

The Evening World

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By J. H. Cassel

Stories of Spies

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 31.—FELICE SCHMIDT: The German Spy Who Was Sent to Tempt Kitchener.

HE WAS FELICE SCHMIDT, young and beautiful, and one of the craftiest spies of the Wilhelmstrasse. Because of her charm and because of her uncanny cleverness she was sent to England soon after the present war began.



J. H. Cassel

AN EXAMPLE UNTO ITSELF.

IN DECIDING Hudson Tunnel fares shall not, after all, be subject to a sudden increase that would have put extra and unfair burdens upon thousands of wage earners who must use the Hudson Tunnel lines between their homes and their work, Federal authority sets a timely example for itself.

Americans in this and in all sections of the country are ready to take on with patience and patriotism the loads which war may lay upon them.

If, for instance, in order to bring the railroads to their highest efficiency under Government control, it is necessary not only to give them billions of dollars for repairs, improvements and higher wage scales, but also at the same time to raise freight rates and passenger fares to a degree that means serious hardship for millions of Americans diligently toiling to keep up the Nation's industry and business—those Americans will cheerfully make the best of it.

But, on the other hand, these millions of hard working Americans can rightly demand something of Federal authority:

They can demand that crushing sacrifice shall not be imposed upon some industries for the sake of others by administrators and administrative boards who think only in mounting billions of dollars, careless of how and from whom those dollars must individually and ultimately be taken.

They can demand that Federal power shall not make random and reckless readjustments of the Nation's industrial machinery merely on the plea that such readjustments offer the most obvious rough and ready means to ends immediately in view.

They can demand that war shall not be made an excuse for setting aside reason and economic foresight in favor of expediency, extravagance and a precipitate stripping of Peter in order to arm Paul.

Nothing, in fact, is of more vital importance to Paul than that Peter shall be left in the best possible shape to go on working and pay the bills.

Thomas A. Edison is criticized in certain quarters for saying that "no legitimate industry is non-essential except as it interferes with the conduct of the war, and then only to the extent it interferes."

That is a far safer proposition as regards the lasting welfare of the country than the theory that any industry is bound to be recognized as non-essential the moment it is blue-pencilled off the list by gentlemen summoned from various pursuits to Washington and there invested with powers unprecedented in the Nation's history.

Let us hope there is going to be something of the Republic left after the war beside an Army, a Navy and a group of gigantic War Industries.

Nor can the war itself be backed to victory by workers who feel no certainty of the future save the certainty that they will be expected to go on buying Liberty Bonds.

When it comes to Federal expenditure, the country is equally entitled to something more than big talk and big figures.

The Guaranty Trust Company of New York doubts whether the Government can spend in a year the \$24,000,000,000 which Secretary McAdoo estimates as the amount to be raised during the year ending June 30, 1919.

Surely a little open figuring in this connection is not too much to expect from Mr. McAdoo.

Indeed, in openness and the same kind of sober second thought that rescinded the order raising Hudson Tunnel fares, lies the only hope of Federal authority for winning public confidence and reconciling the American spirit to a centralization of power from which it still instinctively holds back.

Bachelor Girl Reflections

By Helen Rowland

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A NY man who marries an up-to-date girl acquires enough of a harem to make him pity the Oriental who deliberately adopts polygamy.



One of the silent grievances that nearly every woman carries with her to the grave is the memory of the disappointing way in which her husband proposed to her.

Marriage is a life-apprenticeship in the art of learning to do without most of the things you expected and getting used to a lot of things that you didn't expect.

The man whose idea of "hooverizing" consists in eating the last scrap, regardless of consequences, probably argues that while a spoiled digestion can be cured there is nothing you can do with spoiled food.

It costs a woman more to live on a reducing diet in these days than it used to cost her to get fat.

What a bachelor fancies is his twelve-cylinder will-power to escape matrimony turns out to be nothing but a foolish little one-cylinder won't-power when the right girl happens along.

Marriage is the only thing on earth that affords a man the pleasure of company and the delightful sensation of solitude at one and the same time.

Pessimism is a man's natural reaction after too much of anything—wine, love, food, flirtation or optimism.

It's a very poor specimen of wife who can't be truer to her husband than he is to himself.

When Britain's Navy Went on Strike

THE great strike of British seamen occurred in 1797 and continued for two months, ending on June 14, 1797, with the arrest of Richard Parker, the leader of the mutiny.

At a time the strike threatened to leave England open to invasion, for the sailors of both the navy and the merchant marine were involved. The first trouble occurred in April, when the sailors of the fleet took matters into their own hands and deposed their officers but maintained admirable discipline on board the ships.

