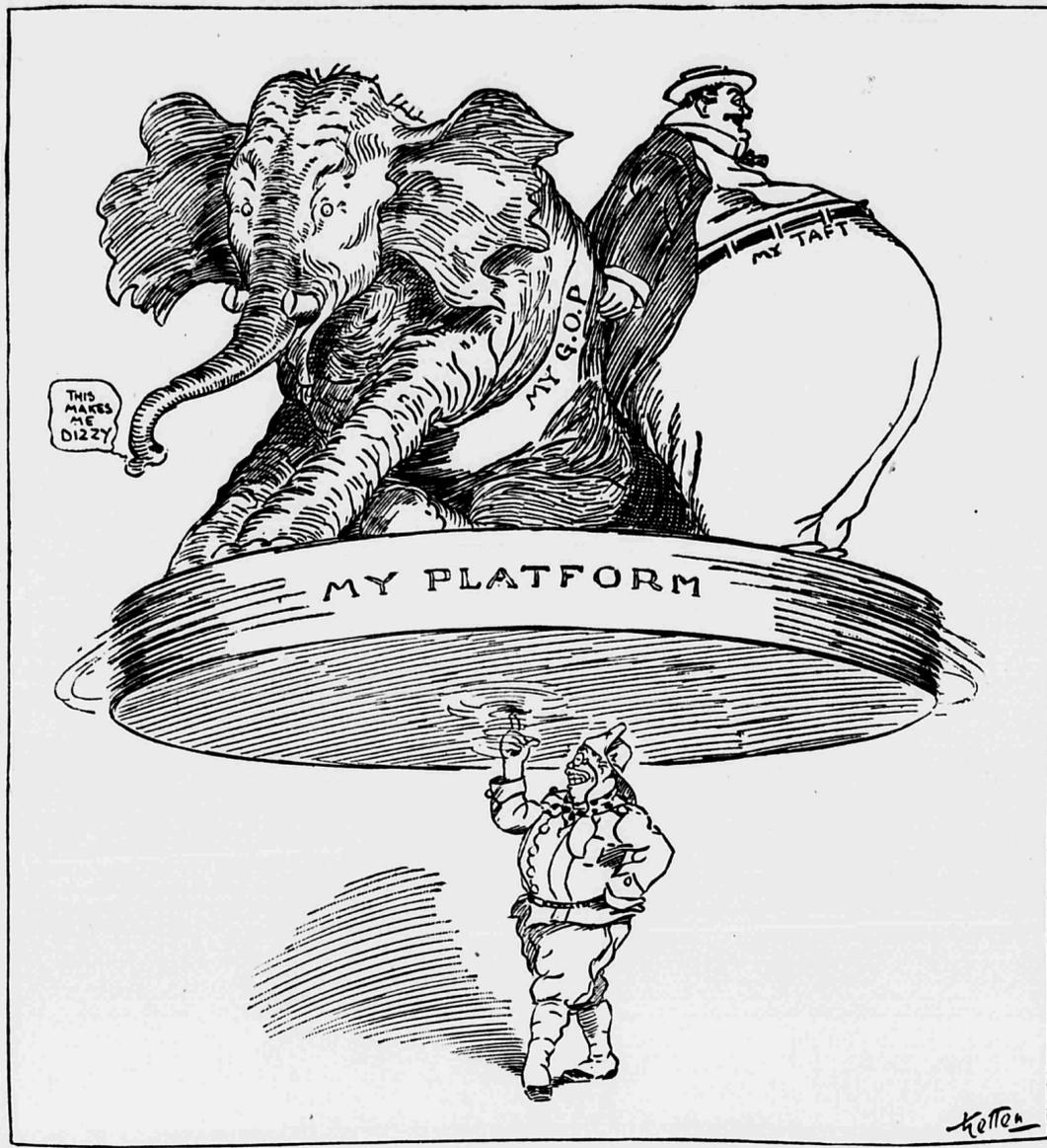




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Not a Weaking. By Maurice Kettner.



The Story of The Presidents

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 41—WILLIAM MCKINLEY—Part II.—From Politician to Statesman.

THE young Ohio ex-soldier's first excursion into politics was brief. When he came up for re-election, after one term as prosecuting attorney, he was defeated and had to fall back on his small private law practice for a living.

In 1876 Major McKinley ran for Congress in an Ohio district that usually went Democratic. He won the contest and was re-elected again and again, serving almost continuously in the House of Representatives from 1877 to 1890.

It was in 1893—in the full flush of McKinley's rise toward the highest office in the land—that a blow fell which threatened to end, once and for all, his career.

