

The Evening World

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER. Published Daily Except Sunday by the Press Publishing Company, No. 53 to 55 Park Row, New York.

LOYALTY AND THRIFT.

THESE are Loyalty Days, during which the President has appealed to the country to concentrate its attention upon the need of saving labor, material and time for the great business of war.

To the call for undivided loyalty in word and thought to the Nation's present task and purpose the vast majority of Americans long since responded. Of a small residue of traitors, plotters and low per cent. Americans, the most are either already imprisoned or closely watched.

The kind of patriotism the country is getting down to now is practical patriotism—the patriotism of systematic saving, planning and prudence upon which power to endure depends.

This is the kind of patriotism which each individual American must translate into terms of his own personal living, apply to the conduct of his household and cause to appear on his table, in his family budget and in the disposition of his savings so far as each of these is affected by the special demands of war.

During the next ten days no one need be at a loss to find a specific channel for practical patriotism.

A great Thrift Campaign began yesterday with the object of inducing Americans old and young to pledge themselves to buy Thrift Stamps regularly.

Individuals are to be enrolled in war savings societies which stand for the practice of small, every day economies and the regular investment of money thus saved in Thrift and War Savings Stamps.

Eight hundred thousand school children have already been thus organized and will be active workers in the drive.

Beginning June 21 the New York War Savings Committee will make a week's campaign to enroll every man, woman and child in this city as a War Saver. June 28 will be National War Savings Day, when it is hoped the goal of \$2,000,000,000 may be reached and passed.

Here is something for loyal New Yorkers of both sexes and all ages to prepare for.

Pennies are as good as dollars to make a start with. And every saver is saving for himself as well as for Uncle Sam.

Loyalty and thrift are close allies. Patriotism in the last analysis is 50 per cent. willing service and 50 per cent. ungrudging self-denial.

MAN'S OPPORTUNITY.

HERE'S a chance for man to set a noble example to woman by accepting Government regulation for his waistcoats, pockets and coat-tails in a spirit of cheerful acquiescence.

No stamping of the foot when the tailor says "no trouser cuff"; no frowns when his pockets are cut down to only twelve; no cross looks when the favorite double-breasted model is refused.

The man who has to go about with only one slit in the back of his coat when his every aesthetic instinct yearns for two, can and should so carry himself as to compel the admiration of all women—even his wife.

This is his opportunity to prove what he has always said to be—and to strengthen her by his own greatness of soul for the moment when Uncle Sam begins to tackle her cherished styles.

So far nothing has happened to her beyond the rather alarming talk imposed upon the futile but commendable efforts of her boots to catch up with her skirts.

Will the Government dare, even in the name of war and its economies, boldly to shorten both?

Letters From the People

Newark Fast Asleep on Good Roads to the City?

To the Editor of The Evening World: Newark, so progressive in many respects, with a population growing faster than that of any city in the country, seemingly is content to remain cut off from New York except by one roadway. You approach Newark by a grand concourse over the meadows to run plump against two miles of cobblestone and car tracks before you reach the main part of the city, and through streets that, to say the least, in no wise reflect credit upon the city's progress. Newark has miles and miles of beautiful streets, but they can be reached by only one road from New York. Motoring to Newark is certainly not a pleasure. Are the city authorities asleep? And incidentally this road is the only military road to the coast outside of the Staten Island Ferry and road. A fine spectacle in preparation! Think of moving heavy artillery over the present road through Newark.

WAKE UP.

Says Shipworkers Have Performed Miracles.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Your issue of June 7 contains a letter signed "Assistant Foreman, Shipyard," with accusations against the management and men of the shipyards in the New York District of so grave a character that I feel it my duty to make some reply.

I know these yards intimately, and while in some cases there have been abuses, these conditions have grown out of the terrible necessity for haste. The men of the shipyards do not rest in this district, but throughout the country taken as a whole, are to-day

as patriotic and as thoroughly dedicated to the winning of the war as any equal number of citizens, in this nation. They, themselves, are watching for slackness and disloyalty, and they will not permit any one to work among them who has not in his soul enough loyalty to our Government to make him stand up and do his duty as a soldier in the shipyards.

I also know the management of the shipyards intimately, and I am thoroughly convinced that as a body they will bear comparison with any similar group in this nation for unselfishness, loyalty and untiring effort in helping to win the war. These men, with the help of the workers, have performed miracles in the last year.

