

The Evening World

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INDUSTRIAL INSANITY.

PREMIER LLOYD GEORGE has plainly pointed out to the English public that organized industry in that country is surely strangling the nation. Its greatest factor in trade is the mining and exporting of coal.

It has long been the policy of the British workmen to limit output, but on the basis of the low wages paid and long hours worked it was possible for the nation to outcompete its international rivals and hold the balance of the world's trade.

Here in America we are facing, practically, the same situation. Labor is insistently less productive; hours are enormously cut. The eight-hour ideal, so long sought, must now give way to the five-day week.

Happily, most of this country is still free and independent, and there is hope that national spirit will assert itself in time to spare us the calamity which this madness portends.

What will become of the bandit business if ransoms are not paid according to agreement? This adds an extra to an already hazardous business—that may react on the next captive. Query: If a bandit keeps his word, should a word be kept with a bandit?

THE THEATRICAL DEADLOCK.

PUBLIC SYMPATHY continues to be very generally with the actors who have withdrawn their services from the theatres pending the improvement of conditions relating to their employment. This is partly because strikes are fashionable, and partly because the unorganized professional part of the community see in it a barrier being set up against class and privilege growing out of the combinations of workmen.

Behind it all lies a fundamental factor. The amusement business is no longer a matter of chance or an inspiration of genius. It is capitalized and operated on a business basis—in everything except so far as the actor is concerned. His position alone retains its precariousness. This is what is now sought to be remedied. The effort should succeed.

Profiteers have been caught hiding eggs in Portland, Me. Lucky if the shells are not empty!

A GENUINE CALAMITY.

THE destruction of Daylight Saving by the passing of the act abolishing this benefit over President Wilson's veto on the part of both Houses is a genuine calamity.

The closest inquiry on the part of the Daylight Saving Committee failed to find any real public protest against the measure. The excuse of the farmer was vague and unsubstantiated. Yet, in spite of this, in spite of columns of commendation and reams of letters and telegrams, Daylight Saving is killed.

President Wilson's wise and correct reasons for the veto are thus brushed aside by a body of legislators that has failed in every respect to meet either the wishes of the people or the needs of the Nation.

Let's hope District Attorney Swann will be able to locate and isolate the strike microbe.

Letters From the People

Our Dead in France. The question which is of great importance to all mothers and relatives of sons who have given their lives during the past war is, "Will our dead remain in France or will they be sent to the United States?" The French and many of our own people think that our dead should remain in France. But these people are only speaking for themselves. They should remember that there are many mothers who think differently. Although the French people say they will take care of our dead, that is no proof that they will. Think all the relatives and mothers of sons who died in the service of their country will not be able to visit France and see their sons' graves.

News Notes of Science

A California man has invented a poultry feeder which is operated by an alarm clock which, at set times, opens doors and permits grain to fall into a trough. To meet a coal shortage the gas works of one Swedish city is distilling wood, peat and pine burrs and mixing the gas so obtained with coal gas and water gas. In connection with an Oregon inventor's machine are ducts through which cold air is drawn around a

Testing the Egg!

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By J. H. Cassel



Fables of Every Day Folks

By Sophie Irene Loeb

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The Man Who Did Not Believe in Germs

ONCE upon a time there was a man who frowned on everything that denoted progress. He pooh-poohed every idea that was advanced in the interest of humanity.

He hated automobiles and stuck to his horse and buggy. He was the kind of man who forever flaunted "these good old days."

Now, it happened that some children in the family to whom he sold milk were taken ill, and the doctor diagnosed the cause as coming direct from the milk. And the man was warned about it.

He laughed at the idea, but continued to sell his milk. Some of his workers were taken ill, which cost him a sum of money in the way of compensation. But he went right on.

One of the children died, however, and then things took a turn. The public authorities traced the death of the child straight to the germs of the diseased cow owned by this man who did not believe in germs.

He was stopped from selling milk and the particular cow was disposed of by the Government.

Now one morning, the man himself awoke feeling badly. He used all grandmother's medicines that he knew about, but he grew steadily worse, and as a last expedient he had to call in a doctor. The doctor shook his head and told him he had some germs in his system that were difficult to combat.

He was afraid he was going to die, as he seemed to fail to respond to the "good old" remedies. So he called in another physician who told him the same thing, and said if he wanted his life saved, he would have to send for another doctor who was a germ specialist.

