

The Evening World

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A BRITISH ESTIMATE.

COMING from an extra-national source, the British official resume of what the United States, apart from financial aid, has already contributed and will speedily add to the fighting strength of the Allies at the front is of special interest.

The effective co-operation of American torpedo destroyers in warfare against German submarines has already been the subject of the British Premier's congratulations. The British War Office goes further in pointing out that one American army division, a force of marines and nine regiments of engineers have been ordered to France, while another army of 10,000 American doctors and nurses have already begun to arrive in England.

Together with the Americans already serving in the British and French armies, these additional units will shortly give a total of 100,000 Americans in France, equalling five German divisions.

The announcement also informs the British public of plans whereby American engineers and railway workers are to construct and operate thousands of miles of railways in France and Russia and states that 3,500 airplanes for war will be built and 6,000 aviators trained in the United States during the present year.

We recommend to the attention of Americans this appraisal, made by a Government three years at war, of what has been accomplished or started by a new belligerent in fifty days. It certainly gives us no excuse for slackening our activities. But, on the other hand, it is some relief amid the scoldings of a home faction incessantly bidding us to be ashamed of them.

Italian troops on the Austrian front seem bent on supplying the Italian Mission now being welcomed in the United States with timely and agreeable material for converse.

THE VETERANS.

MEMORIAL DAY, 1917, finds this nation entered upon the most momentous war in its history. The thoughts of many Americans to-morrow will naturally go back to dwell with a particular seriousness upon that other great conflict with which the day is associated and which, for living men and women of this nation, long represented, in memory or immediate tradition, war at its rending, exhausting, soul-dismaying worst.

The past three years have shown us that whatever war has done it can do worse still. It is into the bloodiest and most terrible of all wars that we now project our national strength.

With a special tenderness and respect born of a new understanding the nation will look to-morrow at those white haired survivors of an earlier struggle, now become so touchingly feeble and few. In their strong youth they saw and felt it all—the departure of peace, the call to arms, the hurry and strain of preparation. They knew the same inner debates between patriotism and selfishness, they faced the same sacrifices, strengthened themselves to bear the same farewells.

They are the veterans. Never has this generation of Americans felt more close to them or more inspired by what they represent to do even as they did and share in the national memory their undying honors.

New York should set up something stronger than a Hindenburg Line to meet that two-cent transfer.

RALLYING THE RUSSIAN ARMY.

INDICATIONS that practically all factions in revolutionized Russia are now co-operating at least to the extent of concentrating much needed pressure on the army are encouraging. It began to look for a time as if the attractive prospect of dividing up the land back home might be allowed to drive all idea of fighting from the minds of Russian soldiers at the front.

Faction leaders and army officers now unite in urging the Russian troops to save Russia by rallying to the common cause of the Allies with the watchword "Forward." As Gen. Dragomiroff puts it:

"An advance upon the enemy is an immediate necessity. The enemy is taking advantage of our passivity to leave this front open and send forces westward. The French and British are honestly doing their duty as our allies. They are saving our new freedom, which otherwise we would lose. But soon their advance must wear itself out and then there will be no one to help us."

It would be foolish to assume that new Russia has yet found herself. Yet it is a hopeful start in the right direction when even the Socialist and labor elements begin to recognize that Russian national integrity and credit can only be maintained by pushing on to final victory in the field.

Fighting together in a common cause is a great consolidator of parties and factions. If Russia sticks to the supreme task in hand, when peace comes she will find her special problems of self-adjustment already two-thirds solved.

Is there one last, fleeting smile in this May?

Hits From Sharp Wits

Cynics should avoid human society and go out where the dogs are barking at the moon.—Chicago News. If you are equal to it, making a pleasure of necessity is a sure means of attaining happiness.—Toledo Blade. Talking much about a task to be done has a tendency to increase its apparent magnitude.—Albany Journal. One day of house cleaning seems as a thousand years.—Deseret News. The man who jumps at a conclusion leaps in the dark and usually falls short.—Philadelphia Inquirer. To lead the cheering does not require conspicuous ability; a strong voice is enough.—Albany Journal. Never pity a pessimist. He enjoys a gloomy view of things.—Toledo Blade. But even if the leopard could change his spots, he would still be a leopard.—Albany Journal. An hour of courtship is worth a month of matrimony.—Binghamton Press.

Getting There!

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By J. H. Cassel



This Year's Decoration Day

By Sophie Irene Loeb

TO-MORROW a woman will go to the cemetery. She will be loaded with flowers. She will find a grave some ten years old. She will place flowers gently on the grave. It is the grave of her youngest son.



