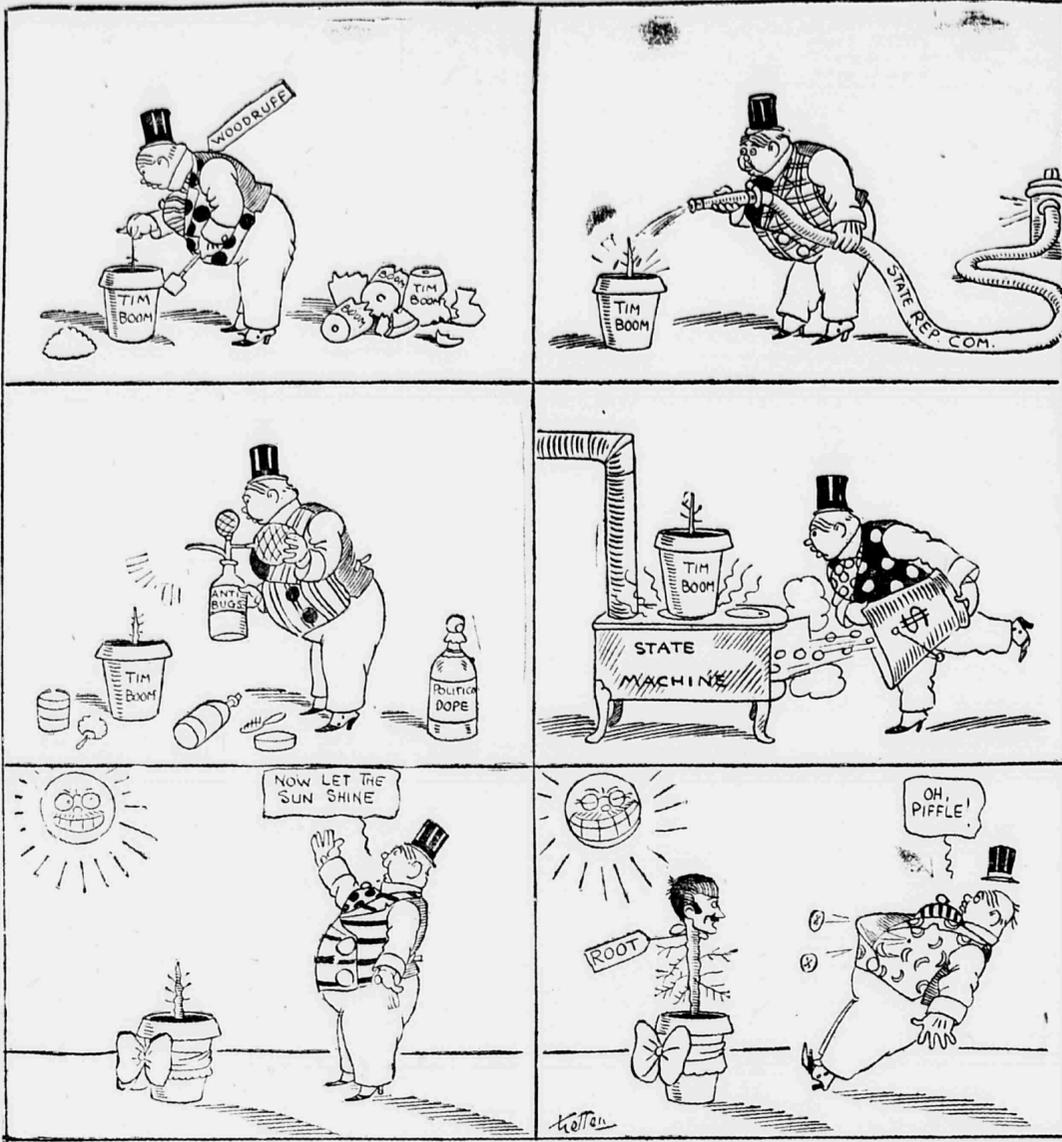


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Little Tim's Little Plant. By Maurice Ketten.



POLITICAL AND POLICE BLACKMAIL.



PATRICK HENRY MCCARREN wants Police Commissioner Bingham removed because the police have been interfering with Sunday liquor selling in McCarren's district.

What a confession! All the more valuable because it is true.

The reason that such absurd excise laws continue on the statute books is because the politicians and the police profit by them.

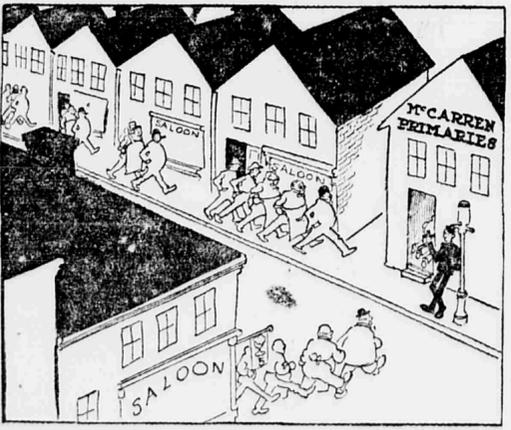
They are not intended to be enforced. They are not enforced. They are held over saloonkeepers' and property-owners' heads as a threat.

