

The Evening World
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ON THE PUBLIC'S SERVICE
The EVENING WORLD will print here every day an Editorial on some important popular Need

The McIntyre Flat.

By Albert Payson Terhune.

THE McIntyres wanted to move out of town. "Own-Your-Own-Home" microbes had bitten them with mosquito-like assiduity; they sneered at commuter jokes; they subscribed to the Amateur Farmer, and committed to memory that sterling publication's articles on "How to Clear \$5,000 a Year on a Half-Acre Farm with No Capital and Less Experience," and its editorials beginning "Throw over your piker \$50,000 Wall street job and make a REAL fortune out of the rich brown earth!"

They Make a Stronous Effort to Fracture the Lease and Get Unheralded Results.

racket, everybody seemed to be singing at once, emphasizing the music by breaking beer bottles over each other's heads. (A box of broken glass will produce grand sound effects.) A couple of revolver shots, a beautifully rehearsed mixed-ale fight on the stairs and a policeman (bribed for the occasion by McIntyre) banging on the outer door and shouting, "In the name of the law!" rounded out the evening's entertainment.

The Man Higher Up.
... By Martin Green ...

Jerome's Latest Application of "Every Man His Own Press Agent."
"SEE," said the Cigar Store Man, "that there is a whole lot of talk about new excise legislation."

A DISCOURAGER OF TRAFFIC.



YE banged, battered and abused Brooklynites! This is a portrait of A. W. Winter—the Winter of your discontent. He is president of the Brooklyn Rapid Transit Company. The World is trying to wake him up. It hopes to arouse in him some sort of a consciousness of his duty to the Brooklyn public.

Brooklyn?

Remember that all the cars in Brooklyn do not run over the bridge. Remember that the travellers in the dull hours are as badly served as those who come in the rush. Remember that the road is paying enormous dividends to its real owners, the 10 per cent. guaranteed stockholders of the Brooklyn City Railroad.

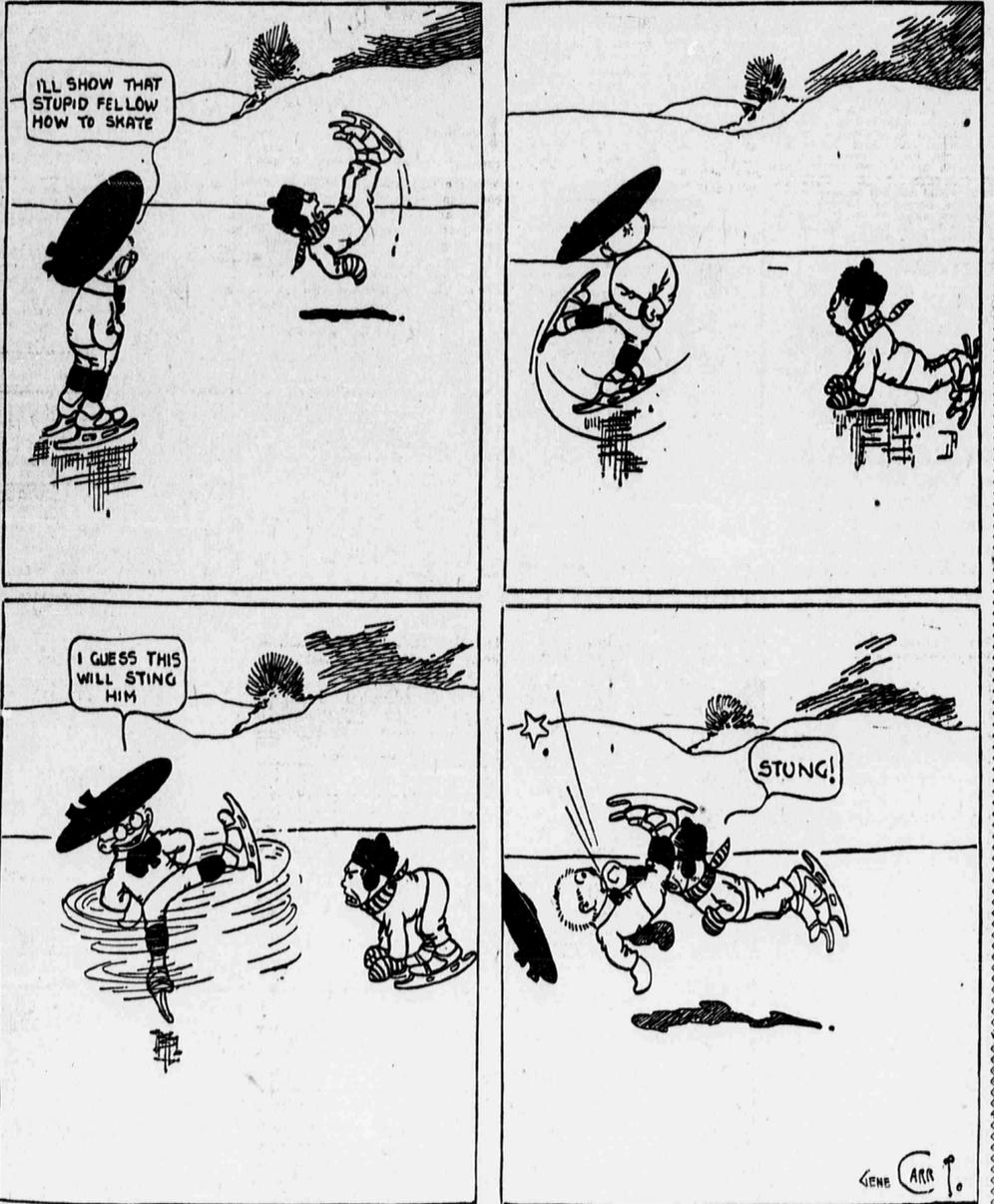
Caste at the Capital.

