

The Evening World

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DISPEL DELUSION.

AMONG voices raised to tell the country what Reconstruction requires, the loudest have been those that prescribe high wages tending higher still and the acceptance of high prices as a continuing economic necessity.

Only now and then do we catch some fainter word about increasing production—about demanding more productive energy from individual American workers in order to make good some part of the huge losses four years of destructive activity have cost the world.

Last week the Board of Directors of the National Association of Manufacturers met in this city and passed resolutions which read in part:

Whereas, high prices are largely due to the growth of tendencies among our labor elements to restrict and curtail individual and collective industrial production, a policy based largely on the false, pernicious and widely preached doctrine that "the less work a man does the more work he provides for others to do," which, together with other unsound and uneconomic present labor tendencies, threaten to result in a lessening of the productive effectiveness of our American industrial machinery.

Resolved, that we urge and call upon the people of the United States, and our factory workers in particular, to refute and discourage the un-American and dangerously unsound "make work" doctrine, which if pursued to any extent will result in complete industrial demoralization.

That we urge and call upon the people of the United States, and our factory workers in particular, to do everything in their power to encourage, stimulate and increase our industrial production as the direct means toward restoring more normal price conditions.

This can be pooh-poohed as obviously the employer's point of view. Nevertheless it is a point of view that deserves more prominence in Reconstruction preaching. The people of the United States have heard too little of it.

Increased production is a safe, sound programme badly needed just now to counteract the influence of a theory that has taken indelible hold upon the country—the theory that every one is bound to be better off because of the war if only those who have already profited most by it are assured a future in which they can receive progressively more and work progressively less.

"Unless we approve this Treaty as it stands," Senator Pittman of Nevada warned the Senate yesterday, "we open the door to all the disastrous possibilities of renewed international discussion."

Senator Lodge and his crew would reopen the door to Mars himself rather than share Peace with the President.

WHAT ABOUT THAT THEATRE TICKET LAW?

MANY people in this city would like to know what has happened to the ordinance passed by the Board of Aldermen last December to regulate the selling of theatre tickets in New York.

The ordinance became law a few days before the beginning of the current year. It provided that no ticket broker could lawfully sell a theatre ticket at more than a 50-cent advance over the box-office price, which latter must be conspicuously printed on the ticket's face.

At the present time the better seats for popular theatrical performances in this town are being sold every day to the persons who are to occupy the seats for prices that range from \$5 to \$10 and even higher.

These prices are in some cases paid through clubs or agencies that disclaim direct responsibility for them. In other cases they are paid directly to speculators. In any case the theatre-goer who wants a good seat at one of the "summer successes" has to pay in most instances at least twice the face value of the ticket, and he finds plenty of places where he can obtain tickets at such prices.

How can this lawfully be?

Does the ordinance which says that no theatre ticket may be sold at more than a 50-cent advance cease to operate where purchasers are willing to pay more?

If it means what it says, why is it not enforced?

NEW YORK'S BIGGEST CLUB.

Twenty thousand children of The Evening World Kiddie Klub had a field day at Luna Park, Coney Island, last Thursday, Cousin Eleanor Schorer presiding. Did anybody ever invent a better club than one that puts interest and pleasure into the lives of youngsters? New York children have answered the question by running the membership of The Evening World Kiddie Klub to over 100,000.

Letters From the People

Answer:—At present there is a tunnel in operation between the Grand Central Station and Fourth Street, Long Island City. Another tunnel, which will be fully completed by January 15, runs from 50th Street, Manhattan, to North Jane Street, Long Island City. This runs under the Queensborough Bridge and connects with the Queensborough Bridge Plaza Station. This tunnel makes it possible to connect the West and East side subways in New York.

