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The Evening World First.

Number of columns of advertising in The
Evening World for 12 months, ending
January 31, 1904..... 12,231 1/2

Number of columns of advertising in The
Evening World for 12 months, ending
January 31, 1903..... 7,856 1/2

INCREASE..... 4,374 1/2

This record of growth was not equaled by any
newspaper, morning or evening, in the United States.

DON'T CHOKO THE CITY'S LUNGS.

Mrs. M. G. Van Rensselaer, President of the Public
Education Association, has joined in the protest against
the scheme to build temporary schoolhouses in the
parks. She appeals for "the preservation of every foot
of the parks, and especially of the smaller ones, in the
crowded parts of the city," and adds:

The erection of temporary school buildings on park sites,
we believe, would most probably mean their retention in
permanent use. In any case, a most unfortunate precedent
would be set, for it is only by means of unremitting and
earnest efforts on the part of the public that the parks have
hitherto been preserved for the uses they are intended to
serve, well-intentioned persons constantly desiring to have
portions of them devoted to ends which, however desirable
to themselves, would involve a lessening of the utility of
the parks as such.

Any encroachment upon the parks would be a step
backward. Even now the breathing spaces of the east
side are pitifully few and small. More than five-sixths
of the park area of Manhattan Island is west of Fifth
avenue and north of Fifty-ninth street—in other words,
in the part of the city that needs it least. In the
crowded tenement districts the people must find what
fresh air and sunshine they can in little squares of two
or three acres each. Even in these, part of the space
must be given up to playgrounds, comfort houses and
outdoor gymnasias.

There are twelve hundred churches in this city. Not
one of them has found it necessary to ask for a site
in a park. When a man wants to start a private school
he finds no trouble in renting or buying suitable quar-
ters. The city can do the same. And while it is provid-
ing more schools, let it provide at the same time for
more parks.

A NEW KIND OF HONOR.

The departure of the last American garrison from
the Cuban Republic must propagate some new concep-
tions on the subject of national honor and glory.
Through all the ages until now the ideal of the nations
has been that of the bulldog—to seize as much as possible
and never let anything go. Often a country has
been willing to admit that it would be glad to be re-
lieved of some inconvenient possessions, but "honor"
has compelled it to hold on. The Cubans wanted to
cut loose from Spain, and there was no advantage to
Spain in holding them, but that ogle of national honor
stood in the way of a divorce that would have been
good for both parties. The flag must never be hauled
down where it has once been hoisted. So the Spanish
flag hung on until it was shot down by American guns.

Now we have learned that the truest honor and the
highest glory of a nation are sometimes found in letting
go rather than in holding on. The Stars and Stripes
were never more illustrious than when they fluttered
down from the staff behind the Cabana fortress—not
forced down by a victorious enemy, but hauled down in
the plenitude of power by our own commander as a
visible token of a national promise sacredly kept. Com-
pared with a glory like that, what is the cheap glitter of
a conquest shared with all the savage Attilas and
Tamerlanes of history?

And what is more, this high prestige of renunciation
is not only great in itself, but it has won the admiring
recognition of the world. It has given us a loftier place
than we could have won by a hundred victories. Every
nation has its roll of military triumphs, but it would
be hard for any other to find in its annals an act like
the liberation of Cuba. That outshines the glory of suc-
cessful aggression as far as the glow of Washington's
character outshines the blaze of Napoleon's conquests.

A BLUNDER CORRECTED.

One of the most glaring mistakes of the late city ad-
ministration has been undone by the unanimous decision
of the Appellate Division of the Supreme Court declar-
ing the removal of Fire Chief Croker illegal and order-
ing his reinstatement. In his determination to get rid
of Mr. Croker Commissioner Sturgis displayed equal
disregard for law and for public opinion. His proceed-
ings undoubtedly formed one of the counts in the popu-
lar indictment of the Low administration. The lesson
of respect for law that has been taught by the Appellate
Division in this case ought to have a good effect here-
after, whether reformers or Tammany men happen to
be in power at the City Hall.

FOR SUNDAY MEDITATION.