One need only point to the great shipyards in Newark Bay which have sprung out of the muck swamps by magic, and which are already putting ships into the water. There are shipyards around New York which are 100 per cent. efficient.

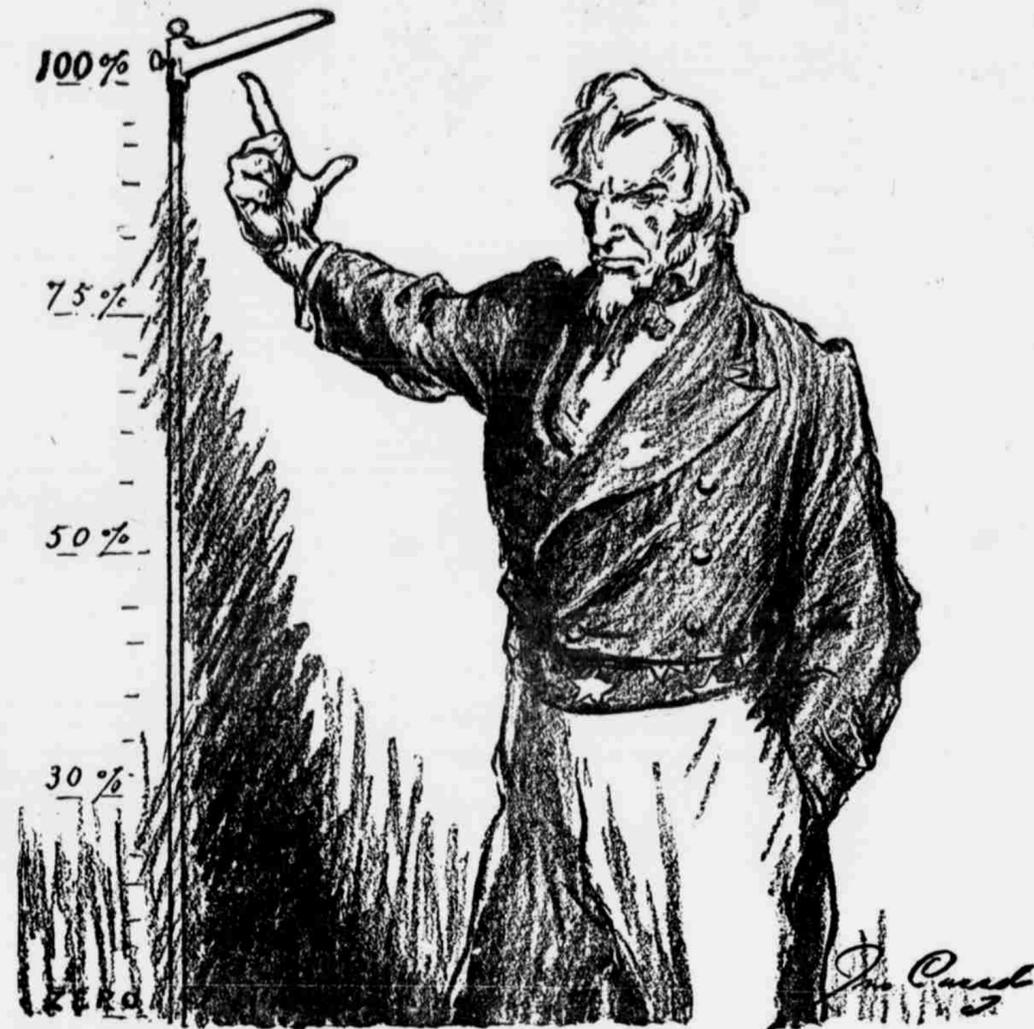
The public also knows of the magnificent patriotism of the shipworkers in their subscription to the Liberty Loan and Red Cross Fund. If your correspondent will furnish me as Head of National Service Section of the United States Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation, with names, dates and places in substantiation of his charges, I will guarantee that the abuses he complains of, if they exist in any degree whatever, will be instantly done away with.

Meanwhile, I think it unfortunate that statements of such general and damaging character should be given circulation when they do not rest upon reality. CHARLES A. EATON, Head of National Service Section U. S. Shipping Board Emergency Fleet Corporation.

Do You Measure Up to That?

By J.H. Cassel

LOYALTY



Landlords and Children

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). MOTHER writes to me as follows: "I would like to know whether a landlord can put out a tenant simply because said tenant has children, and the landlord claims he wants no more children in the house—they are too much trouble. What are we Americans to do if we are not wanted in apartments on account of our children?"

