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MONEY GOING TO WASTE.

One of the strangest developments of the campaign appears in the assertion, made on the authority of the President, that there are good Republicans in all parts of the country going around with money and checks in their hands and trying, without success, to find somebody who will receive their contributions.

Nothing is said as to the action of the President in the matter, but we may be sure that the practical man who on a memorable occasion sent for Harriman and arranged for the absorption of \$260,000 that was vainly seeking a campaign collector in New York will prove equal to this occasion.

As for Mr. Sheldon, he may never be treasurer again, but he will acquire much valuable information on the subject of political finance by watching the President perform.

THE TURK'S DEAR FRIENDS.

There is a diplomatic pretense in Europe that the Eastern question is a troublesome one, but in point of fact most of the foreign offices would not know how to get on without it.

The Ottoman power once extended to the walls of Vienna. Except for the tribute exacted from the Danubian provinces, it is now confined to the comparatively small strip lying south of the Balkans.

ONE OF THE LIVE ISSUES.

New York, which has waterway problems of its own, should not overlook the fact that the river improvement agitation in the Mississippi Valley is deemed important enough to justify both Presidential candidates at the height of their campaign in hurrying to Chicago to meet its leaders and to assure them of their sympathy and support.

This shows, for one thing, that we are a great people in a big country, and, for another, that when political candidates do not appeal to the imagination of their fellow citizens they fall far short in one of the essentials of leadership.

NOT A FREE SHOW.

In one respect the exhibition provided by the New York Taxpayers' Conference in lower Broadway is a free show, but in another it is probably the costliest entertainment ever held in this town.

UNCLE SAM'S RETAINERS.

Twenty or thirty years ago the Democrats discovered that there were 100,000 Federal officeholders, and, strangely unconscious of the lapse of time, they show no disposition to bring their figures down to date.

Letters From the People.

Clerk of Board of Aldermen. Both Parties Must Be Present. To the Editor of The Evening World: To what official in the City Hall need one apply for a marriage license?

Oh, Piffle! By Maurice Ketten.



The Baseball Fever Takes Hold of Mr. Jarr and His Friend Gus; A Mean Trick Played on a Colored Nine--It Was Whitewashed.

By Roy L. McCardell.

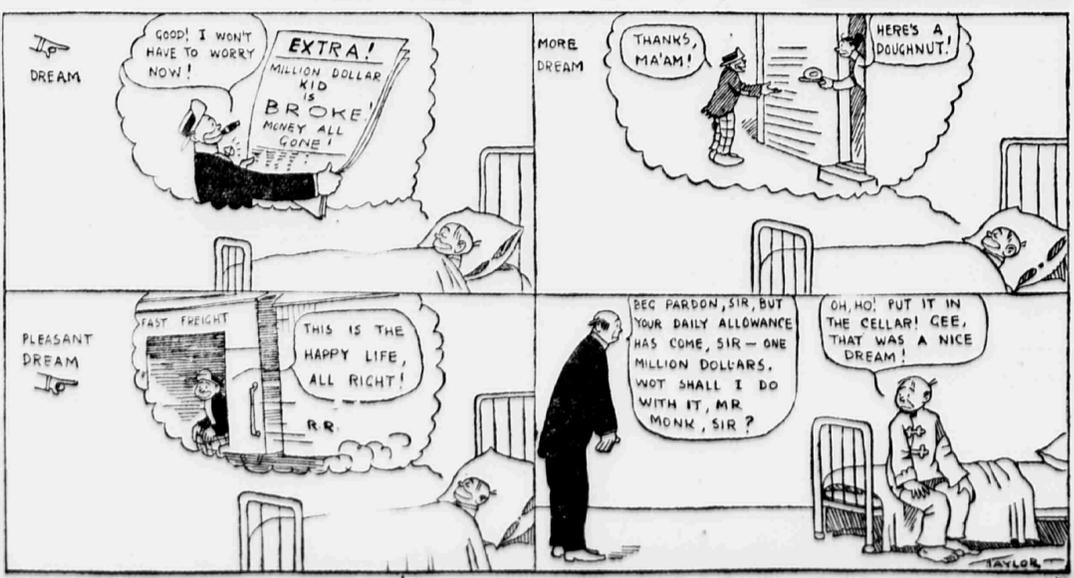


"GEE! That was a great game of ball!" said Mr. Jarr, enthusiastically. "Don't come in my place talking about that base ball," said Gus, ungraciously.

"Yes, one of them clock machines that has glass over it like wax flowers in your parlor and out comes a thin, long piece of paper on it, with a clicking, and on it is written what is on the sporting pages of them evening papers at night, such words as 'Donlin loans against the pill for three sub-stations and Herzog dies first, while Eresnanan hits the pellets to the outskirts and Mike lopez over the plate.'"

ing prodivities of your clients and put in a ticker," said Mr. Jarr. "So!" said Gus. "And have nobody at the bar and everybody around that thing like I see it in Flannigan's place, with no business dicking except everybody looking at the ticker and eating all my free lunch!"

The Million Dollar Kid By R. W. Taylor



Fifty Great Love Stories of History By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 46.-SAM HOUSTON AND ELIZA ALLEN.

THIS is a love story with a strange ending. Many of its facts are shrouded in mystery and will never be known. A hundred guesses have been made in explanation of its hidden incidents.

Sam Houston, pioneer and son of a pioneer, had been intended for a storekeeper. He had a soul for adventure and loathed mercantile life. So as a boy he ran away to the Indians, was adopted by them, and learned from the tribesmen all the wondrous art of the wilderness.

A splendid future seemed to stretch before him. He was the idol of the Southwest. He was the friend of President Jackson—who never forgot a friend. He was young, handsome, brilliant. The Presidency itself seemed almost within his reach.

Whether Miss Allen really loved Houston, or merely saw how splendid a future seemed to lie before him, is not known. At any rate, she married him, amid such imposing ceremonies as the little frontier city could muster.

Then something happened. No one knows what. But shortly after the wedding the whole State was scandalized to learn that bride and groom had separated.

The secret of Houston's separation from his wife remained a mystery, and remains so to this day. That the cause was terribly serious may be judged by the fact that he not only abandoned his career, but turned his back on civilization as well.

When the secession of Texas was announced, and his own son entered the Confederate army, Houston said to his wife: "My heart is broken!" Two years later he died; his last gasping word being the name of the beloved State he had built up and so wisely governed, and which had at the last deposed him.

Missing numbers of this series will be supplied upon application to the Circulation Department, Evening World, upon receipt of one-cent stamp.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon.

(Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife.) Translated by Heien Kowand.



HARKEN, my daughter, and be wise. Work that thou be not worked! For the ways of a man are cunning and his heart is full of cozy corners.

Behold a man will lie even unto the woman whom he loveth in order to protect her husband whom he hateth from her wrath.

For no man knoweth what another may knoweth about his daughter, what is his secret thing they know of one another that each man who caresteth thee should say unto thee, "Let none other but ME do this thing. Trust none other of my sex, for lo! I know 'em!"

Why China Has Few Trees.

FRANK N. MEYER, the scientific explorer for the Government, in his recent penetration of China, saw farms that had been under irrigation since before Columbus discovered America.

THE DAY'S GOOD STORIES.

Propounding a Poser.

"I'd like to know if the New York express connects with the Hudson River boat line for Albany," announced a fair traveler to George Grayburn, one of the information men at Union Station, recently.

She Wouldn't Suit.

"I TOLD you to ask me again in three months," pouted the coquette. "What of it?" "The three months are up."