

The Evening World

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NEXT ON THE BURLESON PROGRAMME.

BEGINNING to-morrow the public will pay 20 per cent. more for domestic telegraph messages in order that a Burlesonized telegraph service may keep its balances on the right side regardless of how much it adds to the cost of operation by higher wages or extravagant methods.

That is the great thing about Government control of public utilities. The Government can afford to be the kindest, most generous of employers. The Government can afford to be the most easy-going, lax and wasteful of operators. Why? Because the public can always pay more, and if the Government says so the public has got to pay more. There's no other shop where it can trade.

Nobody has ever grasped this principle of Government control with a more autocratic determination to make the most of it than has Postmaster and Dictator General Burleson. Burlesonian bureaucracy is the most thorough-going product of its kind the country ever grew. And it is only an infant growth with big possibilities ahead.

Secretary Deegan of the Mackay companies says the Postal Telegraph was perfectly well able to go on serving the public at the old rates and had refused to raise them. Hence, according to Mr. Deegan, the recent high-handed removal of Postal Telegraph officials from the control of that system: Western Union operating methods made necessary a raise of rates for the Western Union and Mr. Burleson was determined the Western Union should have the raise.

Taking a minimum of efficiency and economy as the standard of production cost by which to fix prices for the public to pay is familiar doctrine. But one would hardly expect to find it obtaining in Government administration of great public utilities.

What ARE the Burleson models?

THE REAL THING.

EIGHT THOUSAND MEN of the Twenty-seventh Division when discharged will be looking for jobs, according to Dr. George W. Kirchwey, Director of the United States Employment Service, who has been getting official information on the subject. In an appeal to employers Dr. Kirchwey says:

"It is admittedly the duty of this great community to provide employment for every one of these men, and for this reason all employers in New York City are urged to convey at once complete information regarding all opportunities they can offer for employment for these discharged soldiers."

So much has been said and written regarding this admitted duty that there is danger of thinking it already done. Suppose each one of a hundred employers is so sure the other ninety-nine are providing more than enough jobs for discharged men that he takes no active step in the matter. How does the duty get itself performed?

The Twenty-seventh has had its great welcome of cheering crowds, triumphal arches and waving flags. Other soldiers returning later are sure of the same. It is the first, easiest, most obvious kind.

But what about taking these heroes—sound and disabled—as individuals and fitting them back into permanent places in civil life where they can work, better themselves, be happy and feel the fighting did not lose for them while it gave an advantage in the race to those at home for whose safety they fought?

That's the part of the welcome that gets down to business and means something.

It's a part that demands thought initiative, and perhaps the trouble of a considerable amount of readjustment from thousands of individual employers. But it's the part that's the real thing.

NEW YORK AND THE PRINTING TRADE.

WHAT the City of New York has come to stand for in the printing industry of the world is seen in a newly published Survey of the Printing Trade which appears as Part I. of a report on Industrial Education in this city:

New York City has attained in the past few years the proud position of being the world's leading centre of the printing industry. It created this distinction from London during the war period and if plans now in the making for the extension of education in its processes are adopted, it no doubt will retain its pre-eminence. There are to-day over 2,700 printing establishments in the Greater City with an invested capital of over \$23,000,000.

The need of more extended education in printing processes is emphasized by a committee representing the Association of Employing Printers, the New York Master Printers' Association, the Allied Printing Trades' Council and the Typographical and Pressmen's Unions. This committee makes a number of constructive recommendations, notably

that a central school of printing be established which shall provide trade extension courses for journeymen and apprentices and all day pre-employment courses for youths intending to enter the trade, and that such courses take the place of the instruction in printing at present carried on in the day vocational schools and the evening trade schools.

The Board of Education and the Board of Estimate and Apportionment are asked to provide for a bringing together of the various printing classes. The initial cost is estimated at \$150,000.

It would do citizens as well as city officials no harm to read this Survey of the Printing Industry and learn more of New York's present standing in one of the most important, far-reaching and honored of all trades—the niceties of which demand training and invite the highest developments of skill and enterprise—and which a Twentieth Century public takes for granted.

