The Evening World.

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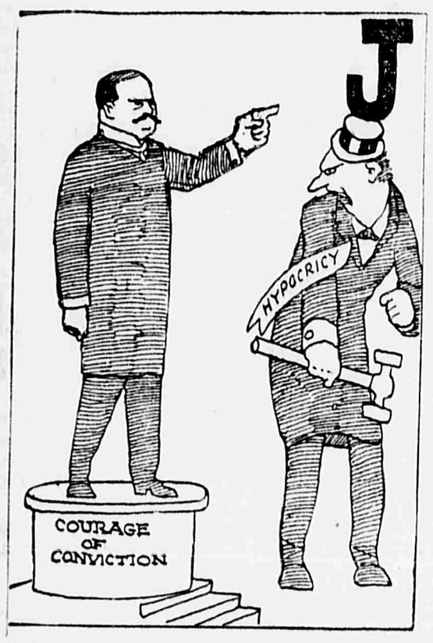
SUNDAY LIQUOR LAWS.



JUDGE STEINERT is the first magistrate to proclaim openly what many other magistrates are doing tacitly. He says that the Sunday liquor law is a farce, that it is not enforced and that the people of this city do not want it enforced.

The Legislative committee which is investigating the criminal courts of Greater New York has come to the same conclusion, that the enforcement of the Sunday liquor law in this neighborhood is a revolting farce.

The law itself is clear enough. It forbids the sale of intoxicating liquors on Sunday except to guests of hotels. Literally enforced it would prohibit any one getting a drink on Sunday unless he went to a licensed hotel and took a room or ordered a regular meal. A sandwich or crackers and cheese or any other food ordered as a pretext for a drink would not come within the exemption of the law.

Hundreds of saloon-keepers have taken out hotel licenses and turned apartments over their saloons into semblance of hotel rooms. To get a revenue sufficient to pay the extra expense some proprietors have allowed these rooms to be used for immoral purposes, thereby creating the great evil of the Raines law hotel.

Thousands of other saloon-keepers do not even go through the pretense of starting a Raines law hotel, but sell on Sunday almost as openly as on week days.

From time to time the police arrest a few of these saloon-keepers. The men arrested are frequently non-members of the district saloon-keepers' association or have fallen behind in their dues or have fallen out with the police.

It is well recognized that the Sunday liquor laws facilitate police shake downs. If the police really enforced the law there would be thousands of saloon-keepers and bartenders arraigned in the police courts every Monday morning.

The great harm of the Sunday liquor laws is their demoralizing effect on the saloon-keepers themselves.

The sale of liquor should be put on as reputable a business basis as the sale of cigars. A saloon-keeper should be as self-respecting a citizen as is a druggist.

To subject the saloon-keeper to the same treatment from the police as a street woman is just the opposite to the way that the liquor problem should be handled.

To drive decent men out of the liquor business means to put disreputable men in.

To turn any large class of business men into habitual lawbreakers is bad policy and bad government.

Letters From the People

Another Long Word.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I think "electrophotomicrography" (cited by a correspondent as a long word) is nothing compared to "superindistinctionableness," which has twenty-six letters. Can any one beat that?

HERMAN MORRIS MOSKOWITZ.

No.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a marriage license necessary in New Jersey for New Jersey residents?

W. M.

What Is Success?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

You asked in your editorial of a few days ago "What Is Success?" Doing something for the betterment of mankind, regardless of financial renumeration, or glory, is my standard of "success." WILLIAM STONEBRIDGE.

In the World Almanac.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find an account of the rank and strength of the United States Army and Navy in comparison with those of other nations?

ROBT. M.D.

"Honesty" Vs. Mathematics.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I was certainly much amused at the letter written by "Honest" and have been wondering ever since how he figures it out that he is so upright. He states he gave a dollar bill to the ticket agent, who returned him four quarters and ten dimes, and that the agent supposed he had given him two quarters and ten dimes. He then returns five dimes, and still is 50 cents ahead of the game. If he calls that honesty, he certainly must be a mighty poor mathematician, or has a distorted idea of honesty. At any rate, is it so unusual an occurrence when the thought of honesty enters a man's mind that he has to advertise it broadcast when it does? I might also add that he shouldn't judge all men by himself, as even half a man would return what didn't belong to him and never given it a second thought. I wonder if "Honest" (?) is still thinking what that other 50 cents would buy if he hadn't been so painfully honest?