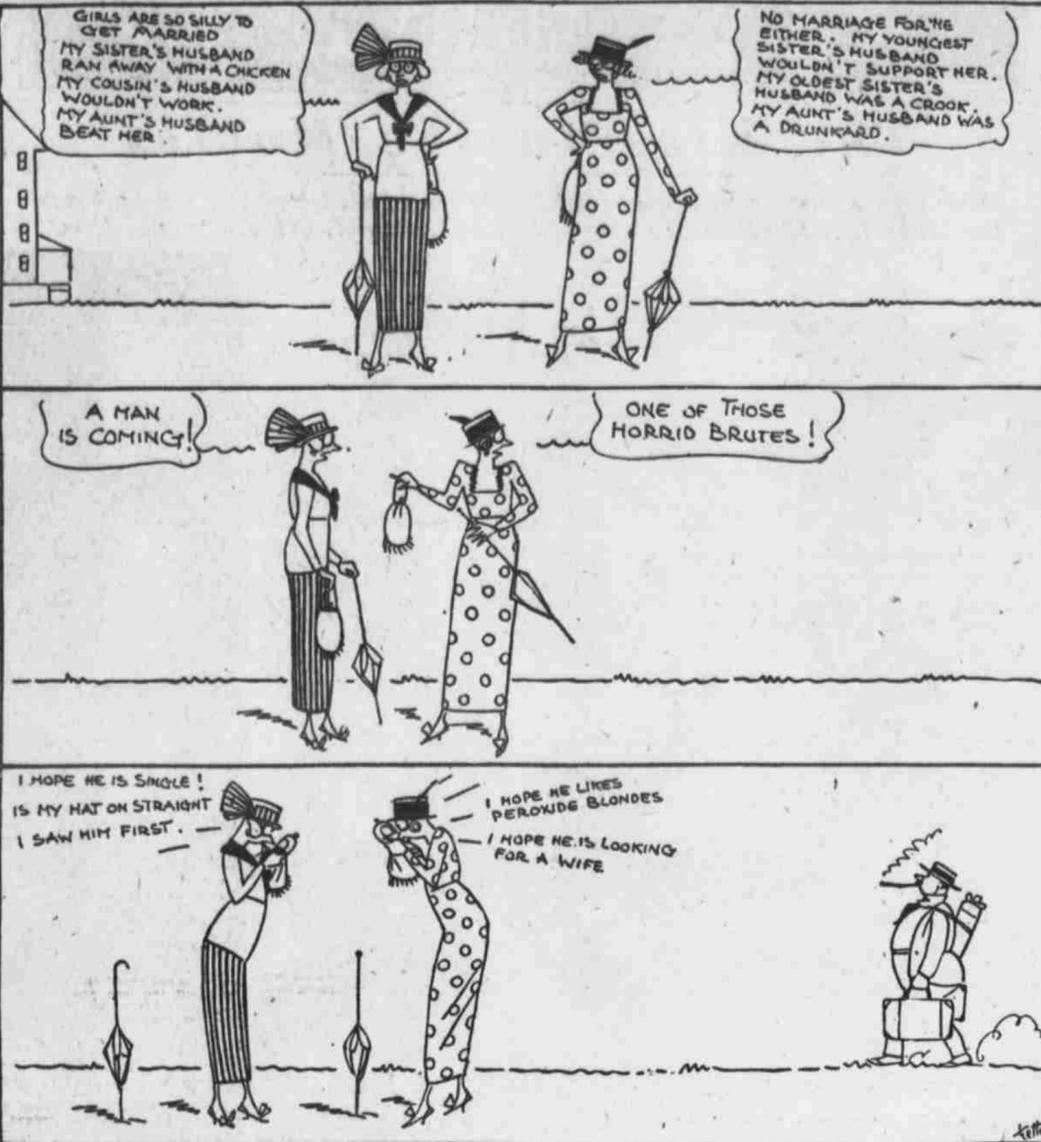
New About the Bonus? If the State of Massachusetts can see fit to give a bonus of \$100 to its discharged service men, why not New York? There are hundreds of boys of this State home now; many of them are out of jobs and without money; and a bonus similar to that of Massachusetts would certainly come in handy to many of them, especially those who have needy families to support. I am writing these lines hoping you will publish them in your valuable paper, to help start a good cause for the boys of New York who answered the call of democracy.

DISCHARGED SOLDIER.

Can You Beat It!

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By Maurice Ketten



A Landlady's Complaint

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Teach Children the Importance of Law and Order. A SHORT time ago I wrote in these columns an article on heartless landlords and landladies who refused to admit children in their properties.

