

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JEROME SULLIVAN... PUBLISHED EVERY MORNING... OFFICE: 100 N. W. COR. OF 11TH ST. & BROADWAY, N. Y. CITY.

A MATTER OF PLAIN JUSTICE.

JUSTICE GOFF has little use for aliens who for years take every benefit the laws and the protection of the United States can give them but accept the responsibilities of citizenship only in time of crisis when safety urges it:

"It is a very discreditable thing for a man to live in this country for a great number of years and avail himself of all its advantages and all its opportunities to make a livelihood, and not assume the duties of citizenship; in fact, shirk the duties of citizenship here and shirk the duties he owes his native country."

Be it added that for American citizens it continues to be a most trying thing to see themselves or their sons, when selected under the draft, marching away to train for the nation's defense, while aliens of long residence smile pityingly and go on with their affairs in snug security.

In sections of the country where the unnaturalized in large numbers have lived and thrived for years it is no wonder that the injustice of the situation has come to seem almost intolerable. Why should a man who owes everything to the United States be absolved of his debt because he deliberately chooses not to become a citizen?

Congress has gone part way with this matter. In fairness and justice to American citizens who are doing or who are prepared to do their duty by the nation, some provision for drafting aliens of settled residence should speedily be incorporated in the law.

In view of what the recount of the ballots cast in the recent primaries has revealed, the public schools of this city should do some heavy concentrating on that part of Arithmetic which used to be known as Simple Addition.

HAZING AT WEST POINT.

THIS is not a moment when officers in charge of the United States Military Academy at West Point should be forced to give time and attention to the old evil of hazing.

The public supposed hazing obsolete in up-to-date American institutions until it read yesterday that twelve upper class men at West Point were to be court-martialed on the charge of having compelled first class cadets to stand on tiptoe with their heads drawn back until some of the victims fainted.

Somehow, with all the grim and terrible suffering which the war has made and will continue to make inevitable, college boy cruelties—the gratuitous infliction of minor tortures in a spirit of alleged discipline or fun—seem particularly wanton and ill-timed.

What is more, the nation in the present crisis ought to be able to look to West Point for its finest specimens of well-balanced, gallant American manhood. Cadets and their instructors at this institution should have no time or thought for anything save how to contribute the best that is in them to meet their country's needs.

This is no moment for a revival of the spirit of hazing at West Point or anywhere else. Cruelty is no prerequisite of courage. Nor are American officers supposed to train themselves, Prussian fashion, to treat those under them like dogs.

As for Dreamland Park, a Tammany Board of Aldermen asked for its purchase on a resolution offered by Frank L. Dowling.—The Morning World.

To be accurate, the Dreamland Park project in its original form was put forward by The Evening World.

Following the fire which destroyed the old Dreamland, this newspaper at once urged the purchase of the whole property by the city, to be turned into a much-needed free playground for the public among the private pay-as-you-enter reservations which threatened to leave no part of Coney Island for the poor.

It was in this original form, be it emphasized, that The Evening World backed the plan—not as it was later twisted to permit the private interests that owned the land to keep a portion more valuable than the part the city was to get.

An enemy alien ought in the dragnet on Wednesday had a map of Brooklyn in his possession. Doubtless the man should have been taken up, but any one who has tried to penetrate the fastnesses of Darkest Brooklyn will have a certain sympathy for him.

A "Wireless" That Moves on Horseback

THERE are several forms of wireless equipment used on the western front, and under favorable conditions a range of 150 to 200 miles is possible with one of them. The most easily handled wireless "station" however, is the cavalry type, which weighs about 610 pounds, and is carried in equal proportions by four horses. Its range is not very great; it works over a distance of from twenty-five to thirty miles.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Tact is the art of dropping a man so he can't feel the bump. (Binghamton Press.) As long as the earth is inhabited men and women will continue to stir up trouble for each other.—Chicago News. Versatility is sometimes the high-brow name given to the quality that makes a jack of all trades.—Albany Journal. Many a man keeps a hat in the ring who never had much head in the hat. (Columbia S. C. State.) You never can tell. A man may be as deaf as a post and still have sound judgment.—Philadelphia Record. Send the soap-box orator to the laundry.—Memphis Commercial Appeal. The average man's regard for his home depends a great deal on how the argument stood when he left it.—Paterson Call. Not much camouflage element in Georgetowne crepe.—Memphis Commercial Appeal. The chronic borrower is apt to take things for granted, or in any other way he can get them.—Philadelphia Record.

