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MR. BALDWIN'S RETURN

When the Baldwin-Ziegler expedition departed for the ice-locked north, there was great confidence in the success of its exploration.

Owing to most unfavorable conditions, Mr. Baldwin was prevented from even duplicating the feats of the Duke of the Abruzzi or Dr. Nansen.

Many lives and much treasure has been lost in the desperate attempts to penetrate the secrets of the ice king of the North, but adventurous explorers do not seem to become discouraged by partial failures.

In 1903 Baldwin will try again. The hearts of Americans will go with him, for it is particularly desirable that in this era of our success the Pole should be first sighted by a son of Uncle Sam.

THE SEA SERPENT

The sea-serpent seems to have passed with the nineteenth century, and without the formality of an adieu that would convince the doubter and the scoffer of his actual existence.

Time was when no summer season would have been one without the appearance at one or several of the briny resorts of a salt-water reptile that, according to the narrative of the isolated observer, made the boat-constrictor look like a papier-mache ornament.

While these rumors of sights of horrible creatures made bathing unpopular with the timid, they seemed to exercise a kind of fascination even upon the gentler sex, and crowds were wont to peer seaward and with bated breath watch for the sinuous monarch of the rolling deep.

There are probably many living who will contend that they have been lucky enough to see sea snakes. They are, in all likelihood, able to describe with great detail the appearance and actions of crawling denizens of the ocean with heads like elephants and whiskers of resplendent emerald.

But these honest folk have grown weary of telling their tales to the recalcitrant, and the sea serpent, apparently, has become less than a legend, for we hear nothing of the monster these days.

Perhaps, like the ichthyosaurus, his celebrated ancestor, he has deliberately taken to the unfathomed floor of the restless sea and made up his mind to become a mere fossil to be appreciated by the more learned human investigators of future generations.

THE TIME OF THE END.

An explanation of Christ's utterances in regard to the Millennium.

By CHARLES L. McMASTER

With reference to the statement from our Lord's great prophecy: "But of that day and hour knoweth no man, no, not the angels of heaven, but my Father only," it is necessary to understand that the good people, who regard this verse as a lock, placed upon and making useless all the prophecies of the Bible, fail to grasp the import of Christ's utterance.

Our Lord was then in his human form, and he did not know, neither were the angels of heaven then informed of the time of the end. But, since his resurrection and glorification, he does know what as a human being, perfect though he was, he did not; and that the angels and the Church are also, now, entitled to this knowledge is indicated by Ephesians, iii:9,10, and the whole of New Testament teaching; which again and again, especially emphasizes the command to "watch," which would be entirely inconsistent if we were never to be permitted to know of Christ's coming, even if we did "watch," that is study, investigate, and live lives in accordance with this great hope.

He will come, however, "as a thief in the night," for but few will indeed be watching for him. This is in accordance with direct prediction.

When he has once come there will be no doubt of his arrival. The announcement of it is the "tidings of great joy," first proclaimed at Bethlehem.

The whole world will be fully aware and thoroughly convinced by such a display of power and mercy as human experience has never known: "For as the lightning cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall the coming of the Son of Man be;" or, to use a more exact translation, "As the bright shiner (the sun) cometh out of the east and shineth even unto the west, so shall the presence (Greek, "parousia") of the Son of Man be."

Every one shall know it, every one shall be fully enlightened and led from all evil into absolute right. It is the time "of restitution of all things," described in Acts iii:19-21. It is the great thousand year jubilee of the earth. It is the golden age for which the world has been sighing since the fall of Adam; and it is a kingdom in regard to the time of setting up of which the Scripture proofs amount not to a "mathematical probability," but to a mathematical and Divinely attested certainty.

REQUIESCAT.

By LINDSLEY HAVEL MINES.

I stood beside the grave of one who died Amidst the tender dawn that lies between The girl and woman: one whose eyes had seen The world but sweetly; one who smiled a bride— Aye, smiled a mother, faintly, as she sighed.

