

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 52 to 63 Park Row, New York.

How It Is Done

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By J. H. Cassel

The Swiss System For Preparedness

How the Little Republic's Citizens Are Trained to Arms From Boyhood

By Louis H. Junod

(Swiss Consul to New York City)

Copyright, 1916, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). Everybody has heard of the famous Swiss system of military training, which has been suggested as the ideal means for preparedness.



At this time, when there is much interest throughout the United States in military preparedness, I have been asked many times by American citizens regarding the wonderful military system prevailing in Switzerland.

I witnessed the brilliant mobilization of the army in Switzerland on Friday July 31, 1914, when stirring scenes were taking place in Europe.

On Saturday morning, Aug. 1, there were at the recruiting places sheepskin coats and ready to serve their country.

Now what is the system? It is a very simple one—a system which could be applied to the United States.

My country has taken the best ideas in the German army, in other armies, and applied them to its own needs.

In addition to the instructions in gymnastics, certain secondary schools have a corps of cadets who study military tactics and practice with the rifle.

At twenty years of age the young recruit is called to the colors, and small is the number not fit for duty, both physically and with the rifle of other arms.

In his twentieth year the young soldier, if he be in the infantry, belongs to the engineering corps, must serve sixty-seven days in the school of recruits, in the cavalry ninety-two days; in the artillery seventy-two days; in the artillery corps sixty-two days.

After the law regulating the recruiting of the army in Switzerland, which was passed in 1907, the period of military service extends from twenty to forty-eight for privates and to fifty-two for officers.

The first in the class known as the Elite, embracing men from twenty to thirty-two years of age, are selected from the Landsturm, from forty-one to forty-eight years of age.

From twenty to twenty-seven the Elite soldier serves only one term of about two weeks and from time to time one day for the inspection of the military clothes and equipment.

While on duty the soldier must be ready for duty at a moment's notice. The standing citizen army of France or Germany, where the citizen must maintain these services for one, two or three years and so suffer great inconveniences in their civilian, commercial or professional life.

In point of fact, the sacrifice which the compulsory military service in Switzerland imposes upon the individual are not excessive at all, but are an actual source of gain to the individual.

At twenty years of age the young recruit undergoes a discipline which teaches him the value of universal equality, and enjoys the very wholesome social influence of being brought into close contact with his kind.

Sleeping in the same barracks, marching side by side, professional men, business men, students, farmers, mechanics and laborers, all learn to respect each other as citizens of the same country, with the same national ideal, and a true solidarity develops among them that results in a permanent good.

Switzerland, the time given to the country does not constitute a sacrifice, but results in a genuine benefit to the individual, as the majority of the citizens would never take the time for this admirable yearly outing.

And the opportunity which this gives to each class of citizens to know and understand and respect the others is a most welcome one.

So, in fact, the total of energy spent by the citizen for our national defense does not constitute a loss of energy, which would otherwise be utilized in private life.

It is a real gain of energy, which, for instance in this country, is all lying latent and which would, if awakened, constitute an surplus to the present total of all accomplishments of the nation, a well trained army of about ten million men.

In order to render this quite clear, permit me to use a very simple comparison between the Swiss system, standing citizen army system (Germany, A. C.) and the United States system.

Jean (Swiss) reads his paper in the subway. Time which would otherwise be lost.

John (German) takes one hour off from the office to read it.

John (American) does not read it at all.

When a Man's Married

By Dale Drummond

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CHAPTER XV. Robert had telephoned he would be late. How late he did not say, and had hung off before June had time to ask him.

It was 11 o'clock when he finally returned to the office. When he got on the train the first person he saw was Marion Lawrence, who moved along and made place for him beside her.

"You look tired," she said sympathetically, then launched into a description of the play she had just seen.

When they reached Westland, she insisted that Robert come in and have a bite of supper with her. "I always have something when I get home late, something hot. It will be all ready, so won't detain you but a few moments," she urged.

"So you have left me here alone while you and that Lawrence woman have been having a midnight supper together? Well, all I can say is that your ideas of what are due your wife are rather peculiar. I've heard of such women as she, but I never supposed I should have them brought into my life."

"All right, June," he said finally. "If you prefer to be unreasonable, if you would rather quarrel than be kind, have it your own way. But I might as well tell you, and you may as well understand that just such actions drive men away from home."

"I don't see that you need any driving. I'm tired, terribly. The coming to bed. I'm tired and sleepy. I didn't have a big supper to keep me awake."

"The strong coffee he drank kept me to-night, dear, but I was obliged to sleep. I suppose you'd be glad to have a good job, even if I do have to work overtime."

June made no answer. She was (To Be Continued.)



SOMETHING MORE THAN A MINE.

AS THE Thompson Committee feels its way further into the financial maze that surrounded the dual subway contracts it becomes harder and harder to discover any one who considered it either a privilege or a duty consistently to protect the city's interests.