"We Will Return Belgium!"

By J. H. Cassel



For Whom the Army Camps Were Named

By James C. Young

America's former National Guard and her new National Army are being trained in thirty-two camps that bear the names of men who hold high rank in the country's history. This series of articles will endeavor to tell what these men did to merit such honors.

5—GEORGE G. MEADE. It was the peculiar genius of George Gordon Meade in handling large bodies of men that made the battle of Gettysburg a victory for the Union. Long before that he had demonstrated high qualities of leadership. But Gettysburg was the supreme test. There he had opposed to him a master strategist—Robert E. Lee.

Meade felt the necessity of a telling stroke. He began to manoeuvre for a position to begin the battle. Eight days after receiving his command the engagement at Gettysburg opened. The first day was a bad one for the Federal troops. Gen. Reynolds, who had the immediate command, was killed, and two army corps failed to hold the Confederates. On the afternoon of July 3 Meade himself reached Gettysburg and assumed direction of his forces. He struck back promptly. The third day of the engagement opened with a success on the right of the line. Then Lee concentrated the fire of his 145 guns on Meade's centre. For hours the fusillade lasted. Elsewhere the battle raged, with neither side able to gain. Now the time had come.

Lee selected Pickett for the final task. Word was passed and the leader placed himself at the head of his Virginians. Slowly they began to debouch from the ridge they held and move across the deep valley toward the heights where Meade's army waited. Never was a finer sight. This division of picked men went forward fearlessly under fire of every arm that the Union forces could bring to bear. Men fell upon all sides. But still they came on. Even their enemy cheered them as they started up the heights.

This high tide of the Confederacy reached the crest, faltered, and fell back. Again and again waves of men surged up. But they could not win. There was a lost cause.

Meade was born in Cadiz, Spain, Dec. 31, 1815, the son of a Philadelphia merchant living there. Afterward the family returned home and Meade was educated in American schools, graduating from West Point at the age of twenty. He was sent to Florida with an artillery command and saw his first service in the Seminole Indian War. Later Meade resigned from the army on account of ill health and was connected with a number of engineering projects. The beginning of hostilities at Mexico caused his return to the service. In September, 1845, he joined the staff of Zachary Taylor and followed that hardy old warrior through his memorable campaign. For brilliant conduct at Monterrey he was brevetted First Lieutenant. When the short conflict came to an end Meade was assigned to the Engineer Corps, where he continued until the beginning of his third war—that against the South. On Aug. 31, 1861, he received the appointment of Brigadier General. U. S. V. Throughout the ensuing campaigns Meade bore a share in all of the fighting, rising rapidly from rank to rank. The month of June, 1862, found a large Federal Army encamped about Fredericksburg, Md. Lee began a forward movement, coming up the Cumberland Valley. Joseph Hooker had command of the Union forces. Suddenly, the order came displacing him and elevating Meade. This step caused a national surprise. The whole country wondered if the new commander would prove more successful than those who had gone before. The war was dragging on. Much as the Germans are holding out to-day, the South balked every move of the Federal Armies, despite inferior numbers and economic strength.

