

The Evening World

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IT WON'T WORK TO WESTWARD.

WITHOUT referring directly to the recent utterances of the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister, President Wilson managed, in his speech at Baltimore Saturday, to knock squarely on the head the insidious Czernin suggestion that obstacles in the way of an early peace might be narrowed down to Alsace-Lorraine and a few other territorial complications in Western Europe.

With a wider gaze and a finger pointed at another part of the map, the President dwelt upon the war lords' shameless exploitation of Russia, with a warning that if Germany, feeling its great offensive in the West has failed, "should propose favorable and equitable terms with regard to Belgium, France and Italy," we must conclude it to be done only that German ambition may assure itself "a free hand in Russia and the East":

Their purpose is, undoubtedly, to make all the Slav peoples, all the free and ambitious nations of the Baltic peninsula, all the lands that Turkey has dominated and misruled, subject to their will and ambition, and build upon that dominion an empire of force upon which they fancy they can then erect an empire of gain and commercial supremacy—an empire as hostile to the Americas as to the Europe which it will overawe—an empire which will ultimately master Persia, India and the peoples of the Far East.

No such Teutonic "empire of force" shall be permitted to develop on this earth. The principles of liberty and national self-determination for which the United States and its Allies are fighting shall be defended and established without compromise.

That is this Nation's answer—in advance—to any contemplated proposals from Vienna and Berlin that try to trade Teutonic concessions in the West for Teutonic domination in the East. "The thing is preposterous and impossible."

Force, force to the utmost, force without stint or limit, the righteous and triumphant force which shall make right the law of the world and cast every selfish domination down in the dust.

That is the response the President makes in the name of the United States—though without affixing the specific, official addresses—to the Austro-Hungarian Foreign Minister and those who direct him from Berlin when the attempt is made to turn attention from German arrogance in one quarter by a parade of promised German conciliation in another.

The Central Powers had better get it through their heads that the statecraft that works to the eastward is no good when they try to turn it west.

SUNDAY BASEBALL.

A MEASURE permitting local governing bodies in this State to allow Sunday baseball, providing no games are played on that day before 2 o'clock in the afternoon, squeezed through the Senate at Albany last week.

How the bill will fare in the Assembly remains to be seen. At a time when persons inveterately impelled to dictate and control the personal habits of others are finding national emergency of first rate assistance in forcing legislation of the sort they have hankered after, it is a safe guess that Sunday baseball will not get by without a further struggle.

A better, safer, healthier way for boys—or their elders either, for that matter—to get exercise and recreation on the one day of the week they are free to seek them, it is hard to imagine. If New York youth of this generation never did anything more ungodly with its Sunday afternoons than to spend them at baseball, what a hope for sound-bodied, clean-minded citizenship!

It would seem that communities in this commonwealth of free-born Americans might be left to create Sabbath restrictions for themselves.

But in view of the strange influences now potent in and around legislative bodies, we shall not be surprised to hear that the war cannot be won unless the State of New York sets its face sternly against Sunday baseball.

Letters From the People

More About Potato Prices.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I read your article about eating more potatoes and the 15,000,000 bushels that cannot be sold for 75 cents a bushel. Where were all those potatoes last winter? Here in Yonkers a workman was lucky if he had them once a week. Many a time my family had to be satisfied with one potato, sometimes two, at dinner.

What We Should Do With Alien Enemies.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I wish to compliment you on the cartoon showing "An Alien Enemy Sabotaging Uncle Sam in the Back." This is right to the point, and it is a pity that the big newspapers do not publish more of this sort of pictures and reading matter to make the Government wake up to the seriousness of the situation. The only thing that a fair-minded man can criticize the Government for regarding its war policy is its "pusy footling" policy of virtually ignoring the menace from alien enemies.

Turning loose convicted criminals simply because they are sick, yet well enough to automobile in the parks in the daytime and promote pro-German propaganda at night; simply "sneaking on the wrist" Austrians caught carrying bombs on ships and simply supplying German spies, paymasters, saboteurs and assassins

with nice, comfortable quarters and elegant meals down South for the duration of the war is getting on the nerves of loyal Americans. They are beginning to wonder if it isn't better to be an alien enemy and get all of those easy comforts and freedom from work and worry instead of hearing the shrill and burdening incident to war. If the United States Government expects to win this war and retain the co-operation of the people, it is high time the policy of "kid glove" handling of alien enemies was discontinued.

Says Potatoes Sell Too High.

