

The Evening World

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A CLUB HOUSE FOR THE 77TH.

THE EVENING WORLD invites attention to its proposal that a big club house be provided for the 77th Division, which is made up of the drafted men from New York and places nearby.

In welcoming these men as they return, the city could do them and itself no greater service than by giving them a place where the spirit that has developed among them during the months abroad can continue to hold them together here.

A club house can give them a rallying place and help them to get back into civil life, besides furnishing them a lasting testimonial of New York's appreciation of what they have done.

Such a club house would become one of the strongest centres in the city from which to keep up the work of Americanization and spread the ideals of sound citizenship.

Regiments of the 27th Division will return to their armories. The 77th will have no gathering place, no lasting means of keeping together as a body of men who are part of the Nation's history, unless the people of New York provide the proposed club house.

Already the plan has the support of well known New Yorkers—Cleveland H. Dodge, Stephen H. Olin, Mrs. Robert Bacon, Major Delancey K. Jay, Major Archibald J. Thacher, William T. Manning, Mrs. J. E. Curran, Mrs. J. Lloyd Derby, Walter Grafton and Mrs. Russell H. Hoadley, among others.

A club house for the 77th. Let all New York take hold and help the 77th Association to make the plan a swift reality.

WE VENTURE A PREDICTION.

Despite the efforts of pennyweights in the Republican Party to puff themselves up to Presidential size in time for the next National Convention, we believe the nominee on that occasion will turn out to be the Hon. William Howard Taft of Ohio and New Haven, once a stop-gap, but rapidly becoming a Personage.

ANOTHER SLICE OFF INCOMES.

COMING on top of a formidable Federal tax on personal incomes, the proposed State individual income tax of one or one and one-half per cent., as recommended by the joint legislative committee on taxation at Albany, is a staggerer.

State Comptroller Travis was right in maintaining that, though a State income tax might be inevitable as soon as the Federal income tax is reduced, the present time would seem to the average citizen most inopportune for making yet greater levies upon individual income.

The fact remains that the needs of the State Government for 1919 will require \$10,600,000 additional revenue, while local government needs will bring the total for the State to a figure estimated at from \$30,000,000 to \$40,000,000 above the requirements for 1918.

This money must be raised and the plan is to raise it by a one or one and one-half per cent. income tax supplemented by a flat tax of one-half or one per cent. on tangible personal property. It is hoped that the income tax will reach some of the huge volume of taxable wealth in the form of intangible property which is sworn off by billions each year under the present system of assessing personal property taxes.

As one means of avoiding the immediate necessity of a State individual income tax, it had been suggested that the present three per cent. tax on the net incomes of certain classes of corporations be extended to cover corporations, partnerships and businesses generally. This, it was calculated, would yield an additional \$12,000,000, while if the rate were raised to five per cent. the State could count on \$20,000,000 more. In this connection the State Comptroller made a significant note:

A vast amount of business is transacted within our State and immense sums of money earned by non-resident individuals and corporations employing little or no tangible property within the State. They either escape taxation entirely or contribute but nominal sums. One has but to think of the location of New York City and the diversity of business carried on there to comprehend the meaning of these remarks. But recently a non-resident of the State said to me in substance: Last year I made \$40,000 on my business in New York without paying a cent of taxes to the City of New York or the State.

Neither State nor city desires to put up bars that keep away business. But surely non-resident individuals or corporations who enjoy the extraordinary advantages of doing business at this port or in this State are not entitled to exemptions which mean heavier taxation for residents.

The natural tendency of legislation is toward taxes that can be readily assessed and easily collected. Too often these are the taxes that are escaped by one class of taxpayers at the expense of others.

The only League of Nations that will ever look good to some United States Senators is one that lets in everybody in the U. S. A. but Woodrow Wilson.

Letters From the People

Suggests Sunday for Welcoming Parades. To the Editor of The Evening World: Mrs. of the boys in the National Army are from homes where the pay of the earner is needed, every dollar counts, and time lost from work while carrying out the duty of reviewing the parades of relatives and friends is often a form of punishment. May I suggest your activating "hold all welcoming parades on Sundays"? If the various parades are held after 1 o'clock in the afternoon the usual Sunday obligations can be carried out and, best of all, a full pay envelope will be coming at the next pay day.

