

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER... Published Daily Except Sundays by The Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 25 Park Row, New York.

WHOSE PROSPERITY?

DAILY and from all sides figures continue to arrive in platoons and battalions to demonstrate the country's extraordinary prosperity.

The report of the American Locomotive Company issued this week shows that the manufacture of locomotives gave this corporation for the single year ending June 30 a net profit of \$10,760,000, as against a \$1,500,000 deficit the previous year.

Yet remember the war munitions exports for the last fiscal year amounted to only one per cent. of the nation's industrial product.

The whole \$4,300,000,000 of our 1916 exports to all countries constitute less than one per cent. of our aggregate volume of business.

The productive forces of this country were never more generally or more sustainedly in operation. Never has industrial activity been more deeply stimulated or its returns more sure.

Who gets the good of it all? In this colossal production and prosperity to mean nothing to the average American householder but bigger butcher's bills and ten-cent bread!

Germany is not at war with Italy. Austria is probably beginning to look for the joke.

JAPANESE GOING HOME.

MARQUIS KATSONUSKE INOUE, the retiring Japanese Ambassador to England, who is on his way back to Japan, makes the assertion that more Japanese are leaving California to return home than are entering that State.

"There has been much talk of late," the Ambassador is quoted as saying, "about the increase of the Japanese in the United States and elsewhere, and this is particularly so with reference to California. It may interest you to know that more Japanese have left San Francisco recently for their native land than have gone to California. They have only gone there to study Western methods, which they apply to their business on their return. They do not wish to stay in California and they are not staying there."

Dwellers on the Pacific Coast will doubtless take fresh alarm at this. To-day the first thing a San Franciscan points out to a visitor from the Eastern States is the honesty and reliability of the Chinaman as contrasted with the perfidy of the Jap.

If the Japanese are going home in larger numbers than they are arriving, be sure the Californians will explain the movement as an ominous rallying of forces preliminary to a general embarkation in gigantic Japanese merchantmen—Japan has six ships of more than 10,000 tons—which will presently come bursting and bristling through the Golden Gate.

Cool days may also check the spread of infantile paralysis, but the Clean-Up Brigade believes there cannot be too many allies in the fight.

A CHANCE.

WHEN the Pennsylvania Railroad talks about itself its remarks are apt to be interesting and to the point.

The Pennsylvania's report of its efficiency tests on lines east of Pittsburgh during the first six months of 1916 goes to show that out of a total of 2,496,504 tests and observations made to determine how carefully employees were obeying signals and operating rules the results indicated "perfect performance" in more than 99.9 per cent. of the cases.

During the period in which the tests were taken 76,700,000 passengers were carried on the Pennsylvania lines east of Pittsburgh and not a single one was killed in a train accident.

Unquestionably the Pennsylvania has developed to a high degree the science of being a railroad. It is an example of what operative direction as distinguished from Wall Street direction can accomplish for a railway system.

Now it has its railroading technique down so fine we wonder the Pennsylvania doesn't launch a few super-innovations in the way of comfort and convenience.

For instance, why not abolish the American sleeping car and replace it with something civilized?

Any road that will do away with the barbarous, unsanitary, unseemly contraption of curtained sleeping shelves upon which people in the United States are now expected to travel by night will perform a national service.

Why doesn't the Pennsylvania take the lead and get the credit?

Hits From Sharp Wits

A word to the wise is sufficient provided it is the key word to the code.—Deseret News. One way to keep friends is to keep most of your opinions to yourself. You can never tell by the sound of a man's voice how well he can talk.—Albany Journal. You can also judge a man by the company he keeps going. Some men are born fools, some achieve foolishness and others are "driven" to drink.—Philadelphia Inquirer. The wise man follows the lines of least resistance by telling all women how they look and all mothers that their babies are beautiful.—Memphis Commercial Appeal.

Watering the Elephant

By J. H. Cassel



The Origin of Cosmetics

CONSENSUS of the authorities fixes the onus of responsibility for the first suggestion of the use by women of perfume, paint and powder upon the nymph Oenone, who is said to have descended Mount Olympus bearing perfumes and paints to the professional beauties of mythology.

It is certain, unless history errs, that painting the face and bleaching the hair was a favorite pastime among the Greek women in the days of Alcibiades. From Tetrallus, chief among the satirists of those times, we learn "that women covered their faces with powder of chalk when not of ceruse and reddened their lips by art."

To Cleopatra is the world indebted for the invention of pomatum, which in one form or another has continued in use down to the present day, and again for the custom of penciling the eyelids, a feat she accomplished with the use of sepia and belladonna.