President for a Day

IN the list of Presidents of the United States the name of David R. Atchison does not appear. Yet, in the opinion of many authorities on constitutional law, Atchison was certainly President for one day only. That day was March 4, 1849. It fell on a Sunday, and Gen. Taylor, the President-elect, refused to be inaugurated on the Sabbath. In those days the President pro tem. of the United States Senate was in line for the accession to the Presidency after the Vice President, Atchison, Senator from Missouri, was then the presiding officer of the Senate, and hence, by this circumstance, became President of the United States from noon of March 4, 1849, to noon of the following day. Atchison died in 1858.

Another Well Poisoner

By J. H. Cassel



Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Delhi's Noted Poetess Favors the Betterment League With a Couple of Food Rhymes.

THE Women's Betterment League of Delhi held a Doolittle afternoon Thursday in Hugus Hall, the affair being so designated because Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the noted poetess, was the guest of honor. Miss Doolittle, who is a member of the organization, had promised the ladies to read to them several of her justly famous food rhymes and at least twenty-three of the members were present. Promptress Pertie was in the chair, calling the meeting to order at 2 o'clock with her usual verve.

"To-day, friends," she said, after Eliza Peters, the janitor, had ejected the liverman's dog and had gone downstairs to see if the noise made by the horses in their stalls could not be lessened, "we are to have a treat. Ellabelle Mae Doolittle is to read us several original rhymes dealing with food."

"I usually do my dealing with cards," said Mrs. Pompton Moot, the witliest woman in Delhi.

When the merriment had subsided, Promptress Pertie introduced the noted poetess. Miss Doolittle gazed gently to the centre of the rostrum and held up one hand.

"My first rhyme," she said, affecting a Southern accent because of a recent visit to Hotchkissville, Ark., "concerns banana cake, with which all of you are familiar. My mother made some one day and I ate so much I just had to write this poem about it. I call it 'Abraham Skinner Ate His Dinner and Topped It Off With Banana Cake.' I hope you like it!"

"Banana cake is great stuff," said Miss Cutty Boggs.

"Thank you, Mrs. Boggs!" replied Miss Doolittle sweetly. Then she read the following:

Abraham Skinner ate his dinner, Including banana cake, Kicked her 't is quite a winner, It is never a joke. He ate a lot more and rolled on the floor, But his wife was very delighted, She knew if he died he had snarled, And refused to be frightened, My sister's child, Tenny Ricketts, Kicked a neighbor's son sweetly, Next hitting him with a fence picket, Mustn't be naughty, my dearie, But getting back to banana cake, It is a delightful dessert.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCordell

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) The Children's Peace League Encounters a Delegate Without Credentials.

"WATCHA goin' to be when you grow up?" asked Master Izzy Slavinsky, complacently sucking an orange.

"An engine driver or an automobile driver or a navy man," replied Master Gussie Bepler, who was also prone to a superfluity of "n" sounds in his speech.

"Give us a suck of the orange now, Izzy," suggested Master Bepler. "It's my orange."

"Aw gwan!" cried the present custodian of the fruit. "Didn't I betcher that I could take it and suck it so dry that it would be dusty inside?"

"It ain't dry yet," suggested Master Willie Jarr.

"Sure it ain't!" chimed in Master Johnny Rangle.

"It's juicy yet. But I ain't through with it am I?" asked young Mr. Slavinsky, in that particularly grating and ferocious tone in which dear little boys address each other in the absence of their elders.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Being the Confessions of the Seven-Hundredth Wife Concerning Brains—and the Woman.

MY DAUGHTER, what will a reticent nose profit thee if thou hast an aquiline mind? What will beauty profit thee if thou art likewise gifted with brains?



What will dimples avail thee if thou hast also opinions?

What will blonde hair gain thee if thou possessest a brunette temperament?

Go to the lemon grove, thou Scholarette! For how few women, with both brains and beauty have ever plucked a peach, in the garden of Matrimony!