If a blind man can make the most difficult shots in
billiards without an error, what is the use of eyes?
What sort of life has Mrs. Maybrick led in the fifteen
years of entombment from which she is just emerging?
Why don't American husbands go to Europe occasion-
ally to get acquainted with their wives? What would
happen in Wall street if the Twelfth Regiment, N. G.
N. Y., with its eight millionaire officers, should be wiped
out in battle? If you had a baby, would you raise him
like a little savage, on the Thompson-Seton plan? How
ought men to sit, stand and walk with a view to promot-
ing health, grace and beauty?
All interesting subjects, are they not? They are only
a few of the topics that will be discussed in The World's
Sunday Magazine to-morrow.

Are Hoodlums Our Rulers?—The Brooklyn Rapid-Trans-
it officials object to furnishing separate cars for women
in the rush hours on the ground that the same male
hoodlums of the porcine variety who shove women
aside would crowd into the women's cars in spite
of labels. Then why not give some able-bodied police-
men the pleasure of throwing them out?

The Great and Only Mr. Peewee.

The Most Important Little Man on Earth.

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Mr. Peewee Shows Where He Stands on the "Obey" Question.



To-Day's \$5 Prize "Evening Fudge" Editorial was written by Irving J. Lewis, 93 Clark street, Brooklyn.

PRIZE PEEWEE HEADLINES
for to-day, \$1 paid for each: No.
1—Mrs. SADIE HEINE, 225 East
126th street, New York City; No.
2—W. E. DONNELLY, 261 Clinton
street, Brooklyn; No. 3—GIPSY

Song of the Red Smudge of the "Evening Fudge."
With apologies to "The Holy City."
Last night I bought an "Evening Fudge" upon my way uptown.
I threw it next to where I sat, and spoiled a lady's gown;
My fingers were all full of paint, as red as they could be.
The lady grew red hot and angrily exclaimed to me:
Geerusalem! I! Geerusalem! I!
M. RAUNER, No. 73 West 116th St., N. Y. City.

SQUIRE, 153 West 14th street,
New York City.
MONDAY'S PRIZE "FUDGE" EDITORIAL.
"Why the Billy Goat is Happier Than You."

The Girl in Pink

By
Albert Payson Terhune.

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS.
Jenny Harrington, a former day laborer,
has inherited a great fortune, which would
have gone to one Helen Bell had it not been
discovered at a luncheon at the home of
Claude Kerr, whose brother Claude is deep in Har-
rington's debt. Informing Harrington that this
fact is being kept from her, she threatens to publish this
fact and thus drive Harrington out of his for-
tune, unless he will consent to marry her.
Mercedes, a dressmaker's assistant,
tells Harrington that a duplicate set of the
foundling asylum's documents were kept in
a secret cabinet in that institution; she was
once an inmate of the asylum and knows the
location of this cabinet and offers to ac-
company Harrington to the now deserted
asylum building and search for them in
order to see Helen Bell's death is re-
corded there. They go to the deserted asy-
lum building, which is said to be haunted.
There they find the missing documents.
Mercedes and Harrington become engaged.
The documents prove Mercedes to be the
faithful heir to the fortune which had been
left to Harrington.

CHAPTER XII.
The Story of a Crime.

"IT'S a queer game," agreed Har-
rington, when the first buzz of
amazement had died down, "but
it's Gospel truth. The documents in a
cabinet at the asylum prove it. These
documents are now in the proper
hands. I'm the only one who could
contest her claim and I ain't going to,
you can be sure. It's odd; I always
thought of that 'aunt' as some one
about sixty, instead of less than twenty-
five. I guess, Dorothy, that was
the idea you tried to give me, eh? Yet,
from the old superintendent's docu-
ments the matron, Mrs. Titus, knew
who Helen Bell really was, and she
must have told you. By one word five
years ago you could have made your