From the East Side to the Farm

AT last, after years of investigation and debate, the farm loan system is being established in this country with the Government solidly behind it. The wise flat dweller of the east side and west side, too, might take notice. What does it mean?

It means that a man may begin in a small way to till the soil and gradually develop his farm so that his children and their children may go on where he leaves off. It means that a man may begin to borrow money at a low rate of interest for a long period—as long as forty years. The rate of interest will never exceed 5 per cent. In fact, it is proposed to make the interest very low indeed, as is the case in European countries, where the farm asset is one of the greatest of the country.

It means that by easy payments the money may be paid back and the interest thus reduced. It means that the everlasting nemesis, "the mortgage on the farm," will not be hanging like a sword over the father of the farm.

It means that a man may begin to borrow money for purchase of land, or its improvement, for purchase of live stock, equipment, fertilizers, to provide buildings or liquidate indebtedness.

It means that it means that the first real chance is now offered in answer to the long cry of "Back to the farm." And, my dear East Sider, the farm is yours and Uncle Sam's untapped reservoir. There are thousands of glorious acres waiting to be made profitable. It is because these acres have been lying in vain that your food costs so enormously. It is because we are consuming more than we are producing that you have gotten up in your pay-envelope when the living expenses are paid. I know some families on the east

Lucile the Waitress

Lucile, the waitress, as the newspaper man took a seat on a stool at the lunch counter. "You've seen them kind who believe they have got all the diseases in the circuleham, haven't you?"

"Well, this man was one. When I spurt up for his order he looks at me and says: 'Do I look anaemic, lady?'"

"No, I says. 'I'd take you for English.'"

"You don't get me," he says. "I'm sick. My blood ain't got enough corpora in it. Pretty tough, eh?"

"Sure! I tell him. 'You ought to give your blood a good talking to.' 'Don't joke,' he says. 'And then he adds, 'I got a weak heart. Its left ventrator is missing a stroke out of every ten.'"

Reflections of a Bachelor Girl

By Helen Rowland

IT IS easy to learn how to live happily with people, provided you first learn how to live happily without them.

Don't forget that the man who begs you for a kiss to-night may beg the "other woman" to forgive him for it to-morrow.

Every husband is simply a compromise—a problem in simple arithmetic, to which you find the answer by adding up his faults and his virtues to separate columns and then comparing the results.

A sister, if properly studied, is the "shock absorber" which later saves a man from a lot of awful jolts and surprises along the love-route.

A bachelor lives in the constant fear that every woman who glances at him is trying to marry him, and the eternal torment of knowing that, sooner or later, one of them will succeed.

If your appendix, or your last tooth, or your last flirtation, or your last illusion must go, don't protest. Just have it OUT, and be done with it; and you'll soon forget that you ever had it.

"Old friends, old books, old wine," may be all right—but it requires a brand new "flame" every now and then to keep up the glow of life.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"THE day is coming," said Mr. Jarr, impressively, "when intelligent men will no longer do time in business prisons."

"What do you mean?" asked Mrs. Jarr. She meant that she wanted to know just what he meant so she could expose it.

"I mean this," said Mr. Jarr. "Take a fine day like this. I've got to rush through my breakfast."

"That's because you won't get up when you are called. I've been up for hours and hours," replied Mrs. Jarr. She had preceded him in arising some twenty minutes, but "hours and hours" sounded better.

"Well, no matter," Mr. Jarr went on. "Suppose I had gotten up hours and hours ago; I would have had to go down to that old office and muddle over books and accounts and stay till 5 o'clock in the afternoon because that's the hour for quitting, just the same. It doesn't matter whether there was work there to keep me busy or not."

"Oh, I don't suppose you kill yourself in that old office," interjected Mrs. Jarr. "Now, if you had had this house to look after! For, as the old saying goes, 'Man's work is from sun to sun'—although it really is from about 9 A. M. till 5—'but woman's work is never done.'"

"Woman's talk is never done!" said Mr. Jarr, shortly. A very dangerous remark, by the way. But Mrs. Jarr was not going to bring up her foreboding to the attack till she rightly knew the position of the enemy, and she didn't even throw out skirmishers at this.

"As I was saying," Mr. Jarr went on, "in these days of so-called modern conveniences, why couldn't I do my work at home and let some of the underlings telephone me about any new shipments to the trade, or check over the invoices with me over the wire?"

