

The Evening World

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SELL WAR BONDS TO THE PEOPLE.

A \$2,000,000,000 bond issue at 3 or 3 1/2 per cent. is already talked of to meet in part the enormous initial war expenditures which Congress is expected to authorize.

Instead of looking to the big financial powers and groups to take its war bonds in huge blocks, why doesn't the Government of the United States offer part of each issue directly to the people of the United States in denominations as low as \$100, \$50 or even less?

When the French Government needs money it can always get it straight from the savings of millions of the men and women workers of France—farmers, small shopkeepers, seamstresses, thrifty housewives—all proud to lend to the nation as fast as they can get their cash—even though only a hundred francs or so—across the counters of the local bureau.

It would be a great thing for the American people to come to feel that a Government bond issue is not a matter above their heads, of interest only to financiers. Partnership with the Government develops loyalty and patriotism. Every one should be admitted to it.

United States bonds offered direct to the public in small denominations can be counted on to raise sums that will astonish the country, and at rates more advantageous to the Government than when its loans are floated through Wall Street.

The machinery of the Postal Savings Bank, also the Federal Bank System, are there to facilitate quick distribution of a popular bond issue.

Let Secretary McAdoo try it. Sell the bonds to the people.

The first woman member of Congress seems to have let her emotions get the better of her. So have a lot of Congressmen, if it comes to that.

ALL CAN BE STEWARDS.

PROCLAIMING the existence of a state of war, the President makes clear to the American people what must be their attitude toward alien enemies residing within the United States.

He finds it unnecessary to remind Americans what their attitude should be toward one another and toward the special duties and responsibilities now put upon them. They have shown they are entering upon this war with a sober thoughtfulness too deep to find expression in excited salvos and demonstrations. They need neither advice nor caution to keep them to seriousness and self-restraint.

Easter, day of hope and gladness for all Christendom, finds the nation beginning the sternest task it ever set itself. Every American, man, woman and child, is going to find some portion of that task, however small, assigned to him or her. The portion may be active work in field, factory or hospital. It may be to make great sacrifices with courage and faith. It may be and will be for most only to stay at home and perform plain duties with patient, conscientious stewardship.

That, after all, is what millions of Americans who will have no chance to fight must now feel themselves to be—stewards.

Upon them the country depends to guard it against extravagance within, against habits of laziness and luxury which no people at war can rightfully permit itself, against waste which in war brings want in its most terrible forms.

In their households, their businesses, their pleasures, their plans, Americans cannot but soberly ask themselves what changes they ought to make to conform with a national spirit of economy, concentration, self-control.

Comparatively few can fight for the nation. All can be its faithful stewards.

There should be another declaration of war at once. Food speculators and price boosters are meditating more overt acts.

Hits From Sharp Wits

- Every time Mary has a little lamb A is just a little less—for the price.—Memphis Commercial Appeal. It's an ill breeze that brings the plumpers no good.—Florida Times-Union. The fool and his money are soon parted.—Milwaukee News. Grin and Bearit are twin philosophers.—Toledo Blade. He hears the most who knows the most.—Boston Transcript. Who thinks twice before he speaks is likely to say not more than half as much as he would if he didn't.—Albany Journal. It seems strange that no popular person like a big league star has ever been elected President.—Columbia (S. C.) State.

Letters From the People

- To the Editor of The Evening World: While every one is hollering for preparedness and Red Cross nurses, why doesn't some one give credit where credit is due, namely to the Hello Girls? They take the most abuse, not venturing to argue though they are exempt from fault. War calls for bravery, yet where in the everyday line of business is there more chance than by the service of the telephone girls render? Suppose that 50 or 75 per cent of the Hello Girls became Red Cross nurses. Can you guess the result? In the mobilization of forces what quicker means is there to be found than the Telephone backed by the Hello Girl? Remember that at the end of each telephone wire is a girl with a heart big enough to be true to herself, her home, her company, and her country. ONE OF THE COMPANY'S OLD STANDBYS. Wednesday, To the Editor of The Evening World: What day did July 4, 1900, fall on? H. G. To the Editor of The Evening World: Let me know the value of a 25-cent piece dated 1818. O & M. To the Editor of The Evening World: What is the value of an 1878 three-cent silver piece? G. E.

