

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Evening World Publishing Company, Inc. 45 to 47 Park Row, New York.

War Bride

By J. H. Cassel

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

"SPEED" THE WATCHWORD.

NO GOLDEN SUMMER has obscured the vision of Chairman Frank A. Scott of the War Industries Board which held its first meeting yesterday.

Days saved now in the production of war needs will mean lives saved hereafter when our troops take the field. Profit-making must now yield to patriotism; extravagance to economy; selfishness to service.

We must standardize, economize and then produce, produce, produce. This country has the three great necessities for making modern war—men, metal and machinery. We must make them all available now. Until we can claim the victory, "speed" must be our watchword.

Thus Chairman Scott. What a pity some of this spirit cannot be distilled into a serum to be pumped by main force into the veins of every slack-souled obstructionist who now sits in Congress with his feet braced and his back against the nation's forward rush to save from ruin that which Americans hold most precious!

There are signs that many of the State's legislators now gathered in special session at Albany are prepared to hold a protracted political talk-fest over the pressing matter of food control to meet the Nation's war needs.

Are the people of this Commonwealth going to be silent and indifferent while men whom they have elected to serve the public interest play into the hands of profiteers?

A NEW POINT OF VIEW FOR THEM.

THE shameless stampede of slackers to the cover of hasty marriage in the hope of escaping military duty was properly checked in this city yesterday by the Federal authorities.

Men of draft age who cannot show registration cards will find it a risky matter to apply for a marriage license. Others subject to the draft who think they have escaped by finding at the last minute women willing to marry them and call themselves dependent, are slated for a surprise.

The Provost Marshal's recently published opinion regarding men married since the draft call—the opinion which has brought such comfort to cowards and slackers—only held that such men have the right, provided their wives are declared dependent, to CLAIM exemption.

The opinion carried no guarantee whatever that the claim would be in every case allowed, or that such marriages would not be subjected to a rigorous investigation to show whether they do not constitute deliberate conspiracy to evade the requirements of the Selective Draft law, rendering the contracting parties to such a marriage liable to prosecution and punishment.

These protective marriage patriots, men and women, have shown themselves brazenly indifferent both to public feeling and to national need. Let's see what they say to a possible year or two in prison with enforced service for the man when he comes out.

Another great drive against the German lines on the western front draws the attention and raises the hopes of the allied nations. In the whole course of the war, we are told, no such preparations, no such artillery fire have been seen.

It is true we have heard the same before, but what of it? Some day "the greatest drive to date" will be the one that pushes through to victory and peace.

WHEN PRESSURE INCREASES.

A NAVY YARD ACCIDENT, due to the overloading of a seventy-foot gangplank at the hour when workmen on one of the big battleships were hurrying ashore for their lunch, follows a harbor collision which imperiled the lives of 1,200 troops on an army transport.

While we are being told that such things are signs of inefficiency and ought not to happen, let's remember this: American energy responding to great need is concentrating men and machinery in unusual quantities at many points. When thousands of men are massed or employed where there were only hundreds formerly, precaution and protection cannot immediately catch up with increased peril.

There is no excuse for relaxing steady efforts to minimize risk. On the other hand there is no denying that at places where the pressure of life and labor is suddenly and powerfully increased, mishaps are certain to occur.

Letters From the People

Living on 24 Cents a Day. To the Editor of The Evening World: I note that a Harvard professor contends that any one spending more than 24 cents a day for food is extravagant and that 12 cents is sufficient to feed one person per day. I would suggest that this worthy man take the matter up with the governing board of his college. Surely he would not want the college to go to unnecessary expense and if he is paid more than \$2 per month that condition exists. At 24 cents per day (extravagant rate) he would only need \$1.44 per month for food. The balance of \$17.56 would surely pay for the rent, lighting, heating, clothing and amusements of one so economical.

Since President Wilson has asked us to be economical and to conserve our resources as much as possible, I think that Harvard should co-operate with the Government and reduce expense, and the proper place would be on this professor's salary. I am sure he would welcome such action. In fact, it will surprise me if I do not see in your next issue that he has demanded that his salary be reduced. I would also suggest that you try and get a copy of the daily menu at the single extravagant rate of 24 cents per day. It will make interesting reading. I sincerely trust that you will keep



Business Efficiency

By H. J. Barrett

Securing the Interview.

"WHOM do you want to see, and what is the nature of your business?" inquired the stenographer, regarding Jones suspiciously.

