

The Evening World

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AS THE PUBLIC SEES IT.

THE subway construction snarl is no nearer disentanglement. Respective plans of Board of Estimate and Public Service Commission have jammed with that of the Mayor.

"Every day the matter remains unsettled," as Secretary Walker of the Public Service Commission points out, "adds to the danger that the force of laborers will disintegrate."

If they tire of waiting and seek other jobs, who can blame them? Neither to them nor to the public do the justice and common sense of the situation appear so hopelessly obscured.

Admittedly these subway workers can easily get better wages elsewhere. Employing subway contractors cannot hold their men to obsolete wage scales drawn up under conditions which have since radically changed.

If it were a question of some costly embellishment the city was completing for itself the case would be different. Delay would not mean so much.

But the new subways are no luxury. They are plain utility, sorely needed relief, speedily to secure which the city pledged its money and its partnership.

Under such circumstances it is amazing that a Municipal Administration should not have felt its paramount responsibility to the public, that it should not have pushed straight to the practical adjustments that must be made if the new subways are to be put in the near future at the service of those for whom they were built.

There is a forlorn hope that the Board of Estimate may take some decisive action at its meeting to-morrow.

The city wouldn't have been reduced to this forlorn hope of breaking a deadlock—with the need meanwhile of making desperate efforts day by day to keep subway laborers from quitting their jobs for better ones—if it had had in the City Hall a Mayor capable of quick action in straight lines, a Mayor whose first thought was of his duty to the public, a Mayor to whom the pettier points in policy and method were less congenial.

UTILIZE GARBAGE.

KEEP kitchen garbage separate from other house refuse, the Federal Food Administration urges housewives.

From one ton of "clean" kitchen garbage—unmixed, that is, with dirt and rubbish—can be extracted "sufficient glycerine to make the explosive charge for fourteen 75 millimetre shells, enough fatty acids to manufacture 75 pounds of soap, fertilizer elements to grow eight bushels of wheat and a score of other valuable materials essential in the making of munitions."

In twenty-four of the larger cities of the United States which have no plants for utilizing garbage, the Food Administration figures that a combined population of 5,000,000 wastes 4,400,000 pounds of nitro-glycerine, 40,000,000 twelve-ounce cakes of soap and enough fertilizer to produce a 3,000,000 bushel wheat crop—the materials lost being together worth some \$5,000,000.

Even in cities which have garbage plants, millions of pounds of valuable grease are destroyed by burning or rendered useless by being mixed with other kinds of refuse.

Here is where the housewife can step in and do her part by keeping the table waste in a separate container so that it can be readily available for such converting processes as her locality adopts.

In many sections this same kitchen garbage, if "clean," can be used as hog feed. It is estimated that if 350 American cities of between 10,000 and 100,000 population who are not utilizing their garbage would turn it into hog feed, they could add 60,000,000 pounds to the country's yield of pork.

Well worth thinking about. There are no sounder, more sensible ways to add to the Nation's resources than by utilization in all directions of what has heretofore gone to waste.

A little sober, practical study along these lines promises more for the future of America than any amount of glib talk about shutting down non-essential industries.

Letters From the People

Scandinavians Good Workers and Fighters. To the Editor of The Evening World: In the shipyard controversy going on in your paper the Scandinavians come in for a severe drubbing. They are accused of being slackers, pro-German, etc. What are the facts? Lord Northcliffe recently stated that 90 per cent of the work in American yards was for the Norwegian orders and the Norwegian merchant marine is exclusively in the service of the Allies, and America most of all. Enter any yard and you will find about 75 per cent of the woodworkers are Scandinavians. When carpenters are wanted, why is "Scandinavians tall old hustling to keep up with preferred" always inserted in your paper? I have yet to find an American...

Which?

