

The Evening World

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THE A. F. L. TO THE TEST.

BOTH in their advice to the railway shop unions and their warning to the striking railroad employees in California, the high councils of organized labor have acted wisely.

The railway shopmen are told it would be a fatal mistake "to assume the responsibility of tying up the railroads at this time when the President is evidently doing all possible to reduce the high cost of living."

"It is but fair to assume that the President will have the loyal support of a majority of the American public in his effort to procure this much-needed relief. We would, no doubt, be charged with obstructing his efforts."

It was not to be believed that Mr. Gompers, returning from Europe, would fail to see the pressing need of putting the American Federation of Labor emphatically on record against the public-banned spirit which has appeared in some recent strikes.

By the same token the Federation of Labor should go to the limit of its power in making an example of the California railroad workers who struck in direct defiance of Brotherhood orders.

The A. F. L. faces a severe test. It needs sound reasoning and clear-headed use of its strength. It needs the public with it.

THE ACTORS' STRIKE.

IT WAS a foregone conclusion that the theatrical managers would come forward with a form of contract which, on the face of it, gives the actor all and more than the Actors' Equity Association has demanded.

The Producing Managers' Association is willing to concede what it has been forced to concede. But it is not willing to admit that the Actors' Equity has had any part in the forcing or to recognize the Actors' Equity as entitled to represent and protect the actor when it comes to carrying out the new contract.

A public that has watched the strife can nevertheless have little doubt that what the actors have won they have won through the Actors' Equity. There would have been no such concessions from the Producing Managers' Association if the actors' organization had not put up the fight.

The Evening World makes this suggestion:

Since the conflict has developed a certain special acrimony between an inner circle of the producing managers and the present heads of the Actors' Equity; and since a number of actors and actresses in the Equity membership seem to have found it hard to remain in full sympathy with some of the more extreme measures put in force by present Equity leaders:

Why not toward harmony by making changes in the directorate on both sides with a view to eliminating personal antagonisms that have become more stubborn than differences of principle?

With a new definition of policies expressed through new spokesmen it might be possible to make the name Actors' Equity less hateful in the ears of managers and vice versa.

Since it is principles and not persons over which the contest is carried on, those in the councils of both sides should be ready to practice a little self-effacement where it might bring settlement nearer.

PAST AND FORGOTTEN.

WHAT about the conservation habits that were to stay on to the lasting advantage of the Nation long after the special demands of war had ceased? Where this summer are the cunning sisters and the domestic saving societies?

A year ago waste was frowned upon by all classes throughout the United States. Is it unpopular to-day—save with those who are trying to make pre-war incomes come within sighting distance of a post-war cost of living? Are Government authorities preaching conservation as a help toward repairing the economic ravages of war and working out the painful problems of reconstruction?

On the contrary, we hear nothing at all these days about conservation. If we were to judge by the present lavish self-indulgence of large sections of the population who have more money than they ever had before we should say a considerable number of Americans were doing their best to forget that anybody ever asked them to save food or otherwise restrict their demands.

The careful citizen was the model during the war. Now it is the war-fattened profiteer who sets the pace.

Letters From the People

Our Dead in France.

Ye the Editor of The Evening World: About our dear dead in France, I am glad, and wish to thank Mr. Cox for opening that subject, for I am one of many mothers who want her dear and only son's body back.

There is talk about our boys might not be brought back home, I have been lying awake nights fretting. After promising us, and even sending us cards to fill out, to where the bodies should be sent, the Government should not back out of it now.

No other place like home. So why should they want to sleep their last long sleep in foreign soil? We poor mothers over here suffer more than the French ever did. They at least have the comfort to know that their loved ones are with them, sleeping in their native land, while we were and still are separated from ours by thousands of miles, and it makes our poor hearts ache when we think of their lonely graves so far away, where our loving hands cannot even plant a little flower.

We mothers care not and don't expect any one to go in mourning for our boys. All we ask is please give us back our dear dead; they belong to us by right.

Please, Mr. Editor, kindly print this letter. I will thank you from the bottom of my heart. BROOKLYN MOTHER.

All for Naught!

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By J. H. Cassel



The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

Wives Rebel, Daughters Insurgent, but Husbands Amenable to Discipline

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MRS. Jarr was chaperoning Mr. Jarr to the advertised sale of bargains in ready-made business suits to see that he was sold something stylish as well as serviceable, when a stir and stampede was heard afar and a throng of women bore down the aisle.

"It's the limited, special cut sale of trimmed hats between 11 and 12 in the morning and 4 and 5 in the afternoon," said the gentlemanly clerk.

"We'll be back!" cried Mrs. Jarr eagerly, and she grasped Mr. Jarr by the hand and drew him away. The next instant they, Mrs. Jarr eager and Mr. Jarr reluctant, were in the midst of the excited women of all ages and sizes.

