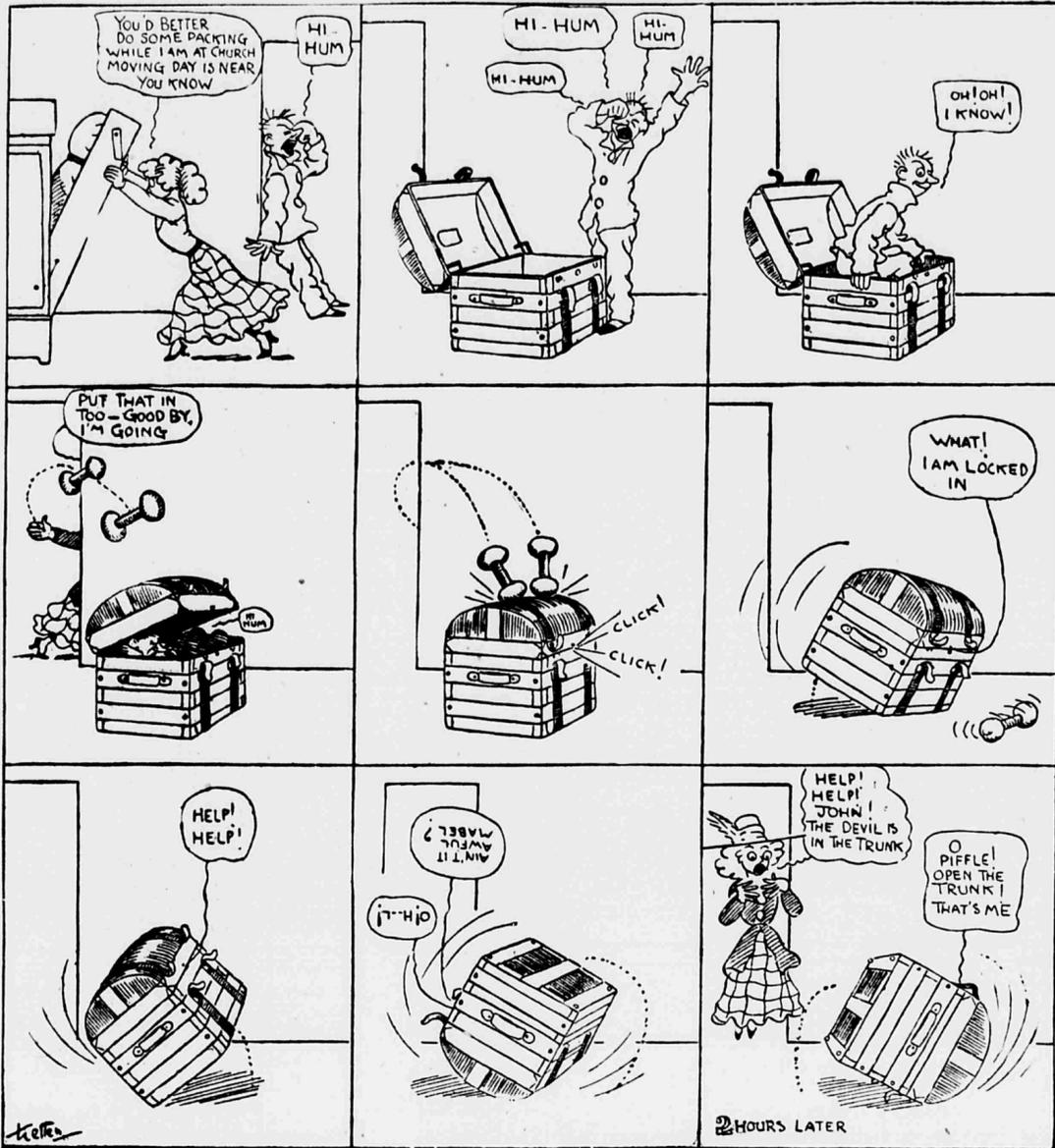


The Evening World

Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, Nos. 23 to 25 Park Row, New York.

The Day of Rest.

By Maurice Ketten.



The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 19. ZACHARY TAYLOR Part I.—Farmer and Fighter, Twelfth President (1784-1850). Stout, of middle height. Swarthy complexion, rugged but kindly face. High forehead, keen eyes, dark hair and sideburns.

A FARMER until he was twenty-four; then a soldier until he was sixty-five; after that, President of the United States for sixteen brief months. That in a nutshell is the life-story of Zachary Taylor, one of the greatest, most remarkable men America has ever known. His career was one of warfare, not of politics.