Several letters came. Following is one from a property owner signing "A Human Hearted Landlady": "I am the owner of several houses. One is occupied with two families consisting of seven children, or rather seven demons.

"They have completely wrecked a fine house in two years. One mother feels very much peeved if you speak of the destruction caused by her children. The other is insulting if you ask her to correct her two boys.

"In another very choice two-family house I have just disposed a family with two boys, one eight years old and the other two years respectively. "My tenant knew I was suffering frightfully with inflammatory rheumatism, yet she permitted the two-year-old boy to ride on his kiddie car all day long and bang his toys in a room right over my bed.

"Now, there is a nice inclosed back yard, also a nice lawn in front, where he could have been placed, as the weather was ideal. The mother knew I was suffering, yet she made no attempt to keep the child quiet.

"The eight-year-old boy, when called in from play, which he always resents with loud cries and shrieks, would take relief in his temper by banging the front door as hard as he could against the wall, at the same time kicking the bottom of the door till it is marked shamefully across the bottom.

"These are only a few of such actions. After having asked the family for the apartment and giving them three months to find another, in a week's time they had a party and were so rough they cracked a first-class, newly decorated ceiling in my dining room.

"During the party, I overheard the head of the family say, 'To the devil with the landlady, as we have to move anyway.' "The landlords are not heartless or childless. If I had money I would spend it only on poor little kiddies, but I must preserve my property which my husband has worked so

The Jarr Family

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Gus Finds Othello's Occupation Has Gone in Several Directions

"HERE'S a new and very intriguing, as the novelists say, game of solitaire," remarked Mr. Jarr of Rangle's as they

The Gay Life of a Commuter

Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise By Rube Towner

"Doc" Hails St. Swithin as an Ally of the Anti-Bone-Dry

IT is the boast of all commuters on the Paradise Line that that connecting link between the heavenly suburban abodes and the dwellers in the city is so perfect in its equipment and methods that not even under Government control had it ever ceased to function.

Now and then a "shos," or maybe a pair of them, gets ripped off and the passengers in that particular car are in doubt whether it is on the track or just going in the same general direction, but such is the confidence of the commuters that they go right on reading their papers, knowing that if they are off the track "Whistling Bill" or Hank or any of the old reliable motormen will get them on again without wasting time by stopping. Once in a great while there is a washout or they get bridged at Purgatory Creek for a half hour or so, and occasionally a freight car takes a Senatorial streak and gets crosswise on the track, but these are mere incidents in the life of a true commuter.

For five days the Paradise bunch had been coming and going in a steady drizzle, sprinkle, shower, down-pour and deluge, with rivulets running down the aisles and the car smelling like a condensed rubber factory.

"St. Swithin is simply making his protest against this bone-dry folly," said Doc. "It's good weather for ducks," said an uninspired idiot across the aisle whom nobody knew.

"That evening, when Doc and Newcomer entered the New York terminal, or rather when they tried to enter the concourse, they saw what looked like about two millions of people, jammed and packed so tightly that they were almost unable to move, and a big man wearing a rain coat and a railroad cap making a speech in

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

Copyright, 1919, by The Press Publishing Co. (The New York Evening World.) No. 65—BENJAMIN DISRAELI, Who Ruled Great Britain's Political Destinies.

BENJAMIN DISRAELI longed for a political career. In England a seat in the House of Commons was the absolutely needful stepping-stone to such a career. So Disraeli sought election to the House of Commons.

He was defeated. He was defeated again. His friends advised him to give up the fight. But he had decided on the one line in which he knew he could make good, and he kept on.

Already he had tried his hand at literature and other pursuits. But in none of them had he scored the success he craved, and he was calmly certain of his ability to make good as a statesman.

At last he managed to get himself elected to the House of Commons after repeated setbacks. He was on the threshold of his chosen career, and he determined to take the next step at once by means of a speech whose eloquence and power should awaken all England to a knowledge of his statesmanly qualities.