She lives in the past. Every day in Memorial Day for her. She sighs over old thoughts, old memories. There are many people like this woman. They come swarming backward. For them the momentous occasions of life are dated backward. I wish this woman and many others like her could be taken out of the past and brought into the present. I would like to say to her: "My good woman, forget the little events gone by and face the future. Decoration Day has a new significance this year. Every woman of us will be called upon to decorate the graves of the departed. Every mother will needs call up the same courage of her sisters of history, and send forth her sons to a brave battle for humanity at large. It is no time for individual weaknesses; we must be back yonder. It is a time to be alive with life. Therefore us is opportunity—big opportunity, to show off what stuff we are made, we women of the twentieth century. Are we going to the graveyards to sit with folded hands while we torture our souls with dead troubles, or are we going to meet the issue—the issue before us, and do our bit in making the world better than we had lived in it?"

It is not a time for weeping, but work. It is not a time for stifling sighs, but animating strength. It is not a time for thinking of dead children but looking to the living ones—encouraging the youthful spirits to the importance of the hour. True, we will not shut out of memory, or forget entirely those dear ones who have gone. The flower of love, and respect, shall be tendered. But it is a secondary matter as compared to the crying needs of those who are here, especially AT THIS TIME, when we are making the world's greatest history. Henceforth Decoration Day should be every day; but chiefly in the interest of man and woman alive. It is not necessary to decorate your boy with a medal but with the approval of a mother. Decorate your son, or your father, or your brother, with the word of commendation, with the charm of cheer, when he is selected to take his place where he is needed most. Decorate your daughter with your cooperation in any undertaking to do her "bit." Decorate your neighbor with the clasp of a sympathetic hand and the word of assurance when he sets forth to help in the common cause. Decorate, decorate, give the flowers, the daily flowers to those that LIVE, and keep your memory gone in your "phony of hollows" for those that are gone.

The Jarr Family By Roy L. McCardell

"WELL, Fred," said Mr. Jarr, as he relaxed back in the operating chair for his bi-monthly hernia amputation, "I see you haven't enlisted yet."

"Nope," replied the sporting barber, "kidney feet."

"What?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Kidney feet," repeated Fred. "All big town barbers have them. It's what the medical sharpie calls a vocational disease—like rheumatoid knee, Y'know."

"Why big town barbers only?" Mr. Jarr asked. "It's the tiled floors in the barber shops does it," explained Fred. "Small town scraping studios has all-cloth floors, and they ain't no 'Why, that's news to me," said Mr. Jarr.

"Surest thing you know," continued the barber as he limped around with comb and scissors. "The dips say that dames shopping in the ten cent stores is all hurried and excited, and they ain't no charge account in them meg and jitney squares, and the customers pay cash and has their arms full of packages, because the five and ten don't send nothing home, either paid or collect; the dames shopping has to be opening and shutting their pocket-books and putting them down and taking them up, that the dips had it

a feat. Besides, a dip can operate solo and don't need a stall to play krazy for him in the dime and nickel drums. I'm telling you this because a Jane I know gets her leather sifted for her in one of them five and ten cent stores just the other day."

"Well, I don't see what that has to do with barber's feet and your being not eligible for military duty in consequence," said Mr. Jarr.

"Oh, don't you?" replied the sporting barber. "Well, I was just thinking if my feet gets worse I might reform and lead a better life as a perfume triaker in the five and ten cent stores. I'd be all right as a mitt worker because my stroke is still light and steady."

"Your stroke?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Sure, that's what makes a star barber," continued the other. "All a barber has in his stroke and his line of chin goods to make a customer fall for being jobbed—y'know—sings, shampoo, massage, scalp treatment, all the extra for military duty in consequence."

"A barber what is a young guy can cut a customer till his map looks like a hamburger steak and get away with it," saying he'd received from a hangover or any other legitimate excuse. But let an old barber nick a hanging dulap once or twice, and the whisper goes down the chairs that old Joe is losing his stroke, and the first thing you know he's canned and has to either become a corn doctor or peddle weekly payment industrial insurance. It's a hard life! And then some

hard-boiled eggs think a pleasant "good day" is more appreciated than a ten-cent tip. "Well, every vocation has its seamy side," said Mr. Jarr. "And a barber's ain't seamed like a half of a yard of tripe," remarked the sporting barber with a sigh. "Take it from me, Mr. Jarr, a tussorial artist's career is anything but merry and bright, as the song says. You pan me because I play the races and roll the bones, as all barbers do, but if you seen what I seen and knowed what I know about a barber's life, you would agree with me that a barber might as well get all the excitement out of life he can, for his feet go bad and he lose his stroke, and then they won't even take him in the army."