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By J. H. Cassel



Girls in Bathing Suits

By Sophie Irene Loeb

LAST Sunday I was on the beach, and if you had seen what I saw—well, there's something to be said about girls' bathing suits. As I looked about me I could not but wonder at the need of stringent rules, police mothers, etc. I wonder why it is that girls who are so careful about their attire on the street and at home, yet when they get to the seashore lose all sense of decorum and the fitness of things.

What, oh, what, is there about it—this seeming indifference to the appearance of things? In the words of the Scotchman—"O wad some power the gille gie us, to see oursel's as others see us." I know a young woman, a great swimmer. She loves the sport beyond everything else. She swims at great length, and therefore her clothes must not hamper her movements.

This girl wears as simple things as possible for this purpose, and yet no one could accuse her of immodesty, for her appearance, her behavior and her actions speak louder than words. She does not assume that the shore is a tea garden in which to sit around and gossip. She takes her sun bath in the sand, gets into the water, does her swimming, and out again. Everybody loves to be with her. It is all so wholesome.

If some girls could really see themselves they would shrink at the sight. After all, there is a happy medium. The extremist only draws attention and nothing else. Bathing suits, above all kinds of apparel, reflect the real woman. Think it over.

Does Luxembourg's Girl Ruler Favor Germans? GRAND DUCHESS MARIE, the titular ruler of the little state of Luxembourg, is about to celebrate her twenty-fourth birthday. Many conflicting reports have come out of Luxembourg as to the attitude of the girlish ruler toward the Germans who invaded her country and who are in practical possession of her territories. It has been thought that Marie bitterly resented the violation of Luxembourg, and that she has become a voluntary prisoner in her palace, refusing to have anything more than is absolutely necessary to do with the Kaiser and his officers.

Another report is that the Grand Duchess welcomed the Teutons and made no pretense of opposition to their violation of her country's neutrality. This much is definitely known—that on the day the Germans invaded Luxembourg, the late Premier Eyschen handed his passports to the French Minister and ordered him to leave the country, while the German Minister was permitted to remain.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"THERE'S no use talking," said Mr. Jarr, "there is a lot of swank about 'doing our bit.' Now, as a matter of fact, hardly one of us is really doing any serviceable work for our country. Maybe it is only because we do not know what serviceable work to do. Yes, we bought Liberty Bonds, and we are buying Thrift Stamps, and we donated to the Red Cross funds, but every good American did all those things. Now, I say that we should give some good practical service, too."

"Right you are!" declared Mr. Rangie. "But what can we do? Don't you know, I think the Bureau of Public Information should give out to the papers some practical instructions. They should tell citizens of middle age what they might join, and they might instruct boys and girls as to what they could do. For instance, if my boy was not old enough to enlist, how would I go about putting him in preparation to enter Annapolis or West Point if, say, he was about fifteen or sixteen? Or how could he be entered in one of the preliminary training schools for the navy or the aviation corps or the signal corps or what not?"

"Never mind your boy, what can WE do?" said Mr. Jarr. "What do you think we might do?" asked Raftery, the builder. "I've got lots of time to do most anything. My line of business is dead." "Well, we might get up an organization of some kind to help in case our fair city was bombed by German air raiders—you know there is talk that the Germans have submarines that can bring over bombing airplanes, or they could be brought over by swift raiding warships. We were talking about it at my house, and I find that the only thing most civilians think of is flying to the cellars. Now, I don't want to hide in any cellar or be tortured by a phonograph or anything like that at such a time. I want to be out doing something," said Mr. Jarr.

