

The Evening World

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FOOLISH SECRECY.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS are marched through the streets of London and Paris, frantically acclaimed by the people of those foreign cities.

But not a soldier boy is permitted to parade the streets of his home town and hear the cheers of his own people.

The American camps in foreign countries are visited by thousands of strangers, who lavish attentions on the newcomers and hail them as saviors.

But not a mother in America must know where her boy is, nor be allowed a moment for a last farewell.

When our expeditionary forces get close to the front, where information is more easily available to the enemy, news about them is printed and circulated there.

But the loyal citizens of the United States must be kept in darkest ignorance of military movements on our own soil, 8,000 miles from the battlefield.

America is not giving its boys and its money to provide spectacular shows for London and Paris alone.

Somebody should shove out of the War Department those foolish ostriches of bureaucrats who hide things at home in order to exhibit them to foreigners and the enemy.

New York is vitally interested in knowing when that promised parade of her soldier boys is to take place.

But Mr. Moffett did not move far before his wrath sent him back to the scene. It took nine policemen to save him the second time.

So he was arrested as a nuisance. It often requires self-sacrifice of this kind to focus public opinion upon even flagrant evils.

The sidewalk forum is all right, but the street corner traitor is all wrong. Mr. Moffett did a finely American thing.

HONOR THE UNIFORM.

UNCLE SAM'S uniforms, to be worn with honor in the fight for humanity abroad, must be made with regard for humanity of the toilers at home.

The charge has been lodged that irresponsible contractors are lining their pockets by the use of underpaid labor for this important work.

We have seen thousands of young men fail to qualify for army service because of poor physique. Many of them were born and reared under just such conditions as the sweatshop fosters.

New York City has 300,000 needleworkers. A large percentage of them may reasonably expect some form of employment on Government contracts.

Of all the gifts of fortune to woman, beauty, brilliancy, amiability, vanity is the most to be valued.

Vanity, by the way, has come up in the world, now that the pall of puritanism which overspreads America is beginning to lift about the edges.

What is the origin of khaki? To whom are we indebted for it?

It was first adopted in British India, in 1848, by Sir Harry Burnett Lumsden, who had been asked to equip a corps of guides to collect intelligence and to conduct an English force on the northwestern frontier of India.

The cloth used was a light cotton drill, as suited the climate of Hindoostan, and took its name from a native term, "khaki," which means in the Urdu language, "dirty," being derived from "khaak" or dust, says Popular Science Monthly.

Thus the term applied to the color of the cloth rather than to the material. Though the dictionary tells us it is pronounced kaykee by the natives, the English have given it to us as kharkee, and this is the correct pronunciation.

Having been approved, the use of the cloth spread from the guides to others in the Indian army, and it was worn in the Sepoy Mutiny of 1857 by the English troops. In the Boer War, 1899-1902, khaki was adopted in the British service for an active service uniform, and so worn by all English and colonial troops in Africa. But as cotton was not warm enough for the African highlanders, uniforms of the same kind were made of serge, and the term khaki thus included woolen as well as cotton fabrics. Because it was well fitted for the climate of Cuba and the Philippines, the United States chose khaki for the soldiers' uniforms during the Spanish-American War.

Where Women Wear Mustaches

THE Ainu, the "Celtic" race of Japan, live in the island of Yeddo, although the race has become so reduced that it is estimated, there are not more than 16,000 or 17,000 of them left in the country.

The most noticeable peculiarity about Ainu women is that they have tattooed upon their upper and lower lips what resembles a mustache.

The women are not considered attractive and their matrimonial prospects are injured unless they have this decoration.

Whitewash

By J. H. Cassel



Vanity Is the Great Preservative of Women

Beauty Dies, Perhaps, but Never Surrenders, and Time, the Gallant Old Gentleman, Stands Aside for Her—Why It Is the First Feminine Duty to Stay Lovely. By Nixola Greeley-Smith

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In Gertrude Atherton's new book, "The Living Present," there is a chapter on the middle aged woman which contains a casual reference to "that second blooming which comes to every woman who has had the wisdom to keep her vanity alive."

It has been a long time since anything so sane was said to women.

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THE first street to be illuminated by gas was Golden Lane, in London, where the new method was first used 119 years ago to-night, AUG. 16, 1807.

It was the pleasing custom of our rigid forbears to discourage the saying of pleasant personal things. A little girl was never to be told that she was pretty.

Vanity is the preservative of beauty. It is the desire to square public opinion with their own that makes great men and women.

The woman who has lost her vanity, her pride in the lines of her figure, in the bloom of her face, has lost the motor power of her life, unless she is a strong, impersonal, truly great and appalling person who holds herself "above" such things.

A man may not be as versatile as a woman, but I know one who can fasten his shoes, eat his breakfast and devour two newspapers all at the same time.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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WONDER how Moll Pitcher, who used her petticoats to make wadding for the guns, would feel toward the girl who uses hers as a shield to keep some man away from the guns?

The spirit of '76 was glorious, but that's no reason why a husband should wake up with it and inflict it on the whole household every morning.

A wife's suspicion is often the first inkling a man receives that there is any other interesting woman in the world besides herself.

A husband is something like a Russian. Give him a say in the government of the household and he wants to revolutionize the whole regime every day or two.

One person who has a deep fellow feeling for the correspondents who send in those highly colored war reports is the summer widower who has to write those highly colored bi-weekly "I'm so lonely" letters to his wife at the seashore.

Alas! every little husband has a language all his own—consisting chiefly of grunts, monosyllables, swear words and "ums."

Whenever a man is going to do something particularly brutal and insensible he begins by adjuring a girl to be "sweet and sensible."

Men are something like poker pots—awfully big when you lose them and awfully little when you win them!