This certainly went "against the grain," but when he grew very weak he had to submit.

To make a long fable short, there was great difficulty in saving this man's life, and he was only saved by the skin of his teeth. It was only after the most improved method of scientific treatment in combating germs that he found himself out of danger.

He was astonished when he was shown through the microscope the real live though deadly germs that had been in his system. He became the greatest advocate in the extermination of germs and expounded this moral: NEW GERMS, LIKE OLD TIME AND TIDE, WAIT FOR NO MAN.

The Gay Life of a Commuter

By Rube Towne

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Or Trailing the Bunch From Paradise

The Original "Lost Battalion."

ALL the world knows the story of Major Whittelsey and the famous "Lost Battalion" of Argonne, but very few persons know

the story of the "Lost Battalion of Paradise."

After the young men of the village had gone to war the duty of defending Paradise against the Central Powers devolved upon the Sheriff's Reserve, whose members were beyond the age limit or had other disabilities.

True, there was a Home Guard of volunteer militia, but it had no arms, and as the aged colored man said of near beer, it had "no authority."

The old boys, three companies of four squads each, which together formed what they called a "battalion," made a brave show in their blue uniforms and caps, armed with night sticks and revolvers, being careful in respect to the latter to obey the injunction of their leader, Chief Snow of Fire Department fame, to "always keep the nozzles toward the ground."

There were nervous persons who suggested a crutch drill and a wheel chair hike, but the home warriors treated such suggestions with deserved scorn.

"Captain," said the Chief to Capt. Dick of No. 1 Company on a regular drill night, "you take charge of the battalion to-night and go easy—it's a awful hot and dusty, and if you see the enemy don't attack him, but outmaneuver him."

Capt. Dick gave the battalion "squads right," and started on a roundabout hike for the shore road, eventually describing an oval and starting back to G. H. Q.—the Fire House.

With the battalion swinging along in "company front," the commander thought he had arrived at the corner of a broad, paved, lighted street, where he intended to turn toward the Fire House.

At the command "squads right" the battalion turned in squad formation to the right, but had not gone far until it discovered that the street was

"and as I don't need any watching, being a steady skate, you won't mind then if I go down to business unchaperoned as usual to-morrow morning. I promise to be good, besides I've only got lunch money, and it's hard to be wicked unless one has a wad."

"I hope you are good because you haven't the inclination to be wicked and not because you haven't the wherewithal. You know the old saying, 'To the Pure All Things Are Pure,'" replied Mrs. Jarr.

"But the high cost of wickedness these days change it to read: 'To the Poor All Things Are Pure,'" Mr. Jarr insisted.

"Correct you are," said Mr. Jarr.

How They Made Good

By Albert Payson Terhune

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No. 76—Thackeray, Who Made Good Along One Inspired Line.

HE was a genius, along one line; and hopelessly incompetent along a dozen other lines. It was only when he discovered the "one line" that he began to make good. And then he won deathless fame.

He was William Makepeace Thackeray. He began life with a high education and a fortune of about \$100,000. In his time, \$100,000 was as much as treble that sum would be to-day.

Education, wealth, social position—all were his. And in spite of this, he could not make good until repeated failure and bitter grief and disappointment had driven him at last to the one kind of work for which he was fit.

Before he came of age he took to gambling. And he lost the bulk of his fortune to a professional card sharp—a man whom Thackeray later lampooned in several of his stories, under the name of "Mr. Deuceace."

As the young victim was not yet twenty-one and not yet master of his own fortune he might perhaps have dodged paying these debts of honor. But on his twenty-first birthday he turned over the larger part of his property to "Deuceace," and then looked about him for some way of earning a living.

Already, Thackeray had shown vivid skill as a writer. But he does not seem to have realized that his true career lay in that direction. Though he continued to write off and on, he sought other means for making good.

He became an artist. And his pictures were atrociously bad. He sought to illustrate some of his own stories. The illustrations alone were enough to account for the stories' failure.

Also, he tried his luck as a lawyer. If possible, his law work was even worse than that of his art. One career after another he took up. And because he was fit to make good at nothing but literature he scored no success at any of them.

Finally, rebuffed in every direction but one, he turned his attention to the writing of a long novel. This was in 1846, and Thackeray was already entering on early middle age.