Fair bud and blossom, babe and mother lay: And thus they shrouded them, and in a spot Where peace forever keeps her Sabbath-day A grave was opened. And I knew it not. O playmate of the many years gone by, I may not weep, for blest are they who die.

WHEN I HAVE TIME.

When I have time so many things I'll do To make life happier and more fair For those whose lives are crowded with care: I'll help to lift them from their low despair.

When I have time the friend I love so well Shall know no more these weary, toiling days; I'll lead her feet in pleasant paths always.

When you have time! The friend you hold so dear May be beyond the reach of all your sweet intent, May never know that you so kindly meant.

Now is the time! Ah, friend, no longer wait! To scatter loving smiles and words of cheer To those around whose lives are now so drear: They may not need you in the coming year— Now is the time.

Educating One's Self.

By NEWELL DWIGHT HILLIS, In "Success."

It is unreasonable to suppose that no one but a college graduate can be educated, in the broader meaning of that much-abused word. If a young man or a young woman is wholly undecided as to his or her future work, a four years' college course may help to a decision, but if one is determined to follow a special line of work, he can make more rapid progress outside a college, sometimes, than in one. If, for example, he has chosen literature as a profession, he can study under a tutor in the subjects he desires and progress twice as fast as in college.

THE ROSARY.

By ROBERT CAMEBON ROGERS.

The hours I've spent with thee, dear heart, Are as a string of pearls to me; I count them over, every one apart, My rosary.

Each hour a pearl, each pearl a prayer, To still a heart in absence wrung; I count the beads unto the end, and there A cross is hung.

Oh, memories that bless and burn! Oh, barren gain and bitter loss! I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn To kiss the cross, Sweetheart, To kiss the cross.

THE CITY.

By MARY FREDERICK FAXON.

Twilight above the church's dome; The cover of the night comes down, And along the ways of the swarming town, The crowds at dusk are hastening home.

A thousand lights are strung along The brawling, bustling thoroughfares; And above the yell of a hawker's wares, Hand-organ music and shrilling song.

Midnight along the city street; The glare of lamps and the flash of gems, Fair, proud women with trailing hems— Wealth-born and gutter-born passing meet.

Laughter and roses and dying mirth, A cloak wrapped close round the scant-ed hair; In a darkened doorway mumbling there, A beggar is crouching close to earth.

Gray, cold dawn o'er the stretching roofs; Silence along the empty streets, No sound, no stir the strained ear greets. Save the trick-track of a horse's hoofs.

Ghostly and large through the misting rain, A market wagon and rumbling carts; A shrill-blown whistle, the city starts. Awakes, thrills, throbs, and goes again. —Boston Transcript.

VISITORS.

By DON MARQUIS.

An eerie night; the shadows in the room, Pierced by the fire's quick-thrusting blades of red, Leap high, then, shuddering, fall; while from the gleam Steal softly forth the well-remembered dead.

Dumb, trembling, fearful, as the firelight throws Its last expiring gleams upon the wall, Then gaining form, and heart and tongue as grows The room more dim and the fading embers fall.

The pulse leaps strangely at the mirthful lit Of once familiar voices, and the tears Start at the echoes of dead laughter spilt Along the byways of forgotten years.

By Faith's clear light, or hectic Fancy's fire Is it I see these wraiths about my hearth? Does God indeed e'er grant the soul's desire That longs once more to see the old, kind earth?

How'er that be, sweet ghostly company, Thrice welcome here, and welcome, too, the train Of mingled memories you bring to me Of buried joys and sorrows, mirth and pain.

Seen 'gainst the changing background of the night The old-time tenderness your faces wear— Ah, me, such love, unmerited, may smite With more of force than most reproaches bear!

Forgiving smiles can be most poignant things On lips, as bloodless, of the injured dead— But yet far better all remorseful stings Than that these faces from the memory fled.

With grief-charged Memory I would not part, Who is so bold he dares high value set Upon forgetfulness? Not I, my heart Shall rather bleed and revel in regret.

