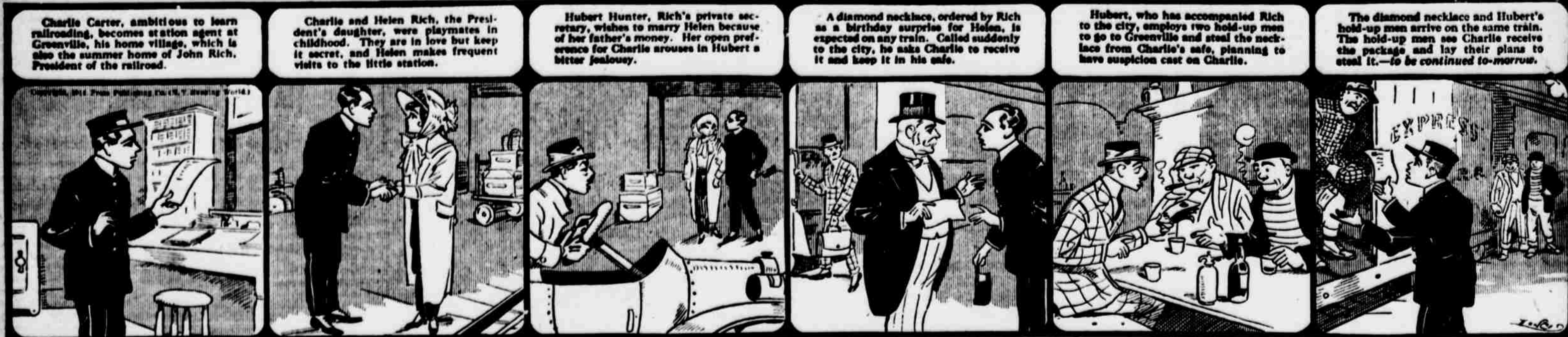


THE DIAMOND NECKLACE

The First of The Evening World's New Picture-Story Series

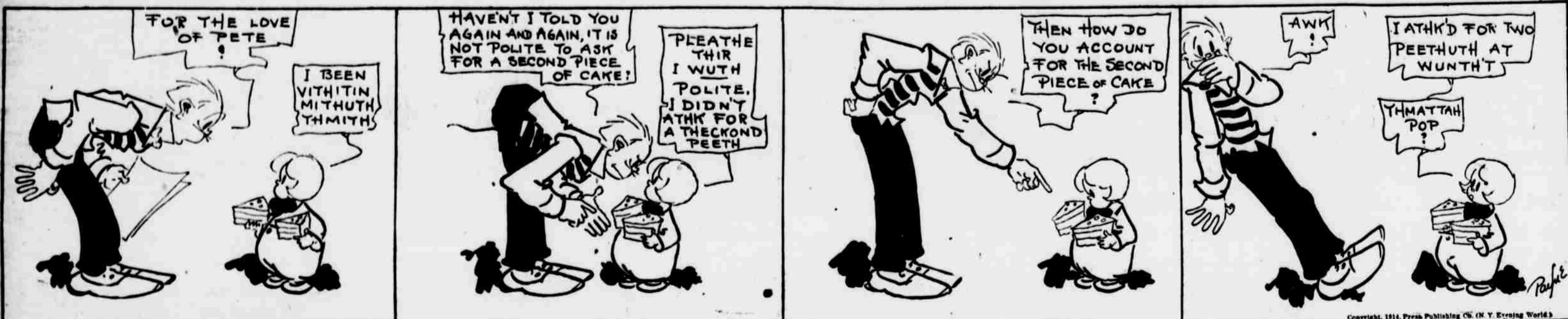
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Part One—The Jealous Rival's Plot



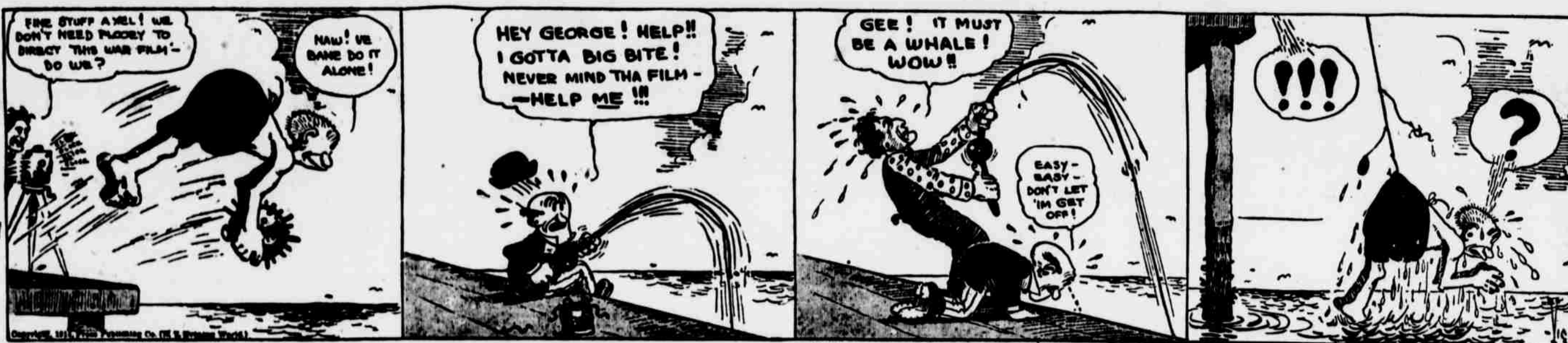
"SMATTER POP?"

By C. M. Payne



FLOOEY and AXEL
By Vic

And Flooey Didn't Need Axel in His Fishing, Either!