GRACE.

Opals and Bad Luck.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Can any learned reader kindly tell me where the superstition originated that it is very bad luck to wear opals? This ought to interest many people, I think.

M. R.

Apply to a Mercantile Agency.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Where can I find out if a certain firm is in good standing? W. F.

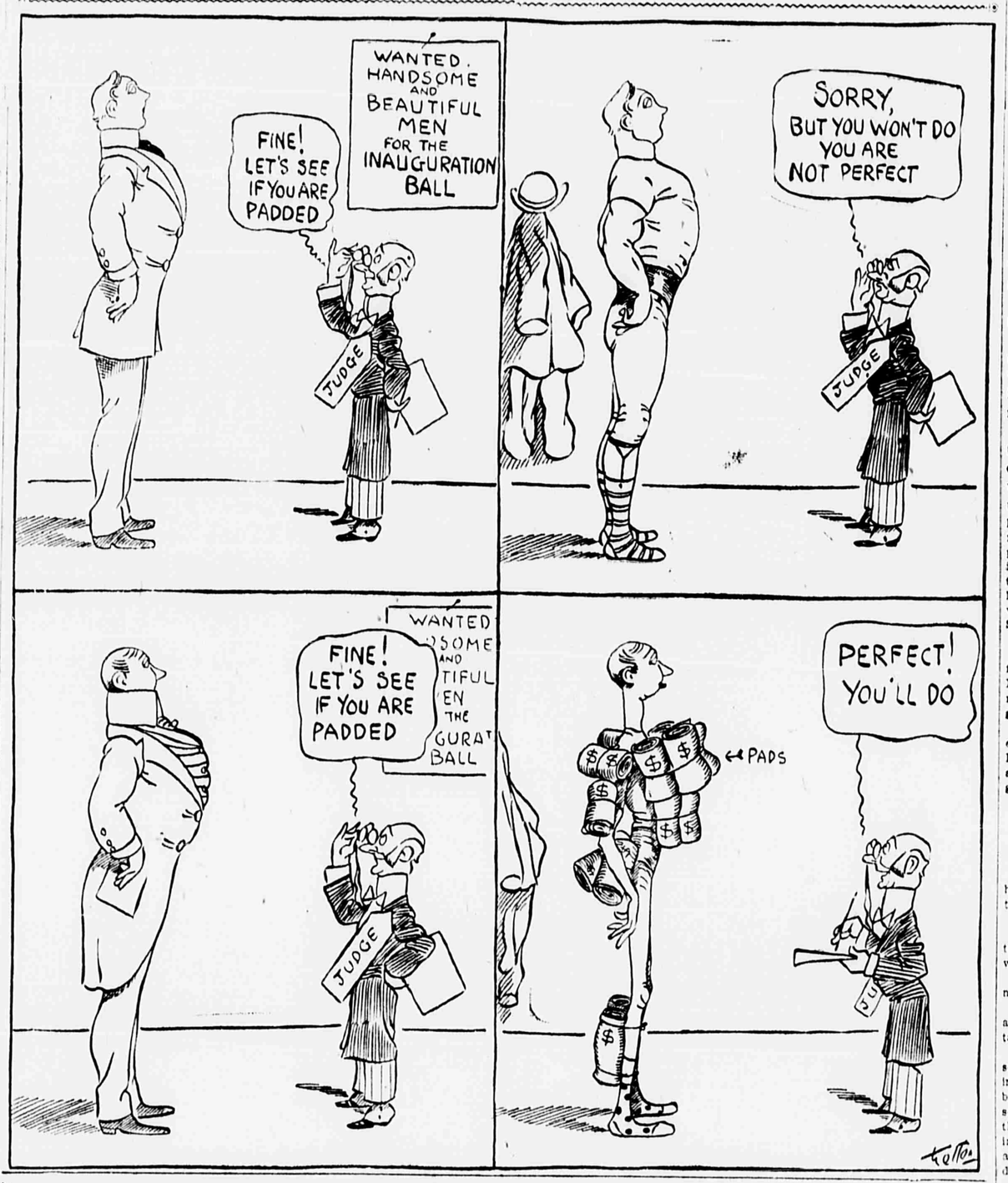
Sergt. Boston Corbett.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Who was the U. S. Army sergeant who shot John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of President Lincoln? J. S. L.