Yesterday Chief Engineer Craven, of the Public Service Commission's staff, admitted that he O. K.'d a grant of \$125,000 to the Interborough for "preliminary expenses" with only the vaguest notion of what the payment was for.

This is only one more instance of the way the Interborough managed to enter obligations on the city's debit sheet. Item after item—the \$125,000 bonus to President Shontz, lavish fees to lawyers, "commitments" which will amount eventually to \$3,000,000, a \$10,000 a month expenditure for obtaining consents to the third tracking of elevated lines—are some of the expenses found to have been juggled from one account to another only to settle in the end as charges upon the city.

The municipal treasury appears to have been regarded as a public mine which could be worked for years to meet all claims.

Senator Thompson thinks the supervision of subway construction should be taken from the Public Service Commission and assumed by the city. He would also have the city represented in the directorate of the Interborough.

The Mayor cannot go back on the city's contract. But he can and does insist that charges improperly included in construction account should not come out of taxpayers' pockets.

It is only too plain that in subway building the city has so far played the role of rich backer, ignored save as a solid guarantee for the ultimate payment of all bills. The time has come to declare it a partner.

Senator Gore invokes Rumor with a capital R. Does he think he an ally of Peace?

A NATIONAL PARK BUREAU.

THREE HUNDRED MILLION DOLLARS a year Americans are said to have been spending on sightseeing in Europe before the war. Why not show them where they can see something for their money at home?

The American Civic Association is canvassing the country in the interest of a bill which aims to establish a National Park Service. This is to include a director and a special force whose duties shall be to look after and improve the fourteen national parks—nearly 5,000,000 acres—owned by the United States Government and at present only 5 per cent. developed.

Roads, trails, popular priced hotels, shelter cabins, food supplies, are all these parks need to become vacation grounds for hundreds of thousands of Americans.

The Canadian Government was more enterprising. A few years ago it took steps to make its most beautiful tracts inviting to the traveler. As a result, it is said, most people on the way to San Francisco last year visited the Canadian rather than the American parks.

This is a sorry admission for the nation that owns in the Yellowstone Park wonders as remarkable as can be found on any continent. The Glacier National Park in Montana contains two hundred and fifty lakes and seventy glaciers. Why go to Switzerland? For lovers of ruins and archaeology the Mesa Verde National Park in Colorado and the Casa Grande Reservation in Arizona offer some of the most interesting remains of dwellings and cities built by prehistoric races, with excavation constantly bringing more to light.

These are only four of the fourteen national parks. And besides the parks there are the Devil's Tower in Wyoming, the Rainbow Bridge in Utah, the Petrified Forest and the Montezuma Castle in Arizona, set apart as national monuments.

With good hotels and ready means of access, who can doubt that Americans tired of the Tyrol, the Engadine, the Italian Lakes and other stock scenery of Europe could easily be induced, while the war lasts and longer, to fall in love with the natural beauties of their own country?

Uncle Sam has not been half shrewd enough in fixing up his vacation areas.

Both Sides Fall at Verdun.—Headline Will it all end that way?

Hits From Sharp Wits

One of the little ironies of life: Sending a need catalogue to a man who lives in a three-room flat.

Why don't people use some of the good advice that they are always giving other people?—Macon News.

A young man always has plenty of help while he is solving his wild oats, but when the time comes to gather them he has to do the work alone.

No, Chlorinda, it does not follow that because a married woman can't

Dollars and Sense

By H. J. Barrett

"MOST businesses suffer from lack of sufficient system," said the superintendent of a department store. "But on the other hand, it is possible to over-systematize an establishment."

"It was a chance remark made by an acquaintance that gave me a clue to one unnecessary factor in our store system. In discussing a fire in which a large structure owned by the state was burned, he mentioned the fact that no State buildings were insured."

"Next day I conducted an analysis of our delivery system. The latter involved the signing of a receipt by the recipient of a package. This was turned into the office by the driver. I found it necessary to revert to our former method."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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AS the door bell rang to the entrance of the Jarr domicile upstairs, Mr. Jarr grabbed the evening paper and fled to the dining room, while Mrs. Jarr admitted the visitor. It was that dashing young matron, Clara Mudridge-Smith. Upon beholding Mrs. Jarr she tottered forward and fell into that good lady's arms, sobbing, "My heart is breaking!"

Mrs. Clara Mudridge-Smith nodded assent. "I would rather have poverty and drudgery with one I love than wealth and luxury and ease with one I can never be in psychological union with!" she sobbed.

"Oh, puhaw!" sniffed Mrs. Jarr. "I notice you are still in psychological union with your electric brougham and your fine dress, almost up to your knees, and your sables and your—"

Mrs. Jarr came very near adding "gold mesh bag," but checked herself and said "jewelry" instead. "I envy you," murmured the visitor. "You are in psychological union with your husband."