Taylor's father was a Revolutionary officer and farmer. When Zachary was only a year old the Taylor family moved from their Virginia plantation to the Kentucky wilderness. There the future President grew to manhood as farm hand and backwoodsman. In 1808, his brother Hancock, a lieutenant in the army, died. Zachary secured the dead man's commission and left the farm for the battlefield. Two years later he became a captain and married a Maryland girl, who thenceforth shared the toil, privations and dangers of all his exciting adventures. When the War of 1812 began, Taylor was put in charge of a blockhouse fort near Vincennes, Ind. A large body of Indians, allies of the British, swooped down on the fort in Sept., 1812. They pretended to be peaceful and tried trick after trick to gain possession of the place. But at every point Taylor foiled them. At last, seeing force was necessary, the savages made a night attack on the blockhouse, setting fire to part of it.

Taylor had only fifty men (of whom thirty-three were more or less ill). Yet he fought so bravely and with such strategic skill that after a few hours' struggle he not only put out the flames but routed the Indians with heavy loss. For this gallant feat President Madison made him a brevet-major. Taylor was the first officer of the United States Army to receive a "brevet" rank. For the next two years he constantly won new honors by successful expeditions against the frontier Indians and British. When the war was over, the army was cut down and Taylor was reduced to the rank of captain. He at once resigned and started back to his farm. But the country could not spare such a fighter. So his rank of major was restored to him. During the quarter century that followed, he was everywhere that active service could be found. In the Black Hawk war, in frontier fights, in the Florida troubles, and elsewhere he did valiant service. By 1838 he was a brigadier general.

Texas was annexed to the United States in 1845. Mexico regarded the annexation as a hostile act and violently protested. It was expected that a Mexican army would invade Texas. So Taylor was sent with 4,000 men to defend the new territory. By politics, Taylor was a Whig. The Whigs did not believe in the admission of Texas as a slave State. They also bitterly opposed the Mexican War, brought on as it was by the Democratic administration and largely in the interests of slavery. Abraham Lincoln went so far as to denounce it as an "impudent absurdity." But with Taylor duty came before politics. He had been ordered to the Rio Grande (that river being the boundary between Texas and Mexico). He knew his petty force could hardly hope to stand against the mighty army Mexico was able to send against it. But that was no affair of his. He was there to obey orders. And he obeyed them.

It was only when his force was being used as a cat-paw that he rebelled. The administration wanted the Mexican quarrel brought to a head, and wanted, if possible, to dodge responsibility for such a move. So Taylor was secretly advised to march into the disputed territory without waiting for absolute orders from Washington. Thus President Polk, if the move should prove unpopular, could blame it to Taylor's impulsiveness. But the old Indian fighter saw the trap and avoided it. He refused to advance a step until positive commands to that effect should reach him from the administration. Thus the tricky plot was blocked by one man's rough shrewdness. The commands came and Taylor advanced.

On March 28, 1846, Taylor and his 4,000 men reached the Rio Grande and built a fort opposite Matamoros on the other side of the stream, where a larger Mexican army was encamped. The Mexican general sent a message to the Americans giving them twenty-four hours to withdraw, and saying their refusal would be taken as declaration of war between Mexico and the United States.

Taylor answered briefly that he was there under orders and there he should stay. If Mexico wanted a fight he would not run away from it.

On May 5, more than 6,000 Mexicans crossed the river and attacked 2,300 of the Americans under Taylor at Palo Alto. The Mexicans were routed. The beaten army fell back on Resaca de la Palma. There, next day, Taylor gave them a second beating and drove them back across the Rio Grande. Crossing the river himself he captured the town of Matamoros. There he waited till September for reinforcements, &c. On Sept. 9, with 6,225 men (mostly raw militia), he marched on the fortified town of Monterrey, which 10,000 Mexican troops defended. After several days of fierce fighting he made the garrison and town surrender. With a mere handful of men he was carving his way triumphantly through the very heart of an armed and hostile country, when a sudden turn of affairs at Washington destroyed all his plans for victory. Yet the crowning moment of Taylor's career was at hand.

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Nixola Greeley-Smith

ON TOPICS OF THE DAY

Trial Separations.

M R. AND MRS. GEORGE M. FERGUSON, of Chicago, have announced that, being unable to agree, they have decided upon a trial separation. The wife has gone to Detroit, while the husband remains in Chicago. It is understood that they will correspond occasionally, and if the tone of the letters shows that they cannot live more happily apart than together, they will be reunited.