"What is to become of the next generation if we are to be put out of our homes because we have children and not dogs? The tenants who have pets are catered to and the children tenants are the ones who complain of the children."

"Is this a way of decreasing the future generation by making apartment house life so difficult with children? Are we Americans who are decent, home-loving, quiet citizens to be deprived of our rights as citizens? Does not the future of the American nation depend on these little ones?"

Yes, indeed, the future of American citizens depends on little ones. The world citizenry is being depleted and every country is making its special drive in the interest of conserving children.

Even six months before the war in France they took precautions to encourage the care and welfare of children by appropriating several million dollars in a new children's bureau.

It is high time something were done with landlords in connection with children.

It is certainly a war measure if there ever was one; and as such a law might well be made by which no landlord could exclude any respectable family on account of children.

There are certain things in which public welfare comes before private ownership. It is a well known fundamental principle that no man's private interest may interfere with the general welfare of the people; and laws are made that not only supersede these private rights, but take them away altogether when the necessity arises.

A man can only hold property as long as the public welfare is not imperiled. As soon as it is declared that he, by his action, interferes with the general welfare of the people, his so-called private right is null and void.

ingly, and the common good is maintained. It is the prime principle in the Constitution under which we live. But some landlords seem to go on the theory that they are a little Monroe Doctrine unto themselves; that they may enjoy the privileges of owning property without allowing the public prerogatives.

Often in these columns I have made a plea to landlords in answer to such letters as the above—a plea from the humane point of view—but it is no longer a time for pleading. The rights of the children will be conserved above that of the landlords.

The war has hastened matters and brought about seemingly drastic statutes, the enactment of which formerly seemed many years away.

There is no time to-day to satisfy everybody. The welfare of the majority rules, and the welfare of the majority to-day means the children.

They are the assets of the nation to come, and it is our duty to see that things are bettered "for ourselves and our posterity."

Especially may the landlord "sit up and take notice" these days if he persists in his demands for higher rents and at the same time excludes little children.

The people are going to look into the situation, and Mr. Landlord will need to be satisfied with a little less on the basis of this general welfare.

On the other hand, aside from the legal element, the man who is a greater patriot, a greater benefactor, is he who does not wait for laws, but rather welcomes children than excludes them.

He who not only makes way for them, but makes that way easier and better, is certainly the better citizen.

First Steamer Crossed Atlantic 99 Years Ago

THE first vessel fitted with steam engines to cross the Atlantic was the Savannah, which reached Liverpool ninety-nine years ago. The Savannah, a ship of 350 tons, had sailed from the Georgia city for which she was named on May 24, 1819, the passage requiring nearly twenty-seven days. Most of the voyage was made under sail, the coal supply having been exhausted after ten days at sea. Six years later the steamship Enterprise went from Falmouth, England, to the West Indies, the first voyage of the kind ever made. Regular navigation of the ocean between Europe and America was commenced in June, 1838, when the steamship Great Western crossed the Atlantic in eighteen days. The Cunard Line's first steamer, the Britannia, a side-wheeler, began service to Halifax and Boston in 1840.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). "WHAT do you think of this?" asked Mr. Jarr. "No more limes are being imported! A fellow can't have a rickety unless he takes a lemon in it. A rickety without a lime isn't the real thing, Sherman was right!"

"I should worry about the lime becoming extinct," said Jenkins, the bookkeeper, who lives in the suburbs. "The whitewashing variety is plentiful, I know, because I kalsomined my cellar last Saturday afternoon on my half-day off."

"Gee, you do have a good time on your half-holidays out there in East Malaria among the birds and bees and trees and grass and fresh air—whitewashing the cellar!" said Mr. Jarr. "But haven't you any culture—I don't mean Kultur? Don't you care for a real rickety, nature's best hot-weather gift to man?"

"None," replied Jenkins; "the high cost of drinking bids me pause." "Gimme a match, then?" said Mr. Jarr.

"I've stopped smoking," replied Jenkins. "On account of the scarcity of foodstuffs, tobacco has gone up so high that five-cent cigars are now ten, and ten-cent cigars are fifteen. So I don't carry any matches."

"Don't you even smoke a pipe any more?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"No," replied the virtuous Jenkins. "I have cut all that out and buy Thrift Stamps with the money."