He got to his feet and began to speak. His was one of the very worst and most laughable speeches ever delivered in the House of Commons. No one knows how the oration was supposed to end—for no one heard it to the end. Amid a storm of hoots and hisses and a hurricane of laughter some one shouted to him:

"Hooted and Missed Him." "Oh, sit down!" Disraeli wheeled to face the man who had yelled that.

"Very well!" he cried. "I'll sit down. But there's a time coming when I'll make you hear me!"

It was not exactly a favorable start along the road to fame. Many a man might well have given up the struggle and, through shame, have sought some other line of advancement. But Disraeli had resolved to make good, and to do so through politics. So he kept on.

Within a week he was on his feet again in the House of Commons. This time he got through his speech without rousing the laughter of his colleagues. He had made his start.

The rest was a matter of steady advance. His genius for statesmanship carried him past every obstacle. He rose rapidly in British politics, at last reaching the coveted post of Prime Minister—an office he held several times.

Finding that wealth, cleverly applied, was one of the surest aids to success, he married a rich widow. He announced to every one that he married her for her money. Yet theirs was an unusually happy married life. Disraeli grew to love his rich wife devotedly and to rely on her wise advice and her unflinching help. From the first she adored her brilliant young husband.

Before many years had passed Benjamin Disraeli had made good his ambition. He was the greatest and most powerful of all British statesmen of his time. In his strong hands rested the destinies of the nation.

Not content, he strove to make Great Britain more and more of a world power. This he achieved in two mighty masterstrokes—and, by way of reward, won for himself an elevation to the peerage under the title of "Earl of Beaconsfield."

One of these two coups was the acquiring of a control for England in the construction of the Suez Canal. The canal project seemed a foredoomed failure—an international fiasco. But through Disraeli's guidance the scheme got only become magnificently successful, but strengthened Great Britain's colonial and financial power enormously.

The other coup was the bit of empire-building which gave Queen Victoria the title of "Empress of India."

The politician who has once been the laughing-stock of Parliament had now become the idol of the British nation. At his death, in 1881, all Great Britain went into mourning and the world at large lamented the passing of the foremost modern statesman.

The Jarr Family

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Gus Finds Othello's Occupation Has Gone in Several Directions

"HERE'S a new and very intriguing, as the novelists say, game of solitaire," remarked Mr. Jarr of Rangle's as they

stood where John Barleycorn's glory had departed—in Gus's denatured or near-beer bar. "This will interest you, Othello."

"Have you still got a deck of cards, Gus?" asked Mr. Jarr, "or has fell reform compelled you to send them, too, to a bonded warehouse to be held for export?"

"No, I got a deck or two, if it ain't unlegal and I get jail for life. But if you're going to play cards, you go in the back room. It's all right yet to throw dice on the bar, but it don't look right to play cards."

"Give me the fatal deck of cards, then. We will play no games," said Mr. Jarr. "I want to show Rangle something."

"You ain't going to do no card tricks in here at my bar," said Gus, holding back the deck. "If it's a bum card trick it drives everybody out, and if it's a good one it gets everybody interested and stops business."

"It's not a trick, I jur; want to show him how this new solitaire is played," said Mr. Jarr taking the cards. "Why, this is a pinocchio deck."

"Sure it is," said Gus. "I don't allow gambling in my place, only pinocchio."

"Well, I can't show it to you with a pinocchio deck," said Mr. Jarr to Mr. Rangle, "but you lay out the cards in a certain way and the thing to do is to get out the aces in a top row and build up the suits on them."

"It's a lot of money, but I believe you," said Gus. "I believe anything can happen, after what has happened to me. Anyway, I believe anything about everything for a friend, so long as it don't cost me nothing."

"You pay fifty dollars for the deck each deal," Mr. Jarr went on, giving no heed to Gus, "and you set five dollars a card for every card you get out and build up on the aces, including the aces. But the percentage is always against you. The house always wins."

"The house used to," said Gus pessimistically, "but not any more. No-body knows what's going to happen, except it's all for the worse!"

"Yes, that's the game that army and navy officers on the transports played, too. I've heard 'bout it," remarked Rangle, not heeding the lamentations of Gus.

"It's the most interesting of all the patience or solitaire games," said Mr. Jarr. "I'll come over to your house some evening, for I suppose you have a native or English-speak-