"Dern the Expense!"

By J. H. Cassel



Your Children and Our War

By Sophie Irene Loeb

NOW is the time for all good mothers and guardians to look to the children. There is so much to be done. Peace and good will in the home is one of the biggest assets while we are at war.



It is the time for women to promote the spirit of courage and bravery and loyalty in the children.

It is the time to ward off fear and hatred.

It is the time to tell about the necessity of war for patriotism but not for passion.

It is time to explain the soldier of real life as against that of the dime novel.

It is time to inculcate the spirit of To-Day's Anniversary

THIS is the Independence Day of the Greeks, commemorating the unfurling of the flag of revolt by Ypsilanti in 1821, and it brings to all Hellenes a reminder of the debt of gratitude they owe to three of the great allied powers of the present war. Greek independence from Turkish rule was achieved by the aid of Great Britain, France and Russia, and in spite of the plottings and hostile policies of Austria and Prussia. These facts of history have not been forgotten by the Greeks, and this accounts for the fact that while King Constantine and his government have been pro-German, the masses of the Greek people have been steadfastly pro-ally. Germany has spent vast sums of money in pro-German propaganda in Greece, subsidizing many of the leading newspapers of Athens and other cities, but the converts to the German cause have been few, considering the money spent.

The Greek war for independence lasted seven years, and was one of the most remarkable struggles for liberty recorded in history. Heavy men from all over Europe and America joined their cause and contributions of money, provisions and clothing were forwarded, and finally England, France and Russia entered the war on the side of Greece and forced the Sultan to submit. The combined squadrons of the three allies annihilated the Turkish fleet, and this was the decisive event of the war.

Teach the boy or girl who can understand the importance of protecting younger children; not only in your own home, but children that they meet anywhere. While nearly all the nations are at war, in every school-house there are children of every race and creed.

Remember the little one is growing and the impressions gleaned in childhood are the most lasting ones. Stand by him and save him unnecessary misgiving.

But for the boys or girls who understand, take them into your confidence. Tell them simply what the trouble is all about, and then bend every effort to create the proper feeling. Putting children off and answering them evasively never got anywhere but harbored distrust and secretiveness in the young mind.

The child will find out somewhere, somehow. He will perhaps get a distorted view of things and cause you trouble later on.

Also there is much to be done in the interest of the needy mother—she who has sent a soldier to fight, a breadwinner perhaps. She not only needs solace but sustenance.

You who have plenty, help her. And there will be other women with children whose welfare will be affected in war time.

It is not necessary to shine in the headlines of a newspaper to feel the glow of giving. YOUR mite, but rather the warmth that you experience in the heart that counts most when you have done your duty in your quiet and unheralded way.

Some of our greatest heroines are such—heroines of the home, who through all the trials and tribulations bear up like soldiers and GO ON.

Woman, if you would do a great work, look to the children.

It is not ONLY the woman who calls bravely on the street corner for recruits or who tramps, tramps, tramps with the boys, or who nurses the wounded that does her part.

It is also the woman who is not in the limelight but who lends her aid in her way at this time when it is most needed.

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Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) NO. 21.—BENJAMIN DISRAELI; The "Failure" Who Swayed England's Destinies.

A NEW Member of Parliament got up to make his first speech in England's House of Commons one day in 1837. He was a fantastic figure as he stood there, nervous and fidgeting. His costume was absurdly foppish and eccentric, even for that period of eccentric and foppish dress. His dark hair was long and very much oiled. One huge ringlet was plastered closely down over his forehead, almost reaching to his jutting beak of a nose. He wore no mustache, but a goatlike beard wagged grotesquely over his starched neck-cloth.

The man was Benjamin Disraeli, a dandy and high liver, who had all but smothered himself under an avalanche of debts; who had dabbled in literature in a lazy fashion, and who had tried his hand, with no great success, at various pursuits. When he was well past thirty he had made a final bid for fame and fortune by shouldering his way into politics, relying on a public career to free him from debt and to give him the reputation his restless ambition craved.

