

The Evening World

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IF FOOD, WHY NOT RENT?

MORE than six months ago, when food administrators new at the job were admitting the failure of their efforts to curb price boosting among retail food dealers in this city, The Evening World urged a practical plan of action as follows:

Print lists of fair current prices for common articles of food and post regularly where all may read. Discipline the retail price booster by ordering wholesale dealers to stop his supplies. Pillory the food profiteer with publicity, that the public may avoid him and honest dealers sit in judgment on him. The Evening World did more.

It offered a concrete demonstration of what such a programme could accomplish by itself publishing a tri-weekly table of fair current prices which retail food dealers in New York should be expected to charge for different grades and cuts of sound meat and for some twenty other common food products.

The Evening World also showed Federal, State and local food boards the substantial help and co-operation they could count on from organizations like its own Housewives' Protective Association in keeping watch on retail food prices and visiting with publicity and punishment any dealer found to be deliberately overcharging his customers.

Friday of last week the Federal Food Administration at Washington officially announced its "definite measures to limit retail food prices" by nation-wide action along the following lines:

"Through the medium of standardized 'fair price lists,' to be published in practically every hamlet, town and city in the country, Food Administration officials expect to protect the consumer from unreasonable price advances.

"In every community the Food Administration will establish price interpreting committees composed of representatives of the wholesalers, retailers and consumers. This interpreting board will ascertain fair retail prices on the basic commodities that comprise a large part of the people's diet.

"The final fair prices will be widely published. Newspapers in every city and county will be asked to co-operate, setting aside a particular position in a prominent place on the same day each week, running the lists with conspicuous headlines.

"Consumers will be asked to report to their Food Administrator any stores charging more than the announced prices. Investigation of these reports will give the Food Administration a basis upon which to work in separating the patriotic dealer from the profiteer. An indirect control over the retail stores may be exercised by cutting off supplies at the source—instructing licensed wholesale dealers to sever business relations with the firms which exact more than a reasonable charge."

After six months, then, the programme advocated by The Evening World for New York becomes, in its every feature, the programme by which Federal authority will protect American consumers throughout the country from the rapacity of retail food profiteers.

What has been accomplished toward curbing one form of profiteering can be the more confidently undertaken in the case of another.

Even more formidable than the item of food in many New York family budgets, as The Evening World has pointed out, has become the item of rent.

In this city landlords profiteers are showing themselves as ruthless as food profiteers toward incomes already heavily taxed by war demands.

Against rent profiteering, as against food profiteering, The Evening World is prepared to fight until it wins. Against the landlord profiteer it urges also its programme of defense:

First, a prompt and open showdown of facts and figures bearing on rents, taxes and realty conditions in this city, with a view to determining at what point the raising of rents ceases to be fair and equitable and becomes profiteering.

Since rents depend upon local causes and conditions, let municipal authority come forward and seek for just standards by which advance of rents can be measured and controlled.

What Congress has sought to do toward regulating rents in war time in the District of Columbia, let the Board of Aldermen set about doing for the rent-payers of New York who, with their families, comprise some 90 per cent. of the city's population.

If food, why not rent?

Hits From Sharp Wits

"Chicken feed comes high," complains the farmer, "and feeding on chicken comes even a little more exorbitantly."—Memphis Commercial-Appeal.

So Be It!



My Matrimonial Chances

By Wilma Pollock Recording the Experiences in Pursuit of Love of a Young Girl of Thirty

GOODBY—Constance!

But the remembrance of Larry's boyhood adoration rushed over me. He had never flirted with me or jollied me as all those others had. There never was any one as splendid as Larry. How could I have forgotten him these many years! And to think that he was married to some other woman!

We went on reminiscing and I finally said to him, "Tell me about your wife, Larry. I am sure you must be very happy indeed."

But my loyal Larry said: "Connie, I haven't married either. You always were and always shall be the only girl for me. Will you marry me, dear little playmate?"

What had I ever done to deserve a man like Larry? My one thought was that life was very wonderful.

Larry and I wended our way down the rustic path. In the road Larry's chauffeur was waiting beside a luxurious limousine. While fate had been kind in preventing my marrying the wrong man, Larry had been amazing a fortune in Alaskan coal mines.

We stepped into the car and Larry ordered "Down to City Hall as quickly as possible, Charley."

To me he said: "We'll get the license immediately. I can't risk your escaping me this time, Connie." And now I am Mrs. Larry, having had just the sort of church wedding I had always dreamed about, with orange blossoms, bridal veil, attendants and everything.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

GUESS you're glad the summer is here at last," said Mr. Jarr.

"Well, I don't know why I should be glad. It only means more work for me," replied Mrs. Jarr. "I've got to take down all the curtains and hangings, and we need new screens for the windows, but I've put off getting the screens until the weather is more settled, and maybe I'll cover the pictures with fly letting."