He managed to sell this novel to a magazine, which published it serially for the next two years. Thackeray drew the illustrations for it himself. But even this handicap could not spoil the story's success.

When the serial publication began the author was almost unknown to the general public. When it was finished his name was on the lips of the whole reading public. He had made good. The world was acclaiming him as one of the foremost satirists and word-painters in all the annals of literature.

The novel, by the way, was "Vanity Fair," one of the everlasting masterpieces of English fiction.

Thackeray had the genius to realize that no man can make good by accomplishing one great piece of work and then resting on his laurels.

After "Vanity Fair" had brought him wealth and fame, he worked all the harder along his late-discovered avenue to immortality.

One novel after another from his tireless pen thrilled the world, and added to the repute which "Vanity Fair" had begun. There were also essays and poems and short stories—miracles of wit and satire—interspersing the longer tales.

He wrote with a keen sense of ridicule, holding up to human nature a merciless picture of its own faults and failings, yet always with an underlying sweetness that robbed the jest of its sting and which showed the deep heart and sentiment of the man beneath his thin cloak of cynicism.

He had made good, and he kept on making good to the day of his death, dying at the acme of his renown and popularity.

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

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Only the Wealthy Can Afford to Be Wicked.

"YOU'D never guess who I met to-day!" remarked Mrs. Jarr, and without waiting for an answer continued, "The J. Will Bickerstaffs. They are back from the seashore and they're going to the mountains! Now, what do you think of that?"

"To neither of them," she replied. "However," this with a little sigh, "it's too late now, and Count Polinsky, as everybody called him, failed during the war and was sent to jail for defrauding people—though mamma always insists it was a broken heart that made him commit the forgery—and, as I was saying, about the Bickerstaffs, don't you remember the night we heard a smack across the air shaft and heard Mr. Bickerstaff crying and then Mrs. Bickerstaff's voice saying: 'I couldn't help it, mother, when he so rudely called you a falsifier.'"

"What sort of a smack was it, a kissing smack, a fighting smack or a fishing smack we heard?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"You needn't be sarcastic," said Mrs. Jarr. "And, anyway, I notice you do not take me everywhere with you as Mr. Bickerstaff does his wife. She even goes to business with him."

"You can come along to business with me, too, old girl, if you want to, but it's dull at the office these days," said Mr. Jarr, "besides it's a long, long walk when the transportation systems are tied up."

"Oh, well," said Mrs. Jarr. "There's always something suspicious about a couple who are always together like those Bickerstaffs are. Everybody knows that he used to drink terribly every chance he got, and still does, somehow, and she flirts outrageously, and he knows it."

"So he watches her and she watches him?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Of course," replied Mrs. Jarr. "Everybody knows that. Neither trusts the other; you'll generally find that those people who are always together that way are bound more by distrust than love."

"Correct you are," said Mr. Jarr.

"You, and you needn't sneer at Mr.

not broad or paved or lighted—in fact it was not a street in one sense, but a steep hill, dark as pitch and the dust a half foot thick in the roadway. Also it was a part of the village with which the Captain was entirely unfamiliar.

Climbing the hill in the dust and dark the old boys began to wheeze and scrape the streams of perspiration from their faces.

"Whew! what the what, Bill!" "No talking in the ranks!" ordered the commander. "Battalion halt! As usual!" Sardoniac laughter greeted this last command.

"Cap, haven't you made a mistake?" asked the Chief stepping up. "No, sir," replied Capt. Dick confidently.

"Do you know what street this is?" "Sure, Pike's Peak Avenue, or ought to be."

Five minutes after the march was resumed the Captain noticed that the battalion was marking time and not advancing.

"What's the matter there? Why don't you go ahead, forward march!" "Fence!" called out the Sergeant of No. 1 Company.

"Battalion halt!" More sardonic laughter.

The Captain back-stepped them until he thought he had room to turn and then gave it "column right!"

In another moment it was marking time and the Sergeant called out again, "Fence!"

"Back-step, march!" cried the Captain.

"Wang!" The rear rank of the rear squad backed into another fence. The Paradise battalion was in a tangle of confusion.

The chief was chucking, but Capt. Dick was not willing to make any admissions. It was a desperate situation and it called for desperate action.

"Sidestep to the right, march!" he called. "Company halt! Are you clear now?" he asked.

"All right!" replied the Sergeant. "Column right!" and with the command the battalion started to retrace its line of march.