The Beauty Contest.

By Maurice Ketten.



Poor Dear Mr. Jarr Is Ill! No, It Is Nothing Serious, But He Can't Understand Why People Aren't Sorrier

By Roy L. McCardell.

Roy L. McCardell

"I'LL bet you a dollar that while I'm lying here burning up with fever the cold, unthinking world outside is putting in a ton of coal and doesn't care a"—Mr. Jarr didn't get to finish his remark, because Mrs. Jarr took advantage of his having his mouth open to deftly lodge a very dry powder on his tonsils.

The powder was so extremely absorbent of moisture that even Mr. Jarr "dried up" for the time being. He sputtered and gasped a moment, however, and Mrs. Jarr, with calm unconcern, dumped half a glass of water down his throat, and the powder, dry and acrid to the last, was washed down Mr. Jarr.

"I was saying," resumed Mr. Jarr, "the cold, unthinking world outside is putting in a ton of coal"—this metaphor undoubtedly came to his mind because the Stryvers, the insultingly well-to-do family in the private house down the street, rattled in their coal in ten-ton lots in an ostentatious and offensive manner and had been doing this all morning.

Mrs. Jarr moved around the sick room as all women do; calm, dominating and attending to the patient as if he were a piece of machinery.

Mr. Jarr had had a sudden attack of grip and tonsilitis that had him tossing feverishly and semi-delirious all night.

"What were you saying, dear?" she asked, mechanically.

"I said the world outside was putting in a ton of coal and here you are putting in a ton of ashes." Mr. Jarr's mind was still on the powder and some of this, as dry as ever, was still on his tongue.

"The doctor says you're to take these little tablets, two of them, every twenty minutes. They are calomel, I suspect, and they'll do you good; and the powder every twenty minutes. That's for your stomach."

"And I'm not at my work and nobody thinks of me and nobody cares a"—Mr. Jarr was afraid to go further, fearing another powder, but he knew what he meant when he meant it.

Seeing Mrs. Jarr was not looking, he put out one fevered foot from under the bed clothes to cool it, but had to draw it back again because of the chill that threatened.

A man being sick and helpless, and especially with a disordered stomach, 'tis the duty of all ministering women to recite a bill of fare to him when the mere thought of food sickens. Mrs. Jarr had suggested everything from tea and toast to oatmeal gruel to Mr. Jarr, when suddenly he decided he felt better and would get up.

Once on his own feet, he was his own boss. He shaved himself, dressed himself, sat down and ate a good breakfast and announced that he was going down to the office.

But if he thought the unthinking world was only putting in coal and not thinking of him, he was mistaken.

They were talking about him at Gus's place, for instance:

"That feller's always sick," said Gus, "I think it's his brights and when you get that disease of the brights you is gone. He should take a good slug of whiskey three times a day with bitters."

"But he does take that, and more," said Slavinsky, the glazier.

"Yes, but he won't take bitters, because he don't like them," said Gus.

"No," said Slavinsky, "what he needs is to have plenty of light. He should put more winders in his flat with bigger glass panes in them. That's what gives everybody plenty of wellness, plenty of winders."

"What he needs is plenty of meat," said Bepler, the butcher; "meat will keep everybody well."

"But when you are sick you can't eat meat, you want delicacies; his wife should send for pickled herrings and smoked sturgeon and things like that for the appetite," said Schmidt, the delicatessen dealer.