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For the past two Republican National Conventions (1888 and 1892) McKinley's name had been mentioned for the Presidency.

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WISDOM FOR BREWERS.



BREWERS from all over the United States have been holding a national convention at Milwaukee. The place is suitable because Milwaukee makes and consumes as much beer per capita as any city in the United States.

There are a few cities in which this is the case. Which fact the brewers recognized at their convention and spent several days discussing how to put the liquor business on a thoroughly reputable basis, and how to make its traffic as respectable and orderly as the sale of groceries or clothing.

This is the right way to go at the diminution of the evils of the sale of liquor. If the brewers would they could do more than all the excise laws to prevent drunkenness, to break up the alliance between the saloon and politics and to close all resorts where the sale of liquor is combined with gambling or vice.

The brewers should have awakened to this fact years ago, that to conduct the liquor traffic on an orderly business basis is both more profitable and more popular.

There are too many saloons. Since most saloons are under the control of brewers, that means that the cost of unnecessary rents, unnecessary licenses and unnecessary employees must be saddled on the manufacturing cost.

Every big saloon keeper has found out that drunken men drive away trade, and that disorderly persons cause respectable customers to avoid the place. The most profitable saloons are the most orderly and decent.

The brewers of New York could close the majority of the Raines law hotels, resorts with back rooms for women and low dives by simply refusing to have anything to do with them either in the way of guaranteeing rent or furnishing the license money or letting them have any beer.

Without beer disorderly resorts could not sell beer. If brewers did not furnish the beer such places would have none to sell.

Many men vote for local option or prohibition in their localities not because they are opposed to selling liquor and do not take a drink now and then themselves and keep beer and whiskey in the house, but because they want to close some dive or low saloon which injures the neighborhood where they live, hurts the value of their property, increases the local taxes and demoralizes a certain class of the populace.

At the close of their convention the brewers passed resolutions pledging themselves against disorderly saloons and against the sale of liquor on all premises where there is gambling or vice.

They should put this promise into immediate action.

Contrary to the principles of personal liberty as is prohibition, many localities have been brought to prohibit the sale of liquor in self-defense against vile resorts and demoralizing methods. Many men have voted to put themselves to considerable personal inconvenience and expense because the brewers' agents put men in the saloon business who should have been kept out and created resorts which brought crime and disorder.



Mr. Jarr Spends an Instructive Evening in Gus's Place and Learns Later What a Blessing a Cuckoo Clock Is.

By Roy L. McCardell.



WHAT'S that you have there?" asked Mr. Jarr suspiciously as he heard a peculiar noise that sounded like somebody was being suddenly choked while emitting the words "Hoo-hoo!"

"Ain't dot nuffin," said the little Jarr girl, hiding a small white object behind her. "Give it to me. What is it—something out of your doll?" asked Mr. Jarr.

girl and led her away for the sixth scrubbing of the day and the second change of apparel.

"I suppose you're going out," said Mrs. Jarr, coming back. "I don't suppose you'd care to sit and read the papers to me while I'm doing some mending?"

"Why, certainly; any thing you want," said Mr. Jarr. "Oh, never mind," said Mrs. Jarr. "I'll run over to Mrs. Rangle's a while. But please come home at a decent hour!"

"This is a pretty time to get home," she hissed through the darkness. "Why, why, 'tain't very late, much dear," said Mr. Jarr.

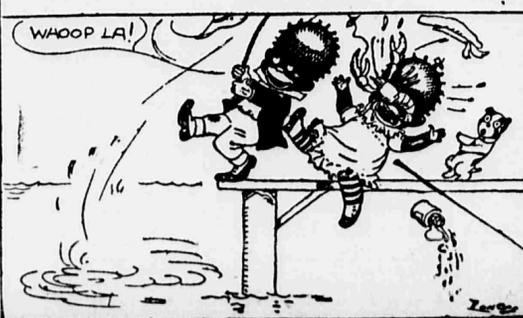
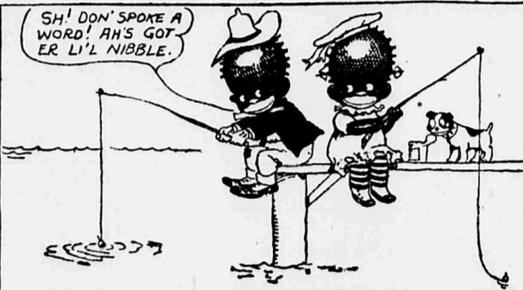
"I know you wouldn't be home till morning," said Mrs. Jarr, in a deeply grievous tone. "So I went to bed at 9 o'clock, just after coming home from Mrs. Rangle's. I'm not so foolish as I used to be sitting up for you. And I know I've been asleep for hours!"