This is a good idea. Indeed, on merely casual consideration, it seems to present all the attractions of trial marriage with none of its objectionable features, for there is a tide in the affairs of almost every married couple when a month or so of separation seems the only alternative to complete dissolution. When the bride of six months to a year has been married, she is often a little like a child; I won't live with you an hour longer! and the husband retorts idly, "Very well, I'm glad you've reached such a sensible conclusion." A trial separation seems the only alternative to complete dissolution. When the bride of six months to a year has been married, she is often a little like a child; I won't live with you an hour longer! and the husband retorts idly, "Very well, I'm glad you've reached such a sensible conclusion." A trial separation seems the only alternative to complete dissolution. When the bride of six months to a year has been married, she is often a little like a child; I won't live with you an hour longer! and the husband retorts idly, "Very well, I'm glad you've reached such a sensible conclusion." A trial separation seems the only alternative to complete dissolution.

However, almost as many married couples overestimate their dependence on each other as underestimate it. Women especially endure in silence insults that every impulse of self-respect prompts them to resent for the simple reason that they fear resentment would mean a quarrel and possible separation that could not be borne. So they suppress the stinging retorts that leap to their lips, and so permit what were once decent, considerate husbands to degenerate into petty domestic bullies.

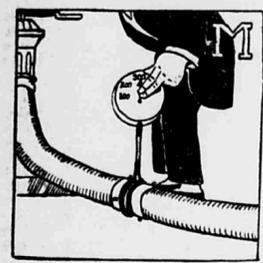
In marriage one should not be too quick to take offense. But once offended it is far better to vent one's venom in a few well-selected words than to nurse it with meek and diplomatic silence in a rancorous heart for weeks. A suppressed quarrel, an injury that festers under surface kisses and fair words, does more to destroy love than any amount of verbal fireworks.

When a couple reach the point described by the Chicago wife when she said "Mr. Ferguson is the most charming of men, but just at present we can't agree on anything," they had better attempt the Ferguson remedy of trial separation. Absence will teach them as nothing else could how petty their quarrels were, how necessary their mutual companionship is, or, if it demonstrates them that they are happier apart, as in some rare cases it may, it will have rendered them a service equally great.

The Salary of the President.

WASHINGTON has notified his fellow-citizens that he desired no salary. The limits suggested in the first Congress ranged from \$15,000 to \$70,000. The salary was finally placed at \$25,000, and this remained the compensation until President Grant's second term (March 4, 1873), when it was increased to \$50,000, the present sum. Chapter 213 of the law of the second session of the fifty-ninth Congress, approved March 4, 1907, appropriated for traveling expenses of the President of the United States, to be expended at his discretion and accounted for by his certificate solely, \$25,000. The appropriation for the care of the White House and its stable and greenhouses was in 1907 \$20,000.

ROTTEN HOSE AND "OUR CLUB"



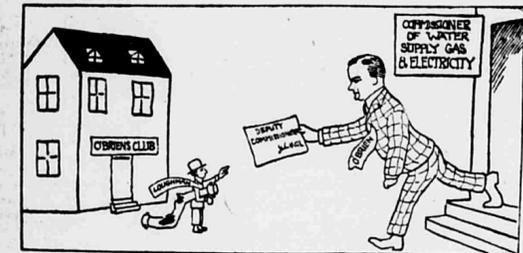
MORE facts are coming out about the rotten hose which was sold to the city by M. Francis Loughman, now deputy to Water Commissioner O'Brien.

This hose was purchased in 1904, when the specifications were altered under what Commissioner Hayes termed "peculiar circumstances." The other bidders thought that they were bidding on standard specifications, which called for Sea Island cotton and a 300-pound test. Loughman knew better. He delivered hose made of cheaper cotton not up to weight and had a special test coupled to a low pressure engine. The inspector of hose testified before the Commissioners of Accounts that he had often heard of the pressure gauges being fixed so that an inferior hose would show a high pressure capacity.

After Loughman had sold the hose to the city and got his money he paid out \$2,000 of the receipts to some one whose name he has forgotten and for some purpose which he does not recall.

John H. O'Brien succeeded Hayes as Fire Commissioner, and had his attention promptly called by Deputy Commissioner Bonner to the fact that the Loughman hose burst. Obviously the hose that could stand a low pressure engine test with a doctored gauge would not stand up under fire work.

Commissioner O'Brien testified that the first time he met Loughman was when Loughman called at the Fire Department pursuant to notice to make the rotten hose good, as his contract required.



Loughman did not make the rotten hose good. Instead he joined what Commissioner O'Brien called "our club." He took an active part in the west side primary fight, where O'Brien was running an opposition ticket to Murphy.