Keeping a saloon should be as reputable a business as keeping a dairy restaurant. The sale of liquor is no more inherently wrong than the sale of cigars or drugs.

More household rows and doctors' fees come from bad eating than from bad drinking. And there would not be half as many cases of bad drinking were the liquor business put on a proper and respectable law-abiding basis.

The reason it is not is because the politicians and the police, with all their prating, are opposed to sensible excise laws.

Every saloonkeeper knows that unless he does what the district boss wants he will have to keep closed during the forbidden hours, while his neighbor who belongs to the boss's political association, furnishes votes from his Raines law rooms and does what he is told in politics, is able to run when he pleases and how he pleases, and to add the backroom and upstairs profits to the legitimate bar trade.



The best way to break up the system of police blackmail is to diminish its opportunities. The best way to loosen the boss's clutch on government is to minimize the boss's power for evil.

A sensible excise law would go very far toward this.

If saloonkeepers were allowed to do business during certain hours on Sunday, with the summary process of the English and the Pennsylvania laws against any abuse of this privilege, a large part of the police and political blackmail would be lopped off.

If instead of the Raines law, which encourages vice, the sale of liquor in connection with a vicious resort of any kind were wholly prohibited, the effect would be good. The brewers are beginning to realize this. The saloonkeepers should also realize it.

The majority of men in the liquor business are respectable and desirous of standing well with the community. This they cannot do so long as the police and the politicians are in a position to blackmail and degrade them.

Letters From the People

A Son's Grievances. To the Editor of the Evening World: I have worked all my life for my father, and during the last five years he has saved out for me a certain amount of money which has amounted to a good-sized sum. I have asked him for a receipt for it which he refused to give me. Will experienced readers advise me what to do about this? T. C.

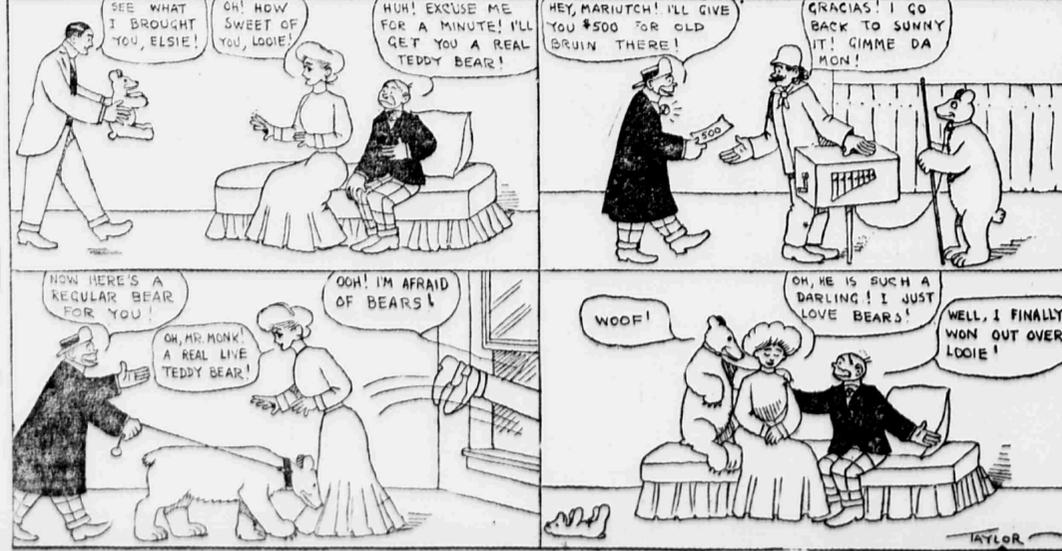
Mr. Jarr Frames Up a Temporary Breakaway From His Happy Home And Is Most Justly Punished for Daring to Yearn for Freedom

By Roy L. McCardell.



WE got to run down to Baltimore on a little business matter for the boss, dear," said Mr. Jarr, "and I wish you'd pack my dress-suit case for me." "This is sudden, isn't it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "Baltimore is a lovely town, though. Mrs. Hangle's people come from Baltimore, and Marylanders are so hospitable, and when Mrs. Hangle's maiden aunt was here I called on her, so I don't see why we couldn't stop with them, and then we'd have no hotel bill to pay. But, still, you could charge it if you are going for your firm."

The Million Dollar Kid



Fifty American Soldiers of Fortune

By Albert Payson Terhune

NO. 20 - SAAC JOGUES.