ADOLF HIRSCH. Complaint on B. R. T. Service. To the Editor of The Evening World: It is to be hoped that the new Public Service Commission, which Gov. Smith has promised to appoint, will thoroughly investigate the cause of

A Great Idea--for Up-State

By J. H. Cassel



The Home Girl

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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A Girl Should Never Be Lonely in a Great City.

YOUNG Brooklyn woman writes me as follows:

"I have all the comforts that a home could give and no one could be dearer to me than my parents, but somehow I yearn for the companionship of others."

"I have an older sister who is quite often invited out to a dance or social of some kind, and the fact of my being a 'home girl' is beginning to worry me now."

"It is not that I want to be 'popular,' or that I continually want to have a gay time, but if there were only some way in which I could occasionally enjoy the fellowship of other young girls of my own age I am sure I could be made a much happier girl."

"I am not a pretty girl and I suppose that has a little to do with my adversity. However, it is quite discouraging to have to spend my evenings alone, after having worked hard at the office all day."

Many letters like this come to me. Most often it is the fault of the girl herself. She is very much a hermit in her own home.

If she has no older brothers or sisters who will help her get acquainted, there are various neighborhood organizations where many a girl similarly situated has found companions and pleasures.

It is not a difficult matter to join a group in the high school or a Young Woman's Christian Association or a Red Cross Unit or something of the sort.

The principal thing is to be sure to choose some wholesome place where there are always good people who are in the sane business of seeing that young people get together for recreation and amusement and civic interests.

There is no reason for any girl to be lonely in a great city like this, where there are so many places planned for the benefit of young people.

Some of the most delightful friendships have been formed as the result of joining one of these associations.

The way to have a friend is to be one. In order to be a friend you must yourself seek the way. And

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Nature's Garb Won't Do for Nature's Noblemen.

"O H, dear! Here it's March already! You must get a new suit of clothes," said Mrs. Jarr, eyeing her husband ruefully as they stood near the front window. The sun shone in and was reflected back from the shiny-from-wear surface of Mr. Jarr's old blue "business suit."

"That's what they all say!" remarked Mr. Jarr facetiously.

"Oh, it isn't a joke!" said Mrs. Jarr. "You know as well as I do that it doesn't do a man any good to look shabby in business! People take you for what you look, not what you are."

"Well, I'm going to get a new suit as soon as I can," said Mr. Jarr feebly.

"That's what you've been saying for the past couple of weeks," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's a rule at one of the big stores to-day, and you'd better go in and look them over."

"All right, if I can get away from my work," said Mr. Jarr.

"You MUST get away from your work. You can surely be spared for an hour or so for so important a thing as getting a new suit of clothes," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Goodness knows you've worked overtime enough, and without getting paid for it, for that old office for a good many years past, and especially during the last few weeks!"

Mr. Jarr said nothing as to this. It was a subject he did not desire any inquiry should be made into. If he got home late from the office it always sounded better to say, "Kept late at the office, my dear," rather than "tramped into Gus's and the bunch detained me."

"I think you ought to get a nice brown suit," Mrs. Jarr went on. "You have a gray suit and a greenish-gray you got last summer, but they are too light and thin to wear now, Brown's becoming to you, anyway."

"Oh, it won't be long before hot weather will be with us, and then I can wear my summer suits," said Mr. Jarr carelessly.

"They are too thin to wear till mid-summer," said Mrs. Jarr, "and that suit you have on is a sight! You simply must get a new suit for this season of the year—something not too heavy nor too light. When the hot weather does come you can put the new suit away and wear it in the fall. You have a good heavy suit for winter."

"Oh, what's the use to bother with it now?" asked Mr. Jarr. "If I've got a couple of good suits I got last summer it may be warm enough to wear them in a week or two."

"Now, I'm going to have my way for once!" said Mrs. Jarr. "It isn't my fault, of course, if you are so careless with your clothes. I'm sure I don't know how I'd look if I didn't take care of mine. But that's neither here nor there. You've GOT to get a new suit."