To the Editor of The Evening World: On your editorial page you had an article about fifteen million bushels of potatoes going to waste in Aroostook County, Maine, because the farmers couldn't sell them for 75 cents per bushel. You say potatoes are so plentiful and cheap that Americans should go back to this admirable article of diet. Here in Mount Vernon we have to pay from 45 to 65 cents a peck for potatoes, and they are of such poor quality that we have to waste about 25 per cent. of them. The farmers claim they can't get 75 cents a bushel, but if we went to them and tried to buy some they would charge us the retail price. If they would advertise in the papers, quoting prices, I dare say they would get rid of their entire holdings at a fair profit, instead of holding the potatoes for a higher price and then having them left on their hands to rot. If any responsible farmer would quote me a fair price for a good grade of potatoes I would be only too glad to give him an order, and I know of a number of others that would do likewise.

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"Come On, Here's Your Chance!" By J. H. Cassel



My Matrimonial Chances

Recording the Experiences of A Young Girl of Thirty By Wilma Pollock

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) "WILLY WESTON and his chum Peter Newcomb kept bachelor quarters. I had never met Peter, but Will always told me how attractive he was and how much women admired him. But a few weeks ago Will complained that Peter was no longer a gay Lothario. "Now," said Will, "he is developing into a bridge fiend. He has a game almost every night. Our place will soon be pinched, and there's no rest for weary Willy. The trouble is," Will continued, "Peter hasn't been seeing enough girls. I can't drag him out."

"Oh," cried I, "let's give him a surprise party some evening!" "Great idea!" Will agreed. "There are always eight or ten chaps at the apartment during a bridge-feast. I'll have Old fix the refreshments. You invite the six peachiest, creamiest girls you know. Get Madeline Rivers for the chaperone and we'll wake up good old Peter. But be sure the girls are young and pretty, for Pete is a regular crank."

Mad and I corralled six very alluring flappers. Then, as long as Peter only cared for very young girls, I wanted to back out myself. But Will insisted that he would need my help. The arrival of eight unbidden, unknown fair visitors certainly surprised Peter and his friends. I expected to be a sort of chaperone. But although the other men buzzed about the debutantes, Peter gave his attention solely to me. Never had I

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) "UNIFORMS!" muttered Mr. Jarr. "Uniforms!" He gazed again down the quiet residential street. There were soldiers in khaki, sailors in blue, and even Albert, the popular and refined street sweeper of the block, in the natty white duck of the street sweeping brigade. A few sickly trees lining the sidewalk across the way seemed to be waking to life and new uniforms of green in honor of the spring also.

"If I could even get a commission in the Quartermaster's Department I might get a uniform and have something new to wear too," murmured Mr. Jarr. "Please don't talk to me of something new to wear!" remarked Mrs. Jarr, who had overheard his murmuring. "If there isn't any other way, I get spring clothes, except to join the army I think I'll enlist in a woman's regiment or something myself. I only know that with everything getting higher except your salary, I personally see no other way to get anything new to wear this spring!"

"Some day, my dear," said Mr. Jarr, "some day we may be rich. Uncle Henry may die and leave us his money, and then we will both have complete new outfits of clothes at the same time for the first time in our domestic history."

"You do need a new suit of clothes, that's sure," said Mrs. Jarr. "As soon as the children leave the room I'll see how much I have to spare—but we all need new clothes. Little Emma just ruined her best school dress playing marbles." "Playing marbles?" asked Mr. Jarr in surprise. "Yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "All the little girls play marbles and all the other boy games these days. Boys play nothing but 'Fighting the Germans,' and, as a matter of fact, the little girls play that with them, too, as Red Cross nurses and ambulance drivers. In fact, the whole world has changed with this terrible war and the children have changed with it. The only thing that stays the same is that we must eat and we must have clothes, and, as I said, I'll see what I can spare for a suit for you."