STRAPPED to trees in the forests of what is now upper New York State were a band of captive Huron Indians. High about their feet were heaped dry branches, ready for lighting. Around the prisoners danced and howled a war party of Mohawks. From time to time a blazing splinter would be thrust into some victim's flesh.

At several of these villages he was forced to "run the gantlet" (to run between two lines of savages who struck him with clubs as he passed), and, when he sank swooning under the blows, he was revived and tortured in unspeakable ways. Yet through all this long anguish he made no complaint. Once while he lay bleeding and half dead he roused himself to baptize a Huron convert with a few drops of water shaken from a cornstalk.

Here he was kindly treated by the Dutch. When his scarred, mutilated body was able to stand the journey he was sent to France. But he would not be content with a life of ease in his own country. Back to Canada he hurried, in time to help in making a peace treaty between the French and his old persecutors, the Mohawks. His first act, after the treaty was signed, was to go directly to the Mohawk wilderness and start a mission there.

At first the Mohawks received him kindly and did not object greatly to his efforts at teaching them Christianity. But soon some of the tribe started more on the warpath. Their first act was to seize Father Jogues and, in October, 1666, to take him along as prisoner to one of the villages of his former captivity. When he had first been captured four years earlier the chest containing his robes of office and altar service had been left at this village.

With his life the hero soldier of fortune had paid the price of immortal glory. By his death he opened the way to later progress and won in the wilderness a foothold for Christianity and civilization.

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Players of the Period

No. 12 - Tyone Power - By Johnson B. Brown

TYRONE POWER, who has been his greatest success as an actor of rather bizarre parts, was born in London, England, May 2, 1883, both of his parents, Harold Littledale and Ethel (Lavenham) Power, having been actors before him, while his grandfather, Tyrone Power, after whom he is named, was one of the most famous interpreters of Irish characters that the stage has ever known.

In 1890 Mr. Power became a member of Daly's company, with which he remained for practically about years, being cast for parts in "The School for Scandal," "As You Like It," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Forerunners," "A Midsummer Night's Dream," "The Railroad of Love," "Love's Labor Lost," "The Transit of Leo," "Stuck, Ado About Nothing," "The Magistrate," "Meg Merrilies," "The Tempest" (in which he played Caliban), "The Taming of the Shrew," "The Merry Wives of Windsor," "The Country Girl" and "Cyrano de Bergerac."

Mr. Power then returned to this country, the season of 1902-03, rejoining Mrs. Flske's forces, being a notable Judas in "Mary of Magdala." He divided the season following between the title role in "Elysium" and as leading man, with Julia Marlowe, playing "Christ" in "Wien Knightwood Was in Flow" and the title role in "Tanzum." He was then seen as Arkusius in "Adrea," with Mrs. Leslie Carter, and the season following this he played James Dexter in "The Transoceanic Trail" on tour, and later was at the Liberty Theatre in "The Redskin" with Florence Roberts in "The Strength of the Weak," continuing on tour with Mrs. Roberts the following year. In the fall of 1907 Mr. Power played Beelzebub in "The Christian Pilgrim" with Henrietta Crossman, and in March of the present year he was seen as Robert Smith in "The Servant in the House."

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Cos Cob Nature Notes

THE put-off town meeting comes to-morrow at 2 P. M., and all of us are on what one of our citizens calls the kee-veeve to know what is going to happen, and if Permanent Selectman R. Jay Walsh can keep the lid so level while it is being lifted that he won't slide off. Most of our citizens are easy marks when it comes to taking care of the town's affairs and usually hold out their own noses to be led by, and when they fetch up in a hole exclaim it is just what they expected. In some communities two or three of the inhabitants will often stand up and say things, but in Horseneck there has never been lifted but one voice, that of the P. S. above mentioned.

Fishing continues to be the main topic among our citizens. The smelts are net running very good, though as usual some fishermen catch more than others. Judge Brush says he never saw such a fall. We guess, though, that fish shift around from time to time just as ferocious do. We remember once in November, 1894, up at the little village of Nyack old man Ackerman, who was a professional fish catcher, landed a striped bass on a set line that was almost as tall as he was. They tied the bass to an oar by the gills, and his tall dragged on the sidewalk. Charley Morford, who was cashier of the bank, had the bass baked whole for Thanksgiving. This was before Charley's bank busted and he was able to eat big meals. Nowadays a six-inch bass would create considerable excitement in Nyack, though the river is as big as it ever was.

The Consolidated Company, which runs the N. Y., N. H. and H. owns the Connecticut Company, and the Company owns the trolley road, and both of them together own the Nutmeg State as it is known elsewhere. It puzzles our citizens to understand why it is that the trolleys always leave the stations hereabouts just before the trains get in, instead of right afterwards, especially as we would all pay five cents just the same rather than walk uptown in the mud. Ernest Thompson Seton is hibernating in his den at Wyndyghout.