By Nixola Greeley-Smith.

IS the rank of a Cabinet Minister's child over or below that of the baby of an Ambassador?
The election being two months over, official Washington has turned the white light of its united minds away from the problems of the full dinner pail and the empty campaign barrel, to the grave question propounded in the opening paragraph.

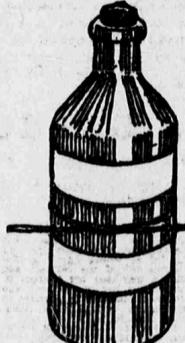
Willie Wise & 'Gene Carr's Brainy Kid

He Knows Too Much About Skating, as His Exposition of the Gliding Art Shows.



Science for the Home.

CUT two slips of paper long enough for each to encircle the outside of a bottle, leaving an uncovered space between the slips. Fasten them in place by a thread and then wrap glass between the slips.



string, just as you did in the first experiment. This continued friction will cause the neck of the bottle to become so hot that it will expand and the glass stopper will be loosened enough to allow it to be pulled out without further trouble.—Inter-Ocean.

Doomed Animals.

ANOTHER wild animal has been almost exterminated by fur hunters. It is the beautiful Satan ape, of New Guinea, which once was so plentiful in the forests that travellers told how almost every tree bore its load of handsome monkeys.

The Pessimist's Growl

By Alice Rehe.

WELL, they're beyond hope now," said the Pessimist.
"Who?" asked the Amateur Philosopher.
"Women, of course," snapped the Pessimist between sneezes. "Who else could I mean? The thing that surprises me is that they're not all killed off. I was walking through snowdrifts the other day with the wild winds playing a grab-and-take game around my rubber boots and I saw a sight that saddened me. Here I was with boots to my knees, brudded up like an Arctic explorer, shivering along against the gales, and what do you suppose a woman had on in front of me?"

So Precocious.



Letters from the People

Where Living Is Cheap.
To the Editor of The Evening World: Student asks what is the cheapest place in the United States to live?
Some years ago, being in poor health, I went to Florida to a small hamlet in Orange County. I had \$500 and was ordered to stay three years. I rented a small cottage for \$4 per month, cut my fuel in the woods, caught all the fish I could eat and sold enough to the nearest market to rent a gun and buy ammunition. Quail, turkeys and an occasional deer came under my none too excellent prowess, and the market readily took all I carried to town. I bought chickens, a pig, a cow, a pony, a boat and a gun in time, and from neighboring groves I was welcome to all the oranges I could eat. My little garden gave me vegetables. All this at a cost of \$100 for three years, my own easy labors doing the rest and giving me occupation and enjoyment. The average Florida cracker never sees much more than \$100 in the course of a year.

On the B. R. T.

OH, it is lots of fun to ride ON THE B. R. T.
If you're in Brooklyn you abide, ON THE B. R. T.
They all know what Bill Shakespeare meant By "Winter of our discontent." The man who gets your last red cent ON THE B. R. T.

The "Fudge" Idiotorial

Put More Water in the Milk!
Copyrot, 1905, by the Planet Pub. Co.
We notice that the Board of Health is giving DESERVED ATTENTION to the MILK QUESTION. WE DEMAND PURE MILK! There is but ONE CERTAIN way to insure PURITY. Put MORE WATER into the milk! Then there will be FEWER MILK PUNCHES!