"Did they examine your feet and then reject you?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Not yet," replied the sporting barber. "But I know a guy that had a chair in this shop who gets rejected, and while my feet really ain't bothering me much—in fact, they are in pretty good shape and would come all right if I rested up—still I wouldn't want to be humiliated, would you?"

"Certainly not," said Mr. Jarr, "but you aren't afraid of being called a slacker?"

"Not me," was the reply. "I got the jump on the other jobbies by buying them out first for not volunteering."

Then he held the hand mirror to show Mr. Jarr how his new hair cut looked in the back.

How I Helped My Husband

Her Improvements Helped Sell Real Estate.

IT'S surprising what a difference a little paint and a few flowers and vines make," said my husband to me five years ago as he looked around our little place.

He was a clerk in a real estate office and shortly after we were married he had a chance to buy very cheap, on easy payments, a small cottage in the town where his office was situated. It was rather a forlorn looking place when I first saw it. The house needed paint, two or three of the blinds were missing and the yard was bare of grass and partly filled with rubbish. But I liked the convenient arrangement of the rooms, though they needed new paint and paper, and Frank said the house was well built. The neighborhood was unpretentious, but not in the least objectionable. As we could get it for a first payment of \$500 and pay the rest of the money in installments of \$20 every month, just as one pays rent, we decided to take it.

Frank has every Saturday afternoon off, so as soon as we got possession we both went there to see what we could do to make it habitable. Frank devoted himself to clearing up the yard, while I tackled the inside of the house with a broom and a mop and plenty of scouring soap and water. At half past 8 we went back to our boarding house to dinner, tired out but hopeful, for things look so much better when they are clean.

The first payment of \$500 had exhausted nearly all our savings, but we managed to scrape together enough to replace the missing blinds and repaper the living room before we moved in.

Little by little we made improvements. By the next spring we had the inside of the house all repapered and painted. We did the work ourselves on Saturday afternoons and evenings. There is nothing very hard about papering a room; all it requires is careful measurements, the right kind of paper and a few shingles, and early in April I determined to improve the appearance of the yard. I had been saving for this purpose all winter. It was a hard job, but I did it, so I had all ploughed up, fertilized and grass seed planted. Then I planted vines all around the porch and laid out a flower bed. Five packets of seeds furnished more plants than I needed and the cost of them was only 25 cents. I also planted a hedge and a few shrubs. I bought these at a department store, and all they cost me was \$3. That summer the place looked very attractive. In the fall we had the house painted, and the next spring the yard looked lovely. The vines and the rose bushes and shrubs had grown, the hedge was about a foot and a half high and the flowers were in bloom. But we were not the only people who admired the place for Frank got an offer one day for twelve hundred dollars more than we paid for it. We hated to leave but to cut a long story short we sold it and invested the money in another run down place which we lived in and improved and after a while sold in the same way. We have made more than five thousand dollars in this kind of thing and are now always on the lookout for bargains in inexpensive houses that we can make more valuable.

Apparently a man's idea of a "sweet, womanly woman" is one who regards the dictionary merely as something to prop the baby on at table, the encyclopedia as something to stand on when you want to telephone, and all other books merely as something to press flowers in.

Flattering a woman or reproving a man is like after dinner speaking—it's whole effectiveness consists in knowing when and where to stop.

When a woman is trying to think of some new kind of meat to have for dinner she sighs for the good old days when she imagined there were as many edible meats as there are in a pound of animal crackers.

A woman's reverence for the mighty masculine intellect is apt to decline after she has been married to one for a few years and discovered how little it avails its owner in finding his hat or remembering where he put his shoes.

How it must mortify a man to have his wife publicly declare that he hasn't any sins to brag about!

Fifty Failures Who Came Back By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1917, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) No. 32—MAYER ROTHSCHILD, the "Failure" Who Became King of European Finance.

His name was not Rothschild. It was Bauer, Mayer Anselm Bauer. His father was a poor shopkeeper in the Judengasse, at Frankfurt-on-Main.

Poor as he was, the father had high hopes for his son. He planned that the boy should become a rabbi.

Mayer obediently studied to prepare himself for the holy vocation. But his brain was not in his work. Neither was his heart. Within him the commercial traits of his ancestors burned with a fire of real genius.

To shorten a long story, the bright career planned for Mayer by his father collapsed. And among many of the neighbors in the Judengasse the young man was sneered at as a Failure—as a youth who had high chances and who had let himself lose them.