"I think you've stopped smoking a pipe for pure stinginess," said Mr. Jarr with charming frankness. "You are like the Scotchman who stopped smoking because when he smoked his own tobacco it was expensive, and when he smoked other people's he filled his pipe so full it wouldn't draw, and he got no comfort out of it."

"Think what you like," said Jenkins. "I'm a better man than you are, Gunga Din. I'm a patriot, I am! In times like these you are complaining about the scarcity of limes and the dearth of rickies, while I buy Thrift Stamps in my country's time of trial."

"You have your country's interest at heart, so to speak," said Mr. Jarr, "the interest on the Thrift Stamps. And you need not swell up about being a patriot on percentage."

"I am sacrificing all such luxuries as smoking and drinking, just the same, which is more than you are doing!" retorted Jenkins. "We bookkeepers are men of plain drinking and high living—no, I mean high thinking and plain living. And we can be heroic in the time of danger too. Some of the best soldiers England had were

bookkeepers and clerks from London. And I read in the paper the other day how a bookkeeper and accountant out on the Arizona deserts, with a party of mining men, saved them from dying from thirst when their automobile broke down a hundred miles from water on those arid plains."

"How?" asked Mr. Jarr. "Tapped one of the springs on the car?"

"No," said Jenkins scornfully. "He had a fountain pen with him."

"Can't see the point to the fountain pen," sneered Mr. Jarr. "You may not be a good fumigator or irrigator either; you are not even a good prevaricator. You only say you don't care for a rickety because you know there isn't a lime in the market."

"I tell you I don't care if all the limes in Lima were obtainable!" asserted the virtuous Jenkins. "Every time I feel thirsty I take a drink of water and buy a Thrift Stamp. Besides, I never did care for fruit or vegetables in liquid refreshments."

"I saw some fresh, crisp mint in a bowl of cracked ice on the bar in Tom's place when I stepped in to-day to see what time it was," remarked Mr. Jarr. "Do you mean to tell me you would refuse to take a mint julep, made in a silver cup, with the frost on the cup, as Tom knows how to make them in real Kentucky style? Do you mean to tell me, Thrift Stamps or no Thrift Stamps, you would refuse to join me if I told you this hot day that I would treat you to a genuine Kentucky mint julep, made in a silver cup, if you came with me?"

"Why, no," said Jenkins, weakening. "If you'll lead me to one I'll give you a Thrift Stamp!"

WISHED LESS APPETITE.

MISS EDNA G. HENRY, social service worker, tells a story of the unusual ailment of a negro woman she once met in a local hospital, relates the Chicago News. The woman, one of unusually large proportions, was seated on a frail little bench outside her ward and her face bore only too plainly the marks of her evident distress.

"What's the matter?" she was asked.

"Law, miss, the doctor didn't leave me any medicine," was the reply. "Didn't leave you any medicine?" "Well, yes; but I want some for my appetite."

"Isn't your appetite all right?" "Law, yes," came the answer. "It's too good. I want some medicine to cut it down. I can't afford such an appetite with the price of food so high."

Stories of Spies

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1918, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World). No. 33.—PRICE LEWIS, Union Spy in the Civil War.



ONE December afternoon in 1911 the homebound crowds hurrying along lower Manhattan Island were horrified to see a man's body whiz downward through the snowy air and crash into the street, dead and mangled.

The man was Price Lewis, detective and former Civil War spy. He had escaped death a dozen times in half-breadth ways—only to end his own life at last by jumping from the top of a New York skyscraper building.

Lewis began his career as a Pinkerton detective. When the Civil War began he gave his services to the Union Government. Gen. McClellan sent him to glean information for the Department of the Ohio. Disguising himself as an English tourist—he was of British birth, anyway—Lewis assumed the name and title of Lord Tracy, a veteran of the Crimean War. He hired a travelling carriage, had his watch and gold cigar case engraved with the Tracy crest, stuck a monocle in his eye and set forth for the Confederate lines south of the Ohio River.

From one Confederate camp to another he made leisurely progress, hobnobbing with Southern Generals, telling stories of the Crimea (which he had learned from a book), assuring the South that England sympathized with the rebellion.

He made a splendid impression everywhere and was warmly welcomed. Incidentally, he picked up much precious information as to the numbers and disposition of Southern armies and details of Confederate forts.

When his work was done he made his way safely to the Union lines and sent to Washington the results of his mission.

His reports of conditions in border States were so valuable to our Government that they served to block the plans of several of these States to secede.

