

The Evening World. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Evening World Publishing Company, No. 55 to 57 N. Y. Ave., New York, N. Y.

A NEW EPOCH. THAT the Democratic majority of the House of Representatives should have agreed in caucus upon a programme of legislation for the session by a majority of 128 to 29, with six members not voting, is in itself a very nearly sufficient evidence that we are on the verge of a new epoch in politics.

The harmony is the more notable by contrast with the dissensions in the Republican camp. A united Democracy confronting a divided Republicanism would be a novelty to men of this generation.

DOORS RELOCKED. LETTERS are said to have been written to the District-Attorney and also to the Committee of Five of the Women's Trades Union League that in certain factories the practice of locking doors has been resumed. This appears almost incredible.

THE BLOOD LINE. AN advertisement of an offer of \$25 for some man to yield a quart of blood in a transfusion operation is said to have been answered by more than a hundred persons.

SUBWAY NEXT WEEK. ONCE upon a time we were told and even "assured" by various city officials that "next week" there would be a definitive settlement of the subway question.

Letters from the People. A Clock Problem. Here is an odd problem for readers: At what time after 6 o'clock will the angle subtended by the hands of a clock be indicated by the same numbers as the time of day?

Chance in Chemistry. I advise the young man (who wants to know about chemistry) chances as a profession that I think there is nothing better for him to take up, provided he has the means and determination to push it. The field is absolutely unlimited.

Can You Beat It? By Maurice Ketten. A series of six cartoon panels showing a man's physical and mental decline. Panel 1: 'CUT OUT THAT OLD CHESTNUT. GET TO WORK' - 'I FEEL SICK, BOSS'. Panel 2: 'I FEEL QUEER!'. Panel 3: 'I FEEL VERY BAD!'. Panel 4: 'I FEEL PUNK!'. Panel 5: 'WHY THE DEUCE DON'T YOU STAY HOME WHEN YOU HAVE THE MUMPS?'. Panel 6: 'WHY YOU WOULDN'T BELIEVE ME, BOSS, ITS BASEBALL DAY'.

Mr. Jarr, in Dress Suit and Panama, Visits Society's Realm; for Once He Enjoys the Trip

By Roy L. McCardell. "Before you tell us of your adventures we'll have the soda water," said Master Jarr. "What flavor do you like?"

What Every Wife Knows By Sophie Irene Loeb

A Good Dinner Turneth Away Wrath. WE know that a GOOD DINNER TURNETH AWAY WRATH. For many a depression has lost its expression at a table of good cheer and good food.

Men's Fashions.

A Pertinent Query. I'm a Southern town one morning a negro called upon a neighbor. He was met at the door by his friend's wife and the dialogue ran something like this: "Kiss me, the mawlin'!" "Kiss me, this mawlin' is gittin' to rain."

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon Being the Confessions of the Seven Hundredth Wife Translated By Helen Rowland. HOLLA, my Beloved! For now is the JOYFUL SEASON, when yellow shoes, like unto golden crocuses, spring forth on every side!

Do You Want to Live To Be 140 Years Old?

THE natural term of man's life, arguing from the logic and evidence of comparative zoology, is 140 years—and even this is not the limit. All animals in their natural state, and usually do, live an average equivalent to five times their period of growth.

"New Style" Notes.

AT the recent spring openings it was very apparent that the most favored styles in suits were those lined with kidnapo sleeves, large collar and fancy revers. The leading materials for the suits were serge, satin and wool.

The Price.

By Cora M. W. Greenleaf. I T buys me the fruits of the work of the hands. More skillful than mine are at manual labor.

The Day's Good Stories

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