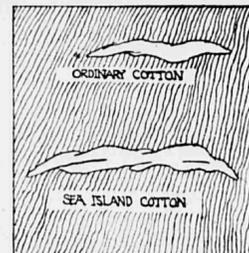
Loughman must have been a valuable man at the primaries and made himself agreeable at "our club," because not only did he not have to replace the rotten hose, but he was appointed secretary to the Park Board and then deputy to Commissioner O'Brien, who in the meantime had been transferred from the Fire Department to the Water Department.

Loughman made a gross profit of some \$7,000 or \$8,000, out of which should be deducted the \$2,000 paid to somebody for something.

Three firemen were killed at the Parker Building fire and two firemen at the Worth street fire. The cost to the city's pension roll alone will be more than the Loughman profits, not considering the property damage of the two fires, amounting to some \$2,000,000.

As it stands now the five firemen are dead and buried. The 137 lengths of hose are burst and not replaced. Loughman, who nominally was the Windsor Company, is getting his salary regularly every month from the city by virtue of his appointment by John H. O'Brien.

And O'Brien, who appointed Loughman, is the man in present charge of the Department of Water, Gas and Electricity, which of all the city departments, excepting the Comptroller's office, affects the greatest financial interests.



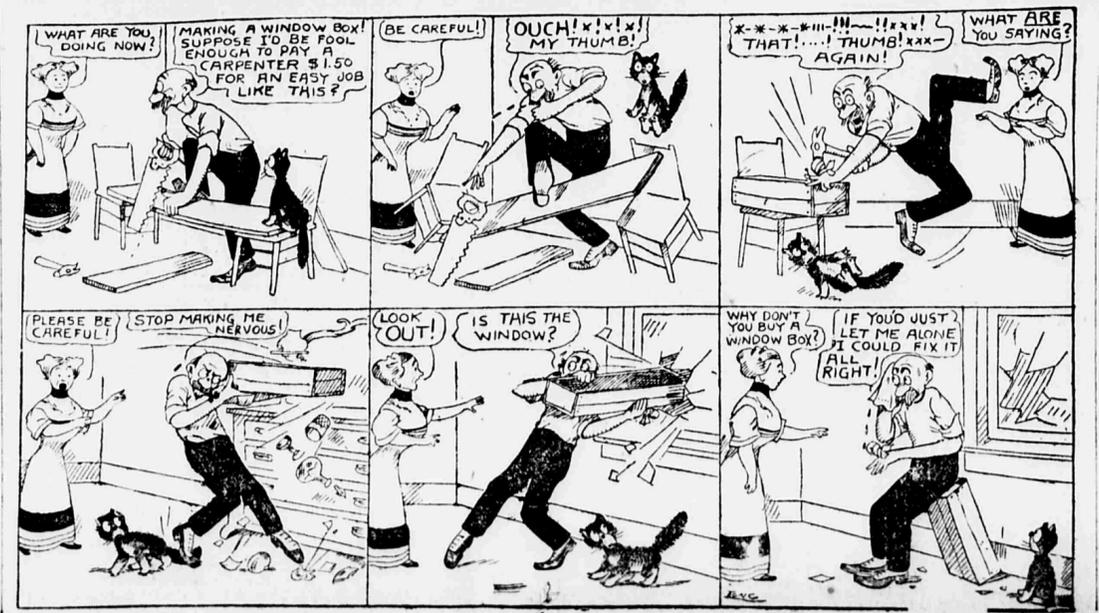
The Women One Doesn't Want to Know and Those One Does; Also the Lumty-Tum Bunch, Who Use Each Other's Powder

By Roy L. McCardell.