After repeated defeats he had won a seat in Parliament. And now, before that seat was warm, he was making his "maiden speech"—the speech which he had planned as his first step to the pinnacle of renown.

Choking back his nervousness as best he could, and readjusting the curl on his forehead, Disraeli began to speak. He did not get very far.

Perhaps few more ridiculous speeches have ever been made on the floor of the House of Commons. In brief, the orator proceeded to make all kinds of a fool of himself. After the first few words a titter arose. Disraeli finished but kept on.

The titter swelled to a howl of laughter, punctuated by catcalls. Hooping and laughing and hissing and yelling "Sit down!" the House of Commons joined in the sport of guying the new member.

Disraeli stood it as long as he could. Then he shouted fiercely: "I will sit down. But the time will come when I shall MAKE you listen to me!"

He returned to his seat, purple with mortification, amid the cruel mirth of his colleagues.

He had failed. His very first effort at winning recognition in the political world had stamped him as an absolute failure.

Probably not one of his fellow members of Parliament just then would have wagered a plugged penny against a gold piece that Benjamin Disraeli could ever rise above that crushing failure or amount to anything in English politics.

But in less than a week he was on his feet again addressing the House of Commons. This time nobody guyed him. And the uphill fight for political leadership began.

A year later Disraeli strengthened his public career and saved himself from financial shipwreck by marrying the rich widow of one of his friends. He frankly admitted that he married her for her money.

But he grew to love her devotedly. And her affection and wise guidance, even more than her fortune, carried him forward in his fight for power.

Within a very few years Disraeli had established himself as one of England's foremost statesmen. It was an era of great men; yet he forced his way past the greatest of his competitors. Several times he served as Prime Minister. His throat was fulfilled. The day had come when he was able to make Parliament—and all the world—listen to him.

In 1876 his statescraft gave Queen Victoria the title of "Empress of India." He won for Great Britain a controlling interest in the building of the Suez Canal in the face of fierce opposition.

As a reward for his services he was raised to the Peerage as "Earl of Beaconsfield." The Failure, at whom all Parliament had laughed, was ruler of England's political destinies.

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The Week's Wash

By Martin Green

WOULD you say that there was anything of treachery in the action of the fifty Representatives who voted against the declaration of war? asked the head polisher.

"Certainly not," replied the laundry man. "Undoubtedly there were others who would have voted against war, but lacked the nerve. Of course, the fact that fifty members of the House voted against the resolution will give comfort to the German Government, and giving aid or comfort to an enemy nation is treason, but we were not at war with Germany when the vote was taken. Many of those who voted against war are Germans by blood."

"Let us get right down to cases about this war of ours. To understand why we are entering the war, one must be more or less of an idealist. There isn't a sordid instant behind our determination to make war on Germany. We are not after revenge or territory. Our history shows why we go to war. We bled ourselves while freeing the slaves, we took Cuba from Spain and gave Cuba to the Cubans and we bought the Philippines from Spain and some of these days we are going to give the Philippines to the Filipinos."

"The United States is going to war with Germany actuated by the three virtues of knightlyhood, loyalty, courtesy and munificence—loyalty to the principles of democracy, courtesy to a people who, inspired by the high sense of motives, helped us gain our liberty, and munificence born of an innate sense of responsibility to the forces which have made us great. History will call our action sublime. You can't expect the average professional politician to understand this. In our Congress there's a higher percentage of small-mindedness, trickery, selfishness and shortsightedness than exists among the people at large. Hypocrisy is the basic principle of most men who make seeking and holding office a business. Their patriotism is bound by the limits of their own environment and there are many members of Congress who take their two by four environment with them when they go to Washington and never lose it."

"That only about one-third of the membership of the House and only one-sixteenth of the membership of the Senate failed to see the idealism of the sense of service, actuating the country in this crisis is, in fact, gratifying. But the vote of Miss Rankin, the Representative from Montana, is disappointing."

"She is nominally an idealist. As a woman of wide experience in public life, if she did not realize why we are going into war, then we must revise our opinions of womanhood. Yet when it came to the test she faltered and broke. The most pitiful thing about her failure was the weakness of her reasoning."