The trouble was temporarily settled, but on May 20 part of the fleet again mutinied and established a "floating republic" under the leadership of Parker, a sailor of good education. After a few days disorders broke out among the men, and one by one the ships of the rebel fleet de-

serted his course. At length, on June 14, the crew of the Sandwich, on which Parker exercised his "presidency," decided to give up and took the vessel to Sheerness and delivered him to the authorities. Parker and some of the other leaders were executed, but a royal pardon was issued to the rank and file of the rebels.

QUITE NATURAL. A N Irish soldier had lost an eye in battle, but was allowed to continue in the service on consenting to have a glass eye in its place, says an English paper. One day, however, he appeared on parade without his artificial eye. "Nolan," said the officer, "you are not properly dressed. Why is your artificial eye not in its place?" "Sure, sir," replied Nolan, "I lost it in me box to keep an eye on me kit while I'm on parade."

THE Dominican Republic is harvesting a record making tobacco crop that is expected to exceed 28,750,000 pounds.

Folding vestibules for automobile doors have been invented to protect persons entering or leaving them from rain.

Park dentists have found that sour milk cures some diseases of the mouth and gums heretofore difficult to combat.

In proportion to population Stockholm leads the cities of the world for telephones, with Copenhagen in second place.

An inventor has combined a powerful boiler feed pump with a steam turbine on the same shaft and within the same casing.

The Brazilian Government has taken exclusive control over all wireless telegraph and telephone services in that country.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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"O H, I am so glad to see you, dear!" said Mrs. Jarr to Mrs. Rangle, who had dropped in for a few minutes, "and I'll have some tea made!"

"I can only stay for a moment. I've got to hurry home. I've been hunting high and low all day for a maid. Isn't it terrible?" said Mrs. Rangle.

"Terrible is no name for it," replied Mrs. Jarr, with feeling. "What's coming over them, I'd like to know? They are all flocking to the ammunition factories and such things, I guess, so what can we do?"

"And to think what I put up with from that last girl!" sighed Mrs. Rangle. "That's what makes me so mad. Why, she wouldn't even permit me to go into my own kitchen, and when I asked her to clean the silver she said she hadn't time. Such impertinence!"

"There's where you made the great mistake!" remarked Mrs. Jarr. "If it was the best maid in the world I wouldn't put up with one impudent word."

"I did let her go once," sighed Mrs. Rangle, "but she begged so hard to come back, and I hadn't any one else. She did splendid for the first few days—washed and ironed all the lace curtains without being told and gave the house a good cleaning, but in a few days she was as bad as she had been before."

"There's where you made another mistake," remarked Mrs. Jarr. "Never take them back when you once let them go. Then they think you can't get along without them."

"They are all spoiled these days," said Mrs. Rangle. "They like the men's jobs better, getting on cars as conductresses, because the uniform attracts them, I suppose."

"It's a shame," interjected Mrs. Jarr. "But DO take off your things; you look so uncomfortable."

"Oh, I must leave right away," declared Mrs. Rangle. "I have to hurry home and get supper. But, as I was saying, I'm sure no one treats a girl better than I do, and I do more than half the work."

"That's where you spot them again," declared Mrs. Jarr. "I look after the children, it is true, but Gertrude must do all the rest of the work. And unless her dishes are washed and the kitchen scrubbed she can't go out. I'm firm about that. Now, DO let me get you some tea."

"I couldn't taste it," said Mrs. Rangle, "and I must really be going. I'm a nervous wreck, and tea only makes me more nervous. I wish I

could get a good country girl, or something."

"It's no use to get a country girl," said Mrs. Jarr. "As soon as you train them to be of some help and to understand city ways, they leave you. And since the war there are no emigrant girls coming over to this side. Now, DO have some tea! It won't take me a minute!"

"Oh, I can't touch tea except at my meals, or maybe the first thing in the morning with a bit of toast," said Mrs. Rangle. "But do you know I'm so disheartened sometimes I think I will hire a Jap or a Chinaman. I would do it only I am afraid of them, and they want so much wages, and I would die if they smoked opium in the house, and anyway there's none to be had."

And thus for two more hours, until Mr. Jarr came home, in fact, did the two ladies discuss how they have been wronged by the servant problem.

"I tell you what," said Mrs. Jarr to her husband, when Mrs. Rangle had gone, "that woman only called, thinking I would be out, and I know she has had her eye on Gertrude for a long time. You can't trust women these days. Your best friend will take your maid away from you!"

And when Mrs. Rangle got home she explained the lateness of supper by saying Mrs. Jarr had talked her into a headache and never offered her a cup of tea!

Ellabelle Mae Doolittle

By Bide Dudley

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THE Women's Betterment League of Delhi now has a club song. The lyric, which is considered a gem of poetry, was written by Ellabelle Mae Doolittle, the noted poetess, who is a member of the organization.