"Just like a saloon," said Mr. Jarr, unguardedly.

"Why, yes; there isn't anything I wouldn't do to make your home attractive for you," remarked Mrs. Jarr sweetly.

Mr. Jarr thought it best to refrain from discussing the matter alone this time.

"While you're about it," he said taking another tack, "let a little sunlight into the house. As soon as you take the curtains and hangings and shades off the windows you'll be putting up awnings and closing the shutters. I don't see what use there is in having windows in a house. A window, to a woman's eye, is a place to hang a dozen different kinds of curtains, shades and blinds."

"Do you think I'm going to let the sun in to fade all my rugs? And do you think I'm going to keep the windows wide open so that dust of the streets can pour in and ruin everything?" asked Mrs. Jarr with some asperity.

"Any way you're not in the house long enough to bother whether the windows are open or not. Only you just want something to fuss about and that's the first thing you happen to think of!"

Mr. Jarr saw he had gone too far to retreat, so he rushed in where angels fear to tread.

"That isn't the only thing," he said. "I'm coming home some of these days and I'm going to tear all those fly-rols off the beds. A bed is a thing to lie on and not a parlor ornament."

The Woman of It

By Helen Rowland

"I Want to Be a Man Whenever I Read of Some Lucky Boy Going Over the Top, and Returning With Half a Dozen Captured Germans, and a Lot of Guns and Helmets and Glory!"

EVERY now and then somebody accuses me of encouraging women to imitate MEN, Or to be "mannish," or something hideous—like that.

And it hurts my feelings Terribly! Because, As I have said at least a hundred times, There are lots of lovely things that a woman MIGHT yearn to resemble— But a Man isn't one of them! Yes, it hurts my feelings terribly— And yet There are TIMES when every woman longs to be a man

Above all the other sexes! For instance, I long to be a MAN When the spring cleaning week comes 'round And HE goes blithely off to a nice cool office after a nice cool shower bath every morning.

And comes home at the end of a perfectly maddening day To a nice, cool, orderly, soul-soothing, comfortable house, Never dreaming of the pandemonium that has reigned in his absence, And asks casually, "Whatta been doing with your little self all day?" I long to be a man

When it is time to put away the winter furs and rugs and woollens, And I have to open that old trunk with the broken lid, which always threatens to decapitate me, And beat and shake and dust and pack and wrap things in camphor-balls, Until I'm almost glad there'll be no WOOL next year!

I want to be a man Every time I go for a dip in the ocean And have to go back into that stifling little cubby of a bath house, And spend nearly an hour getting into steels and frills and fol-de-rols, And powdering my nose, and making my hair look nice and cute and "crully" in spite of the humidity,

While HE has slipped into his clothes in ten minutes And is back on the beach lolling deliciously in his steamer chair. I want to be a man Whenever I read of some lucky boy going "over the top" And returning with half a dozen captured Germans and a lot of guns and helmets and glory!

I want to be a man Whenever I see some big, insolent "Impressionist" Trying to annoy a patient, hard-working, little conductorette Who has enough troubles of her own, heaven knows, To drive her to nervous prostration.

I want to be a man Whenever I have to sit through a dove-luncheon And listen to fourteen women chattering All at ONCE! And I want to be a man every morning When I have to sit around and wait, and wait—and WAIT for my breakfast Until He leisurely finishes singing the score of "La Boheme" under the shower, And humming "Butterfly" through his shaving lather, And whistling "Over There" while he cleans his safety razor!

Who Is Your Namesake?

Famous Characters in History and Fiction Who Have Borne the Same Given Name as Yours.

By Mary Ethel McAuley

PAUL. HOW thrilling it is to read of the ride of Paul Revere, who rode through the streets of Concord at night warning the inhabitants that the British were coming. There was—

A hurry of hoofs in a village street. A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark. And beneath from the pebbles, in massing a spark Struck out by the steed flying fearless and fleet.

When the English leader, Pittenrath, arrived he found much to his surprise that eight armed minute men were waiting to oppose him. This was the first bloodshed of the Revolution.

As a rule Pauls have never been statesmen, kings or warriors—Paul Hindenburg, the German General, being the one big exception to this rule—but most of them have been writers, poets and painters.

Newest Things in Science

The Siamese Government has consolidated a civil service college and a medical school into a university to provide instruction in all the higher branches of education.

A method for rebuilding worn out automobile tires and making them puncture proof with a fabric woven from thread and a vegetable fibre has been invented by a Californian.

By using two slightly separate lenses and passing a current of air between them a French scientist has succeeded in freezing the high power light of motion picture projectors from heat.

TRUE FACT.

THE heroism of France has made the French language popular. On this head there is a story illustrating the tact of M. Jusserand, the French Ambassador.

A Senator at a luncheon said to M. Jusserand: "Take—er—take you too-ly—I mean—er—passy-moi, will you play—er—"