, with which he is thoroughly familiar.

Another Idiot Shattred.

One of the cherished pieces of bric-a-brac in literature is unquestionably Lamb's "Essay on Roast Pig," which has delighted the culture and the book-lover alike. Now comes a ruthless person, in the form of a correspondent of the "North China Herald," to dispel the traditions which cluster about that charming little story. He says that he had on one occasion the opportunity of seeing it acted out in real life. He passed through a Chinese village, where the people kept many pigs. A fire had broken out in the night, and there was no time to save most of the animals, consequently they had been roasted in the ruins. He remarked that the people must have had a good meal of roast pork in any case. To his surprise, the natives asked: "Who would eat that stinking, smoky stuff?" The Chinese palate evidently rejects pork, at any rate in that form. This correspondent feels consequently that he can never again enjoy Lamb. It is sad, but, perhaps, it was inevitable.

A Luxurious Author.

A Neapolitan newspaper which seems to have adopted the methods of certain yellow Americans, publishes a list of the clothing carried by Gabriele d'Annunzio when he travels abroad. It sounds very much as if it might be accurate. It includes: Shirts, seventy-two; socks of all kinds, twelve dozen; socks of quiet tinted silk, two dozen;

hats, evening suits, smoking coats, shooting jackets, innumerable; gloves for walking, forty-eight pairs; gloves for evening, twenty-four pairs; mufflers of beautiful silk, three; walking sticks, twelve; umbrellas of violet hue, eight; parasols, green, ten; handkerchiefs, twenty dozen; cravats, resplendent and varied, one hundred and fifty; waistcoats, ten; shoes for walking, fourteen pairs; slippers, "soft, silent, and tremulous," two pairs. Also, a very fine carbine, three revolvers, a dagger, a Venetian box of perfumes, and a lap dog.

A Prolific Novelist.

Guy Boothby, the creator of "Dr. Nikola," is an industrious novelist. In less than eight years he has produced thirty-six books. He is a South Australian by birth, and is now about thirty-five years old.

WHILE STILL THE PROCESSION MOVES ON.

And still the procession moves on, moves on; "Rich man, poor man, beggarman, thief," Hustling and jostling, with faces wan; Dining with laughter to sup with grief.

Each of us smiling to hide his care; Each of us weeping his part to play; Bending beneath the burdens we bear; Journeymen all on the great highway.

And the same little mound in the end, in the end, For sweetheart and lover, for foe and friend.

And the same waving grasses to whisper and bend,

While still the procession moves on.

While still the procession moves on, moves on,

Building our castles, we hope and dream,

And the red robe of pleasure we cheerily don,

And dance in our joy like a mote in its beam.

We hurry and jostle—more room, more room!

Room for the palace that I shall build—

'Till a voice is heard, and its word is "Doom!"

And the dreams are buried, the hopes are stifled.

And the same little mound in the end, in the end,

For the dildars who break and the sages who mend.

And the same specter Death his pallor to lend.

While still the procession moves on.

While still the procession moves on, moves on,

Gods! how we cling to our pleasure and gold!

Gayest companions grow weary and wan;

Still to life's tinsel we ceaselessly hold.

Here is our palace, the palace of wealth;

This is our castle, the castle of fame;

Building by force or building by stealth;

Fighting with shadows, our shadow to claim.

And the same little mound at the last, at the last,

After the dreams and the hurry are passed.

And the same weary faces with white-ness o'ercast.

While still the procession moves on.

—Alfred J. Waterhouse in New York Times.

JESTS IN SEASON.

Expert Insight.

Allice—I could make a literary hit if I wanted to.

Agnes—What would it be?

Allice—I would write a book called "Confessions of a Widow."—Detroit Free Press.

Afraid of the Boodle Goblins.

"What makes that man wear such a wild and hunted look, pa?"

"If you will glance at his suit case, my son, you will learn that he is from St. Louis."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

Totally Disabled.

"What did you say Chumley draws his pension for?"

"Oh, he's deaf from hearing his father talk about how he fought in the war."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"TO PASS THE TIME AWAY."