"I beg your pardon!" said a very stout lady after having been shoved against Mr. and Mrs. Jarr. "But why do they crowd and shove so?" "Yes, they might have a little more manners," replied Mrs. Jarr. "One would think there never was a special sale of trimmed hats before!"

"I'm sure I'm not here for my own sake," said the stout lady, "but I want to see if I can get a hat for my daughter," and she indicated an overgrown, sallow girl of sixteen beside her. "I don't want any of those old cheap hats, mamma!" cried this amiable young person.

"Don't worry your mother, that's a good girl," said the stout lady. "There's a hat with grapes around it that would be coming to her," said Mrs. Jarr, pointing to a formidable edifice of straw and fruit.

"I won't wear the old thing. I'll tear it up if you buy it for me!" said young Miss Sixteen-Year-Old spitefully. "Oh, dear! Only a mother knows what a mother has to go through!" groaned the stout lady. "Gladys-Marie ain't never satisfied with what I can afford to get for her!"

"Well, after all, that's a pardonable pride," said Mrs. Jarr. "Some girls seem to have no care for what they're wearing."

There was no escape for Mr. Jarr. He was hemmed in the crowd till he had a stitch in his side. He glowered at the peevish girl. He knew Mrs. Jarr had instantly formed a bargain-sale friendship. This would result, as he well knew, in earnest confidences, exchange of addresses and then a parting, after which both ladies would say:

"People take advantage of these things to scrape acquaintances. The nerve of that woman!" "That light straw hat over there would be coming to her style of beauty," said Mrs. Jarr, pointing to a pale haystack effect.

"If you can't take me to a swell millinery shop and get me a hat like Ethel Goldington has I don't want any!" exclaimed the girl to her mother. And incidentally the young lady gave Mrs. Jarr a look as if she could murder her.

"But, my dear child, I can't afford fifty and sixty dollars for hats as Ethel Goldington's mother can. Ever since you've been going to that private school you're not satisfied with anything."

"Why shouldn't I go to a private school?" asked the girl. "And I'm ashamed of the dowdy old clothes and hats I have to wear."

"Very well, then," replied the worried mother, roused to a resistance. "I won't get you a new hat at all!" "I knew you wouldn't! Why did you say you would? I wish I was dead!" cried the girl, and she turned her back on her mother and the Jarrs.

"Oh, dear, what's the matter with young girls these days?" said the worried mother. "Don't forget," said Mrs. Jarr soothingly, "that she doesn't mean it! A son's a son till he gets his wife, but your daughter's your daughter all the days of your life."

"I suppose so," said the mother. "Well, come on, Gladys-Marie!" And fortunately for Mr. Jarr, when they returned to the men's ready-made clothing department all the suits that suited Mrs. Jarr were gone.

"I sure does. Gosh, some of these days they'll be riding across the border and stealing Hoboken or some other of them beautiful little places the funny papers joke about. I was deeply interested in that case. It seemed like the two ransomed aviators ought to go into the movies and act out their peril. Just think how thrilling it would be to see 'em stood up against a double wall and, just before they're shot, have a courier ride up and sing out: 'Hold! I got the dough for youse boys.' Some nerve-tingler, eh, wot?"

"It surely would be stirring." "Yes, it sure would. Well, sir, they was a young scenarist writer in here a while ago and him and me discussed the matter pro rata and con. I asked him why he didn't spill the midnight ink on a movie about those aviators."

"'Pooh!' he says. 'I write good movies.' 'Well, sir, it sort of got my goat. Here I was giving him a tip on a regular thriller and him sitting on a stool and rejecting it in scorn.'"

"Who was telling you that? I says, 'The public likes my stories,' he says. 'They simply flocked to see my film 'The Meat-Axe Murderer.'"

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What to Do Until the Doctor Comes

By Charlotte C. West, M. D.

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Poisoning from Mushrooms.

HOW can one distinguish edible mushrooms from those that contain the deadly poison muscarin? Many persons claim this to be exceedingly simple, as the deadly fungi possess distinguishing characteristics that

are at once apparent. Nevertheless, the liability of mistake in the selection and use of mushrooms for food is exemplified in an account given in the Progress Medicale: A man and his wife, who have dealt in edible mushrooms, in Paris for more than fifty years, both died at the same time from mushroom poisoning.

Again in a lengthy report on mushroom poisoning given by Dr. Prentiss he mentions the case of Count de V., residing in Washington, D. C., who ate about two dozen mushrooms at breakfast. With him Dr. K. ate about one dozen of the same. The mushrooms had been collected the previous day by direction of the Count, who thought he recognized them as an edible species. In the case of the Count, symptoms of poisoning began in about a quarter of an hour, with collapse, blindness, unconsciousness and convulsions. Emetics and hypodermic medications were employed without avail, the patient dying on the evening of the second day. Dr. K. suffered like symptoms, beginning later. He recovered after a week's illness.

