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Men Who Fail By J. H. Cassel

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

MAY DAY.

THIS is not Labor Day—the day when labor asserts its dignity. This is the day it chooses to voice its discontent.

It is just that all men and women in this country shall expose their grievances. Real wrongs must be stated before they can be righted.

Nevertheless, labor cannot afford to let demonstration altogether take the place of thought. There are several things it would do well to consider to-day.

Nobody denies the nation is experiencing an extraordinary industrial acceleration due largely to conditions in Europe. Certain classes of industry have reaped, are reaping or are about to reap great profits.

There are, on the other hand, many branches of industry which are not only not profiting by the war but to which the soaring cost of raw materials—common metals, chemicals, etc.—resulting from the war, is becoming almost prohibitive.

If employees in these industries to which the war brings only hardship, excited by glimpses of exceptional profits elsewhere, demand wage standards for which there is no sound justification, the result can only be still higher prices, decreased consumption and many manufacturers forced to shut down their plants or get out of business.

Better let the goose go on laying. The golden eggs may come slowly, but they come more surely so.

There is another thing labor considers far too little. That is its duty to the public.

The other day the Secretary of the American Federation of Labor rubbed his hands with satisfaction because he could discern big strikes threatening "greater unrest on this May 1 than has been manifest in many previous years."

Do strikers ever sufficiently consider the losses and inconvenience they inflict upon the community, which is what, after all, maintains and protects them? Do they stop to think that, although they profess to be fighting only their employers, tens of thousands of innocent persons may be hard hit?

Without the community with its laws and its administrative machinery what could organized labor accomplish? Yet too often organized labor, following the hasty counsel, incites acts directly against the common interests to which it owes its right to exist.

Again—this great industrial nation is, by the mercy of God, at peace. Does labor ever pause to think what that means? Does it ever reflect upon what is going on in Europe, where men's arms and legs are being blown off or their eyes destroyed before they have done a fractional part of the productive, profitable work life seemed to promise them?

American labor has its just demands, its rightful claims to enforce. But let it never boast its power to enforce them by methods that injure millions who have done it no wrong. Let it not glorify strikes and disorder. Let it not think that progress is measured by the number of men who refuse to work or to let others work, or that patriotism can ever be consistent with deliberate disruption of the country's industry and peace.

American labor, no less than every other force in American life, must realize that Americanism spells not only liberty but restraint, order and respect for the common rights and daily needs of all who make up the nation.

The surrender of Gen. Townshend's beleaguered force in Kut-el-Amara after 143 days' siege is too small a loss to have much effect upon the war and too fine an example of endurance ever to be forgotten in the lengthening list of heroic British failures.

Casualty reports that Villa is again dead. The idea seems to be that if he dies often enough the Americans will be convinced and go home.

Speaking of battles, eighteen years ago this morning there was a rather conclusive little mix up in Manila Bay.

Hits From Sharp Wits. We may not believe one-half we hear, but we don't hesitate to tell it all.—Philadelphia Telegraph.

Letters From the People. Home Study. Your recent editorial on "What Do Parents Think?" interests me greatly.



"How did I lose my job? I told the boss he couldn't do without me."

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

"What's wrong, old man?" asked Mr. Jarr, sympathetically, as he observed Jenkins, the bookkeeper, moping mournfully over the monthly statement.

Religion—Freedom—Vengeance—what you will: A word's enough to raise mankind to kill.—BYRON.

Reflections of A Bachelor Girl By Helen Rowland

It's what you can see in a man that makes you fall in love with him. It's what you can overlook in him that helps you to keep that way.

The Office Force By Bide Dudley

"I SEE by the papers," said Popple, the shipping clerk, as he adjusted his spectacles, "that a submarine has sunk a Norwegian bark."

Religion—Freedom—Vengeance—what you will: A word's enough to raise mankind to kill.—BYRON.

THE NAIL; by Pedro de Alarcon.

JUDGE ZARCO, the famed Spanish criminologist, took a vacation from his court duties at Madrid and went for a few weeks' rest to Seville. There he met a gloriously beautiful woman, with whom he proceeded to fall in love.

Nevertheless, by sheer eloquence and adoration he finally won her hesitant promise. His leave of absence was ended, and he arranged to come back to Seville exactly one month later for the wedding.

The impatient Zarco managed to return to Seville two weeks earlier than he had expected to. But Blanca was not there. Her house was closed. No one could tell him anything about her. His search was vain and in a day or two he went again to Madrid, broken-hearted.

