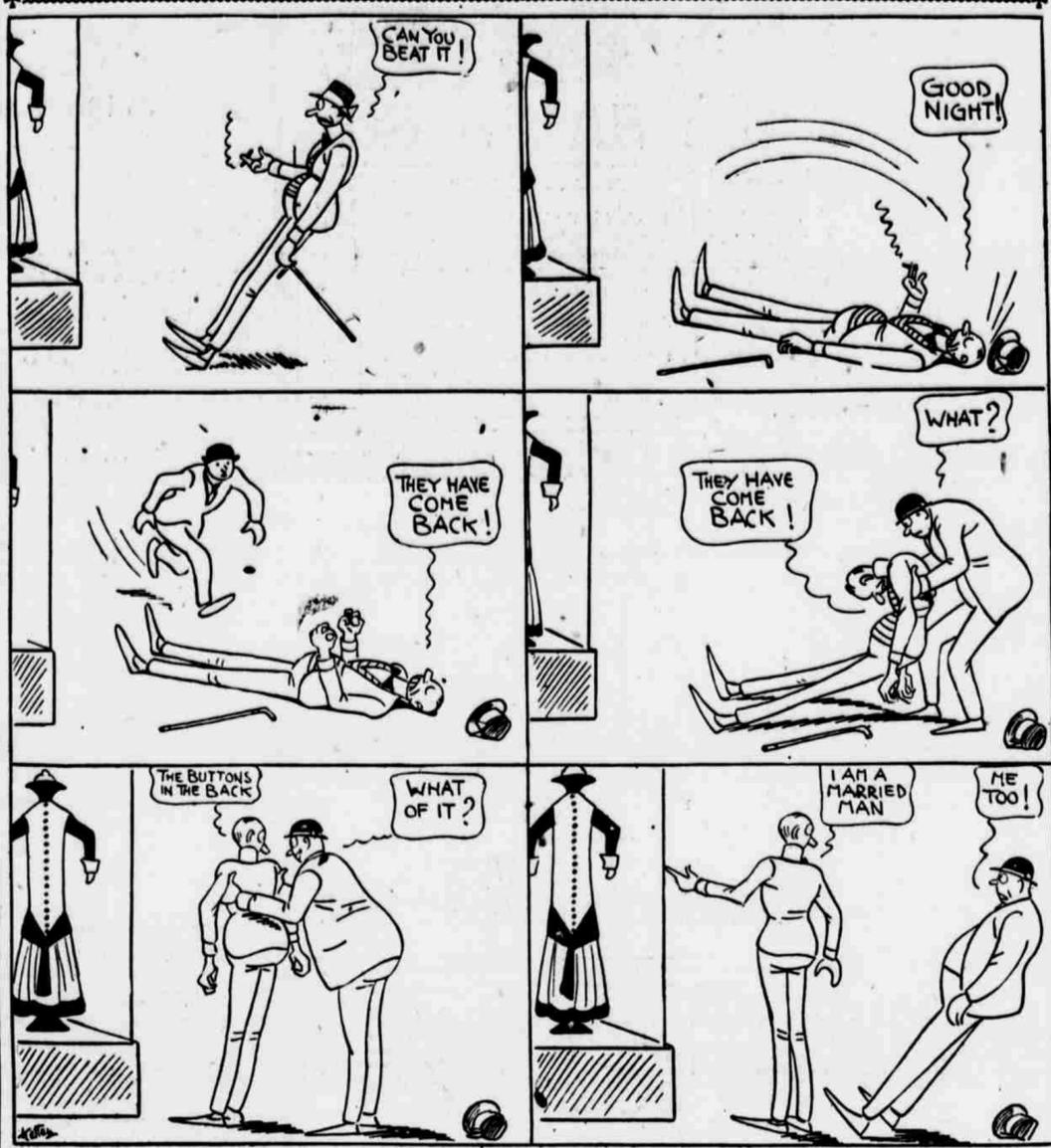


The Evening World. ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

Can You Beat It! By Maurice Ketten



POSTPONED AGAIN. WAVERING, as usual, before the grim determination of the New York Telephone Company to maintain to the last moment tolls which extort \$17,000 a day in excessive charges from New York telephone users, the up-State Public Service Commission has put off proceedings against the company for two weeks more.