"He should eat nothing but graham bread, or hot rolls," said Bergman, the baker.

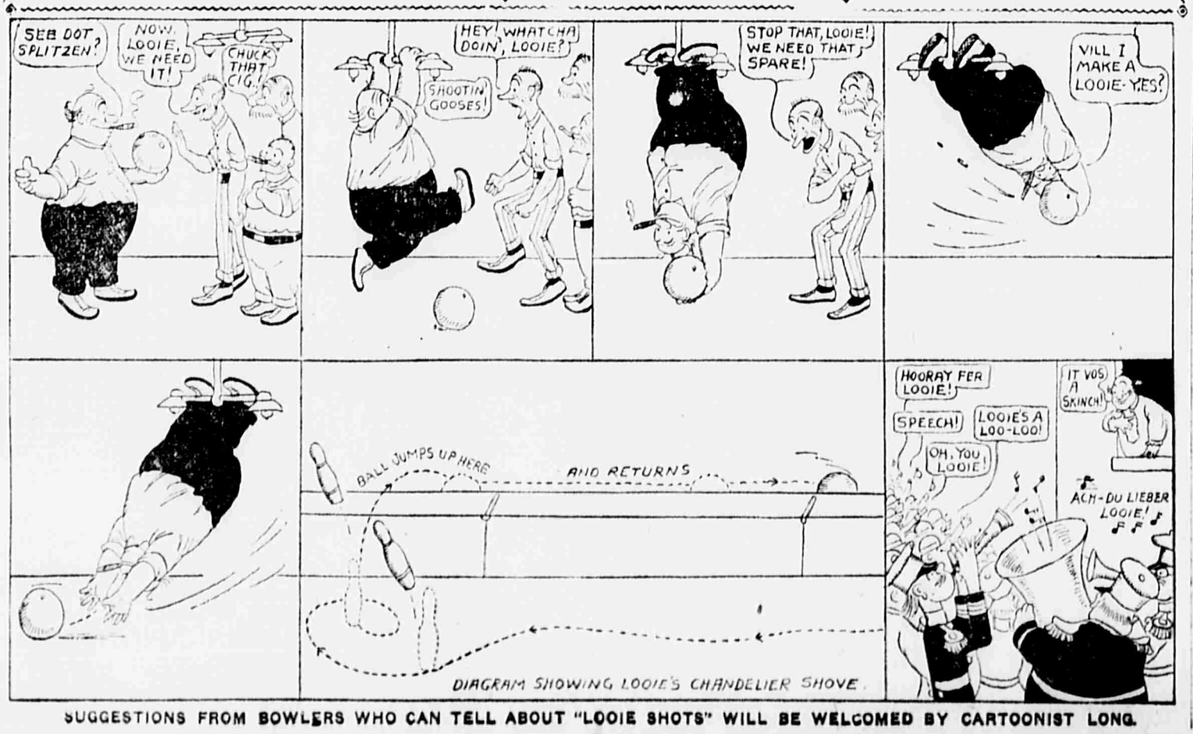
"I got in some fresh maple syrup that would fix him up," said Muller, the grocer.

Down at the office the general opinion was that Jarr had been excessively convivial, and his absence was due to his excesses. Opinion was also generally held that the boss would get wise to it before very long.

Mr. Jarr was received rather coldly, in consequence, when he did get down to his work. The boss remarked that if certain parties were docked they wouldn't be sick so often.

As for the good wife at home, she saw the doctor stop at the door with some alarm, for, as she said to herself, "He'll charge us for the visit just the same!" But she squared it with the conscience of wifely economy by having him look at the children's throats while he was there, the children having just come in from school.

Looie, the Bowler — Watch Him Roll! He's a Wonder! — By Ferd G. Long



SUGGESTIONS FROM BOWLERS WHO CAN TELL ABOUT "LOOIE SHOTS" WILL BE WELCOMED BY CARTOONIST LONG.