"At times, at times," said Mrs. Jarr, "but if I was situated as you are I would worry very little at not being in psychological union with my husband occasionally, when so very often

Still her fair visitor sobbed, and Mrs. Jarr led her to the front room, where, after being seated, she asked for a drink of water, and upon this being brought she took a tiny sip and set down the glass. Then she made a beckoning gesture which at first Mrs. Jarr understood to be a sign that the Bureau of Private Comforting should draw near. Mrs. Jarr read the signal right, but if she expected her visitor desired to weep upon her shoulder again she was mistaken or disappointed, as the case might be. It appeared that the distressed visitor desired her gold mesh bag. Mrs. Jarr yielded this glittering treasure somewhat reluctantly. A wild idea had flashed across Mrs. Jarr's mind that she might hold on to the gold mesh bag, with its jewel ornaments and its velvety feeling contents, as the fee from the first paying patron of her Bureau of Private Comforting.

"Well, well," she said impatiently, "what is it?"

"I am so depressed! I am so depressed! What is life, after all?" the fair visitor replied.

"Now, look here, Clara Mudridge-Smith," said Mrs. Jarr coldly, "if you have come here to tell me you are a bird in a gilded cage, or any of that sort of stuff, please don't do it. You are a very lucky bird, and, if I remember correctly, you did your very best to get the gilded cage!"

"It was young, I was foolish, I thought wealth was all!" moaned the visitor. "But day by day I realize that life is unbearable with one with whom I can never be psychologically in union."

"Pop—I gotta bite on the car! A guy from La Crosse, Wis. If it suits, he'll give me seven hundred. I guess that's bad, eh? After four years hard work, and original price eight fifty! Some manipulator of used cars eh, what? At 2 to-morrow afternoon, when we're going to have the try-out, that little 'bus is going to look like a premature snowing of 1918 models, especially to a gink from La Crosse, Wis. I'm going to give her a hot bath, a cold plunge, massage, a close shave and a retouching of the highlights."

"Ma—you talk like a 'Rebald-your-broken-ties' pauncher. Am I in the picture at all? Or do I get a hitch under the car 'ere I can cough every time the axles get their asthma back?"

"Pop (jubilantly)—In the picture? I should say so! Nothing helps the class of a car as much as a slick-looking Venus in the tonneau."

"Ma (coolly)—Now you stop. Milton. How small I dream? Pop (firmly)—Lots of fuss, they give a rich effect. That shine won't know they're Syracuse sables. And chaffon, well, now let's have dinner quick 'ere I can get over to the garage and work."

"Ma (from the tonneau)—When we go back to town, Mr. Mitt and I must take you to some of the show places to give you an idea of cafe eight life. Lothario (nastily)—Out in La Crosse we got a right slick little cafe up-to-date—built of reinforced concrete—and as pretty a little Dutch grill as you ever see. Dutch ain't an innovation, I guess they ain't so thick around here. Pop (famously)—No, no indeed, Pop's grill is the best—La Crosse, Wis. Jerry Bones, who travels for the 'No-Jump' Corp., has told me things about La Crosse that'd make your hair curl. Lothario (talking his tongue)—Oh, it's sure some town. Nothing comes till 11 p. m. We got a couple of banks and three picture shows. We're going to have the Undertakers' Convention next spring. Say this car's pretty good, ain't it? Pop (with scorn)—Pretty good! Have you heard a single knock, rattle, or creak anywhere? Doesn't the shine on her coat fairly dazzle you? Wouldn't you swear you were rolling on a diamond floor? Lothario (slowly)—Yes, brother—you're right. Suddenly the car stops, show suddenly and unaccountably. Pop (to Mrs. Jarr)—The operators, even the best. Ma (to Mrs. Jarr)—Well, what's the matter with it? Lothario (at last)—Well, what's the matter with it? Pop (from the open embrace of the third spark plug)—Oh don't you third spark plug—Oh don't you worry! We'll have her shining in a second. Ma (meaning the horizon)—I think that's a garage. Get a man to help you, Milton. Pop (to Mrs. Jarr)—You ain't got no gasoline in the tank. The air ain't strong enough up here to run a car. Simple. Lothario (evidently)—That reminds me I saw an article in the paper this morning that says gasoline is going up to forty cents wholesale. I guess I'll postpone buying until the war's over.

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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ELLABELLE MAE DOOLITTLE, the noted poetess of Delhi, has recently undertaken a great work. She is to write a poem about every city in the United States which has 100,000 or more inhabitants. The Mayor of each place thus honored will receive a copy of the rhyme written about his town, and if he does the right thing, Miss Doolittle says, he will have it printed on the official stationery of the municipality and will also have it published in the papers.

Addressing the Love and Let Live Section of the Delhi Women's Betterment League recently on the subject, Miss Doolittle said:

"It is an idea that came to me as an inspiration. It is a great idea. The fates have selected me for this wonderful task, and I shall modestly endeavor to perform it with credit. When each city has received its rhyme I may go on a lecture tour in order to let the people see what I have done."

"I was not in financial union with the butcher, the grocer and the landlady," she said.

But her visitor only sobbed and murmured that Mrs. Jarr did not understand.

Pop's Mutual Motor.

By Alma Woodward

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