"I don't want to see anybody," replied the salesman, "but Mr. Keeler wants to see ME. Tell him I'm here—Jones is the name," and the speaker glanced at his watch as though interested in seeing whether or not he had arrived in time for his appointment.

The stenographer disappeared into the President's private sanctum, to return in a moment with a request that the visitor wait in. Of course Jones had no appointment and squally of course he had to promptly overcome the President's natural resentment at being so cleverly tricked into granting the salesman an interview.

Jones was equal to the occasion and soon had his prospect modified. But the point of this anecdote is that the salesman secured his interview, and that with a man who had the reputation of being very hard to see. It was a daring and successful subterfuge. Applied universally, it would soon fall of its effect.

It was another office. "I want to see Mr. Atwood," said Jones. The stenographer disappeared to return a moment later, followed by Atwood, the office manager.

"How do," said the latter coldly and remained standing, with the idea of forcing the interview to take place right there at the rail with both men on their feet. To talk against the multitudinous interruptions which would inevitably occur there on the first line trench was, as Jones realized, hopeless. Unless you can sit down with a man, it's pretty difficult to get him on the dotted line.

"I'm from the linsome people, Mr. Atwood," said Jones, speaking in a very low and confidential tone, "and we've been devoting a good deal of thought to the particular problems which face you. Now I don't want to discuss your inside office affairs out here. Couldn't we," he paused, glancing back at Atwood's desk in the rear office.

Atwood succumbed. The suggestion of mystery and special application to his own needs was strong enough to result in his opening the long gate and ushering Jones to his desk. What was what the office appliance salesman was after, Jones never knew. "Never waste a canvass on a man who can't be effectively deluged," is one of Jones's dicta. "It puts you in an undignified position; you completely lose control of the interview and you never close the sale. Fight that question right out the start-off. If you lose, try again another day. But don't waste compromise by trying to talk against constant interruptions and in the face of hammering typewriters. Proper working conditions constitute one of the first requisites in applying efficiency principles to production. It applies equally strongly to selling."

Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

Securing the Interview.

"TOMMY'S a lot of fakers in this world, ain't they?" said Lucile the Waitress to the Friendly Patron as he unfolded his paper napkin.

"Well, I should say so," he replied. "I guess they're more than that." Lucile went on. "I was down to Coney Island yesterday. Thought I needed a little succor embailed from the waiting talent, so I went to the island to require some. I found a lot of fakers there. My initial one was in a cafe on the main thoroughfare. Me and my gentleman friend went into this appetizing repast and sets at a table. First thing we know up comes a guy in a apron and he asks us if we came in to eat. Now, what do you know about that? I just had to dissimulate his ideas, being so pointed.

"No, I says, 'we come in to buy the place, roaches and all. Do we look hungry?'"

"It takes him by storm. You see, he wasn't no more of a waiter than you are, or not even as much. He was some poor fish who was trying to stave the wolf from the door by enticing tips from the weary victims."

"I'll have you to know," he says, "that we ain't got any roaches in here."

"And you call this imporium a cafe, eh?" I says.

"We don't attempt to call it nothing," he tells me. At this juncture I notice he's got his towel on the wrong arm. It's too prepossessing for me to obliterate it.

"Where did you learn to wait?" I says.

"Up in Waitburg," he says.

"Golly!" I says to my gentleman friend. The waiters are fresh in here if the poison ain't."

"We got to be to set equalization with the guests," the apron guy articulates.

"Needn't to mind!" comes from me. "We'll take a couple of ham sandwiches right off'n the pig. Now show your breeding."

"He gives me one sneer on the face and away he goes. Pretty soon he's back with the sandwiches and I want you to say 'a' met them. Sole leather would 'a' been jealous. I sink a tooth just as a prelude to my being able to tell him about them."

"Place is owned by a dentist, I suspect," I says.

"He don't get me. 'No,' he says, 'the patrons fills their own teeth with food.'"

Summer Comfort for the Apartment Baby

By Bide Dudley

Securing the Interview.

"I JUST know I'll never pull baby through the summer," exclaimed a discouraged wife. "Tom felt he ought to serve his country when his regiment was called, so there will be no vacation for us. An apartment is no place for a baby in summer, and this is his second summer, too."

This despondent mother is borrowing trouble. There is no reason why a baby should be uncomfortable in an apartment, and it is quite an erroneous idea that the second summer is so fatal. In fact, records show that there is more illness among babies during their first summer. If a child is healthy and is properly fed and cared for, no other need feel any greater anxiety simply because it is the second summer.