Mayer found a job in the local Ghetto, and seemed destined to live, to the end, as an ill-paid toiler—as a Failure, who must henceforth be content to scratch along on a bare livelihood.

But the fire of commercial genius in the man could not be quenched by hard work and poor food. He managed to win employment, a little later, in a Hanover banking house. There he saved enough cash to come back to the Frankfurt Judengasse and to set up in business for himself, in a very small way, as a money-lender.

His shop was known as "The Sign of the Red Shield" because of an emblem that hung above its door. The German name for "Red Shield" is "Rothschild." And the young money-lender became known henceforth as Rothschild.

Steadily he rose to comfortable means. This success was due no more to his financial brilliancy than to his splendid honesty. He won a reputation for unshakable integrity. His clients quickly learned that they were dealing with a man to whom trickery and crookedness were abhorrent.

But by his money-lending shop expanded into a solid banking house. The Elector of Hesse-Cassel became one of his patrons. (This Elector was the German prince who raised extra revenue for himself by renting his Hessian peasants to England and to other countries to be used as mercenary soldiers.)

The French, in 1792, seized Frankfurt and held it for ransom, declaring that the city should be destroyed unless the heavy tribute money was paid. In despair the Senate of Frankfurt turned to Rothschild for aid—turned to the man who had once been looked on as a Failure. He alone could save the city. Through his powerful influence with the Elector he raised the ransom money.

Napoleon, in 1806, sent an army to occupy Hesse-Cassel. The Elector had \$5,000,000 in silver hidden in his vaults. He had no time to hide this great sum where the French could not find it. He sent Mayer Rothschild and offered the banker the use of the \$5,000,000, without interest, if Rothschild would remove it to a safe place and keep it until the Elector should no longer be threatened by the French.

With the help of a band of trusted employees Rothschild carried the money away. So cleverly did he remove and hide this vast bulk of silver that the invaders could find no trace of it. It is said he buried it, for a time, under some rubbish in the corner of his garden. People who heard of the queer transaction laughed cynically and said the Elector had seen the last of his money. But the Elector knew better. He knew Rothschild.

For the next few years Rothschild and his sons used the \$5,000,000 in legitimate business transactions, greatly to the profit of their Frankfurt banking house and its branches.

When Napoleon was sent to Elba the Elector felt safe in demanding his money. Before the Rothschilds could return it Napoleon escaped and came back to France. The seared Elector begged the Rothschilds to guard the fortune a while longer. Soon afterward the Elector died.

In 1823 his son made a formal demand on the Rothschild bank for the \$5,000,000. The bank paid it over to him at once. And although Mayer had been told he might use it without interest, the bank insisted on paying an additional 5 per cent. for every year the sum had been in the possession of the Rothschilds.

Before his death Mayer Rothschild had won for himself an undisputed position as king of European finance. His sons continued the high traditions of the mighty house he had founded.

Bachelor Girl Reflections By Helen Rowland

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MARRIAGE is the point at which a girl descends from love's aeroplane trip through the clouds into the total obscurity of the domestic submarine.

An artistic lover is one who can succeed in convincing a woman of a lot of things that she doesn't really believe.

Many a woman's idea of good "housekeeping" seems to be to keep the house going like a boiler factory all of one-half the day, so that it may be spotless and uncomfortable as a mausoleum all of the other half.

The sweetest moments of courtship are those in which you "pretend" you are married—and the sweetest moments of married life are those in which you "pretend" you are still only courting.

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Under the "Red Shield."

To-Day's Anniversary.

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PATRICK HENRY was born in Studley, Va., May 29, 1776. At the age of twenty-four he was admitted to the bar and met with almost instant success.

Patrick Henry was, without much opposition, elected to the Virginia House of Burgesses in 1765, his resolutions against the Stamp Act becoming the keynote of the struggle for independence. It was at this time that he said, "Give me liberty or give me death."

PROBABLY IT WAS. "MARS JOHN," excitedly exclaimed Aunt Tildy as she rushed panting into a fire-engine house, "please, suh, phonegraph to de car cleaners' semptorium an' notify Dan'l to emigrate home derurgently, kaze Jeema Henry she's done bin conjured! Doctor Cutler done already distracted two blood-viturs from his 'pendentice, an' I lef him now preannouncing his child's ante-bellum for de sermons of de neuro-piumonia, which if he's disinfected wid, dey potter 'locutate him wid the 'locutateed 'locutatees, but I believe it's conjuration!"—Richmond Times-Dispatch.