This time the Commissioners have promised to study a set of cautious preliminary estimates prepared by telephone officials in lieu of the valuation of its properties which the Commission requires. By the time the next meeting takes place the company will have thought up some new device to secure fresh delay.

A New York banker has just paid \$600,000 for twenty-four plates, one of which is said to be "the most important plate in the world." Would it make a burnt steak taste any juicier?

THE MONEY HOARDERS.

NATIONAL BANKS that have made the war an excuse to charge usurious interest rates get another sharp rebuke from Secretary of the Treasury McAdoo. Reports from New York, Chicago and St. Louis show that banks in these cities have in some cases charged correspondents as high as eight per cent. per annum.

Many banks have come to their senses and now realize that their duty is to mitigate, not to encourage, hard times. But how about individuals? The Secretary of the Treasury says there is evidence that individuals and corporations are hoarding money.

Five hundred thousand school children in this city received yesterday circulars bearing the section map of a cow with instructions how to buy beef. By-to-day or to-morrow the butcher ought to suspect something.

READY TO FIGHT ALL WINTER.

MILLIONS of blankets are being ordered in this country for the fighting armies in Europe. The American Woollen Company has already boosted the price of a five-pound blanket from \$3.90 to \$3.75.

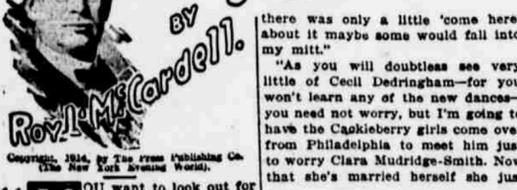
That the war will last through the winter is believed on all sides. Gen. Webb C. Hayes, U. S. A., who has just returned from the front, predicts that it will be a two years' conflict.

On the one side are the French and allies apparently willing to sacrifice their last man in defense of France. On the other are the Germans, seemingly proud of their millions of men and money and throwing man after man into the war.

Letters From the People

What Five-Cent Railroad Rates. The Public Service Commission has hoodwinked the Public Service Commission in the past and might continue to do so in the future; but it is not equally true that the New York Central has done precisely the same thing.

The Jarr Family



YOU want to look out for this Cyril Dredingham gink! growled Mr. Jarr. "How do you know what he is?" "He was introduced to Clara Mudridge-Smith by the Baroness von Swank," said Mrs. Jarr.

The Cackleberry Girls Have Come To Break Into Cupid's Strong Box

seems to hate to let any eligible young man out of her clutches. It's very dull for the Cackleberry girls at home anyway. Mr. Jarr did not get a glimpse at the new social meteor, the boy millionaire, Cecil Dredingham, that evening, but he did have to go down to the depot and bring the jubilant Miss Cackleberry up to Harlem in a taxicab.

War Songs

to write a martial song for the volunteers. The officer consented. "That night he set about his task and had finished it by morning. Sometimes the words came to him before the music and sometimes the music before the words. Like many another artist he was dissatisfied with the finished work, and when he handed it to Dietrich the next day said: "Here is what you wanted, but I fear it is not very good."

A Glimpse Into the N. Y. Shops

ACORDEON-PLEATED chifton, 40 inches wide, the kind that is so much used for informal dance frocks, can be had in all colors at \$1 per yard, straight measurement. The shops are showing extensive assortments of dance frocks at reasonable prices, and they are all made up so prettily.

REFLECTIONS OF A BACHELOR GIRL. HELEN ROWLAND.

In olden days, the lover cried, in burning words and brave, Oh, darling, be my wife, my queen—and let me be your slave! But nowadays he murmurs, over cigarettes and tea, "Say, when you get your NEXT divorce, will you (puff) marry me?"

Chapters From a Woman's Life

CHAPTER XXI. MARY laid the morning mail beside Jack's plate, at breakfast, as usual. "Ah, a letter from Janet!" he said. "Some one must be sick."

Near-Sighted Charity

YESTERDAY I called at a home uptown. I found two women members of the family busily sewing on gray flannel shirts and was told that these were to be sent to the armies in Europe. I also learned that other women of their set were doing the same thing, and the aim was to see how many garments could be sent abroad.