The Story of Abraham Lincoln

Personal Life and Anecdotes of the Martyr President

By Albert Payson Terhune

CHAPTER 2.—LOVER AND LEGISLATOR.

A LANKY giant of twenty-two, dressed in faded homespun, lounged upon the dock at New Salem, Ill., one August day in 1831. An inquisitive bystander asked who he was. The tall stranger yawned and replied:

"I'm a piece of floating driftwood. I came down the river on a freshet and was lodged here by accident."

This was Abraham Lincoln's introduction to the town where he was to undergo so many adventures. His family had left Indiana and he had gone with his father to Macon County, Ill. There he had worked as rail-splitter, farmer and flatboat man, finally happening upon New Salem as a place of residence.

Then followed a period of hustling for bare livelihood. First as clerk, then as partner in a village store, Lincoln tried to bend his great mind to commercial tasks—and failed. His partner was a drunkard, and he himself would rather read law books than wait on customers. So the store went to pieces, and Lincoln went broke. But he won a reputation for strict honesty that saddled him for life with the nickname "Honest Abe." He worked for a while as a river pilot and again as surveyor's assistant. Then for a time he planned to become a blacksmith. At one occupation after another he failed; gaining nothing but experience and a good name. He also made himself popular by thrashing John Armstrong, the local bully, and by successfully "standing off" the latter's entire gang of toughs. His stories were soon quoted everywhere; and he was the recognized speechmaker and master of argument for the whole district. Said one neighbor:

"Abe Lincoln could out-argue any ten men in the settlement."

The Black Hawk Indian war broke out in 1832. Lincoln knew nothing of warfare, yet love of adventure made him volunteer and he was elected captain of New Salem's militia. He later wrote of his first experience in drilling his raw recruits, telling how, when marching at the head of twenty men, he came to a gate in a fence:

"I couldn't remember the proper word of command for getting my company endwise, so that it could get through the gate. So, as we came near the gate, I shouted: 'Halt! This company is disbanded for two minutes. It will fall in again on the other side of that gate!' I sometimes wish we could adjourn Congress for the day in the same fashion and start fresh next morning."

The Backwoods Soldier.

One day a group of soldiers were about to shoot a helpless old Indian who had strayed into camp. Lincoln threw himself in front of the Indian and forced the would-be murderers to disperse. A fellow volunteer said afterward:

"I never saw Abe Lincoln so roused by anything before."

His term of service over, Lincoln re-enlisted as a private soldier, being mustered into Col. Zachary Taylor's regiment by young Lieutenant Jefferson Davis, who later became President of the Confederacy.

"I was out of work," he whimsically told one biographer, "and, there being no danger of more fighting, I could do nothing better than enlist again."

Throughout the Black Hawk war Lincoln was never in battle. He said in after years that the only bloodshed to which he was subjected during his military career was the result of his deadly battles with mosquitoes.

When the war was over Lincoln came back to New Salem and declared himself Whig candidate for the Legislature. He made a brilliant campaign and increased his fame as a speaker. During one of his speeches a rowdy tried to break up the meeting. Lincoln, without checking the political argument he was setting forth, walked calmly down from the platform, caught the rowdy by the throat, threw him out of the room, then returned to the platform; never having interrupted the flow of his own remarks. It was a year when Andrew Jackson and Democracy were triumphant. For the first and last time in his career a direct vote of the people failed to elect Lincoln.

He went back to store keeping, took up surveying and in odd moments devoted himself to his chosen study—the law. For he was still determined to become a great lawyer. At last he dropped all other regular work; studying law night and day; keeping himself alive by doing odd jobs here and there. In spite of all this he was deep in debt. He was made postmaster of New Salem. The work did not interfere with his studies, for he carried the "office" about in his hat. Letters were few and could readily be tucked into his hat lining and delivered whenever he chanced to meet their recipients on the streets. The newspapers that came to New Salem by mail he read through carefully before giving them out.

Lincoln's Love Story.

