

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 42 to 43 Park Row, New York.

Entered at the Post-Office at New York as Second-Class Matter. Subscription Rates to The Evening World for the United States and Canada.

VOLUME 57. NO. 20,264

THE ONLY WAY.

NEITHER with the German Emperor nor with any other part or person of the Imperial German Government can the Government of the United States have anything to "talk over" so long as German submarines continue to sink merchant vessels without warning.

Whatever the foundation for rumors that the German Government is anxious to discuss matters further with this nation, they can be whistled down the wind, so far as the United States is concerned.

Since Jan. 31, 1917, discussion has been at an end. On that day the German Government announced its intention "to do away with the restrictions which, until now, it has imposed upon the use of its fighting means on sea."

Until the German Government in equally plain words recalls both that announcement and the order to submarine commanders which started a fresh period of lawlessness and murder on sea, the United States can have nothing to say to Germany except the formal words that must follow the first evidence that American ships or American lives have been sacrificed by a German commander, "in heedless contravention of the just and reasonable understandings of international law and the obvious dictates of humanity."

The United States seeks no understanding with a murderer. If the Imperial German Government desires to discuss anything whatever with this Government it knows the indispensable preliminary.

Are its directors content to have it: THE AMERICAN LINE?

NO TIME TO PAY TOLL TO EXPLOITERS.

AT THE direct request of the President, the Federal Trade Commission and the Department of Agriculture are at last to begin a comprehensive inquiry to determine why food prices in the United States have risen and continue to rise at a pace which leaves small incomes behind and threatens to cause acute distress among the poor.

"It has been alleged before committees of Congress and elsewhere," the President declares, "that the course of trade in important food products is not free but is restricted and controlled by artificial and illegal means. It is of the highest public concern to ascertain the truth or falsity of these allegations."

Never was it more so than at a time when the people of the United States may at any moment be called upon to make great sacrifices. If they go to war, if they resolutely set themselves to face the economies, to bear the extra burdens that war brings, then it should be one of the first duties of their Government to shield them from the rapacity of food gamblers and price boosters whose patriotism in time of war will be no stronger than it has shown itself in peace.

We have had enough half-way, hit-or-miss investigation of the increasing cost of food. Now let the Federal Government make an exhaustive examination of the problem from a national point of view.

At a crisis when Americans stand ready to give their all to uphold the rights of their country against foreign insolence or aggression, surely they deserve all possible protection from exploiters and plunderers at home.

Citing a shrewd remark about courage, Gen. Lieut. Freiherr von Freytag-Loringhoven picked a good quotation from Gen. Sherman. But he passed up the most popular and widely known.

HEAVY TRAFFIC PAVEMENT.

PERHAPS some of the Manhattanites who are disputing how Broadway should be paved may have noted the discussions at the fourteenth annual convention of the American Road Builders' Association in Boston last week.

Most of the experts who spoke at this convention seemed to agree that for city streets where the heaviest motor truck traffic must be considered, smooth granite block pavement grouted by Portland cement on a concrete base makes the best-wearing, most satisfactory roadway that modern road engineers have evolved.

Advocates of wood block pavement or asphalt have a strong argument in the noise steel-tired vehicles are bound to make in passing over granite. But as Chief Connell of the Philadelphia Bureau of Highways points out, the steel-tired vehicle is rapidly disappearing and a few years more will find all traffic rolling on rubber or similarly resilient rims.

So far, then, granite block pavement gets most votes as the form best adapted to city thoroughfares where the heavier kinds of trucking have to be reckoned with. Is it any too good for Broadway?

Abraham Lincoln. Born February 12, 1809

"He knew to bide his time, And can his fame abide, Still patient in his simple faith sublime, Till the wise years decide. Great captains, with their guns and drums, Disturb our judgment for the hour, But at last a silence comes; These all are gone, and standing like a tower, Our children shall behold his fame. The kindly-earnest, brave, foreseeing man, Sagacious, patient, dreading praise, not blame, New birth of our new soil, the first American."