Fifty Failures Who Came Back

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 30—CHARLES MARTEL, the "Failure" Who Made France a Great Nation.

FRENCH Princes in 714 faced the following alternatives, which combined to make him one of the most famous Failures of history: He was disinherited, he was accused of murder, he was abandoned as an outcast.

The unlucky man was Charles, son of the Chancellor to the King of France. A few years later he lifted his fatherland from a weak collection of petty states into the greatest nation of Europe.

France was made up of semi-independent duchies, weakened by civil war and invasion, and nominally ruled by a series of nation-brained incompetents, known as the Merovingian kings. These kings in turn were ruled by their Chancellors, who were then the foremost men in the realm.

Pepin, Duke of Austrasia, was Chancellor to one of the last of these weak Merovingian kings. Pepin had two sons. The elder of these was killed. The younger son, Charles, was suspected of the murder. Charles, moreover, had an unenviable record for dissipation and for wildness and general worthlessness.

His father disinherited him, leaving the dukedom and his estates to the slain elder brother's infant son. Then in 714 Pepin died. Charles was left without heritage or rank or name. He was avoided, by all decent folk.

But presently the people of the duchy refused to be governed by a child or by regents. Anarchy broke forth. Then, by popular acclaim, Charles was chosen as Duke.

This new power and responsibility had an odd effect on the outcast Failure. The charge made a man of him. He governed his duchy wisely and well.

As soon as his own realm was strong enough he conquered the other duchies of France, one after another, making himself Chancellor of the Kingdom and welding the scattered states into one compact and powerful nation.

He would not take the title of King, but let the poor little Merovingian puppet keep on as nominal ruler. But Charles himself was the real monarch. And he worked marvels with the disorganized kingdom.

The German barbarians—heathens and savages—invasion France. Charles whipped them back across the Rhine and forced many of their tribes to embrace Christianity. Thus Germany first got its religion from France.

Then a dealer for threatened not only France, but all Europe, and civilization and Christianity as well.

Mahomet, a few years earlier, had founded a new religion in Arabia. His fanatic hordes had conquered all the East. Now the Mohammedans turned their conquest plans toward the richer land of Europe.

An enormous host of Mohammedans swept across the Mediterranean and invaded the Continent. Irretrievably they rushed on, sweeping aside all obstacles.

The fate of Europe and of Christianity hung in the balance. Unless these invaders could be checked they would speedily be masters of all Europe and would force their own creed and customs upon the conquered nations.

The Cross must be replaced by the Crescent. It was one of the most critical turning points in all history. And Charles was the man who saved Europe for Christianity and civilization.

Even as Joffre at the Marne in 1914 turned back the German hordes who were overrunning France, so Charles at Tours in 732 met and smashed the on-sweeping Mohammedan hosts.

It was a victory that saved Europe. Charles, charging ahead in the front rank of his knights, crushed his enemies' helmeted skulls like eggshells with his huge battle-axe. From this exploit he was thereafter known as "Charles the Hammer" or "Charles Martel."

The Failure had "come back" with a vengeance. He had made France. And he had saved Europe.

The series is ended. Not "fifty," but far more than fifty thousand men have "come back" after failure had threatened to engulf them forever.

"AMERICANS UNDER FIRE," a new series of historical articles by Albert Payson Terhune, will commence in The Evening World MONDAY, AUG. 20.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"NOW," said Mr. Jarr cheerfully as he looked around and smiled upon his assembled family at the dinner table, "now this is a good dinner. The cost of living is high, on account of the war, but, My Lady Hoover, your food control of quantity, quality and price is perfect, for this is a fine meal for a poor family these days!"

"I'm glad you like it," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "But don't forget that what goes in the stomach can't go on the back. Oh, dear, I do need clothes, and so do the children!"

Mr. Jarr was about to say he needed some new clothes, too, but he concluded to be old John W. Optimist, so he smiled and said, "Well, it's better to pay food bills than doctors' bills."

"But I haven't paid either," said Mrs. Jarr. "I owe Dr. Smokey for attending the children since early spring, and I owe so much at the butcher and the grocer that I do not know who is more worried about it—the tradesmen or myself. Will you give me some extra money this week, please?"

"Extra money?" repeated Mr. Jarr. "Am I an opulent though entirely old moneybags that I should hold out on you? As soon as I get a cent—"

"Will you give it to me pop?" interrupted Master Jarr. "I want a cent. Then, if I have one cent, I can ask mamma for a cent and Gertrude for a cent and company for a cent—and when I get five cents I can buy something with it. You can't get anything for a cent except all-day suckers, and I want ice cream and sody water and movies—but the movies is ten cents now—they ain't no jitney movies any more."

"Jitney!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "What a word!"

"It means five cents, maw!" replied the boy. "And I want five cents, and when I get a cent from pop, and a cent from—"

"You said all that before," said Mrs. Jarr, severely. "Eat your soup and behave at the table."

"I don't eat soup, I drink it," said the boy.

"Well, keep quiet and drink it, then," advised Mr. Jarr.

"Now, please, papa, don't tell him that. Willie knows I have told him that the proper way to eat soup is from the side of the spoon."

Master Jarr, being thus advised, proceeded to put his tablespoon into his soup also.

Just look at what you have got the children doing, papa! I wish you wouldn't encourage them in their bad behavior!" cried Mrs. Jarr.

"Me?" replied Mr. Jarr.

"Yes, you!" Mrs. Jarr retorted. "I'll send you yourselves, children, or I'll send you to the table."

"I don't like soup; I don't care," said Master Jarr.

"You eat all your soup, both of you!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "Soup is cheap, filling and healthy."

Hearing this, both children lost all appetite for soup. "Can I have the crust end of the bread?" asked Mr. Jarr.