servant a rich woman. But out of spite
you kept your mouth shut and let
total strangers like me rake in the whole
pot. You women are a curious lot!"
"I think there is no longer any occasion
of our remaining, Claude," said
Dorothy, coldly, as she rose.
"I'm sorry," broke in Harrington,
sternly, "but there's every reason why
you should remain. Sit down!"
Briefly, brutally, Harrington described
Dorothy's talk with him at the Fair-
leigh's on the night of the unlucky kiss,
and the terms she offered for silence;
ending with the recital of Dorothy's
committing the papers to Slocum's care
and of his (Harrington's) plea to Fair-
leigh to secure them.
"Now," he went on, "I made up my
mind to get hold of those papers, even
if I had to rob the safe. I was desper-
ate. But it seems others were desper-
ate, too. I went past the Slocum house
late one night not long ago. As I
passed I saw the library window was
open. This seemed queer to me, for it
was after midnight. Then I remem-
bered in a flash that Slocum's safe
stood in that library. I didn't know the
combination, but there was always the
chance that a man who was careless
enough to leave a ground-floor window
open all night might be foolish enough
to leave his safe open, too. The street
was deserted and the temptation was
big. I yielded to it. I reached the li-
brary window and had one hand on the
sill, ready to wait in the dark room,
when all of a sudden a light flared
up. There, by the wall, stood Mr.
Slocum. There, facing him, and hold-
ing a steel bar, stood—Miss Dorothy Kerr!"
"It's a lie!" panted Dorothy, amid the
universal gasp of horror. A compelling



WHOSE PORTRAIT IS THIS?

Name

gesture from Harrington brought sil-
lence.
"It is the truth," he said solemnly,
"as Father Tom Slocum here knows. I
saw the murder and I heard the con-
fession with which she sealed Father
Tom's lips. Then the light was turned
off and I saw her climb out of the win-
dow and gain the street. I followed, for
I didn't care to be mixed up in any
murder charge by being caught near the
house."
Dorothy, since her first outburst of
denial, had sat numb and speechless.
The unscrupulous courage which had
carried her so far seemed to have de-
serted her, leaving her powerless to
move or speak.
"It wasn't my place to play police-
man or tell what I'd seen," went on
Harrington, "so I kept my mouth shut
till I found out that Fairleigh was sus-
pected and that the miserable mistake
was going to separate him and his wife
forever. Even then I couldn't see why
Dorothy wanted to break into Slocum's
safe till Judge Morgan and I went over
his papers. Then we found out. It
seems my dear old friend Claude had
been adding forgery to his other funny
business with Slocum's name on a
check. Slocum'd just got the check
back from the bank the day before,
and he'd told Claude he'd discovered
the forgery. So Claude was naturally
anxious to get next to the check before
the old man could prosecute, as he'd
threatened to do. He knew the combina-
tion of the safe, but he lacked the
sand to get at it, I suppose. So Dorothy
did it for him. It would have knocked
holes in her social aspirations if her
brother'd been sent up the river for
forgery. There's the whole story, Kerr.

I won't keep you and Dorothy here any
longer. Out you go as soon as you like.
But it's only fair to tell you that a
couple of detectives are waitin' in the
hall outside. Good-by."
Claude Kerr, who had spared the girl
the ordeal she's just gone through,
But she had it comin' to her, all right,
all right. And now let's get to some-
thing nicer. May Fairleigh, you've just
heard how false your suspicions of your
husband were. Now you two chil-
dren make up. That's right."
For before his conciliatory address
was half finished husband and wife
had crossed the space which divided
them and had closed forever the bar-
rier of wretched doubts and misunder-
standing that fate had so maliciously
reared in their path.
When the trio had gone Harrington
observed to the company in general:
"If I was a gentleman—which, thank
God, I ain't—I'd have spared the girl
the ordeal she's just gone through.
But she had it comin' to her, all right,
all right. And now let's get to some-
thing nicer. May Fairleigh, you've just
heard how false your suspicions of your
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101 Prizes in all \$500
First Prize..... 50
5 Prizes, each..... 10
70 Prizes, each..... 5
25 Prizes, each..... 2

"Well," remarked Harrington with a
grim, "I guess that winds up the formal
business of this meeting. If you'll all
please congratulate me and wish Mer-
cedes good luck with her first-rate for-
tune and her third-rate husband, we
won't detain you any longer."
They crowded around Mercedes eagerly,
with outstretched hands and words
of hearty good-will.
And Henry Q. Harrington noted that
(now that he was stripped of his for-
tune) he was quite ignored and for-
gotten by these people who had once
fawned on him. But he also, watching
the scene, realized for the first time
that this beautiful, gracious girl, who
carried her honors so modestly, was all
his and his alone. Beside that sense of
joyous possession all regrets for his lost
millions, all chagrin at the new atti-
tude of his former flatterers, vanished.
What had won was infinitely more
precious than all he had lost.
His eyes met those of Mercedes, and
he sighed with ineffable content:
"I'm rich!" (The End.)