Meade felt the necessity of a telling stroke. He began to manoeuvre for a position to begin the battle. Eight days after receiving his command the engagement at Gettysburg opened. The first day was a bad one for the Federal troops. Gen. Reynolds, who had the immediate command, was killed, and two army corps failed to hold the Confederates. On the afternoon of July 3 Meade himself reached Gettysburg and assumed direction of his forces. He struck back promptly. The third day of the engagement opened with a success on the right of the line. Then Lee concentrated the fire of his 145 guns on Meade's centre. For hours the fusillade lasted. Elsewhere the battle raged, with neither side able to gain. Now the time had come. Lee selected Pickett for the final task. Word was passed and the leader placed himself at the head of his Virginians. Slowly they began to debouch from the ridge they held and move across the deep valley toward the heights where Meade's army waited. Never was a finer sight. This division of picked men went forward fearlessly under fire of every arm that the Union forces could bring to bear. Men fell upon all sides. But still they came on. Even their enemy cheered them as they started up the heights. This high tide of the Confederacy reached the crest, faltered, and fell back. Again and again waves of men surged up. But they could not win. There was a lost cause.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR was laboring awkwardly at tying up a bundle. She tied the bundle in the true feminine style—that is, with several kinds of cord and twine formed into one continuous string by many knots. The bundle was wrapped in old newspapers, of course. A few pins here and there kept flapping ends and edges together.

"Anybody could tell at a glance that this bundle was wrapped anywhere in America by a woman," said Mr. Jarr, more in pity than scorn. "Then if you don't like it you wrap it," said Mrs. Jarr. "But, my dear, it won't hold together till it gets around the corner," ventured Mr. Jarr.

"If it will only hold together that far is all I care," remarked his good lady. "It's only going to Mrs. Strayer's Ladies' War Reading for Soldiers' Committee. It will be repacked there."

Mr. Jarr picked up the bundle to tighten the string, but it broke in his grasp and spilled contemporary literature all over the floor. "There!" cried Mrs. Jarr. "I hope you are happy! And after I had fastened it so nice and secure, too! Now you can fix it up yourself!"

"Why, what's this?" asked Mr. Jarr. "You are not sending soldiers 'The Perfect Ladies' Journal' for reading matter in the trenches?"

"Why, yes, I am; what is the matter with it?" asked Mrs. Jarr. "If soldiers never read anything worse than 'The Perfect Ladies' Journal' they'd be all right!"

"But it's mostly women's fashions," Mr. Jarr objected. "Now I submit that sitting in the wet trenches awaiting a liquid fire attack or a poison gas attack or a deadly germ attack or any form the Germans have of killing time and their adventures—well, I say, if I was a Tommy or a Sammy or a polliu or

an Italian Alper or anything like that I really don't think a perusal of 'The Perfect Ladies' Journal' would keep my mind off the battling Huns. Look here: 'The shirred brim of black malines, pointing skywards, is held down with the round crown of black lemonade straw.' I leave it to you that this is hardly the sort of reading matter a soldier would care for." "He wouldn't have to read the hat descriptions, although it would do him good," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "The soldier would then understand why Ohio imported hats cost so much. In fact, it would do every man good, whether married or single, whether a soldier or not, if he read the fashion news."

"I suppose so," Mr. Jarr admitted. "But we are not sending reading matter to the soldiers to reform them—we are sending it to them to interest, amuse and instruct them."

What Every Woman Thinks

By Helen Rowland

SOMETIMES I think that the funniest thing in the world (next to a Pacific's argument) is the average man's argument against women's suffrage.

And that the question, "Why should women be allowed to vote?" is as superfluous as the question, "Why should a man be allowed to wear a wrist-watch?"

Dear me! Woman has ALWAYS had the last word! Man would not know what to do with the last word if it were given to him.

He has not reached that stage of feminine mental development where he can appreciate its full significance, its sacred importance. Give a man the right to the "last word" and he would make an awful muddle of it.

And the result would be all sorts of mix-ups and upheavals in the domestic affairs of the country. To say nothing of the fact that it would merely DOUBBLE the number of "last words" in every home and in every quarrel!

Besides, Man doesn't really WANT the last word—He only THINKS he wants it. Because a few "restless, unsexed, fanatical men," who are of the "sentimentally unemployed" and have nothing else to do, And aren't attractive to women—and all that—Have started the hue and cry for "Last Words for Men!"

