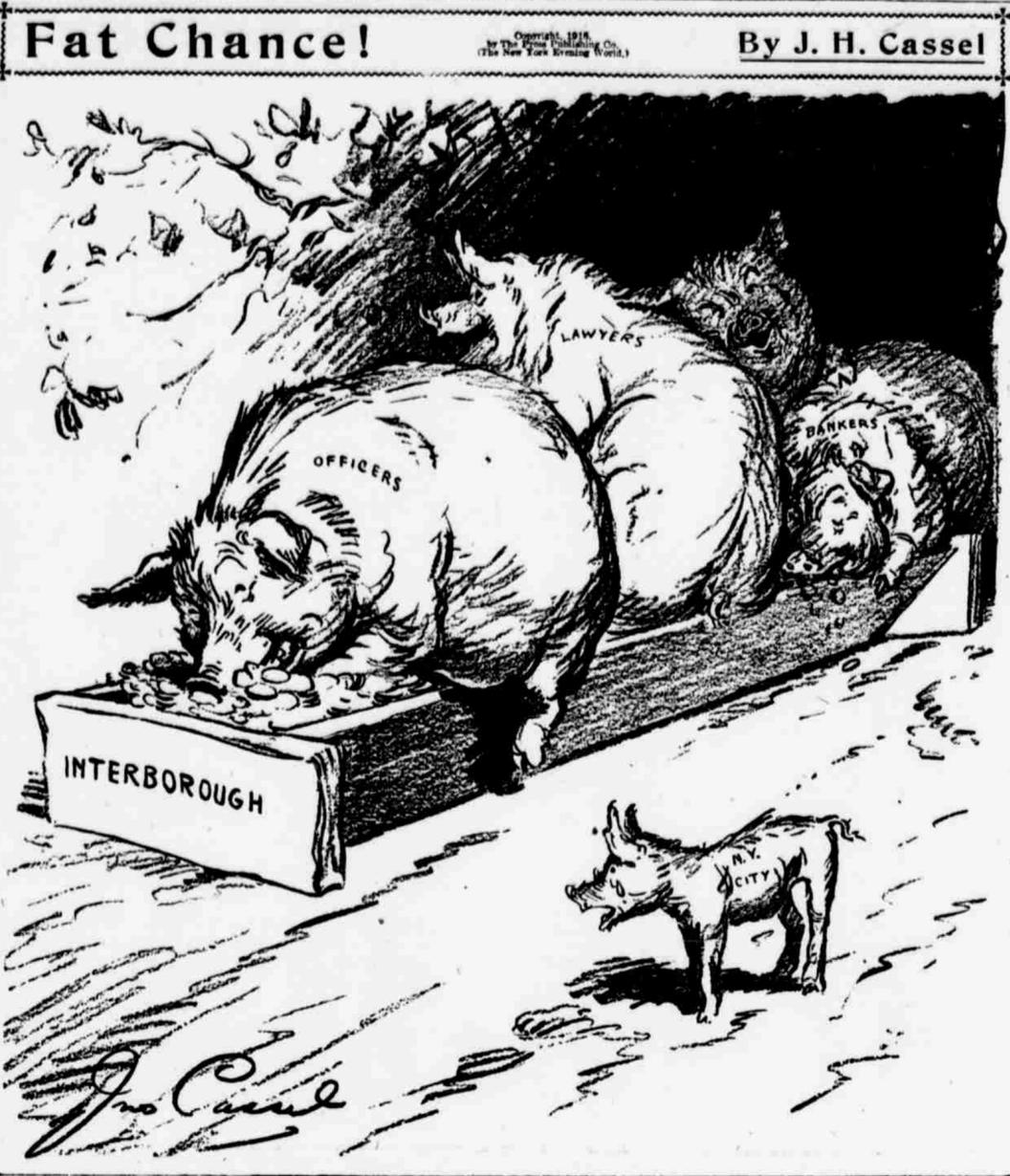


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The Stories Of Stories Plots of Immortal Fiction Masterpieces By Albert Payson Terhune

THE NICE PEOPLE; by H. C. Bunner. R. AND MRS. BREDE joined the jolly little summer colony at the Jacobus boarding house on the crest of Orange Mountain. They were a young couple; good looking, amusing, and still devoted to each other, although they had evidently been married for several years.

RUSSIA PREPARED.

AN UNPLEASANT MEMORY, but, fortunately, only a memory. The Russian Minister of War thus refers to a state of national unpreparedness which sent millions of half-trained troops, lacking equipment, lacking munitions, to take their chances in a carnage of slaughter.

It has been observed that the morale of the soldier is apt to deteriorate when he sees his company, which originally had 250 or 300 men, reduced to a few dozen.

THE ARMOR PLATE BRAND.

THE threat of private armor plate manufacturers in this country to raise the price of armor plate \$200 a ton if Congress votes to build or buy armor plate factories for the Government is a fair sample of the sort of patriotism that prosperity produces and preparedness must reckon with.

Paris refuses to listen to Wagner. Ottawa balks at the New York Symphony Orchestra (in which, as it happens, there are only four Germans who are not naturalized American citizens).

"THE ORANGE STANDARD."

THE Women's Club of Orange, N. J., may not succeed in standardizing low-necked evening gowns at the full height it is aiming for. Nevertheless the Orange Standard will not have been proclaimed in vain.

Hits From Sharp Wits.

There are times when one's philosophy won't work, because it is out of harmony with the other fellow's. Toledo Blade.

Letters From the People.

For more Federal Power. At this time of hyphenage and foreign influence Congress should show some sort of activity and pass the laws giving the Federal authorities full power to deal with any revolutionary element that might plot against the honor and safety of our Republic.

Lucile, the Waitress By Bide Dudley

"S A Y, kid," said Lucile, the wait-ress, as she came to meet him. "No, I says. 'I couldn't write scenarios.'" "Well, listen, kid! Somehow, I got a feeling that there's something de-cayed in Denmark, as the Fifth Reader used to say in school. That fellow listens phony to me now. But it's all in a life-time. What shall the literary waitress bring you?"

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

IT was the night of Madame Sing-let's recital, and Mrs. Jarr and those of her select social circle were on the point of nervous prostration. For a week past there had been emotional, conversational and almost physical contests between Mrs. Jarr and her dressmaker.

Why Your Clothes Are Not Becoming By Andre Dupont

COULD you ever read a list of becoming colors? A list in which you are told that a blonde should wear such and such shades if she wants to look her best and that the brunette should clothe herself in quite other and more assertive tints to enhance her loveliness? Ever take any of the advice, and experiment on yourself? And were you ever so unbecomingly dressed in your life?



Mollie of the Movies By Alma Woodward

YOU know, there used to be a time, not so long ago, when the movie people could put over a good many things on a long-suffering public. For instance, I've heard audiences whisper: "They must have taken those pictures in India!" about a set consisting of three paper mache palms, a Boy Scout tent and a decrepit actor. But not any more!

When a Man's Married By Dale Drummond

CHAPTER V. ROBERT HARDING raised himself on his elbow, at once conscious that he had overslept. He would be late at the office, an almost unforgivable crime in the eyes of his employer.

When a Man's Married By Dale Drummond

Without the oandy which he had intended to take Jane as a peace offering—determined to work harder than ever to please Mr. Barton, and so try and efface the bad impression made by his tardiness of the morning—Jane had forgotten Jane's remark when they first came to Westland, that he "must never leave her alone or she would die of loneliness."