THE MARRYING OF MARY

By Thornton Fisher

Pa Wanted to Be Sure That His Coat Would Come Back!

THE JARR FAMILY
By ROY L. McCARDELL

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MR. BERNARD BLODGER HISSES AND RATTLES.

"AND how are you Mr. Jarr," she asked Mrs. Jarr. She really did not care how the young second husband of the Cackleberry girls was, but one must make these inquiries as a matter of form when one drops in unexpectedly.

"I am still a Snake!" replied Mr. Bernard Blodger. "I am still King Snake of the Philadelphia Den of the Society of Splendid and Magnificent Bunkies that Great, Grand and Growing Offensive and Defensive Order of Militant Married Men! And our membership is 'Hiss, Brothers! Hiss and Rattle! The Wife Has No Rights the Husband is Expected to Respect! Hiss, Brothers! Hiss and Rattle!'"

And every time Mr. Bernard Blodger said "Hiss and Rattle!" he would thrust his teeth and rattle the big gold buttons in his collared shirt.

"Oh, shut up, Barney, you big booby! You make me tired!" snarled Miss Irene Cackleberry.

"Now, you girls don't sass your Paw!" cried Mrs. Blodger. "I do declare, Mrs. Jarr, just because Bernard kept company with the girls first—"

"He found out our dear dead, real Paw had foolishly left everything in your name!" interjected Miss Gladys Cackleberry.

Mr. Bernard Blodger, who was a very large and beefy young man, who, it appeared, was permanently temporarily unemployed, rattled his coffee cup to signify he wanted more coffee.

"They were breakfasting—rattled the morning newspaper and rattled his cuff buttons—his life was one whole rattling good time and he serenely smiled. His attitude toward his step-daughters was one of genial cynicism. He evidently did not think it worth denying that he had married for a good home.

Seeing that everybody but his wife looked at him and rattled, he rattled in protest till she got back home.

gave a snap at the self-asserted King Snake and cried sharply: "Don't rattle those awful collared cuffs! It makes me nervous!"

"It is my prerogative to rattle, to hiss and rattle!" retorted Mr. Blodger. "That is until I am rendered fatigued and sentenced to silence."

Noting Mrs. Jarr's look of interest, Mr. Blodger condescended to explain. "When a Brother Snake succumbs to henpeckery, he is fanged. He is compelled to wear tight twisted rubber bands around the shanks of his cuff buttons, and no more may he raise his hands and hiss and rattle! Then he turned to his wife and said abruptly: "Miss Sally, gimme 10 cents!"

He always called his wife "Miss Sally." It made her feel she was still young, all this methods were not coercive—especially when he needed pocket money.

"Bernard, dear, you had your allowance of 50 cents a week, yesterday," replied Mrs. Blodger.

"Ain't I getting m' gold toothpick mended, and it will cost 10 cents!" remarked Mr. Blodger. "How can I stand around the Hotel Bellevue—stratford and discuss the war and the financial stringency in a refined manner without my gold toothpick? Gimme 10 cents!"

"I ain't going to give you 10 cents again to-day to waste, maybe, at those tango teas," said Mrs. Blodger. "But, Bernie, dear, I'm going to give you an automobile. A gentleman left it out on the grass plot, after bringing Mrs. Jarr and the girls over from New York this morning. And, my gracious! It's raining. The automobile will get all wet. Why don't they make 'em so they'll fold up, so one could bring them in the house when it rains?"

"An automobile? Not a cheap one! I wouldn't ride in a cycle car!" declared Mr. Blodger, who, like many other people, only wanted the best when he was offered something for nothing.

They all went out to the doorway to look at the low, rakish eight-cylinder Kinsley car. A heavy shower was pouring down and the red coloring compound that had been applied to the car by Mr. Dredgingham to change its appearance had all washed off. This coloring matter had combined with the oil from the engine that had also run down on the grass plot, rendering the mixture indelible. For a year the Blodger-Cackleberry family gained great social distinction because their house could be told from the thousands of others just like it in Philadelphia because it had a real grass plot in front.

"It ain't such a much!" said Mr. Blodger, regarding it indifferently. "But where am I going to get gasoline for it? Miss Sally, gimme ten cents."

"Oh, well, take it!" said Mrs. Blodger, fishing a dime from a small bag she wore in the bosom of her dress. "But I can see that automobile is going to be a dreadful expense! Can't it be run with something else? There's a quart bottle of household ammonia in the kitchen that ain't never been opened."

THE EVENING WORLD'S NEW PICTURE STORY SERIES

\$25.00
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THE EVENING WORLD starts printing to-day, at the top of this page, a picture-story entitled "THE DIAMOND NECKLACE." This story will be printed in six installments of six pictures each, completing the story in one week. It is the purpose of THE EVENING WORLD to print one of these picture-stories every week, and the readers of this paper are invited to write the scenarios.

Each week the writer of the scenario from which the picture-story is drawn will receive \$25, and the name of the author will be published with the pictures.

HOW TO SUBMIT

All scenarios must be original and not taken from or built upon any motion picture, fiction story or work that has appeared anywhere in copyrighted form.

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Merely outline the story and the movements of the characters.

Manuscripts must be sent flat or folded and not rolled.

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A Cruel Thrust.

THE Senator and the major were walking up the avenue. The Senator was more than middle aged and considerably more than fat, and, dearly as the major loved him, he also loved his joke.

The Senator turned with a pleased expression on his benign countenance and said: "Major, did you see that pretty girl smile at me?"

"Oh, that's nothing," replied his friend. "The first time I saw you I laughed out loud."—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

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