

The World

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The Newlyweds Their Baby By George McManus

**ONE WAY TO GET RICH.**

ONE of New York's unknown millionaires tells how to become rich. He is Charles E. Appleby, of whom the public never heard until his name was forged to deeds used by the professional bondsman. It was then disclosed that this old man had accumulated \$30,000,000 worth of property. He made it all buying and selling real estate. He started without a cent, lived economically, worked hard, put all his surplus income

in real estate and all the rents and profits in more real estate. That is what the Astors did. That is the way that the richest families of New York made their money, just by buying land and holding it. Such fortunes lasted and grew of their own accord. Business houses rose and fell. Mercantile firms had their years of prosperity until the time of adversity came. Panics swept away speculators' profits. Fortunes of all other kinds came and went. But the wealth which was represented by the ownership of land on Manhattan Island increased year by year and its possessors became richer and richer without further effort or thought of their own.

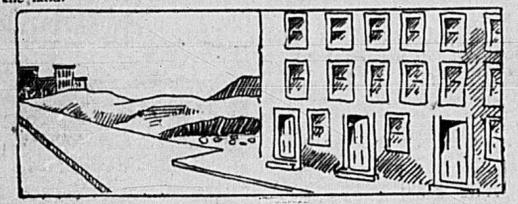
Mr. Appleby tells that he bought lots on the block on Seventh avenue next to Central Park for \$450 a lot and could sell them to-day for \$75,000 a lot.

Early in life he made rules as to his investments. He never bought improved property except it was a great bargain, and he thinks he would have done better, not to have touched improved property at all.

As he explains it:

I make it a universal rule of my life to keep the value in the land, not in the building. Land can't deteriorate, can't wear out, doesn't need repairs, doesn't demand insurances. The value of land constantly advances, that of the building constantly deteriorates. Hence I prefer to lease my land to others to build upon, or to lease it for purposes not requiring big buildings. Take the slaughter-house property. I think that it has paid me three times over already upon its original cost and has not cost me a penny to carry, and to-day it has enhanced many fold in value. That is what I call scientific investment.

That is substantially the policy of Trinity Corporation, the Astors, the Goelets, the Rhinelanders and the other great landlords of New York, the policy of long leases where the tenant furnishes the working capital and the landlord receives his rent besides the increase in the value of the land.



But suppose everybody did this. Assume that sixty years ago when Charles E. Appleby began his policy and the Astor estate was accumulating its great tracts of land, every other man in New York had been equally foreseeing and invested every penny he had to spare in buying a title to part of Manhattan Island.

Where would the money to build the houses have come from, and to equip the factories, and to provide stores? Obviously Mr. Appleby's tenants and their heirs would be better off to-day had they become land owners instead of business men and rent payers.

What made Mr. Appleby's lots so valuable was that other people did not follow his rule. Other people worked. They built houses, factories and stores. They manufactured clothing, articles of food, furniture and other things of value. Instead of sitting idly by, watching the value of their land increase, they did the work which made that land valuable. Now Mr. Appleby and the other great landlords enjoy the benefits of the values which the millions of less farseeing and more industrious people created.



Had everybody followed Mr. Appleby's advice there would not be a house or store on Manhattan Island. It would be as vacant and desolate as the goatville which the Astors own.

Letters from the People.

**The Poor Little Fly.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In answer to F. Dookman regarding the "Friendly Fly," I would say if he is in earnest, he is certainly very silly. As everybody with common sense knows the fly is a pest, is dirty and a breeder of disease. He is as bad as any of our numerous pests. What do others think of this? I would call it the dirty, filthy fly. If I were him,  
WM. MARTIN, Albany, N. Y.  
Custom House and Post Office Positions.

To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Will you tell me when the examinations for the Custom House and Post Office positions will take place and where I can make application for a clerkship?  
F. K.  
Write to U. S. Civil Service Commission, Custom House, N. Y.

**Free Evening Law School.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
Is there a free evening law school in this city, and if so when the fall term begins, and to whom I should apply for admission.  
H. W. B.  
Address the College for the City at

New York, Amsterdam avenue and One Hundred and Thirty-eighth street.

**What Nationality?**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A Jewess marries in the United States a German, born in Berlin. A claims the children are Jews. B claims they are the same as the father.  
G. H. C.

**The "13" Superstition.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
In answer to W. C. A., who asks about the origin of "unlucky thirteen," this superstition is based on the "Luz Superstition" when the Lord and His twelve disciples sat at meat together.  
M. MILLER, Newark, N. J.

**The Catholic Church Opposes Freemasonry.**  
To the Editor of The Evening World:  
A and B are having a religious argument. A claims that a man can be a Freemason and still continue his religious duties, attending church, &c., and living up to the rules of the Church (he being a Catholic). B claims this is an utter impossibility. A claims the Pope is a Freemason.  
G. V. O.

