



Published by the Press Publishing Company, No. 63 to 65 Park Row, New York. Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Mail Matter.

VOLUME 43.....NO. 18,259.

(From Yesterday's World.) TWENTY YEARS AGO.

(Mr. Pulitzer's Salutatory, May 11, 1883.)

The entire World newspaper property has been purchased by the undersigned, and will, from this day on, be under different management—different in men, measures and methods—different in purpose, policy and principle—different in objects and interests—different in sympathies and convictions—different in head and heart.

Performance is better than promise. Exuberant assurances are cheap. I make none. I simply refer the public to the new World itself, which henceforth shall be the daily evidence of its own growing improvement, with forty-eight daily witnesses in its forty-eight columns.

There is room in this great and growing city for a journal that is not only cheap but bright, not only bright but large, not only large but truly democratic—dedicated to the cause of the people rather than that of purse-potatoes—devoted to the news of the the New than the Old World—that will expose all fraud and sham, fight all public evils and abuses—that will serve and battle for the people with earnest sincerity.

In that cause and for that end solely the new World is hereby enlisted and committed to the attention of the intelligent public. JOSEPH PULITZER.

SEVEN YEARS LATER.

Dedication of the Pulitzer Building, Oct. 10, 1889.

God grant that this structure be the enduring home of a newspaper forever unsatisfied with merely printing news—forever fighting every form of Wrong—forever Independent—forever advancing in Enlightenment and Progress—forever wedded to truly Democratic Ideas—forever aspiring to be a Moral Force—forever rising to a higher plane of perfection as a Public Institution.

God grant that The World may forever strive toward the Highest Ideals—be both a daily school-house and a daily forum, both a daily teacher and a daily tribune, instrument of Justice, a terror to crime, an aid to education, an exponent of true Americanism.

Let it ever be remembered that this edifice owes its existence to the public; that its architect is popular favor; that its corner-stone is Liberty and Justice; that its every stone comes from the people and represents public approval for public services rendered.

God forbid that the vast army following the standard of The World should in this or in future generations ever find it faithless to those ideas and moral principles to which alone it owes its life and without which I would rather have it perish.

JOSEPH PULITZER.

TWENTY YEARS LATER.

APPRECIATION AND APOLOGY.

(By Cable to the World.)

Homburg, May 30, 1903.

Disobeying the doctors, I obey the cabled request of the editors and my own instinct, in gratefully acknowledging the astonishing expressions of kindness and appreciation from the press and so many gentlemen distinguished in public life. I say astonishing, because personally I feel that The World is undeserving such overwhelming praise. There is no man more conscious, more critical, of his many shortcomings; none can be more disappointed by his failure to have attained the ideal of a newspaper. There is always a great deficit between aspiration and action. I assume the responsibility for both faults and failures, yet it may be pardonable to say that for sixteen of these twenty years I have been unable to read the paper or go to the office, having suffered the loss of sight, of health, of sleep, although continuing the burden of responsibility for the conduct and character of the paper, to which I give every moment of my waking time.

I feel deeply grateful that this condition is understood, and that, however many are the faults, they are attributed to manner rather than to motive; to overzeal, excessive enthusiasm, misunderstanding, but never to lack of integrity or principle.