A RIFT lay between green swelling hillocks that sloped sharply down to the sea. The steep wooded sides met softly in a shady glen, where a stream whispered. Tall, ivy-bung trees stood like silent sentinels, listening to the countless vows exchanged by lovers beneath their sympathetic shade. Some, indeed, seemed lifting gaunt arms in supplication to the great Master in the blue heavens above them, in pity for the innocent hearts which believed those vows were eternal; or, crying voicelessly for justice to decide how long the deceivers should be tolerated. But the greater number bent their heads and gathered up with gladness the soft whispers of love that reached them, and stored them away in their deep green hearts, where the birds sang their marriage songs and built their warm, soft nests.

A robin hopped on to the steep winding path and, with head on one side, surveyed the scene.

"The same old story," he twittered, "they'd find a worm a deal more satisfying!" And he hopped on.

At the head of the glen was a semi-circle of rocky walls hung with ferns and mosses, while over them fell clear streams of cool glistening water—fell ever with musical splash and harmonious undertones into the sandy, rock-strewn pool below. Trees and bushes in their fresh, delicate green beauty overhung the dripping spring, long blackberry briars flung their graceful arms far over the sparkling drops, which clanked like diamonds in the hot noontide sun; and, sitting from one flower to another, blue butterflies shone like wandering sapphires.

Not a breath stirred; the great warm earth seemed softly sleeping in the en-

folding heat, and birds sang sweet lullabies.

Through the trees of the glen a great glad blueness shone; the sea lay smiling beyond them and her salt breath was wafted far up the hills.

By the dripping spring stood a man and a girl. He led her with careful lingering touch to the mystic water, and she held out her hand and carried some of the glistening drops in the soft pink cup to her lips.

He watched her action with a tender smile; then, taking her wrist gently in his hand, he held the little pink, rounded palm again beneath the trickling water, carried it gravely to his own lips, and kissed the empty cup, with a touch of old-world chivalry, before releasing it.

"What a quaint boy you are," she said. "Did you wish at the same time in the proper way?"

"Yes, darling—and you?"

"Oh, yes; I wished hard," she replied, turning to pick some blackberries that grew within her reach. She did not mention, however, that her wish had not been her ultimate union with a far different man, now absent in Porto Rico; and with this other by her side—ignorance was bliss.

It was true that the hours were flying thin, his one day of perfect happiness, but while there yet remained even part of an hour he would resolutely enjoy it with no thought of the weary tomorrows.

He had loved this girl passionately for weeks, and she had encouraged him in countless ways, but not till today had she allowed him to speak openly to her. She had expressed—in an idle moment—a wish to visit the glen and had asked him to take her. He had arranged everything for the little picnic for two with joy, not unmixed with a little astonish-

ment at her giving him her undivided companionship for a whole day, and on their way to their destination, as they drove through the old fishing town and up the long winding hill beyond, he took courage, seized his opportunity, and asked her to be his wife.

She said she had no wish to marry—yet while she liked him very much—well, she would say loved him, if he wished—and she would allow him to consider their engagement settled, if he promised not to worry.

With rapture he thanked and kissed her; and then, with sadder tone, told her that he was going abroad. His firm was sending him to Manila for six months on urgent business and he would have to start very soon. He felt he ought not to have spoken to her of love when he was leaving America so soon, but he could not resist the opportunity when it offered, for the uncertainty would have been terrible to bear, and six months would pass, and then they would be happy indeed.

She was very loving and sweet to him after that, though her eyes had an almost relieved look in them when he told her he was going away, and she said their day should be a golden one, and they would let no thought stray beyond it.

"He will forget by that time and it does help to pass the time till Harry comes home," she thought, in a lame attempt to excuse herself.

So they wandered down through the leafy depths of the glen, and while her lips were his to kiss, her hand to hold, her slender waist to cherish, he felt his cup of happiness was almost full to the brim.

"Nathalie—my Nathalie!" he murmured for the twentieth time. "Darling, is it really true that you love me?"

"Why do you doubt me, Alan?" she replied with an adorable pout of her pretty red lips, and the kiss he was allowed to take satisfied him once more.

He almost forgot the tempting little luncheon he had packed with so much care until she reminded him that it was "luncheon time," and then, when he had found the prettiest spot and had opened the basket—how lovely she looked presiding over the impromptu meal—he thought, How wonderful it was that she should have given her heart to a plain, stupid fellow like himself! And now she was to be his own sweet wife—some day. Should he ever be her husband? God helping him, he would strive every minute of that waiting time to grow a better, nobler man for her sweet sake.