SEE! PRECIOUS! WHAT PAPA BROUGHT FOR TODDLER'S A NICE BANK

AN PAPA PUT BIG QUARTER IN BANK

THERE NOW BABY START SAVING, BE RICH MAN LIKE ROCKEFELLER

BABY SAY THANKS TO NICE PAPA!

DA!

OH, LOVEY, AND I HAVEN'T A LENT YOU'LL NEVER GET TO THE OFFICE!

DA-DA! DA!

OH, BABY'LL LET PAPA TAKE MONEY BACK UNTIL TONIGHT!

OH, DEAREST! DON'T!

NOW WHAT DO YOU THINK OF THAT! HE WON'T LET ME HAVE HIS MONEY!

DO YOU REALLY THINK HE KNOWS THE VALUE OF MONEY?

IT'S WORTH THE WALK TO THE OFFICE TO KNOW MY SON ISN'T GOING TO BE A SPEND-THRIFT!

For Further Adventures of "The Newlyweds, Their Baby," See Sunday World, Comic Section.

The Best Fun of the Day by Evening World Humorists.

**The Chorus Girl.** By Roy L. McCardell.

"GEE, it's good to be back!" said the Chorus Girl. "I've been out on the road trying out my act, and I just wish you could see some of my notices. There's nothing to it nowadays but vaudeville, because the public knows there's sure to be something on the bill that will make good with them, but if they go to a musical play or a melodrama that's a quince there's nothing to it but to hard face it out and wish they'd spent the price of their seats for something durable to eat."

"Don't ask me why I didn't break in my act here in New York. I wouldn't do it for worlds. Think of me trying coming on with a lot of my best friends in front sending me thought lemons! Never when I'm known for mine!"

"I'd rather put a new act on in London or Paris than I would in New York, because in that case you'll get all the Americans abroad to come in and stamp for you."

"Look what a reception Gul Elen got here in America. Who give him the



encouragement to make good. Why a bunch of English people. I was wise that when they showed the pictures of Croker's horse winning the Derby, and the picture of King Edward got more hands than Croker."

"Of course, Gul Elen is an artist and isn't an imitation of Chevallier, like most of those coster acts is, but for my debut in vaudeville I preferred not to go on first in New York where the same people who'd whoop it up for you for national pride in London would stand by and dare you to interest them at home. International pride would turn an American abroad who hedges 'Get the Hook' at home into boosters as uproarious as a bunch of 'Hello Bills' boosting for a fellow Elk."

"Just the same, I made good, and I can play return dates at nine and three in houses where I had to open the bill, and that's going some for a new act."

"I'm going to rest up a little and get booked, if they place me on the bill right and pay me what I want, right here in New York. I ain't afraid now. I've got the goods and I can get 'em over the footlights. I don't ask nothing from nobody and my act goes on its own merits. I don't need any pluggers and I don't ask for none. But at the same time, kid, if you can get a lot of your friends to be in the house when I open you can show you are a true pal by seeing there's something doing when I come out."

"Don't be afraid I've exhausted my repertoire after my third song, but keep calling me out, because I'm going to have an extemporaneous recitation and

speech of thanks after the fourth time I come out and shake my head as it says: 'I'm all through, and there's a good bill to come.'

"Mama De Branscombe and Amy and Louis Zinsheimer and Able Wogginbaum and Dopey McKnight and some other pals will see I get a good reception, but it's nice to have other friends planted in the house so even your closest pals will think you're making good. It encourages them."

"My song house will have some of its employees in the gallery, so I won't be left flat when I say: 'Now, altogether at the chorus. Of course, they provide the whistles, and I've thought of novelty out and get a wash three boys in the gallery play the chorus on mouth organs. Of course, I expect it will be imitated, but it will be a big go and it sure will make the mooks that ain't wise to how songs is made popular think. I'm a four-time winner."

"As I say, I don't want no help from anybody, but if you ain't there with your hands on your hands don't call yourself no friend of mine!"

"They was so glad to see me back at the flat-not because they think I'm working now and will have money, but because they do like me; that we had a good cry together, and then I got on the telephone and broke the news that I was in town to Louie and Able and all inquiring friends."

"No matter how much you are behind in your rent there's no place like home. Able and Louie and Mr. Buriap and Harry Trimmers took us out to dinner at Murray's new place, where it costs six dollars for a planked steak, but what do you care so long as somebody else pays for it? And then we went back to the flat, and I did my act, while Dopey McKnight played so-complaint. We made it up the time it would get out and get a wash pitcher full of chop suey, but as we didn't have anything to bring the rice back in Dopey said he'd cook it while we was out."