"Well, all right," grumbled Mr. Jarr. "We'll see next week what we can do."

"We'll see THIS week. We'll see TO-DAY!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And I want you to get a brown suit. You've worn that blue one till I'm tired of seeing it. And I want you to get a good suit, too."

"Don't bother me about it now," said Mr. Jarr. "I have other things to think of."

"You haven't anything to think of that is as important," declared Mrs. Jarr. "It does a man more harm than good, he knows, to look shabby or untidy. If one looks poor and shabby one is an object of pity and suspicion. While, on the other hand, if one looks prosperous it is greatly to one's advantage!"

"My! You talk like a success lecturer!" said Mr. Jarr.

"I'm talking plain common sense," Mrs. Jarr replied. "You know your own mind. You can surely be spared for an hour or so for so important a thing as getting a new suit of clothes, who say to me, 'I just saw Bannet, who went to Brazil two years ago,' and I say to you, 'How did he look?' and you say 'He looked fine, and he was well-dressed and wore a diamond ring and a high hat and had a real pearl scarfpin, don't you? Why don't you ask him up to the house to meet Cousin Gladys when she comes over from Philadelphia?'"

"What's a friend back from Rio Janeiro, dressed in his best suit of clothes, got to do with my getting a new outfit?" asked Mr. Jarr, "and where's the money to come from?"

"That's so," said Mrs. Jarr, wisely.

And they both sighed and looked out of the window.

There were new leaves coming on the trees, but human clothes do not grow in trees.

A TINPLATE MILL. "Ray has started its first mill rolling of tinplate."

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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NO. 3.—SAMUEL FINLEY MORSE—Who Taught Electricity to Talk.

"If I can make it work for one mile I can make it work for ten! If I can make it work for ten miles I can send messages around the world!"

So spoke a gray-bearded American in 1835. And his defiant prophecy was laughed at by the world as large as the ravings of an incurable lunatic.

He was Samuel Finley Breece Morse, an inspired jack-of-all-trades, a man who had dabbled in painting, in the new fad known as "photography," in sculpture and in several other pursuits, besides holding down a professorial chair at New York University.

A trip to France had started him to dabbling with electricity. For the three years following that journey he had been wasting his time, so his friends declared, in pottering over an absurd invention which had turned his eccentric brain. This invention he called by the high-sounding name of "The Electro-Magnetic and Chemically Recording Telegraph."

He actually claimed that he could make the machine tick off dots and dashes which stood for alphabet letters and which could be transmitted by wire to great distances.

Those who did not think him a fool did not see that the proposed invention could be put to any practical use. What was the sense in sending silly dot-and-dash messages over a wire from place to place, when it was expected that the new-fangled railroad trains would soon be carrying mail from New York to Boston in the amazingly short time of eleven hours?

Unchecked by the ridicule and lack of interest that greeted his genius, Morse worked away, day and night, at his scheme. He had already taken the first photograph in America and had made the first camera. These things had succeeded in spite of public scepticism. So, he knew, would the telegraph.

It was when he had sent telegraph messages over the wire for a mile from the New York University laboratory in 1835 that he declared he could send them around the world. And with a fresh zeal he worked over improvements on his machine.

Two years later he had perfected the apparatus far enough to get it patented. He ran out of funds at this critical time; and he begged Congress to appropriate \$30,000 for carrying on the work. Congress refused. So did several foreign Governments he applied to. But after six more years of hammering at Congress he got an appropriation. And the work was plain sailing. Because he had a sublime faith in himself and would not take no for an answer, Morse at last had his chance.

The first practical telegraph line was rigged up between Washington and Baltimore. And on May 24, 1844, in the presence of a wondering throng that filled the Supreme Court room in the Capitol, the "test" message was ticked off. Morse had given Elizabeth Ellsworth the honor of sending this despatch to Baltimore, where his assistant waited tremblingly to receive it.