"My Nathalie," he said, gravely, when the afternoon shadows began to grow long, "you will not worry about me when I am away, will you darling? You will know that I am thinking of you always and loving you always. And you will think of me, won't you, my own?"

"Now, Alan, you know we promised each other we would not think of the future! You naughty boy, it was you who forgot that first. See, we shall have to be starting for home soon—our day is almost ended."

"Have you enjoyed it, darling—alone with me?"

"It has been perfectly delightful," she assented heartily. "And you were a dear old thoughtful Alan to plan it all so nicely. I wonder whether we shall ever come here again," she added, looking toward the beauty everywhere.

"We will," he cried; "we will come here during our honeymoon."

"Nay, I told you that you were not to talk about that sort of thing," she in-

A SHORT STORY BY ARDEN GALE.

interrupted playfully. "Come, we must really be going."

So they made their way to the glen once more, while the sun peeped at them between the trees and a little evening breeze whispered of coming night. When they reached the spring he stopped, and, placing a hand lightly on each of her shoulders, gazed down into her eyes, gazed and gazed, as though he felt it was the last time he should see her.

"Kiss me, darling," he pleaded with a sound suspiciously like a sob in his deep voice. "I did not tell you before—I could not—I have to leave tomorrow. I sail—next Saturday from San Francisco. I shall not see my darling after tonight, for a long time."

She laid her arms about his neck and gave him the kiss he wanted.

"Good-by, Alan, dear, dear, Alan," she said tearfully.

And hand in hand they left the glen. "Silly fools," piped the robin, hopping once more across the path; "poor silly fools! They had better have tried a good fat worm. It's far more satisfying."

It was six months later and the great ocean liner Teutonic was speeding on her homeward way. Among the passengers was Alan Neville, his heart beating high with happy thoughts of the beautiful life that should begin as soon after he landed in America as he could persuade his fiancée, Nathalie Wilson, to consent to their marriage.

He had written to her constantly from the Philippines, long, loving letters, telling of his life, so that she should be able to picture him day by day. On the outward voyage he had sent a letter on every possible occasion. Before leaving Manila he had written to her giving all the details he could of his return, by way of Europe, the date of departure and the probable date of ar-

ival home. Her replies had been sometimes long in coming and were too short to be satisfactory, though he hardly owned as much even to himself.

"She says she is not fond of writing," he said, after reading the last hurried note he had received. "My poor little girl! She has had nothing but letters all these months. But all will be right when we see each other again. My darling!"

A girl passenger passing at that moment confided to her sister afterward, in the privacy of the cabin, that she had met that grave, quiet Mr. Neville with the nice face and he had looked at her as if he saw nothing, and then had suddenly smiled the most beautiful smile you ever saw.

There was a thrill of anxiety on board that night, for a shark had been seen following the ship, and the sailors knew the sign well and muttered to each other—"What does he want?"

Next day the doctor reported a case of enteric fever.

"Who is it?" asked the genial captain. "First-class passenger—Neville, desperately bad, too. Poor fellow, he is delicious and raving about some girl. I must go and superintend giving him an ice-pack."

"Nathalie! Nathalie!" moaned the sick man as the doctor entered his cabin, and through the long hot night the fever raged, and he fancied himself back in the glen by the sea and begged his darling his Nathalie, to catch some of the glistening drops of the cool water at the dripping spring and give him to drink.

Toward morning the fever abated, and consciousness returned for a while, though the medical man's experienced eyes saw that his patient was slipping through his fingers—too weak to recover.

"Doctor," whispered the faint voice, and the sunken eyes looked anxiously into the calm, kind face beside the bed.

"She may come to meet—the ship. You will break it to her gently, very gently? We were to have been—married—soon. You will tell her—I thought of her always—and—loved her—to the end."

"And her name, my poor fellow?"

"With an effort the faint voice whispered the words: "Nathalie Wilson."

There was a funeral at sea the next day, that saddest and most impressive sight, which wakes a slumbering chord of introspective thought in the most callous, world-worn heart. And at the solemn words of the beautiful burial service were read the mortal remains of Alan Neville were consigned to the restless deep.