To keep an "apartment" baby well, the airing is of prime importance. This mother can make a vacation for herself by simplifying her housework and giving the time to baby's outings. He can be taken out early in the morning and kept out until 11 o'clock. If she has selected a place where there is a cool, shady spot, he can be kept outside all day, but a child should not be taken into the hot sunshine between 11 A. M. and 2:30 P. M.

"Have an early dinner and at about 5 P. M. take baby on the roof. Spread a blanket there and let him amuse himself. A yard with few mats and trees will obviate the necessity of careful watching and mother can enjoy a book. If baby is attired in light rompers he can kick and move his arms as babies delight in doing—outings are a stimulant to a healthy growth. The "yard" is really a necessity to mothers who do their own housework. Given a few toys a child will amuse itself and being confined within the yard, care being taken that it is not placed in a draught, the mother need fear no danger for her child. If he has reached the age when he tries to stand, the rungs of the yard will be an assistance in performing his feat."

An "apartment" baby should be especially guarded against draughts. There must be ventilation, but the crib should be screened if necessary, to avoid the cross current of the room. Keep the window in baby's sleeping room open day and night.

If the child wears rompers in the perambulator in the open air, as is a prevalent custom, be sure the conveyance has a hood, and never lay a baby in a hammock or carriage with the bright light striking directly upon the eyes. This is frequently the cause of defective eyesight in the later school days. Fixing carriages, while especially convenient for the "apartment" baby, should not be used for infants. These not only cramp baby's muscles and afford insufficient protection, but the reclining occupant is directly exposed to the germ-laden low currents. The regulation carriage is sufficiently elevated to avoid the street contamination. When the child can sit up well the folding cart can be used without this danger.

To-Day's Anniversary

THE 1st of August, 1834, was the day on which the slaves of the British colonies were assigned, not their natural freedom, but to a so-called "apprenticeship." This state was to prepare them for full freedom. An act passed by Parliament in 1832 provided that on Aug. 1 in the following year all slaves should become "apprenticed" laborers to their masters, in two classes; that in 1833 and 1834 respectively, these two classes should receive their actual freedom; that twenty million pounds sterling should ultimately be paid the masters, who would then lose the services of the slaves; and that this sum would be distributed according to the market price of slaves in each colony, during the eight years from 1832 to 1836. All negroes born after Aug. 1, 1834, were free. This Emancipation Act affected

VERILY, verily, my daughter, there are moments when it seems to me that the head of a woman is harder to penetrate than the heart of a jailer or the walls of Verdun!

Now a matron of Babylon came unto me weeping. And her tongue was filled with complaining of her husband.

And she made moan, saying: "Alas, alas, my Mother, HOW shall I keep my Beloved at home evenings?"

"For lo, he can be neither tied to a chair nor nailed to the floor! And though I know that he loveth me, and no other woman, yet every night doth he arise from the dinner table and depart for the club, or the lodge, or the poker game, or the house of a sick friend. "And it doth appear that he MARRIED me only in order to get AWAY from me evenings!"

And thereupon I comforted and bade her lead me to her house, that I might observe her Beloved and his ways therein.

And lo, I beheld that her house was beautiful beyond words! Yea, the Metropolitan Museum was not more "artistic!" Yet within it I found not one chair made to SIT ON; but only a collection of antiques and "specimens" made to LOOK AT.

And I observed that the pillovs of all her couches were of adamant and stone, and covered with pink damask and ivory brocade, whereas no man would dare to put his FEET.

And at her windows were hung curtains of real lace; and her Beloved was not permitted to smoke in the living-room, nor the bedroom, nor anywhere within the house save the kitchen, lest the "draperies" thereof be filled with the noxious aroma of tobacco.

And there were neither ash-trays nor foot-stools, nor newspapers, nor humidors, nor anything "unsightly" within reach of the eye.

And when her Beloved sat at table she admonished him to "be careful" with the carving; and he ate his meal in fear and trembling lest he drop a spot of food upon the embroidered damask.

And I perceived that she was an "Ideal Housekeeper;" which is to say that she was one of those that keep a house going like a boiler factory all morning in order that it may be as orderly as a mausoleum for the rest of the day.