It was on the strength of these reports, for example, that Gen. Cox was able to cut off the Confederate army of Gen. Wise and to establish Western Virginia as an independent State.

Lewis, it was claimed, was the first Union spy to penetrate the Confederate lines after the Civil War's outbreak. On his occasional "rests" in Washington he was more than once assigned to the duty of acting as President Lincoln's personal bodyguard.

Then came an incident that has been touched on in another article of this series—an incident for which, it is said, Lewis was never able to forgive himself.

Timothy Webster, a daring Union spy, went to Richmond while the war was at its height on special Secret Service work. There he fell seriously ill at a hotel. He could get no word through to Washington nor could he get out of Richmond.

The authorities in Washington became worried about Webster's long absence. They sent Price Lewis and another spy to Richmond to find out what had become of him.

The two had no trouble in finding Webster, who still lay sick in his hotel. As they sat talking with the invalid some Confederates entered the room to see how Webster was getting on. Up to this time the Confederates had believed Webster to be one of their own spies. Now, however, they became suspicious of his two strange guests.

When the Southerners left the room Webster bade Lewis and the other Secret Service man escape at once. Before they could do so more Southerners came in. One of them—who had lived in Washington—recognized Lewis. All three of the Union men were arrested.

Lewis and his assistant were prevailed on to save their own lives by giving evidence against Webster—who was hanged on the strength of their testimony.

Lewis was then locked up in a Confederate war prison, where he remained for seventeen months before he was allowed to return to Washington.

In later years Lewis ran a detective agency of his own. But he grew old and poor, and at last applied for a Government pension.

His application was rejected. A few hours later he killed himself.

He looks and say, "What's the matter with you—got the Seventh Avenue blues this morning?"

"I don't feel any too good," he says. "Well, don't be spreading the troublesome atmosphere about here," I says. "We got enough worries about the food and its antics without having you in here conjuring with old hard luck like you been doing. Smile and the hash house grins with you; weep and you lose your popularity."

"He just studies a minute and says: 'Like to look at shoes?'"

"Oh, ho!" I shoot at him. "So you're a shoe salesman, eh? Well, I got my pedal exterminator pretty well clothed, so you can't rope me into any silver-plated bargains."

"I never sold a shoe in my life," he says. "But I was thinking of one."

"Well, sir, I'm all mixed up about that man. He seems to be talking pure adventure and yet, maybe not, I'm beginning to think he's a nutbag when it happens. And believe me, Uncle, little Lucile gets her. This fellow fishes from his side coat pocket a tiny, dirty shoe that was once white. It's a baby shoe. He shows it to me."

"Ever put one on a kid?" he asks. "Well, you could a' swallowed me up like a jelly. No, I says, I couldn't say anything more."

"My kid wore that one," he says. Then he kind of pets it and puts it back in his pocket. There I stand like a stick. Honestly, I don't have nerve enough to ask any more about it. He goes back into his solemnness and acts like he's dreaming again."

"I'll get your glasses," I says, quiet like. And I do.

"That's all the story," concluded Lucile. "No point, no plot, no nothing that dirty little or other, him pulling that dirty little shoe out of his pocket after me being so hard on him is going to stick in my mind all my life."

What Your Thrift Stamps Will Buy For Soldiers of United States Army

ONE Thrift Stamp buys one waist belt or one hat cord, two pairs of shoelaces and four identification tags.

Two Thrift Stamps buy one trench coat.

Three Thrift Stamps buy one pair of woollen gloves.

Four Thrift Stamps buy one bed sack and 11 cents over, or one pair of canvas leggings.

Five Thrift Stamps buy one summer seaboard.

Six Thrift Stamps buy a bayonet undershirt or woollen stockings.

Seven Thrift Stamps buy a service hat.

Eight Thrift Stamps leave 15 cents lacking to buy a bayonet.

Ten Thrift Stamps buy a shelter tent or one steel helmet.

Fourteen Thrift Stamps buy a poncho.

Fifteen Thrift Stamps buy a winter undershirt or undergarment.

One War Savings Stamp buys a cartridge belt.

One War Savings and four Thrift Stamps buy 100 cartridges.

Two War Savings Stamps buy a woollen shirt or O. D. breeches.

Three War Savings Stamps buy two pairs of shoes or four pairs of O. D. coats or woollen blankets.

Four War Savings Stamps buy a rifle.

Five War Savings Stamps buy a shirt.

Thirty-eight War Savings Stamps equip a soldier completely.

See Savings and Loan Commission.