And so when'er the hurrying winds of night Shall waft thy wandering wings toward once-dear earth Cease for a space, I pray, thy rhythmic flight And fill the old-time places round my hearth.

THE TWO GOSPELS.

By CHARLES P. NETTLETON.

Entranced with Beauty, Love made once so wise Her votaries they writ a gospel, called The gospel of the body, and enthralled Thereby all eager ears, all wandering eyes. O wondrous Greeks, who knew earth's treasures Of Beauty, and our simple lore forestalled, Not since your day—our workers half appalled, Work idly—has Time seen such victories. Praise for the Greeks! And yet, a victory Still incomplete and dumb, ten thousand times Diviner, waits as earth's most perfect goal. The gospel of the body, that must die! But deathless Beauty's full and finer chimes Call us to write the gospel of the soul.

THE MAHARAJAH OF JAIPUR AND HIS UNIQUE PINK CITY

India is the land of picturesque cities, but it is universally conceded that Jaipur—the Jeypore of our old-fashioned geographical books—is the most beautiful of them all, says the "St. James Gazette." It is the metropolis of the state of the same name, this being one of the tributary native provinces in the important territory of Rajputana.

The state of Jaipur covers an area of nearly 15,000 square miles. Though its name conveys little meaning to the average Englishman, it is quite as important a district as Wales, Holland, Belgium, or Roumania. The population now reaches about two and a half millions. Of these some are pure Rajputs of the old dominant caste; others are of various inferior castes; some are Mohammedans, and some belong to the curious Jain sect, whose shrines are usually placed on the crests of the highest hills, and who form a very wealthy and influential part of the community.

Among our brilliant coronation guests from the Orient is the native ruler of Jaipur, Sir Madho Singh Badshah, the representative of a proud line of kings whose authority was established at least a thousand years since. This enlightened prince, distinguished as one of the handsomest men in all India, is only forty-one years of age. He is a true Oriental, speaking no English, identifying himself with all the ancient religious traditions and customs, and maintaining his court with the full splendor and ostentatious pomp so unspeakably dear to the souls of the Hindus.

Oh, memories that bless and burn! Oh, barren gain and bitter loss! I kiss each bead, and strive at last to learn To kiss the cross, Sweetheart, To kiss the cross.

One of the coins of the Chinese Emperor Kanghi is very much sought after by the Chinese, who use it in making rings for the finger. It is slightly different from the other cash issued under the same Emperor in the form of one of the characters that indicate the royal period. The Chinese call it "Lo-han-cash," the word Lo-han being a Sanscrit word Arhan, "venerable," the name applied to the eighteen attendants of Buddha, who are frequently seen ranged along the two sides of the principal halls in Buddhist temples. The tradition is that while the Emperor was intimately associated with European missionaries he became imbued with a feeling of contempt for Buddhism, and illustrated this phase of his faith by having a set of eighteen brass Lo-han images melted down and cast into cash. This brass is said to contain a considerable portion of gold; hence the demand for the cash.—Boston Transcript.

THE LACK OF COURTESY.

By F. V. C.

Discourtesy is the self-assertion of the innately vulgar and base. We do not include the ignorant in this category, for a person may be very ignorant and yet not at all vulgar, base, and consequently discourteous. Nor is discourtesy to be attributed solely to the poor. It is, in fact, not a product of environment, as its name implies. It is a negative quantity, a lack of something. Nothing can supply this dismal void; luxurious and refined surroundings, contact with persons of brilliant intellect and elegant culture, are futile.

Nevertheless, the discourteous person is generally gifted with cunning and power of imitation. Necessarily intensely selfish and devoid of magnanimity, the discourteous are intuitively quick to discern "where thrift may follow fawning" and, again, where their natural propensity to offend and thus regain their self-esteem may be indulged.

The discourteous are, withal, to be pitied rather than hated or despised. Said the "Great Duke of Marlborough," himself the pink of courtesy, in reference to a sulky servant who grumbled at his orders:

"The discourteous are cursed with a 'twilight murkiness of soul,' impenetrable to any ray of beauty, sublimity, or elegance."