"How about the underling being home taking it easy, too?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"You never mind about the underlings. Let them serve their time on the treadmill as many years as I have," said Mr. Jarr.

"It would be nice, I am sure," remarked Mrs. Jarr, scornfully, "having you home with your old books, cluttering up the house and raging like a demon when I wanted to clean up the room where you were working."

"But I'm not talking about doing work at home in this flat," said Mr. Jarr.

"Whose flat, then?" asked Mrs. Jarr, sweetly. "Mrs. Kittingly's flat upstairs? Would you find the business-day association more pleasant with a blond divorcee?"

"You cut it out about that blond divorcee!" said Mr. Jarr. "Don't listen to what I'm saying and 'you interrupt, please.'"

"Oh, dear me! When the Hon. man, let all be silent!" remarked Mrs. Jarr, sarcastically.

"No," Mr. Jarr went on, "why couldn't I have a nice place in the country, in the midst of shady lawns and flowers? There, in a cool library, I could do my work in ease and comfort and much better than downtown at that stuffy old office. By the time a man gets to his office this sort of weather he isn't fit to do any work."

"What would you expect your firm to be paying you for while you were engaged in such pleasant surroundings, writing poetry?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Poetry?" replied Mr. Jarr. "Well, why should a poet have it any nicer than a hard-working bookkeeper?"

"You'd be a nice one trying to do office work at home! This home—any home," said Mrs. Jarr. "If the children made any noise—if I came near—you'd be a nuisance to have around."

"Well, I tell you the day is coming when the average man will ask for something more out of life than toiling and mulling during the beautiful days," persisted Mr. Jarr, gloomily.

"I think I know what's the matter with you," said Mrs. Jarr, dryly. "You've an acute attack of nervous prosperity. Suppose you had no position at all and were walking the streets looking for employment? You'd rather welcome the daily grind you have now, wouldn't you?"

"Yes, that's the very course of the present system," remarked Mr. Jarr. "I tell you a time is coming when—"

"The time has come when it's time you hurried down to the office," said Mrs. Jarr.

"And Mr. Jarr got him gone.

The passionate are like men standing on their heads; they see all things the wrong way.—PLATO.

First U. S. Admiral

THE first officer of the United States Navy to hold the rank of Admiral was David G. Farragut, who was elevated to that position half a century ago, July 25, 1866, as a reward for his great services in the Civil War. Prior to the conflict between the States the highest rank in the United States naval service was that of Commodore.

American "Knights"

THE first native American to be knighted by an English monarch was Sir William Pepperell, who was born in Kittery, Me., 220 years ago. His father was a Welshman who came to New England as an apprentice to a fisherman. The son became a merchant and amassed a large fortune. As a military leader he took part in several conflicts with the Indians and attained much distinction. For thirty-two years he was a member of the Royal Council of Massachusetts, and as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas he won eminence as a jurist. He was knighted for his success as leader of the expedition against Louisbourg, the French stronghold on Cape Breton, and afterward held the rank of Lieutenant General in the British army. Since Pepperell's time many Americans have achieved knightly and higher British honors. Lord Astor and Lord Shaftesbury, the former a native of New York and the latter of Milwaukee, being among the more prominent latter-day examples.

The First Normal School

THE first normal school in America was opened at Lexington, Mass., seventy-seven years ago. Prior to the introduction of the normal school system few teachers were really proficient, and the great majority knew little or nothing about the theory and practice of their profession when they assumed their important duties.

Our First Secretaries of War

THE first Secretary of War of the United States was Henry Knox, who was born in Boston 166 years ago, July 26, 1750, of Scotch-Irish parentage. Knox was the chief commander of the artillery throughout the Revolution, and was Secretary of War both before and after Washington assumed the Presidency, but in the days of the Second and Third Georges and of the Pitts, he was not in the service. His successor, Timothy Pickens, had also been active service, and James McHenry, the third to hold the post, had been a surgeon in the Revolution. Samuel Dexter, the next

Great men begin enterprises because they think them great, and fools because they think them easy.—VAUVENARQUES.

Our First Secretaries of War

in line, was a lawyer, but Henry Dearborn, Jefferson's Secretary of War, had had much military experience. William Eustis, appointed by Madison, was a physician, and gave way to a military man, John Armstrong. James Monroe and William H. Crawford were lawyers, and since their time most Presidents have apparently considered a legal education the best qualification for a head of the War Department. U. S. Grant, who held the war portfolio for a brief period in 1867, and William T. Sherman, whose tenure of office was equally short, were the only distinguished military men to hold the post in the last half century.