

The Evening World

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GERMANY OVER-REACHING IN RUSSIA?

THE retaking of Odessa by Bolshevik forces on land and sea—confirmed by official despatches received at Petrograd—may prove the signal for a new orientation of Russian zeal. The German policy of following up peace with plunder and dictation has apparently exasperated even Russian elements that care least for fighting. The workmen and peasant farmers of the Ukraine are anything but pleased by the prompt requisitions of grain and other foodstuffs which a "protecting" German Government has made upon their liberated province. By way of Stockholm we learn that the German notion of an independent Lithuania is a Lithuania that at once becomes a part of the German confederation and helps pay the colossal German war debt. These revelations of Teutonic purpose ought to be sufficient to strike sparks from whatever patriotism is left in Russia. Urging the immediate creation of a new Russian army, Assistant Minister of War Podvoisky declares: Russians must take a rifle in one hand and a hammer in the other, submit to the most strict discipline and work sixteen hours a day. That is exactly what Russians since the Revolution have shown themselves least inclined to do. If they rouse themselves to fresh resistance it will be because Germany's over-reaching desire for domination has defeated its own ends and spoiled the trick that German statecraft worked on a disturbed and shaken people.

The Germans are reported to be "bombing Amiens ruthlessly." No doubt one of the expected rewards of the present German drive was the pleasure of shelling another famous cathedral at easy range. Bombing from airplanes is slower sport.

MR. MORRIS AND THE DRAFT.

WORD comes from Chicago that Nelson Morris, Chairman of the Board of Directors of Morris & Co., the big packing concern, "has accepted a position in Washington in the Quartermaster's Department," while his industrial claim to be placed in Class 4 of the selective draft is still in the hands of the District Exemption Board. This is the same Nelson Morris who a few weeks ago told the Wage Arbitration Board that \$1,288 a year is far more than is necessary to support a family of five, that three pairs of shoes a year is one pair too many for a child—\$20 per year being an extravagant sum for the child's clothing—and that there is quite enough amusement for a twelvemonth in going three times to the theatre. What an intelligent American public thought of these statements was sufficiently shown by a symposium of letters on the subject invited and printed by The Evening World. Mr. Morris is twenty-six years old and unmarried. He is also rich. Morris & Co. do a business of \$40,000,000 a year. Judging by the standards of living he urges upon his fellow Americans, his conception of American patriotic duty should be likewise rigorous. It is to be hoped the Exemption Board has not forgotten about Mr. Morris or for any reason deferred action on his case indefinitely. There is already too much clamor in this country concerning the privileges and exemptions of the rich. We want no more Socialists, no more malcontents, no sneers at the impartiality of the selective draft.

Mrs. Norman de R. Whitehouse seems to have found it uphill work trying to be a propaganda agent in Switzerland. After all there are no triumphs like those at home—sweet-home.

THE LLOYD GEORGE MESSAGE.