Some time later all Spain was electrified by news of a peculiarly atrocious murder. Don Alfonso Romero had recently died. Cerebral apoplexy was the cause assigned. But when his body was exhumed, during some repairs at the cemetery, a steel nail was found to be lodged in his skull. The nail had evidently been driven through the brain, causing instant death. The man's thick hair had hitherto hidden the wound.

Inquiries were made. Suspicion fell upon Romero's lovely young wife, Dona Gabriela. She was brought before Judge Zarco for trial. Zarco looked at her in dumb horror. She was Blanca, the woman he had so strangely lost.

He had learned, meantime, that Blanca had returned to Seville on the date fixed by them for the wedding; and, not finding him there, had once more vanished. Now she stood before him on a charge of murder. Showing only by her deadly pallor that she recognized Zarco, the prisoner begged leave to make a statement.

"I killed my husband," she began, her great eyes fixed on the judge's ashen face. "I had been forced by my parents to marry him. I hated him. He was a devil. I endured three years of martyrdom as his wife. Then, during a visit to Seville, I met a man I could not help but adore. I wanted to marry him. He was honorable. If I had told him I was already a wife he would have left me at once. I thought I had a right to happiness. So I promised to marry him. I went home, killed my husband, and returned to Seville at the time we had set for our wedding. But the man whom I had gone thither to marry had abandoned me. I am tired of life. I wish to die."

Zarco, in a voice he could scarce control, pronounced the death sentence upon the woman he adored. Then he rushed to the King, and, by the use of all his money and influence, at last succeeded in obtaining a pardon for Gabriela.

The pardon clutched tight in his hand, Zarco galloped to the place of execution. He was all but too late. For Gabriela had already begun to mount the scaffold.

As the cry, "A pardon! A pardon!" was caught up by the crowd, the reprieved woman stretched out her arms to the judge, her face alight with love and thankfulness. But before she could clasp her to her breast she swung toward him and sank to the ground. Zarco knelt beside her, pouring forth vows of devotion and imploring her to be his wife.

His words went unheeded. The strain and the final shock had been too much for the fragile woman. Dona Gabriela was dead.

Just a Wife--(Her Diary) Edited by Janet Trevor.

CHAPTER VII. July 10--I never knew how much I loved Ned until I nearly lost him.

For my own sake, I suppose I should thank Miss Ruby Randall. But I am going to hate her for the rest of my life.

Yesterday afternoon Mrs. Higgins, owner, cook and butler of our boarding house in Sandport, knocked at my door. When I opened it she said, "Ruby Randall has come to call on you."

I must have looked the surprise I felt. For she added, in easy explanation, "Your husband knew her that vacation he spent here when he was in college. He was quite sweet on Ruby at the time, and she certainly made a dead set after him. She ain't never married, and folks do say—"

"Tell Miss Randall I'll be down at once," I hastily shut off the flow of confidences. Of course every wife knows that her husband has had friendships with other girls before he met herself, but that knowledge does not make her eager to hear details.

I found Miss Randall on the piazza a few minutes later. She is a tall young woman with a beautifully rounded figure and rather too high color. Perhaps I am prejudiced, but she looked a little coarse, I thought, and my impression was not changed by her affectively correct English.

"You must be lonely here, away from all your friends," she began. "Of course, I don't pretend that Sandport can be really lonely on a honeymoon, she added, with a laugh which perhaps only sounded satirical. "But I knew your husband as well. Just a few words—that when I returned yesterday from a visit to Portland and heard you were stopping here, I thought I'd like to make your acquaintance."

"And renew acquaintance with Ned," was my following thought. Then I mentally called myself a cat, and tried to make up for it by considering my unworthy suspicions by being as nice as possible to Miss Ruby Randall.

She stayed all the afternoon, for she had brought her "work" country fashion, and crocheted diligently when she wasn't telling me of her triumphs as school teacher and local belle. About 4 o'clock Ned returned from a fishing trip, the only one, so far, on which I hadn't accompanied him. As he came rather tiredly up the steps of the piazza he didn't at first see Miss Randall, who sat behind some vines.

"Hello, Mollie Mavourneen!" he called. "I dare you, Ned Houghton!" repeated Miss Randall, calling him by his first name for the first time in my hearing.

"Ned," I cried again, "I shall be so worried if you go. I know you're a splendid swimmer, but the water is so cold. For my sake, don't try it!"

Then Ruby Randall laughed—scarcely. "I take the dare," Ned shouted. "Don't worry, Mollie," and he plunged under a comb. Then, while I watched, he swam until his head, like the buoy, was a faint black speck.

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When released by the process of a small boy eating the rim, the air in the centre of a cruller joins the mother body.

One way to foil the English mail censors is to write your letters in Chinese.

A fish has been discovered in Long Island that doesn't grow until it had been caught by some New York fishermen.