"THIS idea of conscription in the proposed plan to raise an army is going to arouse a lot of opposition," suggested the head polisher.

"Not among patriots," said the laundry man. "They won't have to be conscripted. The opposition to any form of conscription comes from the constitutional slacker."

"We might as well face the conscription feature now as later. All the militiamen in the field are practically under conscription. The terms of enlistment of thousands of them are about to expire, but under the terms of the Army Bill they will have to remain in the army to the finish. Every young man in the country should be placed under the same liability to national service as a private in the National Guard. The youths who were born here of alien parents, are receiving their education and opportunities in high schools and colleges here free of cost and now contemptuously refuse to pay a little of their debt to the United States, can be reached only by conscription. They won't do for soldiers, but they can be utilized as uniform pressers, bootblacks and custodians of latrines."

"I SEE," said the head polisher, "that Claude Kitchen, the Democratic leader of the House, ran true to form on the war measure."

"The people that christened him Claude," said the laundry man, "must have been snipped."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

WELL, I'm glad to see you've got the flag of our country floating out upon the breeze, Gus," said Mr. Jarr pleasantly as he entered Gus's place upon the corner.

"By golly, if I don't put the American flag out I would have to put an auctioneer's flag out," said Gus. "Anyway, I'm all right. I used to be a German-American and now I'm an American-German."

And Gus said this so fervently Mr. Jarr could see that in his heart Gus was a good American—better late than never.

"No," Gus went on. "I ain't cut out the high pen. I ain't cut out anything except the war talk. Business got so bad that I was losing money at this stand, and so I thought I'd buy out another stand—Kittling's place down the avenue, where he is losing money, too. But no man can have two countries or two business places. In this stand I made my friends, and in this stand I ain't going to lose them. My mother is, one wife, one wife, one flag, one country and one place of business."

"Well, I'm sure glad to hear you make your Declaration of Loyalty," remarked Mr. Jarr cordially. "Shake!"

"In this country I marry my wife, Lena, for better and for worse," said Gus. "In this country I am glad I come too young to have to go into military service in the old country. I couldn't never go back, anyway."

That's why I thought I should holler for the Kaiser. I didn't fight for him, I didn't stay to fight for him, but I liked to holler for him!"

"I guess a lot of expatriates were that way, eh?" suggested Mr. Jarr. "No," replied Gus, "I wouldn't say it that way. But I noticed business was getting worse than it ever was. I always used to tell how much money I was losing all the time. This was to keep my trade from borrowing money from me, and also so Elmer, my bartender, wouldn't set up in business for himself and maybe take \$5 out of my pocket, I'd holler how I lost \$5 to make Elmer think I lost it in the business. But he told me once that Slavinsky, the glazier, had a rich uncle that kept a big department store and had made a fortune selling goods below cost for twenty years."

"But I would like to think that you wanted to be a son of freedom always; that you came to this land of liberty because you believed in liberty," said Mr. Jarr.

"Sure!" replied Gus stoutly. "Sure, I come to this land of liberty to be a libertine. And I want everybody to know it, I am a real American all the way through, and I want you to understand I am done with the Kaiser. I am through with him! I don't think of him no more! But,—for Gus was honest, even in his broader, newer patriotism—"but don't you forget, I takes the whole world to look him, him fighting against him, too, by golly!"

The noblest spirit is most strongly attracted by the love of glory—Cicero.

Mothers of American Patriots

By Lafayette McLaws

Elizabeth Strong, Mother of Nathan Hale.

I ONLY regret that I have but one life to give for my country!"

Is there one among us, man or woman, girl or boy, with a soul so calloused, so dead that they are not thrilled by the last words of Nathan Hale? Can you forget that early morning picture in old New York? A beautiful boy just entering young manhood stands on a ladder, a rope is around his neck. Above his head it passes over the limb of an apple tree and the other end is held by a black hangman. An open grave and a rule pine box are in full view. Facing this death of a dog the boy makes an officer in the army against which his country is struggling.

The British Provost-Marshal gives him this opportunity. He orders him to make his confession. No hesitation, no sign of fear. Those immortal words:

"I only regret that I have but one life to give for my country." From whom did this heroic boy,

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