"There's the auxiliary police. We could join that and help preserve order," suggested Mr. Rangie. "I gotter hear," remarked Gus, for all this discussion was taking place in that forum of public debate, the corner cafe. "I gotter hear we should form a volunteer fire department to help the real Fire Department. For if them airplanes come along they would drop their fire bombs, I betcher." "How much should the dues be?" asked Slavinsky, the glazier. "I couldn't run up any ladders. I can climb a ladder to put in glass, but I couldn't run up a ladder and carry down fat ladies that scratch and bite you in excitement, like a regular fireman does. And anyway my wife would kick if I did it, and would say I should stick around to carry her down, because she is as fat as any other lady what lives around here, so I will be trustworthy." "I don't believe in dues," said Beppler, the butcher, "except what is due me. Let people pay me what they owe, then maybe I can pay dues, but not before." And he looked around him darkly. "Come, Beppler, don't talk shop," said Mr. Jarr, soothingly. "Never mind what people owe you. You wouldn't think of such a little thing as that when the bombs began to fall." "It ain't such a little thing, some accounts around here," said Beppler. "And talking about the bombs falling, where is that feller Dinkaton? He's the biggest bum I know." "Talking about that feller makes me think of what he owes me!" cried Gus. "You are right, Beppler; let everybody pay their bills before we join anything." Then, fearing this might be construed as German propaganda, Gus added, weakly: "I don't mean our crowd, of course. So let's have the war-time fire company. Eh, wot?" "I'll be treasurer and collect the dues for the work I do," said Slavinsky. "I won't have to pay dues myself. My dues will be permitted by a vote of the lodge." "You mean remitted," said Mr. Rangie. "Never mind," said Mr. Jarr, "there won't be any dues. Hold up your hands and be sworn in!" This was done, and Mr. Jarr announced the war time auxiliary fire brigade was duly established. "Now we'll have a drink on it," said Gus, seeing that business languished. "No," said Mr. Jarr firmly. "Now we are in the service we cannot buy or be bought any drinks." "By golly!" cried Gus, "now I have helped to put my business on the bum by trying to keep bombs off my business!"

Women in War

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) No. 16—JOSEPHINE, Empress of the French.

HE was a Martinique Creole; pretty, indolent, stupid. Yet, indirectly, she had more to do with the glory of France than nearly any other woman in history. As you shall see. Her husband, the worthless Vicomte de Beauharnais, had his head cut off during the French Revolution. His wife, Josephine, was left penniless by his death. She attracted the favor of a corrupt politician named Barras, who was rising high in the confused turmoil of public affairs that followed the revolution. But Josephine was not so young as she had been. Her complexion was yellowing and her teeth were growing black. Barras began to tire of her and to look for a chance of getting rid of her.

Then it was that she met a young Corsican officer, down-at-heel, half-starved, awkward and unused to women. His Corsican name was "Napoleon Buonaparte." History knows him as "Napoleon." He was a soldier of fortune in the French Army. And, thus far, his fortune had been bad. At eight Napoleon fell insanely in love with Josephine, who was some years older than himself and who did not love him at all. Napoleon begged her to marry him. Barras at last saw a splendid opportunity to get rid of the woman. He strongly advised her to marry the young Corsican, and he promised to help along the latter's future career. Josephine consented. Barras kept his promise to her by making Napoleon commander of France's "Army of Italy." To Josephine this seemed a glittering promotion. To people who understood the real state of affairs the position seemed a cruel joke.

For the "Army of Italy," despite its high-sounding title, was a rabble of ragged, hungry, mutinous ruffians, short of uniforms, guns, powder and food—a half-organized mob that had a habit of murdering its own officers and of obeying no one's orders. Napoleon must have known all this. But, in the first glow of wedded bliss, he resolved to perform marvelous deeds for Josephine's sake and for her greater advancement. He eagerly accepted the command and rushed away from Paris directly after his wedding to take charge of his new army. He begged Josephine to go along with him. She refused. So he went alone. He used to send her three letters a day from the front, and he said a prayer every night, kneeling in front of her portrait.

Spurred by love and ambition, he proceeded to turn the mutinous rabble into the mightiest fighting machine in all Europe. He led it to victory after victory. He thrashed Austria. He drove all of France's enemies out of Italy. He made whirlwind campaigns that annihilated larger and better equipped armies than his own. The down-at-heel Corsican at last had his chance in life—thanks to a woman. And to that woman he sent the first news of every victory.