Why Soldiers Marry

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) JUST a little over a year ago He was SO bored, and blasé, and "cynical," and girl-weary! Dear me! And he had NO illusions, you know, about love—or, That "two can live as cheaply as one." And he kept the telephone busy saying "No," sweetly and politely, To all the dear young things who pursued him with flattery and invitations to dinners and dances and week-end parties. And he thought "EVELYN" the sweetest, finest girl he knew, And honestly believed that she would make a dandy wife for some nice fellow—"some OTHER fellow," of course! But, as for HIM, he thought he'd never marry. Because he regarded marriage as a "trap," and a "gold-brick," and a "hitching-post," and a "life-sentence at hard labor"—and all that! And looked on every unattached woman as an "alien enemy" to his freedom and his peace of mind. And profoundly pitied his old classmates, who fell by the wayside. And were led up "the white-ribbon aisle," one by one. And vowed HE'D never "tie himself to one woman—and untie himself from all the others," And that all the comforts of a Club were good enough for HIM! And then, America declared WAR! And being a "regular fellow," he lost no time in getting into khaki—Bless him! And all of a sudden, something seemed to open up in his soul, and his pose of cynicism dropped from him like a cloak, and the whole world looked different! And he began to think of France, and of how far, far away it was, And to feel awfully lonely and awfully sorry for himself! And, in camp, he met some of those "other fellows," who had "passed up the white ribbon aisle," And saw them getting letters from "home," and "Her," And dreaming gloriously of coming back all covered with medals and glory, to SOMEBODY who adored them. And would weep over them, and pet them, and feed them, and coddle them, and BRAG about them, and lionize them! And it occurred to him that they were going out to fight for something dearer and greater, even, than an abstract ideal, or world-freedom! And that nobody—except his tailor and his haberdasher, and perhaps, his favorite waiter. Would care whether HE came back with medals—or didn't come back at all. And he had shuddering visions of EVELYN "walking up the white-ribbon aisle," with somebody ELSE— A rich civilian with a motor-car, or a gorgeous officer with gold stars on his shoulders! And before he knew it he found himself vowing that she should never "sacrifice herself" like that. And asking for leave, and hurrying back to her, with a scared, little choky feeling in his throat. And the next thing, he was DEMANDING that she marry him that day, and that instant—as soon as they could get a license and a parson—and before he was "called!" And, after that, he doesn't remember exactly what happened, Except that he gulped through the ceremony somehow— And, now he is GLAD that he did it! And he is going to be "Somebody's Boy," over there, And he knows that there is SOMEBODY who cares, and who will work, and wait and pray, night and day—just for HIM! And he wonders how he ever could have been that poor, pathetic, dull, posy thing—a "Cynical Bachelor." And why it required the great, white light of War to make him see that Home, and LOVE, and loyalty, and "somebody to belong to," Are the greatest and sweetest things in the world, After all!

Camp Comedies

By Alma Woodward

Copyright, 1918, by the Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Scene: Camp Upton. Time: Evening. (Two boys are deep in a game of checkers. A third is poring over the sporting page of an evening paper.) B (stretching)—It's the spring, I guess. We miss grandma's sulphur and molasses. A (yawning in sympathy)—That's one evil I escaped. I know what's the matter with me. It's that Daylight Saving stunt. It's got me all out of plumb and I can't get righted somehow. Every morning when I blow reveille I say to myself, "You poor nut, where's your kidding?" B (smiling)—It's got my goat, too. I feel as though I haven't caught up with myself yet. It's harder for you though because you're bugler. A (pointing to the boy reading)—Charlie, over there, is just wild to blow reveille some morning. Says he used to be fancy bugler in the Village Symphony Quartette of Kenosha, Wis., although he's out of practice now. B (slapping his knee)—Well, why don't you give him a chance at it tomorrow morning? You're tired. It'll make him happy—give you fifteen minutes more on the hay—and nobody will know the difference. A (grabbing the idea)—It isn't the fifteen minutes so much—it's the satisfaction of getting free of it for one morning. But I'm afraid I'll be "called" for it. B (reassuring him)—Who's going to be the wiser? Everybody's got too much sleep in their eyes. And it's his going to make the poor rube happy— A (suddenly)—All right—I will. (Calling.) Say, Charlie! Come on over. I want to tell you something. C (rolling off his cot)—I'm coming. A (smiling at him)—Say, Charlie, how'd you like to be bugler to-morrow morning? C (wild with joy)—Say, do you mean it, Art? Gimme the bugle and I'll go off into a corner of the woods and polish up a bit. A (as C disappears with bugle)—It certainly beats all what some people and I do in! (The night passes on lightning whines, streaks of silver spray break

"Don'ts" for Users of Electricity

SOME safety hints for the wise, which are intended to guard against serious accidents and a possible loss of life, are being sent out broadcast by the electric light companies, says Popular Science Monthly. From them may be selected the following: Do not cover an electric globe with paper or cloth. It may start a fire. Do not hang an ordinary lamp cord over a nail or metal work. And I know of a number of others that would do likewise.

FIFTH AVENUE POTTER'S FIELD.

THERE were four potter's fields, at one time or another, along Fifth Avenue. The largest were located where Washington Park and Madison Square are now.

LESS BLINDNESS HERE.

THE total number of blind persons throughout the world is roughly estimated at 2,300,000, the United States having something over 67,000. Blindness is less common here than in most other countries.