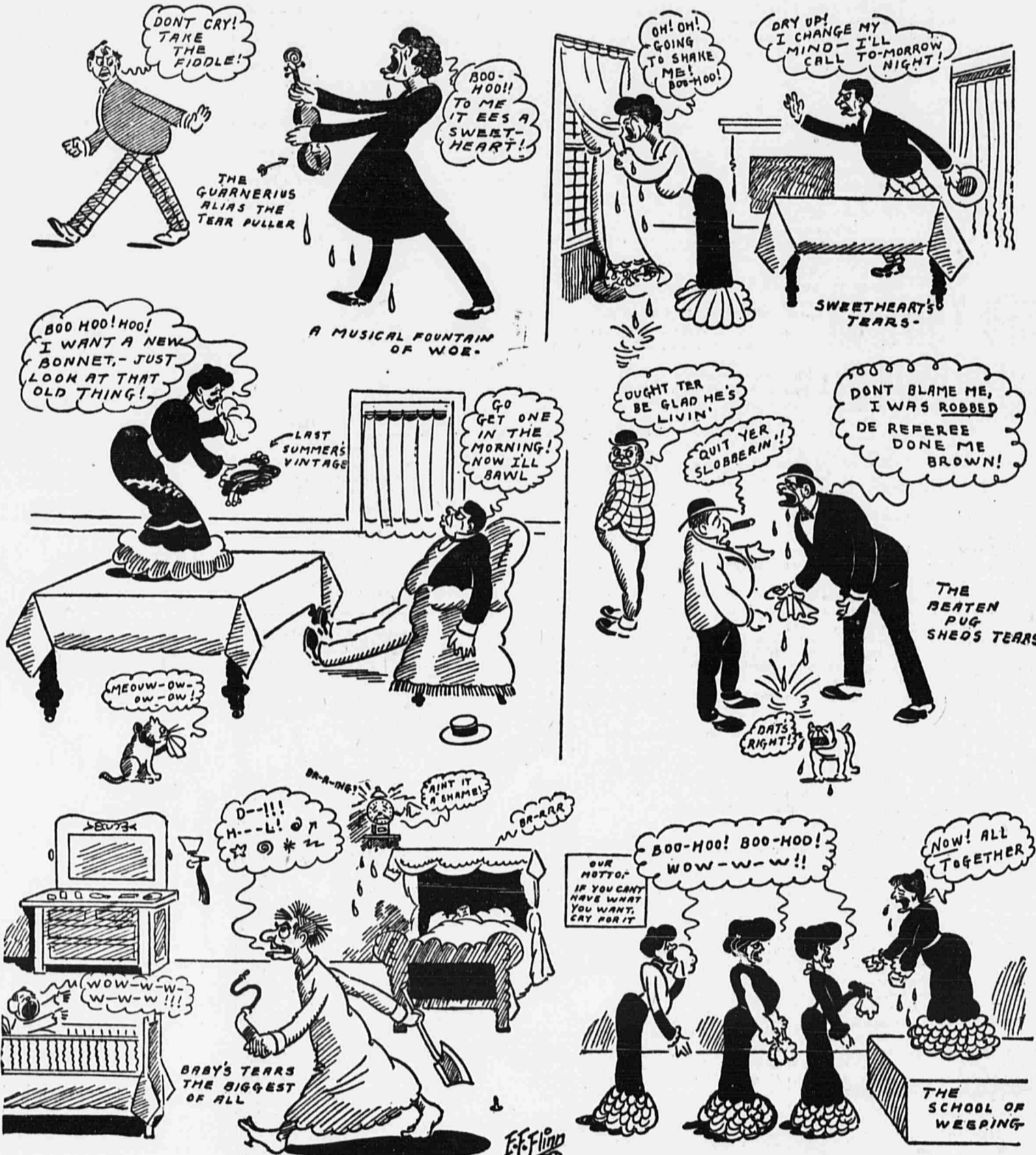
Chief Judge Parker is kind enough to say in praising The World that the press is the eye and ear and tongue of the people. It is all that, but it is more if The World has met the approval of the American people. Besides being the eye, ear and tongue of the people, interpreting in tongue and ear their interests, impulses and instincts, it has represented also, I believe, the heart and conscience of the people. Mayor Low unwittingly confirmed this when he said that one thing that most surprised him since he has been Mayor was the activity of The World as a municipal agent. Dr. Parkhurst presents the same thought in saying that The World holds a brief for the people, and is "journalistic attorney for the man that is down." This feeling was in my mind when I wrote twenty years ago that The World was dedicated to the cause of the people—that it would serve and battle for the people with earnest sincerity—and also, in 1883, when I expressed the hope that it would be forever unsatisfied with merely printing news—forever fighting every form of wrong—forever wedded to truly Democratic Ideas—forever rising to a higher plane of perfection as a public institution. Personally, The World does not yet appear to me a truly great Newspaper, but upon one point I am convinced—it has never lacked zeal to labor and sacrifice time, talent, space, money, everything to oppose Wrong; TO FIGHT FOR THE PUBLIC GOOD; TO RENDER PUBLIC SERVICE, even if that service interfered with the news service and sacrificed the news.

Mr. Cleveland has spoken of The World's service to the Democratic party, and particularly of its desire "advocacy of Democratic principles" upon an earnest critical indeed to him and to the Democracy other distinguished gentlemen have said, yet, mistakenly, praised The World's service to the Democratic party. I say mistakenly, because I remember Mr. Cleveland and the Democracy. The World never for one mo-

MR. CHESTY GIVES A LECTURE ON ART--AND RECEIVES PROMPT PAYMENT.



FIDDLER KOCIAN ISN'T THE ONLY POWERFUL WEEPER.



The art of lachrymosity is advancing with velocity. The busy little tear-duct is far mightier than the axe. And, by a timely tear or two, the Weepers in a year or two May end by winning e'en the clothes off other people's backs.

TOLD ABOUT NEW YORKERS.

A RICH Westerner visiting Gotham was invited by a friend, not long ago, to join a brief coaching trip. The manner in which the youthful whip handled the four nervous horses aroused the Westerner's admiration.

