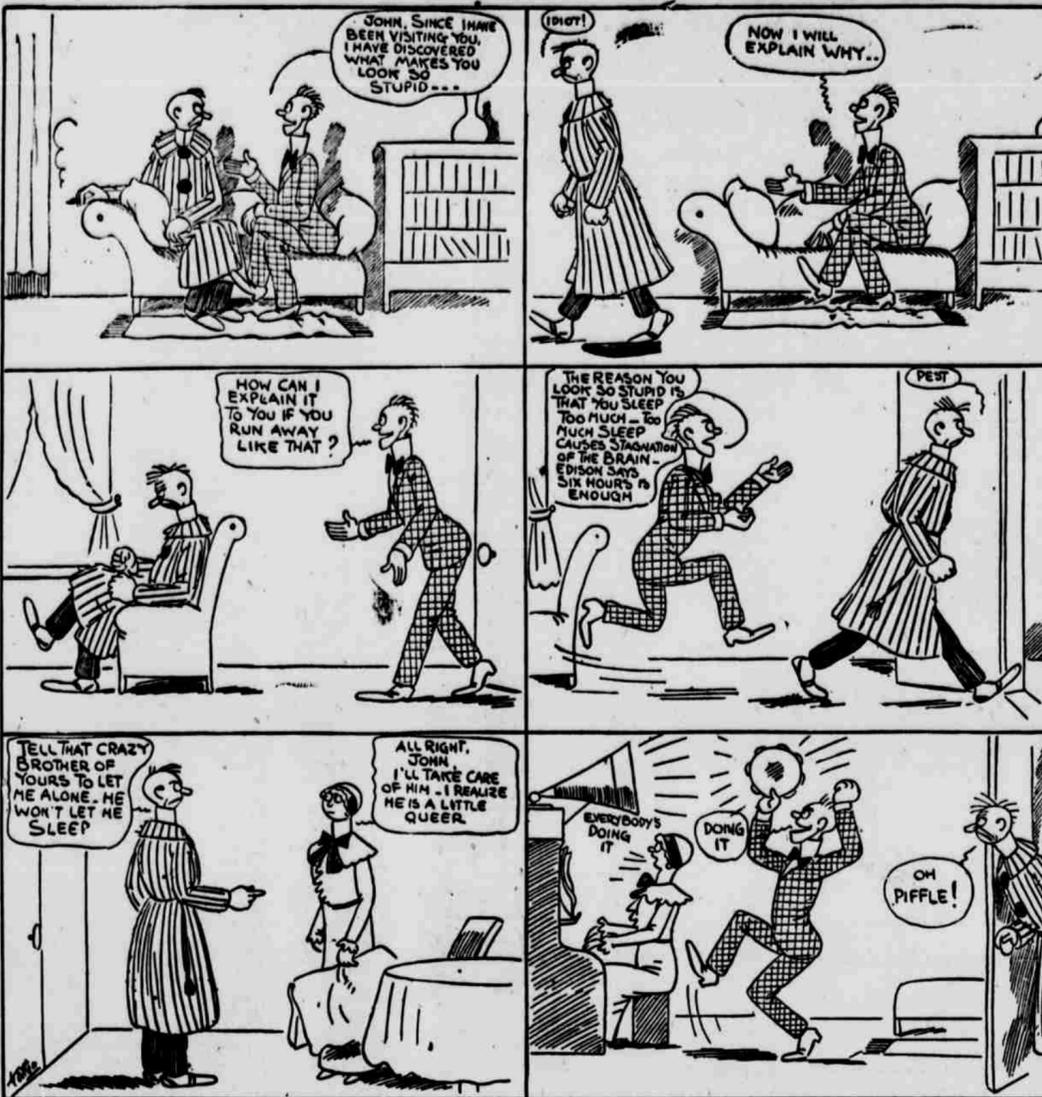


The Evening World

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The Day of Rest (AFTERNOON) By Maurice Kettner



SIX TIMES THE PRICE! ONE SIXTH THE COMFORT!

THE METER? OUT OF ORDER. YOU'D BE BROKE IF I'D TURNED THAT ON! Thus a Manhattan taxi driver the other night to a passenger about to pay his fare who tried to get a look at the "clock"!