How to Win a Prize.

TWELVE portraits will be printed with "The Girl in Pink," one with each
chapter or one each day until the story ends. The reader is required to
write in the blank space provided for that purpose the names of the char-
acters as the portraits appear from day to day, and when the story is finished
to send all twelve portraits and their names in the same envelope to "The Girl
in Pink Editor, Evening World, P. O. Box 22, N. Y. City." Don't send in one
portrait at a time—send all twelve at once. No attention will be paid to answers
that do not include all twelve portraits and names. Answers will be received
until noon of Monday, Feb. 8.



The Man Higher Up

Figuring Out
the Mikado's
War Chances.

"WHAT is all this trouble between Russia and Japan
about?" asked the Cigar Store Man.

"You can search me," answered the Man
Higher Up. "The best line I can get on it is
that the Czar can't read the Mikado's writing. I see
that he hasn't answered the last note. The prelimi-
naries seem to have been arranged by a correspondence
school, and thus far the bombardment of missives has
been extremely deadly. An ultimatum written out in
Japanese or Russian is a fierce instrument.

"There seems to be a general impression in this
country that the Japs will get the decision in the forth-
coming go. The wise guys who read Japanese history
from the pens of such learned historians as Onata
Watana, Sir Edwin Arnold and David Belasco say that
the Russian is whipped before he enters the ring.
Eminent military authorities like Senator Beveridge,
of Indiana, who took a voyage around the world touch-
ing the high places, have inspected the Japanese army
and say that it marches fine.

"The Japanese soldier is a willing worker, and he
can live for three days on a handful of preserved straw
and a few swigs of tea. He is good at shooting at a
mark and he does what his officers tell him to do. But
when you come to frame him up for class you have
to search the war dope with a telescope. It takes an
optimistic form-player to place the Jap in the one-best-
bet class when fixing up a fight chart.

"The best line on his past performances come from
his war with China. The Chinese warrior is a shine.
He goes to battle carrying an umbrella in one hand and
a bottle full of bad smell in the other. When it comes
time for action he raises the umbrella, breaks the bot-
tle and smother's to death. A Y. M. C. A. basket-ball
team armed with snowballs and a good, ringing yell
could make 10,000 Chinese soldiers run themselves into
the ground.

"During the Chinese war, whenever a gang of Japs
armed with the latest style of guns and bayonets got a
bunch of Chinks carrying tomtoes and portable war
jesses into a corner the slaughter was something ter-
rific. Everybody agreed that the artistic brutality with
which the Japs made small pieces of Chinese women
and children was worthy of the highest admiration.

"But the Japs are not going to fight the Chinese
this time. They are going to fight a race of large men
with whiskers, who bathe at irregular intervals and
would as lief be killed as continue to live. If the Japa-
nese and Russians ever meet on a battlefield tourists will
be picking up relics of the Japanese army for a thousand
years."

"You seem to hold a grudge against the Japs," said
the Cigar Store Man.

"Well," confessed the Man Higher Up, "ever since
a Japanese valet I had eloped with the rent money, all
my clothes, a safety razor, a revolver and an autograph
picture of Emma Carus the Flowery Kingdom has looked
like a bunch of celery to me."

Daniel Webster's Boots.

A retired Bath merchant who was a clerk in a Boston shoe
store when a lad tells the following story of Daniel Webster.
One morning the Bath boy, who had to report early and
sweep out the store before the proprietor arrived, received a
call from Mr. Webster. The noted statesman was fitted with
a new pair of shoes without any trouble by the clerk, who
considered it an honor to fit a boot to Mr. Webster. The old
pair was left in the store, and Mr. Webster said he would
return around later and pay the proprietor. The clerk knew
that his chief was acquainted with Mr. Webster, and when
the proprietor arrived informed him of the sale with a great
deal of pride.

The proprietor complimented the Bath boy upon the sale,
but closed with the remark: "I probably will never receive
pay for the boots," and the sale was charged up to the profit
and loss account.

Shirts and Hats Made of Bark.

Shirts and hats that are never in need of ironing are worn
by the Indians of the interior of Bolivia. They are made of
the bark of a tree, which is soaked in water until the fibre
is softened, and then beaten with stones to make it pliable.