"The big boob goes and puts a whole pot full of rice on the gas stove while we was gone, and you know how rice is! It commenced to boil over and Dopey used up everything hollow in the flat, and when we got back with the dining room until the place looked like it had been visited by a heavy snow."

"Dopey said we could keep it till somebody got married and then throw it at the bride, but with one bunch the popular song is 'No Wedding Bells For Me' while the money stringency lasts."

He Loves His Wife By Maurice Ketten.

HOW I DO LOVE YOU, DEAR WIFEY OF MY HEART

HOW EXTRAORDINARY!

HE LOVED HIS WIFE!

I KISS YOUR FOOTSTEPS, MY AFFINITY

HOW UNUSUAL!

WHAT DEEP LOVE!

IT'S WONDERFUL

HE'S DEAR

I'LL BUY THEM ALL FOR YOU, JEWEL OF SOUL!

IF JOHN WERE ONLY THAT WAY

HE'S TOO SWEET FOR ANYTHING

HOW SWEET!

HE BUYS FLOWERS FOR HIS WIFE

HE LOVES HIS WIFE

GIVE HE TWO BUNCHES

IF DICK WERE ONLY THAT WAY

SUCH AFFECTION!

OH, IF BE TRUE

I LOVE MY WIFE

HE'S BIG HOUSE, HE THINKS HE IS MARRIED

OH, FUDGE!

OH, PIFFLE!

SHE LOVES THEM SO

New York Thro' Funny Glasses By Irvin S. Cobb.

**From His Glasses to Green Glasses.**

NEW YORK, Sept. 21.

**D**EAR GREEN: A few excitable persons are getting very much worked up on learning that the Government is going to put the profile of an Irish girl on the new issue of coins. They are standing straight up in a row with their heads back and their mouths wide open, the same as the finale of a trained-dog act, barking a vociferous protest because the sculptor didn't use the face of an American-born woman.

The gentlemen are, of course, entirely right. But we must carry the thing to a logical conclusion. We must imprint the features of a Siwash squaw on the new dollar. Since we are going to be particular about it, we should certainly get a genuine American. It is a pity we couldn't find a likeness somewhere of a mounted-cavalry officer. So far as the evidence goes, the mound-builders were the original settlers, but under the circumstances we must do the best we can. Therefore, I have suggested the Siwash because they are a very old American family, and are deeply rooted in the soil. So deeply rooted, in fact, that it is often difficult to see where the soil leaves off and the Siwash begins. The "wash" part of the tribal name is merely a poetic effect and has nothing to do with personal habits. Therefore, let us give three cheers for the Siwash dollar!

But we must not stop the crusade with reforming the previously unadorned dollar. In my humble judgment we should wipe all the red stripes on the finest American flag, because, in a way of speaking, they stand for the blood that was shed by a lot of Irish, and German, and Scotch, and French, and Polish immigrants, who preferred G. Washington to G. Fourth. I would earnestly recommend this suggestion to the attention of some of these gentlemen who seem to have nothing of importance under their hats at present except the parts in their hair.

I also see that the War Department, after getting the consent of "Fighting Joe" Wheeler's heirs to have the old man buried in the National Cemetery at Arlington, now refuses to let a record of his rank in the civil war be engraved on the tombstone for which his family paid. To a man up a tree it would appear that the Department is pretty near as good as making caverns out of doodle-bug recesses as the parties who object to an Irish lassie's face on the amalgam dollar. Joe Wheeler did serve in the civil war, didn't he? Just ask any old veteran who ran up against Wheeler's cavalry if he didn't.

But if the War Department is going to insist that his monument shall show only that he once spent a couple of weeks in Cuba it ought to sculpt all those quotations from the "Bivouac of the Dead" off the bases of the gates of the National Cemetery. For that poem was written by a man who fought on the same side with Joe Wheeler back in the sixties. Let's be consistent, Green, even if we have to be foolish!

We're a great people, as any campaign orator will tell you, and we have a great fancy for getting very feverish over small things and ignoring the big ones. Two weeks hence everybody will have forgot all about the present proof which shows that every time John D. gives a million to his Standard Oillicity out in Chicago he collects about half a billion from the public at large and goes to Siskiyew Villa with it. But along will come some frenzied patriot with an idea about as big as a baked-bean rattling around in his otherwise sterile and vacant tureen, and immediately a large number of otherwise sane citizens will get their temperature rise to 104, and they'll start in passing resolutions and writing letters to the newspapers like a house on fire. Yours cordingly, ILL.

P. S.—I think most of them will eventually be willing to accept a face of their unobscured dollars, even if they do have a colleen's face on them.