"Say," he whispered to the man next to him, "that coachman knows his business all right!" The friend smiled oddly and assented. As the coach drew up in front of the Waldorf-Astoria with much jingling of chains, tooting and chatter the Western millionaire was first to alight. Scrambling to the ground he rushed to where the driver was more leisurely descending.

"You're all right, coachman!" he exclaimed. "Here!" and he thrust a \$5 bill into the young "coachman's" hand. Just then his friend came alongside and gasped: "You poor idiot! That's Alfred Gwynne Vanderbilt!"

Bishop Potter recently spent Sunday with a parishioner at Larchmont. After his departure his hostess, going into the guest room, noticed that a handsome pair of silver-backed military brushes, which usually stood on the dressing-table, were gone. Search failed to reveal them. At length, thinking her late guest might possibly have packed them by mistake in his suit case, and at the same time realizing how delicate a subject it was to touch upon, she wrote a nice, diplomatic, half-playful note to the Bishop, inquiring if he had changed upon the brushes when unpacking. The next morning she received in reply the following telegram: "POOR BUT HONEST. LOOK IN SECOND BUREAU DRAWER."

The Bishop, having brought along his own brushes, had disposed of the silver ones there, and there they were found. But the hostess never likes to hear the story told.

"Can't you give me a tip on the races, old chap?" asked the very youthful "sport" of "Big" Jim Kennedy at Gravesend Track last week. "Yes," replied Kennedy, after a pause. "I can give you one sure tip, if you'll promise to take it. It's a tip that oasn't lose you a cent." "What is it? I promise!" cried the youth. "The best tip on the races for boys like you," said Kennedy, "is to keep away from them."

"I've been reading about that old Biblical king, Nebuchadnezzar," remarked Wilson Steege to Eugene B. Howell, at the Lambs' Club, the other evening. "It seems he had to live for seven years on 'the grass of the fields.' Pretty rough diet, wasn't it?" "Oh, I don't know," rejoined Howell. "Maybe he dried it and called it 'Breakfast Food.'"

Several versions of the meeting between W. C. Whitney and his son, after the latter's horse had won the Brooklyn Handicap, have been given. The latest, from an alleged eyewitness, takes this form: "Father, I'm glad I beat you," said Harry Payne Whitney, as he entered the box of his father, owner of Gundree. "That's all right, my boy; so am I glad you won," replied the elder millionaire, as he grasped the hand of his son. Harry Whitney then took his wife, formerly Miss Gertrude Vanderbilt, and went down to the track to greet Jockey O'Neill and Irish Lad before they left the track.

HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

Home Fun for the Young Folks. Includes sections for Queer Illusions in Optics, Anagrams, Disagreeable, At His Post, Longevity, Charades, and Letters, Questions, Answers.

"BUTTING IN." "He butted in," said the policeman of the man who interfered in behalf of a prisoner, "and I had to arrest him." "He butted in," said the husband who was having a somewhat spirited domestic debate with his wife, "and I threw him out of the window." "He butted in," said the Nineteenth Ward society gent, who was out at Ordens's Grove with his steady company, "and I had to knock the block off him." It will thus be seen, says the Chicago Chronicle, that the individual who butts in stands an excellent chance to be boosted out with more celerity than consideration. He is persona non grata everywhere. He is the successor of the person who used to "stick his nose into other people's business"—the man who was "too fresh." The individual who "talked too much with his mouth." He now butts in.

TWO LEADING QUESTIONS. "Bre'r Williams," said Brother Thomas, "spose a mad bull wuz ter take after you, what would you do?" "Climb a tree, suh!" said Brother Williams. "But 'spose you had de rheumatism, en a wooden leg, en couldn't climb?" Brother Williams was silent a moment, then he said: "Bre'r Thomas, it's des sich 'quislitive niggers es you dat keeps dis race problem gwine. Ef de 'lynchin' committee don't git you finally, j'll be kase you outruns 'em!"

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS. Saturday. To the Editor of The Evening World: What day of the week was Oct. 4, 1837? FURBERMAN. Meaning of "P. P. C.?" To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the meaning of the letters "P. P. C." when placed upon a visiting card? IGNORAMUS. They stand for "Pour parden conge" (meaning, "to take farewell"), and indicate that the card's owner is about to leave town. "The Bondman." To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the name of that work of Shakespeare in which Iolanthe plays a part? Not Necessary. To the Editor of The Evening World: Is it necessary for me to send a wedding present when only invited to attend the church ceremony, being very slightly acquainted with the bridegroom and not acquainted with the young lady to be married? Miss E. B. Monday. To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day of the week did Aug. 11, 1858, fall? J. L. S.