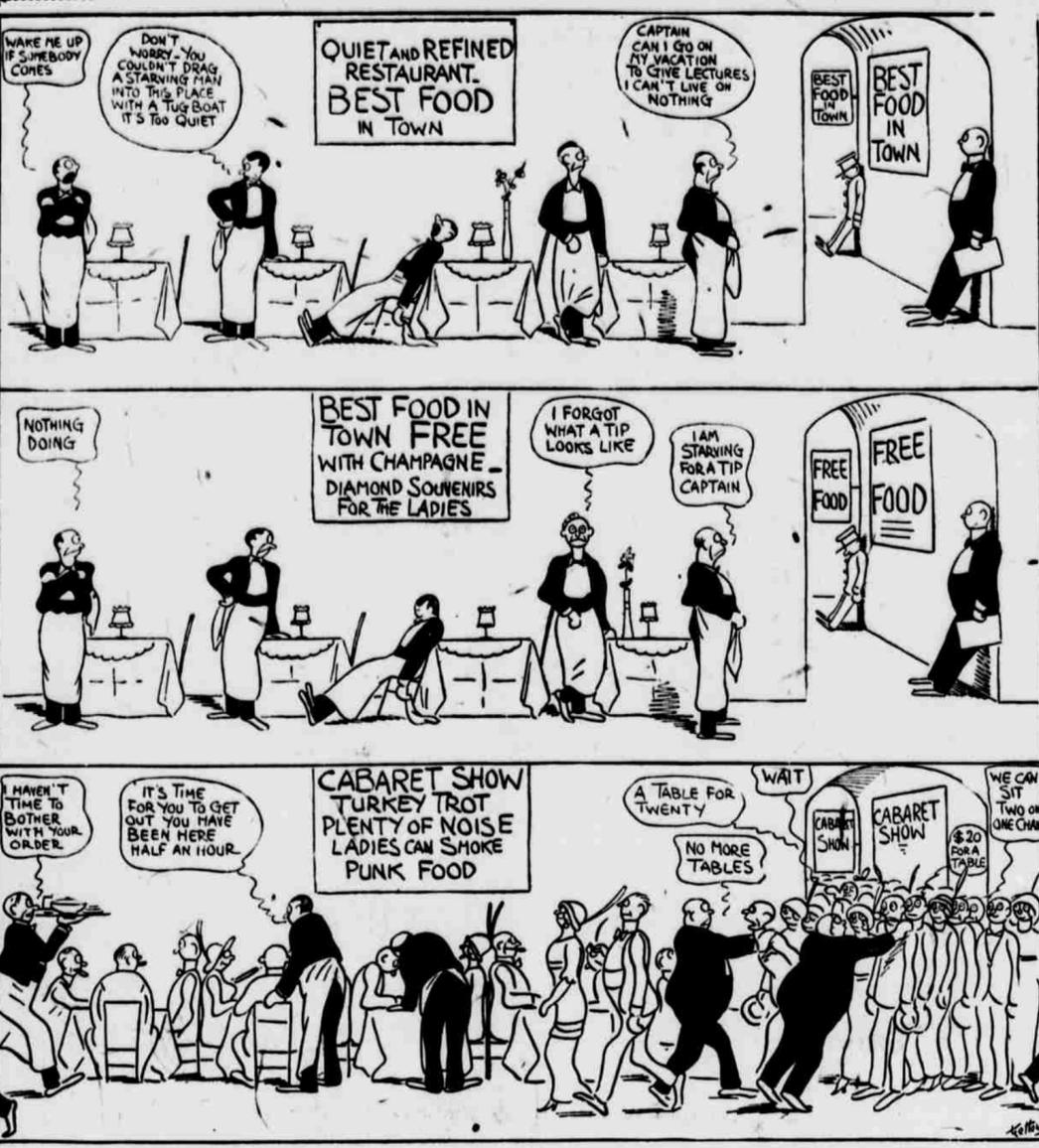


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Such Is Life! By Maurice Kettner



The Stories of Famous Novels By Albert Payson Terhune

THE LADY OR THE TIGER? by Frank Stockton. In a southern country long ago dwelt a semi-barbaric king who had original ideas of his own on the subject of administering justice. This semi-barbaric king had one daughter. She was young and beautiful, and she inherited not a little of her father's proud, fiery spirit. But pride went to the wall when the Princess met a youth far below her in rank, who had had the daring to fall madly in love with her. She found herself, all at once, as completely in love as he.

WHERE THE RAILROADS STAND.

IN ESCAPING the peril of a great railroad strike the country counts itself fortunate that there is an Edman act to spare it a repetition of the awful conflicts of 1877 and later years. The railroads will claim that peace is maintained at their expense. They point out that the wage increase asked for will cost them \$17,000,000 annually. Twenty per cent. of added outlay in this direction is, indeed, an enormous demand.

PRIVILEGE FOR HIGH AND LOW.

POWERFUL pressure from the high and mighty is said to have advanced the Cornwallis-West divorce case over more than a hundred others on the docket. Londoners commented openly on the scandal of this lax conduct in their courts. Powerful pressure from the "pickpocket trust," helped by antiquated rules of evidence, is alleged to have secured a "recommendation to extreme mercy" for a man convicted of stealing a wallet in a moving picture theatre in this city.