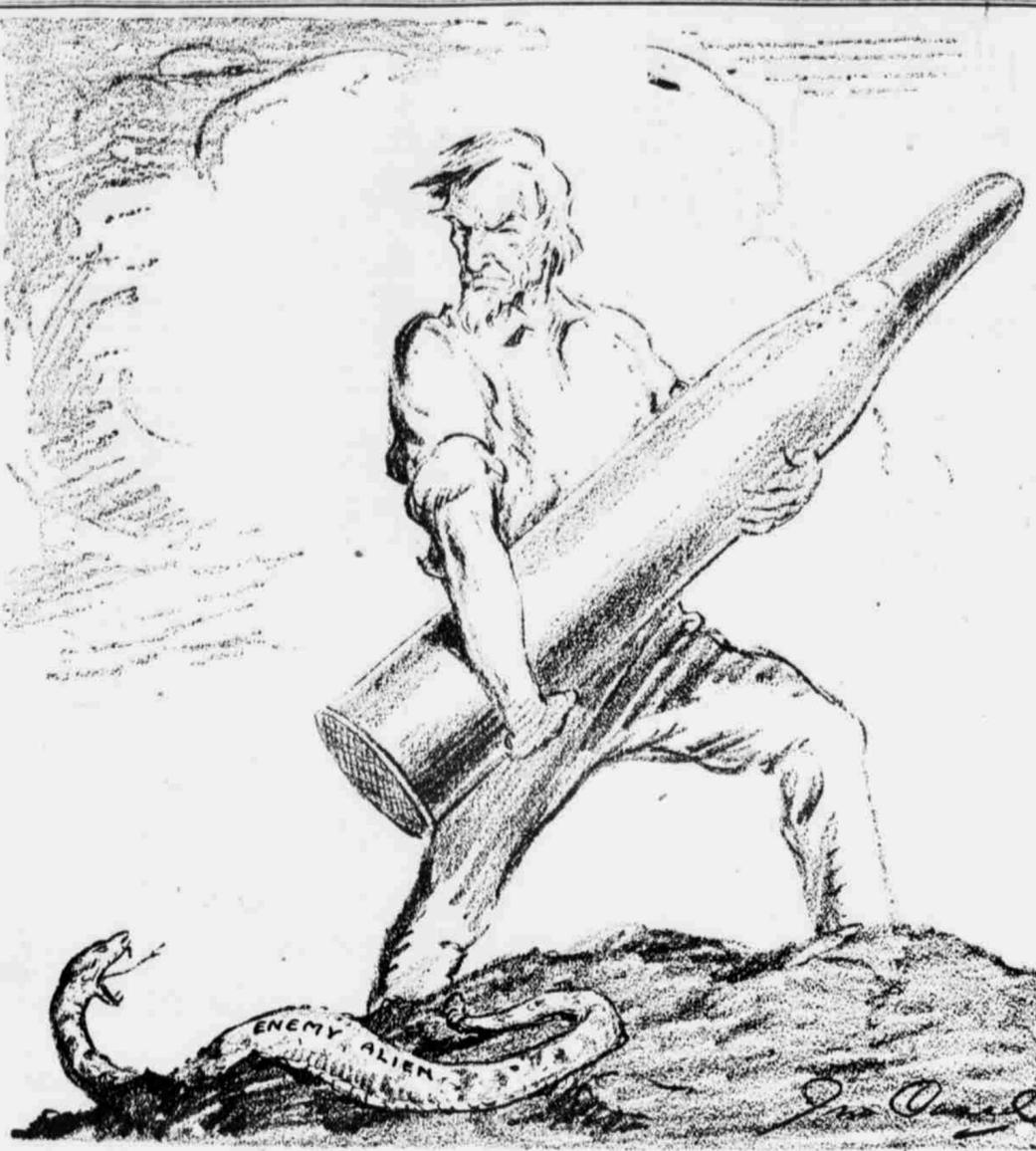
THE message from the British Premier, Lloyd George, conveyed to the American people by the British Ambassador to the United States, Lord Reading, ought to be received everywhere with the seriousness and literalness to which it is entitled: This battle, the greatest and most momentous in the history of the world, is only just beginning. Throughout it the French and British are buoyed with the knowledge that the Great Republic of the West will neglect no effort which can hasten its troops and its ships to Europe. In war, time is vital. It is impossible to exaggerate the importance of getting American reinforcements across the Atlantic in the shortest possible space of time. "Neglect no effort." That doesn't mean military effort alone. Every American old enough to think or work is in honor bound to study out how and where the call for extra effort means him. Easter lilies are scarce. So are many other joyous and peaceful accompaniments that belong to the season.

Hits From Sharp Wits

Success is a monument built of surmounted obstacles.—Philadelphia Record. People who can't run a ribbon counter can always tell you how to run the universe.—Binghamton News. Nearly every day brings us the cheerful assurance that yesterday's worst apprehensions are not realized.—Albany Journal. No, you cannot call yourself a veteran just because you eat war bread.—Memphis Commercial Appeal. Aviation may not be quite as safe as dominoes or ping pong, but at least there are not any railroad crossings up in the air.—Savannah News. The way to success is paved with broken records.—Albany Journal. You never can tell. Even a deaf man may have sound judgment.—Philadelphia Record.

A Growing Menace!