Who hasn't a like story to tell? Who, among those that dare ride in taxis in this city, has not cursed the inconvenient angle at which the meters are placed? At night the lantern in front of the dial throws its light in any direction save the right one. The face of the clock is in darkest gloom. One usually ends by asking the driver. And with a turn of his wrist—click!—the metre is reset, and the situation in his hands!

OUR TAXICAB RATES ARE SIX TIMES AS MUCH AS THOSE OF EUROPEAN CITIES! ARE OUR TAXICABS SIX TIMES AS COMFORTABLE?

Compare New York taxis with those of Berlin, where the taxicab service is enormous and carefully regulated by the city. What do we find. The New York taxi is—save for a few at the fashionable hotels—rickety, dirty, shabby. It looks like a tramp and clatters like old iron.

The Berlin taxi is spick and span, handsome in design, painted by city ordinance in uniform gray or cream, smooth running and perfectly "groomed." Many of them are positively splendid, with shining metal, polished glass and glittering brass eagles over the motor hood. The New York taxi is found with difficulty. It stands only at hotels and special agencies.

The Berlin taxi circulates freely through the streets. It may be taken anywhere, including hundreds of stands arranged and licensed by the city. The New York taxi is wretchedly upholstered, never attractive inside, and in winter icy. The Berlin taxi has an interior richly, even gayly, furnished with crimson or blue linings, stamped leather and mirrors. An inside electric light gives it a cheerful look in the evening.

THE NEW YORK TAXI HAS ONE-SIXTH THE COMFORT AT SIX TIMES THE PRICE!

THE BERLIN TAXI HAS SIX TIMES THE COMFORT AT ONE-SIXTH THE PRICE!

THE TAXI IS NOT A LUXURY FOR THE FEW. IT IS NOW A PUBLIC CONVENIENCE FOR THE MANY. WHEN WILL NEW YORK SEE IT?

HISTORIC HEARTBREAKERS By Albert Peyson Turbure.

An elderly woman—yellow of face, black of teeth, her head bounded above and below, respectively, by a bright red wig and an absurdly huge ruff—chanced to stroll through a portion of her palace grounds one day in the last quarter of the sixteenth century. She came to a muddy spot in the path and halted. Before she could make up her mind whether to turn back or to walk around the puddle, a young man darted forward from among the throng of courtiers who followed her. Turning off his velvet cloak he cast it into the mud puddle so that the woman might pass over dry shod. In so doing the youth ruined his cloak—and made his fortune.

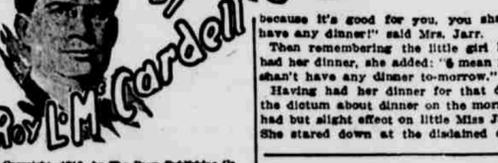
The Day's Good Stories

The Climax. "YER," said the Marquis de Foudrin, "has come of a remarkable family. His grand-grandfather invented a wonderful piece of machinery."

The May Manton Fashions

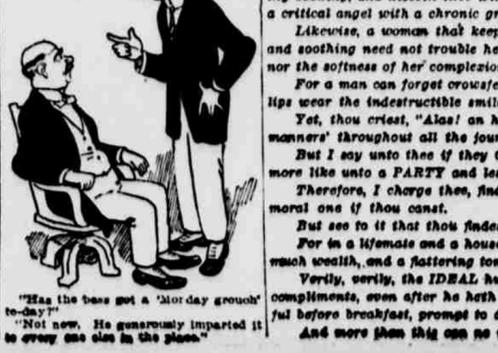


The Jarr Family



because it's good for you, you shan't have any dinner!" said Mrs. Jarr. Then remembering the little girl had had her dinner, she added: "Mean you shan't have any dinner to-morrow."

True Generosity



Mr. Jarr Witnesses a Miracle of Weird Domestic Discipline

Then she darted an indignant glance at the head of the table. "A right kind of father wouldn't sit there grinning at his children when they misbehave!" she added.

Sayings of . . . MRS. SOLOMON

Being the Confessions of the Seven Hand-edth Wife Translated By Helen Rowland

Letters from the People

Honor the Titanic's Crew! To the Editor of The Evening World: In the hour of sadness and horror over the awful fate of the Titanic, we must not forget the heroic and gallant seamanship shown by the crew of that ill-fated boat.