Verily, verily, it is not given unto one woman to possess both happiness and opinions; both real love and real logic; both reasoning powers and romantic devotion!

Peradventure a plain woman may overcome her handicap with humility and conceal her intelligence with dissimulation or camouflage. She may learn to watch her P's and "cues" and "yes-daars" and to cultivate her "What-dost-THOU-think-darlings."

But an intelligent opinion in the mouth of a pretty woman horrifieth a man even as the scissors in the mouth of a babe or a slingshot in the hands of a mischievous boy.

And a woman with judgment which exceedeth his own and with wit which outshineth his repartee is more uncanny than a pet parrot which saith the appropriate thing at the right moment.

Be not deceived, then, when a man saith unto thee: "Go to! I could not endure life with a stupid woman!"

For, verily, NO woman is stupid, in his opinion, who AGREETH with him.

But a woman with "convictions" affecteth him as a cold bath on a January morning. She shocketh him!

And a woman who can be SILENT in one language is more "interesting" than one who can be brilliant in seven languages.

Behold, in high Olympus, Minerva, the wise, had the respect of the gods. And Diana, the strenuous, had her independence.

And Venus, the beauty, married the blacksmith.

But Psyche, the simple, was LOVED.

And Juno, the bovine, married the "GREAT CATCH!"

Then, whatsoever thou receiveth in the Love Game, oh, thou Scintillating One, accept it gladly and rejoice thereat.

For, whether it be a babe snatched from the cradle or an octogenarian spared from the grave, it is thy portion. Therefore cherish it.

For, verily, verily, in the logic of man, brains-and-beauty are an impossible feminine combination—

Nay, not impossible to find! But impossible to ENDURE once thou hast married it!

And Solomon himself had not been happy had he suspected that there was an IDEA afloat among all his seven hundred wives!

Selah.

How to Be a Better Salesman And Earn Bigger Pay

By Roy Griffith

The Evening World's Authority on Successful Salesmanship. Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) Mr. Griffith's Salesmanship Column is published daily. Instructional articles like to-day's alternate with an answer to questions column. He will be glad to answer questions addressed to him care of this newspaper.

"Professional Attitude" Toward Customers.

SOME months ago I was talking to the sales instructor in a large department store in Chicago. She told me she was teaching the sales people in the store to adopt what she called "the professional attitude" toward all customers. Her ideas along this line are valuable and well worth passing along. Salesmanship is a profession, there seems no reason why sales people shouldn't have a distinct professional bearing.

A cool, deliberate refusal to notice such things would prove you to be the really big person.

You are not ascribing a single bit of your own pride or your own personality when you are being professionally soothing and agreeable—when you are endeavoring to soothe instead of excite your customers.

Our speech, our actions, every part of our physical being are influenced by our state of mind. State of mind is influenced to a great extent by our nerves. When our nerves are strained, we are quite apt to be disagreeable, irritable and fretful. Some times say things they would never think of saying were they in a normal state of mind. It temper and a sharp tongue are very often the direct result of over-wrought nerves.

The salesman should adopt the professional attitude toward all such customers. He should consider that he is in a way, a nerve specialist. The nerve specialist makes every attempt to soothe instead of exciting his patients. What would you think of a physician who would start a heated and senseless argument with a nervous, racked, fever-stricken, unreasonable patient? When you realize that only the customer who is critically only nervous you can make allowances, overlook it, and be cool and collected.

Some people go through life carrying a chip on their shoulder. They are looking for faults and unkind remarks. In this world, we usually find what we are looking for—more especially, perhaps, if we are looking for trouble. The man who is always looking for trouble has no business in the selling field.

You have heard people say, "I consider myself as good as anybody. Nobody is going to insult or run over me." When I hear a remark of that kind I always think of it as a confession of weakness. You can't insult a really big person by saying untruthful things to them or of them.

When an unkind remark hurts, it is his.

NEW FUEL FOR THE MOTOR.

The use of coal gas instead of gasoline for motor fuel is rapidly increasing in English cities despite the fact that engines that are driven by it develop but 90 per cent. of the power obtained from gasoline.