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Winning Out Before Forty

How One Young Man Upbuilt a World Trade and Became Vice-President of the Texas Company

By James C. Young



PERHAPS very few of us know that the American oil trade is expanding more rapidly than at any previous time in its eventful history. But a good part of all the oil in the world is now handled by American organizations. Among those who have wrested this leadership from other competitors, there is one young man whose personality stands to the fore. He is J. J. Miglietta, vice-president of the Texas Company, and general manager of its export department. Mr. Miglietta is selling and shipping America's precious petroleum in million gallon orders. He has direction of a business that extends around the globe, touching almost every civilized country and a few that are not so civilized. He is just thirty-four years old. Within a short period this business has been upbuilt from a very small nucleus, and the upbuilding process is largely due to the efforts of Mr. Miglietta. He undertook the task at a time when the Texas Company was feeling its way in foreign fields. The call to take charge of this department came to Mr. Miglietta because he already had ventured in that direction, and was doing things which warranted the belief that he could make the Texas Company's new enterprise a success. The event has fully proved the company. Judgment both as to the opportunity and more especially concerning the man. His rise to prominence is a romance of hard work. He began with something less than the usual advantages, for he is a native of Italy and came to the United States to begin life in a country of which he knew nothing. Not only was it necessary for him to serve a business apprenticeship, but to learn the ways of a people strange to him. Soon after reaching the United States Mr. Miglietta went to Texas and there entered the oil business. The petroleum field of the State was then developing into its latter-day importance, and there was abundant opportunity for a man able to grasp it. Mr. Miglietta took heed and be-

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

MRS. JARR arrayed herself in the latest mode—or at least what was middle-class craziness for the same, and called upon her wealthy friend, Mrs. Stryver, at the latter's mansion. Mrs. Jarr was very enthusiastically interested in a wartime philanthropy that had lately come to her notice—the adopting of war orphans by childless wealthy people. The Stryvers had lots of money and no children. "Oh, I'm so glad you have come!" cried Mrs. Stryver when the latter's maid had ushered the caller into the boudoir. "You have children and you will know what may be the matter with my darling Fifi!" And she held up an old, bleary-eyed and obese poodle. Mrs. Jarr hated wincey poodles of any kind, and she was not wholly pleased because Mrs. Stryver had connected children with pet dogs. However, Mrs. Jarr was on an errand of wartime mercy and she was patient. "What's wrong with the little beast, I—er, mean the poor thing?" Mrs. Stryver took the obese poodle from its silken cushion and held it up. "Listen, doesn't it break your heart?" "Did you ever hear your children breathe so painfully?" asked Mrs. Stryver dolefully. Mrs. Jarr could truthfully say she never had. And she made some inward resolutions as to what she would do when the war was over to Mrs. Stryver for asking such a question. Finally, suppressing her indignation, Mrs. Jarr faltered that it might be indigestion. "It can't be indigestion," Mrs. Stryver declared. "Dr. Smerck has the poor dear on a diet. But it appears so pitifully to me that I gave it pasteurized cream and broiled sweetbreads, followed of course by peppin tablets. "That I am beginning to wonder if Dr. Smerck really understands my dear Fifi's case. Ah, think what a risk we take when we place valuable lives in the care of even such highly paid specialists as Dr. Smerck! Do you know," here Mrs. Stryver lowered her voice, "I think the dear thing has neurasthenia!" Mrs. Jarr was about to say she thought it should have chloroform, but remembered her errand. "You see, Mrs. Stryver," she said,

Wild 'Bohemians' I Have Met

By Helen Rowland

HE loves to toss back what he calls a "picturesque mane," from which he fondly fancies is a "leonine head!" He enjoys posing in a soft collar, a flowing tie, and a brow study—when he thinks some fascinating woman is looking. He delights to think of himself as a wrecker-of hearts! He talks brilliantly of the "equality of the sexes," but his wife has never yet found him equal to wiping the dishes after a midnight supper. His idea of ART is "something different." He believes that "freedom of thought" means "knocking" everything; and if you will listen to him long enough he will try to prove to you that "what-ever is, is WRONG!" He is all for "LABOR"—but he never does any. He yearns passionately to liberate the world—but he smiles in a superior, bored way when you suggest that he might buy a Liberty Bond. He is all for "brotherly love"—but what he loves most is his dinner, his profile and his own voice! The "Radical." She has painted the family furniture a passionate purple. She wears Nile-green smocks under a sea-green complexion. She sits around in alleged "tea-rooms," down in dank basements, sucking cigarettes, when she ought to be busy doing Red Cross work. She would DIE if she thought you knew she came from Brooklyn! She goes to all the "bohemian dances," as a "Nymph," clad in bits from her mother's scrap-basket. She adores Freud—and imagines that she understands him. She loves to "shock people." She earns her living as a cashier—but she has taken up "classic dancing as a profession." All I can think of when I look at her is that I would like to give her a spanking, a spring tonic and a shampoo. She would be a nice girl, then! The "Wild, Free Woman." She is married—but she has cut off her hair, refuses to wear a wedding ring and declines to use her husband's name. She will be NO man's "slave!" She arises every day in her "wild, free way," at the wild, free hour of six A. M.—and cooks her husband's breakfast, while he sweetly dozes. When He has been nourished and soothed and his clothes have been found for him, she rushes off to a "wild, free" office (where there are time-clock and an efficiency expert), and "lives her OWN life" pounding a typewriter, until five P. M. NO man rules over her except the manager—and the assistant manager, and the chief clerk, and the office boy. She will be NO man's "slave!" After office she hurries home, in order to do her marketing and to get her husband's dinner—while he reads the evening papers. If he does not like the way in which the asparagus has been cooked—she soothes him and apologizes. Then she clears the table, washes the dishes, puts the house in order, and sits down (in her wild, free way) to make over her last season's hat and mend her husband's socks. She DESPISES a "parasite"—a woman who allows her husband to support her, and does not "do things" in the world! She will be NO man's "slave!"

Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

Scene: Camp. Time: Night. (A bunch of boys are hanging around one who fondles, lovingly, a package unmistakably from home—equally unmistakably containing cats. Their fervent and uncalled-for attention peevish the owner.) A (HUGGING his package closer)—Say, quit shoving! You'll have the stuff all squashed. B (always instantaneous with repartee)—Well, it's got to be squashed to make the rabbit, anyway. C (doubting Thomas)—Aw, how're you going to cook a rabbit—why not eat it as just cheese? B (in disgust)—Say you'd crab any party—you would! Can't you see the lark of it. Cooking a real Welsh rabbit out in the dark over a camp fire in a tin dipper—that's the kind of stuff you ought to put in your diary. E (suddenly)—It won't be a real Welsh rabbit though. Dan—We haven't got any beer and we have a swell chance of getting any. D (nervously)—I wonder can you make one with water? B (speaking up)—Now, but you can make 'em with milk. That's the way they make 'em in boarding schools and church socials. My sister she used to have giggle parties—sometimes they'd make fudge and sometimes they'd make rabbits and they used milk for both—cause I used to go out and get the milk. A (blankly)—Well, who's got the milk? B (with much excitement)—Say, fellows, you know Freddie? A (hastily)—Aw, he's doing kitchen police—have another think. B (indignantly)—Of course, he's doing kitchen police—his own salvation—he can skin a can of that condensed cow they use out to us. It'll taste all right when it's cooked; anyhow the cheese'll drown it. C (spirits revived)—You go ask him for it, Andy. A (firmly)—I will not. Haven't I got the cheese? You fellows are awfully handy with suggestions—suppose you do some work once in a while. B (smiling)—Didn't you hear about the scrap Andy and Freddie had? No one knows what it's about—but they sure ain't friends since. I'll go get the milk. (Then trots over to the kitchen and bones Freddie for the can of cow.) F (wisfully)—You're going to make a sure enough rabbit? Gee, don't I wish I was in on it. I love the animals. The only thing I ask you is to build the fire far enough away so that the fumes won't torture me away. Sure I'll give you the milk (starts away). Say, who's the guy who's got the cheese and where did he get it? B—Andy got a hunk as big as your head from home. F (shrilly)—Andy! B (Yeh)—his folks keep a delicatessen, y'know. Come on, kid, they're waiting. F (coming back with the can)—Listen! Here's something I sneaked you—It'll go grand in the rabbit—it's flavored, something like concentrated essence of onion, or garlic, or something—anyhow it's great stuff. Tell it with my compliments. And take the boys I wish 'em hearty appetites. (A few minutes later, over a roaring fire, the boys inhale the fragrance of melting cheese, with mouths watering in anticipation.) A (who's superintending the job)—It's time to put in the milk. Go on! B (feeling in his pocket)—Say, boys, here's something Freddie sneaked for me—high class flavored—I guess it's expensive, because he was awfully careful with it. A (indifferently)—All right. Sit it in. (Instantly a terrible odor obliterates the heavenly fragrance of the cheese. Its fumes are reminiscent of a factory, plus a fish cannery, plus Jersey meadows. The fellows retreat.) Chorus (in stifled accents)—A, is tida! B (suddenly getting wise)—Freddie asked me who was chided and I told him it was Andy. What fight did you have him? A (wrathfully)—You big stiff did you tell him for? I was who got him put on kitchen p-