The telegraph instrument was as big and as complicated as a motor car engine. Miss Ellsworth was a slow operator, having just learned the Morse code. With much hesitation she ticked the following sentence from a Bible text, suggested to her by her mother:

"WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT?"

In an equally crowded room in Baltimore Morse's assistant, H. T. Rogers, took the message and wrote it out for the benefit of the eager onlookers.

"This," says a chronicler, "was the first telegram ever sent and received. An era had dawned which was to knit the whole world together and to eliminate time and space. Morse's life work was vindicated.

Yes, Morse had made good. And presently two continents were vying with each other to do honor to the man who had been looked on as a visionary crank—the man whose calm faith in himself had risen above his fear of ridicule.

His Friends Call Him a Fool.

The First Telegram.

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Suppressing Father

Or Making the Home Safe for the Family

By Stuart Rivers

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The Canning Machine That Queers Mother's Chances in the Club.

NO—Mrs. McNair isn't on speaking terms with us these days. Mother was just about ready to be elected to the club Mrs. Mac runs when things went wrong—of course father got the blame, it seems like that's what he was put in our house for. He even got blamed because the patent adding machine he bought worked wrong and mother came out \$10 short in her account.

I never thought that was his fault, but mother—well, you know how mother feels about those inventions father brings home, she says she wouldn't mind if they only didn't do so much damage when they went wrong, but after all, that part of it is father's luck. Like the time the folding rack he bought to dry clothes over the stove melted at the joints and fell down. If he had had any luck at all it wouldn't have happened when mother was trying to dry her new waist that she was going to wear to the show—at the same time you couldn't blame her for getting sore.

But I was telling you about Mrs. MacNair and how mother didn't get into the club.

The first time I saw it I was afraid of father's canning machine, but after it worked I had to admit he's hung the bell with a safe, only you set it on the stove and there was a lid in the top, where you put the can after you'd filled it with what you wanted canned, then you clamped down the handle, and in about a minute the job was done and the can might have come out of a store, only it didn't have a label on it.

Even mother liked it—maybe because it cut down the high cost of living a bit. Nine-centers—father worked it out on the adding machine. A good excuse to invite Mrs. MacNair over to the house so she could touch her for a nomination to the club, and after the canning machine worked so well, she dropped Mrs. Mac a tip, telling her to come over and bring some spinach with her. Mrs. Mac fell with both feet, and the canning machine started.

I kind of hung around on the edge—so I'd be ready to run for the doctor or get out the fire extinguisher—when

see, I've lived up at our house for a long time. But nothing happened and I finally began to take natural breath and pretty soon I ambled into the living room to get a squirt at the sport page—Oh, yes, I'm always kept pretty busy, mother sees to that.

I could hear her telling Mrs. Mac how her one dream of happiness was to be a member of the club when the party butted into a stone wall and came to an end.

I reached the kitchen in two jumps, helped Mrs. Mac dig some chunks of spinach out of her eyes, then I lit out for the smelling salts, and got back in time to catch her as she faints.

"The canning machine blew up," says mother—she'd been out of range of its charge of spinach.

I don't know how it happened that father took that moment to come home. But he didn't stay—he went out again. That is, after mother talked to him for awhile. He was feeling real bad, and choked—especially when he looked at Mrs. Mac and I told him about the spinach.

At the last, and just before she left, Mrs. Mac admitted maybe mother didn't do it on purpose. About that time I took mother's arm and led her away, while sister induced Mrs. Mac to go before there was any bloodshed. No—mother didn't get in the club. She's sitting up nights now trying to figure out how she can get up one of her own.

A DISAPPOINTMENT.

IN a country week appeal Senator Harding said in Cleveland:

"It is most pathetic to see the ignorance of country life that is manifested by the little country weekers from the slums."

"A little country weeker on an Ohio farm went down into the barnyard to see the milking, and returned with tears in his eyes."

"Why, what's the matter, bub?" said the farmer's wife. "Didn't the milking please you?"

"Naw," said the country weeker. "Them cows of yours don't give nothin' but milk."

"For the land's sake. And what do you expect 'em to give?" said the farmer's wife.

"Best tea, of course," snapped the country weeker. "—New Orleans States."