MAN'S PLACE IS IN THE OFFICE! Why should he desire to usurp woman's place and woman's prerogatives in her own domain—the home?

And, anyway, Think of the effect which the granting of the "last word" to man would have on HIM—

And on woman's attitude toward him! Would it not UNSEX men, eventually? Good heavens!

The first thing we know they will be carrying their handkerchiefs in their sleeves, And drinking tea with rose leaves in it instead of cocktails, And insisting on doing the cooking and holding office around the house— If we grant them the "last word!"

Besides, Could any true, womanly woman respect a man who took advantage of the last word?

Where would be that tender reverence that she now feels for man? Where would be that masculine charm, that sweet illusion, that perfumed mystery that now hangs about the Stronger Sex?

Should we any longer care to marry them, to cook for them, to be the guardians of their digestion, the keepers of their conscience and the valets to their vanity?

Nay, alas! all that sweet, sacred romance between the sexes would be lost forever. Men would lose more by the acquisition of the last word than they would ever gain by it.

Besides, as we have said before, Men do not really WANT the last word. When they DO, they'll get it! But, at present, nine true, manly men out of ten Prefer to bang the front door and rush off to the club, Leaving their wives triumphantly shouting the last word Through the keyhole!

"Ma" Sunday's Intimate Talks With Girls

THE GIRL WHO WAS TRIED BY FIRE. In the past two years, it seemed, always dragging you down. No victory is worth while unless you have to fight for it. And the more of your life-blood and soul-agonies that you pour out, the greater will be your return in the end.

She thanked me with a tired little smile, almost as though she didn't dare to hope. But two months later I had a letter from her which told me that the seed of my suggestions had taken fruit.

She is now not only happily married to a well-known young business man of her city, but has developed into one of the most beautiful characters I have ever seen.

We can make great sorrow a glad memory, or we can make it an inspiration for the forgiveness of self in service to those about us.

There is no antidote for great grief as powerful as that of trying to bring happiness to others, even though we may consider our own lives reduced to cold ashes from which nothing can arise.

The devotion between the mother and daughter had been beautiful—almost idyllic. They had been like sisters, and I could understand it was the mother's caressing voice that had helped to soothe the great hurt, when the daughter found the man to whom she had given her heart was not worthy.

And now her mother, her one great friend, who could understand and comfort her, had also been taken away.

"If I had done anything to deserve it!" Ida burst out suddenly. "If I had been a bad girl, if I had done any wrong, I could think all my trouble was a punishment for my sin. But I have been a good girl. I have never knowingly injured a single person in this world. If only my mother could have been spared to me—she understood everything."

"Suffering is not always a punishment," I told her gently. "It is sometimes a test that will either purify and enable us or make us hard and bitter and cynical. The test has come to you. It depends on you entirely whether it will leave you a dull-eyed wreck of a woman, dragging through life, or whether it will make of you an idealized, more sympathetic, more lovable woman."

"You can make of your own sorrow an inspiration," I went on, "or you can make it a millstone about your neck."

THE prospects of famine in Germany are so serious that food hoarding is growing among the wealthy to an extent that has given the Government no end of trouble. The German police have exhausted every means of detecting the hoarders except one, and that is to use highly trained police dogs on their trail.

This is now being done, and the dogs are proving themselves invaluable in running down violators of the food laws. Near Berlin, according to one story, the dogs recently located a man who had been pilfering from vegetable patches of truck gardeners. The dogs led the police to the house where the stolen vegetables were hidden.

In Munich a constable attempted to seize a man caught with fifty pounds of meat brought from an illegal slaughter house. The man escaped, leaving the burden behind, but was tracked to a hay loft by police dogs. When the officer returned to the spot where the meat had been left he found the meat gone. The police dogs were again called upon and they located the meat in a house where it had been hidden by a woman.

German Dogs Detect Food Hoarders