Meantime, in Paris, Josephine was openly carrying on a disgraceful love affair with another man—a young officer named Hippolyte Charles. Every one knew about the affair—except her own adoring husband. When, at last, Napoleon learned of his wife's conduct, he threatened to divorce her. He thought better of it, presently, and let her live on as his wife and share in his glory. But from that time his love for her was dead. His career, however, was well launched by this time—the career whose beginnings had been due to Josephine. Years later, when state reasons made him divorce her for a wife of royal birth, Josephine had the sympathy of many maudlin people. You have just seen whether or not she deserved that sympathy.

But, worthless or not, it was through her that the Napoleonic wars had their birth—wars which turned all Europe into an armed camp and which changed the history of the world.

How Our Torpedo Boats Got Their Names

By Henry Collins Brown

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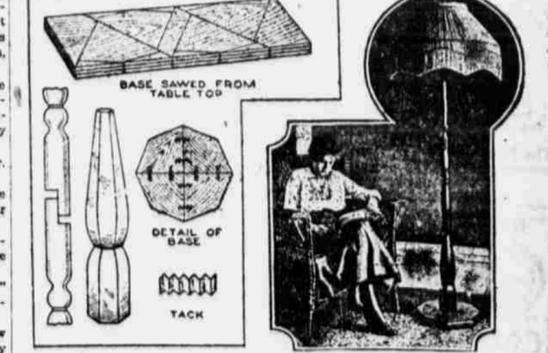
THE LAURENCE. A FAMILIAR sight to New Yorkers is the monument in Trinity Churchyard erected to the memory of Capt. Lawrence, commander of the Chesapeake. On the side of the monument is carved the never-to-be-forgotten words, "Don't give up the ship." Before Capt. Lawrence's death in the War of 1812 he had won renown by his capture of one ship, two brigs, one schooner and one man-of-war, a record that made him the idol of the nation.

His great fight with the Shannon, a 28-gun frigate of the British Navy, commanded by one of its most able Captains, was for its day the bloodiest fight ever recorded. More men were killed and wounded in this single action than were lost by both the French and English fleets at Cape St. Vincent, where forty-two ships were engaged. Yet the figures seem very small compared with to-day's standards. On the American side sixty-two were killed and ninety-seven wounded; on the British, forty-three killed and twenty-nine wounded. The contest lasted fifteen minutes. The Americans lost Capt. Lawrence and Lieut. Ludlow, first and second in command, almost in the first exchange of shots. The third officer made the mistake of helping to carry Capt. Lawrence to the deck below, thus leaving the crew without an officer.

It was an old-time hand-to-hand encounter. The British waited for the Americans to come up, which they lost no time in doing. Once alongside, the battle was fast and furious. The first shots disabled seriously the steering wheel of the Chesapeake and tore away the sparker and jib sheet. Having no head sails, she soon pointed up in the wind and lay exposed to a merciless fire from the enemy. Lawrence was wounded and his sailing master killed. Thus the two upon whom the safety of the vessel depended were rendered helpless. The next broadside inflicted the second and fatal wound on Lawrence, who was then carried below.

All of the officers, including the Captain of marines and sailing master, and every one in authority were now out of action. Left thus without officers, the crew made an ineffectual resistance and in a few moments the colors of the victorious Shannon were flying over her vanquished opponent.

Floor-Lamp Made of Old Table



GOOD use was made of the turned legs of an old table, and a section from the table top, by converting them into a floor-lamp, as shown in the illustration from Popular Mechanics. The octagonal base was made by sawing four sections from a part of the table top, and joining them carefully in glue joints, held by corrugated tacks, as shown in the detail. The edge of the base was neatly beveled, as indicated in the photograph. The heavy portion of one of the legs was trimmed to an octagonal section, as shown, and two of the lower ends were joined in a halved joint, as indicated at the left. The joint was glued and fastened with countersunk wire nails. The octagonal part of the standard was fastened to the upper portion by means of a central bolt, fitted tightly. The base was fastened to the standard with screws, and scraped, and then prepared to a cabinet finish.