P. Silar Pettibone, the popular Delhi tenor artist, furnished the music as a compliment to the league. It is believed he composed it at the request of Miss Doolittle, who has long been known as a friend of his. The song was adopted officially at the meeting of the league held in Hugus Hall Saturday. Hereafter it will be sung whenever the members gather to transact league business.

The fact that the song had been written came as a surprise to most of the members Saturday. After a long debate about the lack of ash cans in Delhi alleys, Promptress Bertie arose and with a pleasing wave of her hand, said:

"Sister members, there is one more piece of work before us. I call it work, but I have a hunch it will be a pleasure. We are to hear the words of a club song read."

"Why not have it sung?" asked Mrs. Sweetie Peebles.

"Because," replied the Promptress, "the 'C' chord on the piano in this hall is not in good working order. I am told it has several sour notes. The young woman who has written these words would sing them, but she cannot use any other chord but the 'C'."

"We see," sang out Mrs. Cutey Bagg, meaning it as a joke.

"Don't do that, Cutey!" snapped the Promptress. "Your statement is out of order."

"So's the piano," came from Mrs. Skeeter O'Brien, bubbling over with good humor.

"Slough those two would-be funny ladies!" shouted Mrs. Pike Belcher, who was indented angry. Promptress Bertie recovered her good humor and smiled.

"I shall ignore you all," she said. "I now take great pleasure in introducing the writer of the words for the song, Ella Doolittle."

The poetess stepped forward with manuscript in hand. She was gowned in baby blue submerged tulle with a sash of combined crumpled and simply effect. Her shoes were of embellished canvas with stockings to match. The poetess held up one hand.

"The song," she said in a mellow tone, "is called 'Hail Our League, It's Lovely.' I shall now read the words. With a cute little hop step six inches forward, Miss Doolittle read the following lyric:

Hail to the Betterment League! Hail to all its glory! It stands for no intrigue. Singing the same old story. We are all sisters in the cause. Please our work with a will. Our constitution is a lovely clause. And my throbbing heart is not still.

Ms. sister's name, Trusey Roberts. Kicked Jimmy Rice in the shins. Because a cherry he did nick it. That Trusey is still roughness begins. Get getting back to our league. Let us all be careful in the Boston store. Not to flirt with the new clerk.

The lyric created a furor. Miss Doolittle bowed herself up-stage amid a growing uproar.

"I never saw that clerk," shouted Mrs. Hip Squealy. "And, anyway, I don't think he's good looking."

The uproar stopped in awe. All eyes looked at Mrs. Squealy. It was only for an instant. Then the ladies applauded with great gusto. All were pleased.

Marching to Berlin.

(Air "Marching Through Georgia.")

UPPER! the starchy boomer boys and heed our country's call.

We want our boys to join the ranks, we want them short or tall.

The Boogie is loose in sunny France and overrunning all.

We go to meet and drive him back to Berlin.

Chorus. Hurrah, hurrah, we're going to have a chance; Hurrah, hurrah, we'll make the Kaiser dance.

Sammy Boys will make a noise, when over there in France; We'll drive the Boogie from sunny France to Berlin.

From North and South, from East and West, the answer's loud and clear.

If Uncle Sam wants money and men, they're there, they're here, they're here.

And by the God above us and the flag we love so dear

We'll drive the Boogie through Belgium into Berlin.

Chorus. Hurrah, hurrah, we're coming millions strong; Hurrah, hurrah, Oh listen to our song. We'll fight the Boogie with sword and gun as we go marching on

The roads that lead from sunny France to Berlin.

Hits From Sharp Wits

No shower has ever fallen but that it brought the promise true of many an hour of golden sun to help us struggle through.—Baltimore Sun.

The only trouble about love in a cottage is that there isn't room in a cottage for love to become anything else.—Binghamton Press.

Lima Beans thinks canning after dinner speeches comes right in line with food conservation.—Toledo Blade.

A little Milwaukee boy was heard to say plaintively, as he watched a neighboring boy's father at garden work: "I wish my papa had time to make a garden, but he's awful busy, he is playing golf."—Milwaukee News.

Jumping at a conclusion is better than not reasoning on at all.—Albany Journal.

About the only culinary requirement of the latter-day housewife is a charge account at a delicatessen store and the ability to open a tin can.—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Principles are fine things, but a cheerful disposition is easier to live with.—Binghamton Press.

It's the unexpected that happens. Luck seldom comes to the man who depends upon it.—Philadelphia Record.

That early to bed and early to rise. When everything's said and done. Will make a man healthy, wealthy and wise.

Is true, but he misses the fun.

—Philadelphia Record.