Hits From Sharp Wits

But never delay the mending because some one has said that it's never too late to mend.—Albany Journal. Lots of men could afford to get married if the bonds of matrimony were interest-bearing.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

A woman likes to hold her age well but she doesn't like to be told that she does.—Deseret News. If all the illiterates were kept out of the country how long could the demagogues hold their jobs?—Boston Transcript.

United America!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Anti-Divorce Decalogue By Marguerite Mooers Marshall

Take Friend Wife to Lunch as Often as You Can Afford, and Keep the Lawyers Away, Is Advice to Husbands—And Don't Forget to Tell Her the Old, Old Story Now and Then.

Eight commandments to prevent divorce have just been issued by a volunteer Moses of matrimony, the Rev. George L. Hale of St. Louis. As if he considered the wife primarily responsible for conjugal cleavage, Dr. Hale's commandments are addressed exclusively to her. Here they are: No. 1—Thou shalt not love any man but thy husband, neither shalt thou flirt with another. No. 2—Thou shalt not neglect thy husband and thy children for the club, picture show or dance. No. 3—Thou shalt not keep thy husband's nose to the grindstone by buying \$75 hats while he buys socks at six pairs for a quarter. No. 4—Thou shalt not nag at thy husband, for verily thou shalt reap what thou sowest. No. 5—Thou shalt not neglect to pray for thy children, neither shalt thou neglect to spank them when the occasion demands. No. 6—Thou shalt not rear thy children by proxy. No. 7—Thou shalt not dress afternoons and evenings in a kimono, but use paint and powder as freely after marriage as before. No. 8—Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with thy heart, for verily the salvation of the world depends upon thee. Yet if it takes two to make a quarrel, it assuredly takes two to make a divorce. Believing that the wife is neither the sole guardian nor the sole disturber of domestic peace, that offenses against the comity of marriage are by no means confined to one sex, I suggest the following anti-divorce decalogue for husbands: No. 1—Thou shalt not forget, or be afraid, to be too busy to say—unprompted and at least once a week: "There is no income tax on these three words, and the most conceited woman never quite takes them for granted. Nor does the most prosaic woman tire of hearing them. No. 2—Thou shalt show discrimination in thy burnt offerings—not presenting a wrist watch to her who hatches the obvious, nor a barbaric silver necklace to the wife who liketh shiny furniture, "glad" plays and "wholesome" love stories. No. 3—Thou shalt take thy wife to lunch at least twice or thrice a month, and as much oftener as thy purse and thine office hours permit. One reason why marriage falls is because breakfast and dinner are the only meals which the modern husband and wife eat together. In the morning they are sleepy and cross. At night they are nervous and tired. At lunch time each is 100 per cent. awake, amusing, sympathetic. No. 4—Thou shalt be the keeper of thine own mind and thine own conscience. A woman loses respect not only for a henpecked man, but for one who is employer-poked, or who is afraid of "what the fellows will say." No. 5—Thou shalt not pick up thine own things. No. 6—Thou shalt not cause thy wife to censor her story of the day's events, or blue-pencil the frank expression of her inmost thoughts. Thou shalt like her well enough not to be shocked by her. No. 7—Thou shalt not object to thy wife's having a conventional acquaintance with other men. She will but appreciate THEE the more! "I wanted to meet my husband at the station with a brass band!" a wife vehemently assured me, after describing a day spent in entertaining the man engaged to lecture at her club. No. 8—Thou shalt always say "RAY" thou likest thy wife's clothes—even if thou liest. No. 9—Thou shalt not snort at thy wife's enthusiasms, though thou mayest not share them. No. 10—Thou shalt remember always that the last and greatest invention of civilization is manners, and that manners, like charity, begin at home.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