"WELL, I guess Mrs. Hickitt knows I'm through with her," said Mrs. Jarr very sweetly. "You must have done a neat bit of snubbing this day," said Mr. Jarr. "You look so pleased. "Oh, I didn't snub her; you simply can't snub that woman, she has no pride!" replied Mrs. Jarr. "But I gave her to understand that she need not call on me or expect me to call on her any more—not that I ever did call or not that I would call—and really the way she tries to get in with people is killing." "But you shouldn't have hurt her feelings," said Mr. Jarr. "You wouldn't hurt anybody to hurt your feelings." "Nobody hurts my feelings except you," said Mrs. Jarr. "And I'd like to see myself give them an opportunity." "I never hurt your feelings," replied Mr. Jarr. "To my mind, you appear to be always on the lookout to get your feelings hurt when I am talking to you. Gee! If I took up the things you say to me, I'd have some cause to kick about being constantly affronted!" "Who's saying anything to you?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "And if I ever have said anything to you it was because I had good reason to do so. But you have no right to criticize me; I do nothing to deserve it. I suppose you are going to say that I should be bosom friends with Mrs. Hickitt; she's the kind of woman you like, but she's impossible. She's always trying to get with people who don't want her." "Holding no brief for the lady in question, whom I hardly know," Mr. Jarr rejoined. "May I ask why people don't want her, as you say? She talks just as silly and she wears just as big a hat and looks just as tight as any other woman I know who has no time to attend to anything but other people's affairs." "People do not want your friend, Mrs. Hickitt, because she knows she wants to get in with them!" said Mrs. Jarr, sharply. "I don't care if she does! She is a rose and a stupid old dame, so far as I can see. What are you talking to me about her for? What do I care if you slammed the door in her face?" "I'm sure I go with the best people," said Mrs. Jarr. "I am not like you, I have some regard for my family; and, furthermore, I didn't slam the door in her face. If you feel so bad about it, I can assure you that I acted like a lady. I don't swear at people and want to fight when they despise me." "It's a better way than smile to them to their face and talk about them behind their back," growled Mr. Jarr. "Women are a lot of cats!" "Thank you for the compliment," said Mrs. Jarr. "but I was very nice to your friend, Mrs. Hickitt. I asked her to sit down in the parlor and I asked her to take off her hat and put it on the piano, and I talked with her for an hour about Mrs. Stryver's party." "She wasn't invited to Mrs. Stryver's party, I take it?" said Mr. Jarr. "You may be sure she was not. Mrs. Stryver is a little more select, and that's why I don't want her to be seen running here." "Possibly your talking about Mrs. Stryver's party and other affairs where Mrs. Hickitt wasn't invited was a pleasant way of impressing upon her that you didn't care for her to call?" suggested Mr. Jarr. "Well, I suppose any woman would know that much," said Mrs. Jarr. "And when they call, when you haven't called, and you take them in the parlor and receive them in state, that's a sign that you would rather they didn't come to see you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Why, yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "But when it's a dame of the lumty-tum bunch you are very informal. You say 'Come right in my room and put your hat on the bed, and there's the powder, your nose is shiny, and now DO tell me what is going on!'" "You've been listening!" said Mrs. Jarr. "Of course, we don't make company of anybody we care for." "Where shall I put my hat," asked Mr. Jarr, "on the piano?" "You hang it in the hall, where it belongs," said Mrs. Jarr, "and you mind your own business!"

Mr. Showemhow Makes a Window Box

By F. G. Long



Letters from the People.

Wife, Child or Mother? To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader asks whether he should save his wife, child or mother if they were in imminent peril from drowning and he could only save one. My reply is: Save your wife. Leaving all thoughts of personal opinion out of the question, your wife is of the most actual value from a social standpoint, or the simple reason that she is in her prime. Whereas your mother has lived her life and is near her end on earth, and your child in all probability might die before reaching maturity. Hence the wife is the one to save. K. J.

Wednesday. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day of the week do April 27 fall in 1908? JAMES.

"How Many?" To the Editor of The Evening World: Readers, can this example be done by algebra? A and B have a certain amount of apples. A says to B: "If you give me one of your apples I will have twice the amount you have left." B says to A: "If you give me one of yours I will have the same amount you have." C. R.

To the Discontented Husband. To the Editor of The Evening World: A reader complains that his wife has not kept pace with his own advancement and that though a good housekeeper she is ignorant. Here is my reply: You say that you have risen from a humble position, that you and your wife were equals socially when you married. You rose—but did you endeavor to have your wife rise with you? You, perhaps, went out in the world every day in contact with educated business people, which was a

step to your self-styled "advancement," while your wife stayed at home amid humble surroundings and plain people. Then, when your income and knowledge increased, you moved to a neighborhood where the people were far beyond your wife in the social scale. How could you expect her to adapt herself to an environment which had been suddenly thrust upon her wife? You and your wife are developing along different lines. I think, of the two, your view is the broadest. If you suddenly became poor, or your wife deserted you, do you think your social companions would take you in and comfort you? Treat your wife in a kindly way, take her with you among these people, and she will soon learn by contact with them the same as you did. Act as if you were united with your wife and your friends will be.

ARJUNA.

"Badger," Not "Wolverine." To the Editor of The Evening World: Wisconsin has been referred to in print as "the Wolverine State." Wisconsin is the "Badger" State. Every native of Wisconsin would not doubt be proud to see a Wolverine were he not still prouder of the fact that like myself he is a "Badger." The "Wolverine" State is Michigan. BADGER.

A Social Question. To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to know why people often plead for clemency for a thief who steals from his employer, while having a way of making his living, and how much sympathy would a man get that is out of work for six months and steals from necessity? Readers, discuss this, please. D. B. A. L.