A PRIZE TRIP.

NOT MANY young Americans are lucky enough to enjoy a vacation trip to Rome with all expenses paid and a chance to meet the King of Italy and the Pope. The Philadelphia Federation of Italian Societies, representing some three hundred thousand Italians in Pennsylvania, were justly proud when the Philadelphia Board of Education made their native tongue an elective study in the Central High School. A citizen of Philadelphia offered a prize of a round trip to Italy to the student who should write the best essay on the history, art and literature of that country.

Let us From the People

The "Without Vocabulary." you over your duties. Drill you must attend no less than 75 per cent of the year. Inspector! You are to attend them all, which are about three in all. Incidentally! You must put in at least three days, especially if there is Governor's review. Now, I have this to say before you take oath: If you can't attend drills regularly and in interest with your work, you should not join, as it would mean only court martial or a heavy fine. Every man, I consider, owes it to the State and his country to give at least three years of service, if he can. And in regard to benefits of the guard, what more would you want than the military training? And if you study hard you have an even chance to become an officer of high rank. I myself have put in six years of service, having attained the position of First sergeant; also have the honor of being an "expert sharpshooter" for four years, indoors and outdoors. My last advice is: If you can smile and give it your most honest attention, you will succeed in making a good record and enjoy it. But if you neglect your duty in any form after you take oath, it is your own fault and you will be disappointed.



The Jarr Family - Mr. Jarr Has Discovered At Last Why There Is No Irish Currency

Mr. Jarr with calm deliberation he wanted to get the genial proprietor of the popular cafe so angry that, in his blind rage, Gus would not hint there had also been passed upon him an Austrian coin of less value than its weight in the base metal of which it was made, and an old nickel piece worn to a smooth disk of silver. Mr. Jarr had these in his pocket, waiting a chance to slip them over on Gus. They had been retrieved from the children's toy banks by Mrs. Jarr in the course of the several years. And now Mr. Jarr, in lieu of having other assets, was dispersing them, unknown to Mrs. Jarr or those upon whom he passed the units that had composed this weird collection of near-money. "What you say abouta dem a-gem-horned eet sea vara true," said Tony the barber. And Rafferty the builder also shook his head in ominous portent. "Sometimes," said Gus disconsolately, "sometimes I don't care what insults I get" (This was probably in comment on Mr. Jarr's remarks). "But when I got sold that cash register on the installation plan the feller never told me it was a rat trap for bad money."

Conquests of Constance By Alma Woodward

"I've been having SOME time the last few days tryin' to re-model my personality," Constance said wearily. "What for?" "Well, I tell yuh, I'm goin' on my vacation in a couple of weeks, an' I'm goin' to hang up a disposition an' appearance utterly foreign to my nature 'fore then, to spring on any reckless spender I may run into. "Sure, and that war in the Balkans will begin none of them over here." "I can tell when a foreigner has been in my place," grumbled Gus. "Always they push over on Eimer some Chinese money. Sometimes it ain't even legally tender, at that. Is that honest? Is that a right thing to do? I tell you a feller that would pass bad money on anybody, even a blind man, is a low life swindler!" "Why, last week I got rid of a lead quarter I had been stuck with for months. Twice I got it away, and twice it was brought back. But generally some of these smart Alecks would about me to my face and push it back on me. Where is honesty these days?" Mr. Jarr, who had pushed the Canadian dime on Gus, never blinked. "You mean Eimer, he said. 'Why, you're the old bonehead that takes it in yourself. You are thinking so hard on how to shortchange your customers that you are always getting stuck yourself.'" "This insulting statement was made by Mr. Jarr with calm deliberation. He wanted to get the genial proprietor of the popular cafe so angry that, in his blind rage, Gus would not hint there had also been passed upon him an Austrian coin of less value than its weight in the base metal of which it was made, and an old nickel piece worn to a smooth disk of silver. Mr. Jarr had these in his pocket, waiting a chance to slip them over on Gus. They had been retrieved from the children's toy banks by Mrs. Jarr in the course of the several years. And now Mr. Jarr, in lieu of having other assets, was dispersing them, unknown to Mrs. Jarr or those upon whom he passed the units that had composed this weird collection of near-money. "What you say abouta dem a-gem-horned eet sea vara true," said Tony the barber. And Rafferty the builder also shook his head in ominous portent. "Sometimes," said Gus disconsolately, "sometimes I don't care what insults I get" (This was probably in comment on Mr. Jarr's remarks). "But when I got sold that cash register on the installation plan the feller never told me it was a rat trap for bad money."

The Day's Good Stories

A Peril. THE IMMUNITY of French fashions was being discussed at a tea in New York. The new idea of American fashions for waists was being praised. The Rev. Alphonse G. Carr then said: "It is time that we removed our women from the peril of French fashions. I attended the concert last year during the holidays. My companion pointed out to me a young matron blazing with diamonds, and he said: 'That is the fashion which our Countess, I knew her father when he went about with his hands held up to one's forehead.' "I regarded the beautiful young woman through my glass. Her dress was audacious, I said, dryly. "She must take after her father, then. Her gown, I see, is held up by one strap."—Washington Star.

The May Manton Fashions.



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