German words got excited to use it, and used German words, and them first ones was no good to use German words in." "Well, telephones are a modern necessity now," said Mr. Jarr. "You have to use it now." "Not me," said Gus. "Can I sell a pint of beer over a telephone? Don't most all them orders to send a dozen bottles of beer and some case goods around to apartment houses, wrapped up to look like groceries, come from people who tell Elmer, my bartender, to charge it when he takes it to them; and he's a big dummer what comes away without asking who it is got the stuff, or not remembering what apartment house it was. Not that it makes any difference. The people what wants everything brought to them is the high-tone trade that never pays for what they get anyway." "But the telephone is handy to you to order things, and a convenience in many ways," persisted Mr. Jarr. "It ain't never no convenience to me," said Gus. "It ain't nothing but a convenience to other people. Before it was a nickel in the slot machine, Elmer used to use it to talk to his friends, and my wife Lena's people used to call me up to bowl me out every time she left me, and then reverse the charges. Cheaters used to come in and get long distance calls when I was out and only pay Elmer, my bartender, for a local call. Even now people what live around here use that telephone when they are downtown and ask me to run out to the top floor of their flat, two blocks away, and tell somebody to be sure to feed the cat and put the canary bird out for the night." "Well, there's one in the drug store down the block," said Mr. Jarr. "I can go there." "For drug stores, telephones is all right," said Gus. "Them drug stores can make money delivering telephone messages for nothing and selling stamps at cost, and letting people look at the directional, but I can't, so I say 'Raus mit der telephone!'" "You'll stop receiving the mail next?" remarked Mr. Jarr. "Sure, I would like to," was the reply. "What does anybody get by letters but bills and insults or bugs asking you to recommend they won't stand if they get a job they are after, and other bums what has swung you writes they is starving to death and to send them two dollars? And wimmen write you' them almost letters what don't tell who they are?" "Anonymous letters," suggested Mr. Jarr. "Yes, them," replied Gus, "and they say if you let their husbands spend another cent in your place they will have your license taken away. No, I think it a good thing if no letters came to anybody. Is any money or good news ever in any letters? Not but I got a good way with letters that I don't like, at that." "What way?" asked Mr. Jarr. "I write on them 'Opened by mistake' and sign my name to them and send them back!" said Gus.

To-Day's Anniversary

This is the birthday of Abraham Lincoln, who was born Feb. 12, 1809, on a Kentucky farm. In these troublous days the concluding paragraph of Lincoln's second inaugural address is well worth repeating: "With malice towards none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan; to do all which may achieve and cherish a just and a lasting peace among ourselves and with all nations." Peculiarly appropriate to the present period in the world's history, too, is Lincoln's famous letter to a stricken mother: "I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so bitter. But I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic they died to save, and I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours, to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of Freedom."

What Every Woman Thinks By Helen Rowland

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SOMETIMES it seems to me That all life is like the plot of a musical comedy. The same yesterday, to-day and forever! Or like the hotel soup, which is always of the same stock, And differs only in name and flavoring, from meal to meal, One day is just like another, one dinner-party is just like another, One flirtation is just like another, and one heartache is just like another, And, in all the world, there are only two varieties of men— Those who take you seriously—and those who take you for granted, Those whom you cannot trust too far—and those whom you cannot trust too near, Those who are too unsophisticated to be interesting— And those who are too cynical to be fascinating, Those who keep you worried to death—and those who bore you to death, Those who try to dazzle you—and those who try to "remodel" you, Those who read Nietzsche, and Shaw, And those who read the sporting columns and the red-and-yellow "funny" pages, Those who might kiss you, and do not care to, And those who yearn to kiss you—and do not dare to, Those who talk nothing but nonsense and flattery— And those who talk nothing but "shop" and golf, Those who admire you for "beauties of the mind"— And those who invite you out to luncheon, Those who are long on hair and art, and short on money, And those who are long on money—and short on ideals, Those who have to be dragged out of the house in the evening— And those who have to be dragged into it, Those who think they are "woman-haters"— And those who fancy they are "woman-tamers," Those who make love so expertly that you wonder where they acquired the practice, And those who make love like correspondence-school graduates, Those who are less stimulating than pink-lemonade, And those who are more insidious than champagne, Those who want somebody to cure their headaches— And those who want somebody to help them to acquire them, Those who treat you like a marble goddess, And those who treat you like a kitten! And this is the tragedy, or the comedy, or the sweet consolation of it— That, out of the lot of them, You will choose ONE who is exactly like all the rest, And marry him "Because he is SO different!"