And after we had eaten, and her Beloved had made the usual excuses and departed, I turned upon her and admonished her, saying: "Oh, thou Simple One! Oh, thou Foolish and Fatuous Combination of Ivory and Promize! Give me but two days in which to reform thine House, and I promise thee thine Husband will reform of his own accord. Permit me to replace these alleged "chairs" with something to sit on, these imitation cushions with something to lie on, this bust of Dante with a cellorette, this fancy tiling with a practicable fireplace, and I warrant thee that within a week thine husband cannot be DRAGGED from the house by sixty horse power.

"For lo, thou art not running a Home for the comfort of thy Beloved, but an hostelry for COMPANY and a museum for the exhibition of "period" furniture!

"Verily, verily, I charge thee, take care of a man's Comfort, and his Devotion will take care of itself!"

Selah.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Securing the Interview.

"COME on along with me, I've got to get a new straw hat," said Rangle. "This one won't stand another renovation. After a straw hat has been cleaned a couple of times it gets dirty in a day or two. A new hat early in August will last me for the rest of the summer—I hope."

"You're right," said Mr. Jarr. "I used to buy expensive straw hats, but they get yellow and bum looking as soon as the cheap ones, so now I buy cheap straw hats every summer. Straw hats are about the only things that haven't doubled in price. Do you know what about cost now—well, 'Don't talk straw—I mean home talk,'" said Mr. Rangle. "Come on with me and get a straw hat."

"I'd rather go with you and get a straw dress," said Mr. Jarr. "What say to a rickety?"

"It won't do us a bit of good," Mr. Rangle remarked, "and, anyway, if this prohibition to purchase that a straw hat, rickety will be as extinct as dodos. Come on!"

"That's a mild drink," said Mr. Jarr when they had their rickety. "Let's have another."

"I'm willing," said Mr. Rangle. "They are really very palatable and cooling. Also, they are much more interesting to purchase than a straw hat. Hat stores haven't that air of hospitably a bartender has. The customers in a hat store always seem peevish to me; now in a cafe everybody seems pleasant and interesting. And hat stores are the hottest places!"

"The stuff in rickety is very cooling, that's sure," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Very cooling, but they are very small," replied Mr. Rangle, eyeing the glasses critically.

"Why don't you get a Panama hat?" asked Mr. Jarr. "They are cheaper in the long run. If you get two hats a year, say at two dollars for the first one and a dollar for the second one on the 1st of August, when straw hats are reduced, that's three dollars a year. In ten years that's thirty dollars—a good Panama only costs about as much."

"But why don't you buy a thirty-dollar Panama?" asked Rangle.

"I find it cheaper to buy the ordinary straw hat," Mr. Jarr confessed. "Two dollars in June and a dollar in August, that I can afford for a hat—but thirty dollars all at once! Say, old man, there isn't that much money in the world! Poor women may afford to pay that much for a hat, but a poor man can't. Have another rickety."

"The coil will all be gone all over the world in a hundred years, I've heard," remarked Mr. Rangle musingly. "And the iron ore and the lumber. I hear there won't be enough timber to make bread for this country, let alone to furnish any to our allies. Let's go home. I don't feel it right to be spending money in a cafe at a time like this. Do you know what I'm going to do when I get home?"

"No, what?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"I ain't going to eat a thing for whittling—feel I am taking it from the starving soldiers!"

"Me, too! Ah, boy, these are terrible times!" replied Mr. Jarr.

"And they went home sad and gloomy. Could it have been the rickety?"

Clever Tests Show Up Shirkers

THE man of military age who may have any intention of avoiding army service because of assumed ailments had best beware, for Uncle Sam's surgeons will certainly find him out. Experience abroad has shown that two of the most common poses of persons seeking to keep out of the army are deafness and defective vision. French army doctors have perfected a series of tests that it is very difficult for the would-be shirker to pass without giving himself away.

One of the simplest of these tests is a simple one—such as a dollar—is suddenly dropped behind the man claiming to be deaf. There are few persons who can resist the temptation to look around at the sound of falling money. Another method is to apply two telephone receivers to a man's ears and then tell him to read aloud from a book or paper. The receivers connecting with the receivers are made to absorb noise, and this produces a grating, deafening noise, that is temporarily deaf, will not be keenly conscious of the noise, and continue to read in normal tones. But if he is only pretending, he will always raise his voice so that he can hear himself speak. This test has proved a notably effective one.

Means of judging a man's eyesight which are just as effective have been worked out by the French. Although we may not be quite so far advanced, it is a safe presumption that our army surgeons are well prepared to find out all about the physical state of prospective soldiers.