"I would not have that man's disposition for five hundred pounds."

Yet the duke was, in the common acceptance of the term, an ignorant man, and spelled sword, "sord." The Earl of Chesterfield, the patron saint of good manners, was once jostled aside by a fellow, who said: "I never make way for a scoundrel."

"Sir," returned the elegant nobleman, raising his hat very politely, "I always do."

That is a noble reply of Hamlet to Polonius, who engaged to treat the players according to their deserts:

"Ods bodkins," returns the prince, and, truly, he never appears more princely, "treat them much better. Use every man after his deserts, and who shall scape whipping. Use them after your own honor and dignity; the less they deserve, the more merit is in your bounty."

The discourteous are cursed with a "twilight murkiness of soul," impenetrable to any ray of beauty, sublimity, or elegance; dead to the true appreciation of aught there is in life that distinguishes humanity from the animal.

THE MISSION OF THE POSITIVE MAN

No man achieves anything worthy until he learns the power of conviction—until he feels that he can accomplish something if he will it strong enough and long enough.

The world stands aside for the man who has a program, a mission, a calling to do that which he feels a throbbing compulsion within him to do.

Stoutly arm your ability to do what you undertake. Every affirmation strengthens your position.

One of the best strengtheners of character and developers of stamina, generally, is to assume the part you wish to play; to stoutly assert the possession of whatever you lack. If you are deficient in courage, staying power, pluck, or determination, learn to assert vigorously these qualities as your own by a divine right. Be thor-

oughly convinced that they belong to you—that you should possess them, and that you do. Then you will strengthen your success-position wonderfully.

Grant had this positive quality—a firm conviction that he could accomplish whatever he undertook. There was nothing negative in him. He did not stop, in the midst of a great crisis, to consider if failure were possible; he did not doubt, but constantly affirmed, and was always on the positive side.

It is the positive Lincoln, Washingtons, and Grants who achieve results. The positive man is wanted everywhere—the man with the plus qualities of leadership. He is fearless—courageous; his conviction is born of the consciousness of strength.

Never allow yourself to admit that you are inferior to the emergency confronting you, for this is to invite defeat. Stoutly affirm that you can

do the thing. The moment you harbor a doubt of your ability, that moment you capitulate to the enemy.

Every time you acknowledge weakness, deficiency, or lack of ability, or harbor doubts, you weaken your self-confidence, and that is to weaken the very foundation, the very possibility of your success.—Exchange.

Casting an Anchor to Windward. Pittsburg Dispatch—The eagerness with which the members of the British Cabinet are cultivating the acquaintance of J. P. Morgan is an exhibition of wise foresightedness. If Mr. Morgan should conclude to buy England they wish to have a fair chance to hold their jobs.

Not of the "Vae Victis" Order. Philadelphia Times—Mr. Chamberlain did himself honor in his first speech in Parliament, since his accident, by his conciliatory tone in regard to the vanquished Boers. The statesman who knows how and when to be magnanimous strengthens himself in the respect of all mankind.

BULL'S-EYES.

A man talks of your mistakes usually to hide his own.

Sparing others from humiliation is certainly a virtue.

It is bad to acquire the habit of folding one's arms.

He is most a servant who boasts that he has no master.

One may admire a hair without showing an envious disposition.

He who cultivates his memory increases his chances of unhappiness.

We advise people to practice economy, but when they do so we call them stingy.

We all love liberty. It is the love of liberty that shortens the terms of most convicts.

It's strange how languidly polite one can be in the morning when invited to get up.

If you wish to find out whether a certain woman has any faults ask her best friend.

A sure recipe for failure: Make it a rule of your life never knowingly to hurt the feelings of others.

Some men prefer to marry a poor girl rather than a rich one in order that they may retain their independence.

The reason why some people don't object to the price of an article they are buying is that they never intend to pay for it.