In 1834, when he was only twenty-five, Lincoln ran again for the Legislature, and this time was elected by a big majority. He had no clothes fit to wear to Vandalia, the State capital. He borrowed enough money to make a fairly decent appearance. Yet, when he entered the legislative halls clad in ill-fitting blue jeans that accentuated the grotesqueness of his shambling figure and homely, gentle face, he was as usual the target for many amused glances.

During his first legislative term Lincoln did little to bring himself into prominence. Wisely he sat back and listened; studying the situation, unwilling to move until he was sure of his ground. He was in a new world. Until he should be thoroughly familiar with that world he was content to watch in silence. All the time he was laying up knowledge and statecraft that were soon to carry him far beyond the cleverest politician in all his State.

The session ended and Lincoln hastened back to New Salem. It was not work alone that made the young legislator eager to return to the village. He was in love—utterly, absolutely, heart and soul in love for perhaps the first, last and only time in all his whole life. Here, in brief, is his pathetic little love story:

The tavern where Lincoln lodged in New Salem was kept by a man named Rutledge, who had a beautiful daughter, Anne. She had auburn hair, blue eyes, a peach-blow complexion and singular loveliness of expression. Lincoln fell in love with her before he went to the Legislature. But at that time he dared not speak. For she was engaged to a New Yorker named McNeill, who had gone back home on a visit and who was daily expected to return.

But months slipped by and McNeill did not come back. Anne grieved bitterly over his absence, thinking him faithless. Then it was that Lincoln came forward, to urge his own suit. As gently as a woman, as tenderly as a mother he sought to soothe her sorrow. Little by little he induced her to listen to his love vows. At last she consented to forget McNeill and to become Lincoln's wife. Lincoln was in the seventh heaven of bliss. How much or how little Miss Rutledge cared for him will never be known. Whether he had really won her heart from the absent McNeill, or if she merely accepted him out of pity, is still a mystery. But when she fell ill soon after she and Lincoln became engaged it was said she was pining away for love of McNeill. As she grew worse Lincoln was sent for. He spent an hour alone with the dying girl, then went away. A day or two later she died. The next month McNeill came to New Salem again, meaning to claim her hand.

A Second Romance.

Lincoln was heartbroken. Up to that time he had always been gay and talkative. From the hour of Anne Rutledge's death his face took on a look of melancholy it never lost. So wild was his grief that it was feared he would go mad or kill himself. Friends watched him closely for months, secretly guarding him from harm. One snowy day long afterward he was discovered weeping, and confessed that it made him mad with grief to think of the snow and rain beating down upon Anne's resting place.

"My heart is buried in that girl's grave!" he sobbed.

Love was gone. Nothing was left now but work. And Lincoln threw all his marvellous abilities into the study of his profession. Other love affairs he had—apparently to drown the memory of Anne Rutledge—but they came to nothing. One girl, Mary Owens, was said to be engaged to him in 1836. Miss Owens's own story was that she rejected Lincoln because, as she said:

"I found him deficient in those little links which make up the chain of a woman's happiness. • • • I thought him lacking in smaller attentions."

Lincoln in a letter gives quite another view of the case. He writes thus of seeing Miss Owens after a long absence:

"She did not look as my imagination had pictured her. I knew she was oversize, but she now appeared a fair match for Falstaff. • • • A kind of notion ran through my head that no one could have commenced at the size of infancy and reached her present bulk in less than thirty-five or forty years. In short, I was not at all pleased with her. But what could I do? I had told her sister I would take her for better or for worse, and I make a point of honor and conscience in all things to stick to my word. • • • So I mustered my resolution and made the proposal to her direct. But, shocking to relate, she answered 'No!' • • • I am wholly, unexpectedly, completely out of the scrape! • • • I have come to the conclusion never again to think of marrying, for this reason: I can never be satisfied with any one who would be blockhead enough to have me!"

In 1836 Lincoln again ran for the Illinois Legislature. He was now ready to begin his real career. The long years of weary apprenticeship were at an end. Henceforth, his rise was to be steady, if difficult. He was the sort of man who gloried in overcoming obstacles. And his upward path was to be thickly strewn with them.

(To Be Continued.)