Great Revivalists Of Former Days

No. VIII.—Charles Spurgeon, "Last of the Puritans." By Augustin McNally. AT sixteen Charles Spurgeon was called to the open air and was hailed as another Whitefield. In 1836 Surrey Music Hall was hired for him. Strait-laced folk, who hesitated about going to a Baptist Chapel to hear him, occupied the first seats in the Music Hall. Statesmen dropped in to study him. Society demanded seats. Gladstone and Livingstone, the Lord Mayor and the Lord Sheriff, Lady Rothschild and Florence Nightingale were among his auditors. He went to Scotland and preached in the fields to countless thousands. He was a hard worker. He built Metropolitan Tabernacle for him, and during the thirty years Spurgeon occupied its pulpit there never was an empty seat. He built an orphan asylum and colleges, nursed persons sick of the fever, encouraged the weak, advised the strong. Entertaining Americans offered him \$25,000 for twenty-five sermons. He told them that he had never been in the habit of accepting anything under any circumstances. He got tired of the preface "Rev. Mr. Spurgeon," and he said nothing to his ministry, he said, "He fell out with the Baptist Union and severed connections with it." His auditors called Spurgeon "the last of the Puritans."

Successful Salesmanship By H. J. Barrett

No. 1—How One Salesman Increased His Earnings. IT is fatally easy for a salesman to invent excuses for not working," said a seasoned veteran recently. "It's no use to try to sell anything Monday morning," he reflects, "nor on Saturday, nor on a rainy day, nor when I feel in a listless mood, nor when the customer's mind is distracted by thoughts of impending war, nor in the afternoon when his mind is on catching his train; nor early in the morning when he's going through his mail, nor on Friday, because that's my unlucky day; and so on ad infinitum. To work under these untoward auspices results merely in spoiling prospects," he concludes, "and as a consequence, the average outside salesman is about 30 per cent. efficient. Now all these obstacles are pure figments of the imagination. I know it because I've proved it. They have as little basis in fact as the bogies of childhood. Because he lacks the will power to overcome that inertia which we all must combat, the salesman invents them as a justification of his attitude. Soon he succeeds in adding himself into believing in their reality. "I don't blame him. I've done it myself. It's due to several causes. One is that the salesman lacks direct supervision. Another is that a vast proportion of the salesman's effort is wasted under any circumstances. In many lines not more than one out of a hundred calls results in a sale. Nevertheless, every thing else being equal, the salesman who covers the most prospects will make the most sales. "How did I overcome this tendency to lie down on the job? First, I tried setting myself a task: I would close forty calls a day. This proved impracticable because in the event of a lengthy interview my schedule was thrown askew. Then I tried the idea of working steadily so many hours; rain or shine, Saturday or Monday, I started promptly at 9 and quit at 12; began again at 1 and knocked out at 5.30. But gradually I began to backslide. After a few weeks I was as bad as ever. Finally I discussed my problem with a fellow salesman. He, too, was trying to hold himself to a schedule. We concluded to beat each other up that we would not break our schedules; this was a very keen penalty. That was four years ago. Not once has either of us been obliged to pay the penalty. This has acted as a permanent spur to our efforts. Within two months of inventing this incentive, our commissions had increased over 40 per cent. Now the habit of working by schedule is so firmly implanted that we do it without effort."

How French Soldiers Got Their Pet Name

"POLI" as applied to the rank and file of the soldiers of France, is a word which in its present application many persons are unable to understand, since its definition, literally translated into English, is "hairy." While it is true that the French soldier is more given to facial adornment of the hirsute variety than his comrade in arms, Mr. Thomas Atkins, there seems little reason why the French soldier should be distinguished from the civilian by the appellation "hairy." The term was formerly applied only to the Army recruit who wore swirling hair, or to the soldier who wore the uniform. In times of peace the French infantryman serves a term of three years. During their first year they are known to their older comrades as "les bleus," meaning the blue ones, which in an appropriate English phrase means "greenhorn." After that the soldier is known as "le poilu," on the supposition that he has more hair upon his face than the "bleus." Since the war the word "poilu" has been applied to all soldiers of the line.