"Honestly, it isn't late," said Mr. Jarr. "You haven't been to sleep over an hour." Then he felt something hard in his pocket as he sat down to take off his shoes. It was the cuckoo bellows. He was seized with an inspiration. "I wish I could believe you," said Mrs. Jarr, plaintively.

Love In Darktown.

The Courtship of Cholmondeley Jones and Beautiful Araminta Montessor.

By F. G. Long.



Reflections of a Bachelor Girl.

By Helen Rowland.



A WOMAN on her summer vacation soon discovers that a husband is not "a man of letters," but a man of off-hand notes and telegrams.

A lover looks at women through rose-colored spectacles, an old bachelor through blue glasses, and a married man through a microscope.

A gentleman is a man who has his clothes made to order, takes a bath every day, and kicks the cat when he feels like swearing at his wife.

A lady is a woman who calls the parlor "the drawing-room," the servant "the maid," underclothes "lingerie" and a dress "a frock."

It inspires a man with real awe and admiration, after he has spent all day Sunday and broken half the family tools fusing over a fractious lock, to see his wife come along and pick it with one hand and a hairpin.

Whenever a man makes up his mind to give up anything, from a woman to a vice, it suddenly becomes so attractive to him that he begins to take a new and violent interest in it.

In marriage, the love-light so often goes out as soon as the gas bills begin to come in.

A Millionaire Senator's Start.

By U. S. Senator Bay Scott.

I WENT to make my home with a friend (a Quaker) when I was nine years of age and stayed with him until I was sixteen," said Bay Scott, United States Senator from West Virginia, to an interviewer. "When I was leaving to go West to look for and to make a fortune in 1850, on the 17th day of March—St. Patrick's Day—he said to me as he handed the little money he owed me:

"Farewell, Nathan, thee has been a good boy. Remember that it is not what thee eats that will make thee fat, but what thee digests well. Remember, it is not what thee reads, but the kind of reading that thee does and retains that will make thee a smart man. It is not what thee earns that will make thee rich, but it is what thee saves. Farewell!" and he handed me as a parting gift a 2-cent penknife.

"But the advice he gave me," continued Senator Scott, "on leaving was worth thousands of dollars to me in my future life."

Trying to force Girl Geniuses.

By William George Jordan.

GIRLS that have not the smallest vestige of taste for music, appreciable by the strongest microscope of optimism or charity, are often compelled to sit for hours practising, punishing the piano and the neighbors, subjecting themselves to a mental irritation that is ruffing and destructive of clear thinking. Then when the day of reckoning comes and an account of stock is taken, the parent, not finding the dividends proportional to the investment, mercilessly calls the poor girl's attention to the hundreds of dollars spent in her musical education and accuses her of ingratitude in not being equal to her opportunity. It was truly the parent that was not equal. A small fraction of the amount spent in this perfunctory music, if expended in art, language or some power or taste in the direction of the girl's individuality, might have made her happy for years and have broadened her entire mental and moral development.—Sunday Magazine.

The Wake of a Bullet.

EXPERIMENTS have recently been made with an inflammable paste on bullets. When the bullet leaves the muzzle the paste ignites, leaving a stream of smoke behind it, and enabling the marksmen to watch its course and, if necessary, correct his aim for the next shot.

Letters from the People.

"Broom" Versus "Milk." To the Editor of The Evening World: I read a letter lately from one of your correspondents deriding the old fogies who, foresting their own boyish days, fail to sympathize with the patriotic youth of America for their extremely unpleasant manner of celebrating the Fourth of July with dangerous fireworks and noisy crackers. Well, we could forgive them if they would only

confine their annoying demonstrations to that particular day and night. But Fourth of July in New York City starts about the beginning of June and does not end till August. Quiet individuals who desire rest are obliged to suffer day and night from this ear-racking amusement. Mothers after tucking sick babies to rest are the little ones awake in a nervous paroxysm of terror at some deafening report of a firecracker. These barbaric demonstrations would not be endured in any European country. M. MILLER.

The Firecracker Nuisance. To the Editor of The Evening World: I read a letter lately from one of your correspondents deriding the old fogies who, foresting their own boyish days, fail to sympathize with the patriotic youth of America for their extremely unpleasant manner of celebrating the Fourth of July with dangerous fireworks and noisy crackers. Well, we could forgive them if they would only

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