Some years ago a Harvard University authority gave out the following statement regarding poisonous varieties of mushrooms: 1. Those in the button or unexpanded state; also those in which the flesh has begun to decay, even if but slightly. 2. Those having a stalk with swollen base, surrounded by a sac-like envelope, especially if the gills are white. 3. Those having a milky juice, unless the milk is reddish. 4. Those in which the cap is thin in proportion to the gills and in which the gills are nearly all of equal length and bright-colored. 5. All tube-bearing fungi in which the flesh changes color when cut or broken, or where the mouths of the tubes are reddish. 6. Generally those which have a sort

of spider-web or flocculent ring around the upper part of the stalk. All the foregoing are to be avoided as poisonous or doubtful. One authority states that all mushrooms are in some measure poisonous when uncooked. Experiments with the snail on rabbits and other animals cause death. The fungus Agaricus Muscarius, or fly-blown agaric, has the size and shape of a common mushroom; it is poisonous to the fly and has been used as a fly poison. The puff-ball is a variety of mushroom which when young is edible, while the spores of the mature large puff-ball act as a poison.

Muscarin is one of the deadly alkaloid poisons found not only in mushrooms, but as a ptomaine or product of putrefaction. Symptoms of poisoning arise from so small a quantity as one-sixtieth of a grain. The action of muscarin is upon the nervous system. The poison is rapidly absorbed from the stomach and its action is very quick. The following symptoms appearing as early as fifteen minutes after eating the deadly fungi, slowing of the pulse, spasm of the eye muscles, with contraction of the pupils; intensely violent spasms of the stomach and intestines, collapse.

Poisoning from a species of mushroom commonly called the "death cup" is said to be most frequent in this country. The poison is not muscarin, and is slower in its action. The pupils are dilated, intense pain and cramps with vomiting, constant retching and every symptom of virulent poisoning affect the victim some hours after eating the mushrooms. Send for a physician with all possible speed.

The emergency treatment in both types consists in prompt evacuation of the entire alimentary tract by means of emetics and rectal douchings. The patient must be made to drink copious draughts of warm mustard water, and given high rectal enemas of warm salt water. The medical treatment consists in washing out the stomach and intestines; in giving intravenous injections of sterilized salt solution. We do the next best thing in the absence of a physician with our draughts of warm mustard water and rectal irrigations.

Tepid greasy salt water is also advised, and for this reason dish water can be used; its nauseating effect quickly induces vomiting. Atropin is the physiologic antidote to muscarin and is given to hypodermic doses by physicians. These poisons act with great rapidity upon children. It goes without saying that they should be forbidden to gather, to taste, or to eat toadstools of any character.

Sayings of Mrs. Solomon

By Helen Rowland

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In Summer Flirtations, as in Gambling, the "Cheerful Loser" Is the Only Sure Winner, but She That Knoweth Not When to Let Go Is as a Nail in the Shoe.

MY daughter, the curtain hath fallen upon the summer love-game, and the hour of farewell is at hand.

I charge thee, put away thy silly sentiments and thy lighter emotions along with thy trilly frocks and thy sunshade.

For in love, as in the stock market, the whole secret of success lyeth in knowing when to QUIT.

And in summer flirtations, as in gambling, the CHEERFUL LOSER is the only Sure Winner!

Go to! She that stoppeth while love and stocks are "above par," is always "ahead of the game."

But she that hangeth ON and refuseth to be shaken off, is like unto a hair that sticketh unto wet fingers, a thread which cannot be plucked from the coat lapel.

Yes, she is as annoying as a splinter in the foot, and as painful as a nail in the shoe.

And she that assureth a man of her eternal devotion, when he hath not ASKED for it, causeth him stage fright and giveth him mal-de-mer.

Fog, unto a man, the essence of a summer flirtation is not security but novelty, not surety but immunity, not continuity but elasticity.

And the heart of a summer wooer is like unto a barber shop in which the eternal cry is "Next!"

Go to! Go to! Come unto me saying:

"Lo, yesterday, he did love me! Yesterday did he tag after me and pursue me with his devotion, and with bon-bons, and with invitations, and protestations of adoration.

"And WHY doth he not love me and pursue me to-day?" For, behold, yesterday, did he not go ALL through the dinner card with zest and enthusiasm?

Yet why shall he be hungry this morning?

Yesterday did not the rain fall, and the winds blow, and the waves beat upon the shore?

Yet why shall it, therefore, be stormy to-day?

Last night did not the moon shine upon the towers of the city?

Yet who shall say that there will be moonlight to-night.

Verily, verily, the human heart and the weather are two things whereof not even the soothsayers possess foreknowledge.

Therefore I charge thee at the first sign of weariness, be THOU the ONE to offer thy Beloved a CHANGE!

Lo, if thou hast fed him upon smiles and flattery, then is it high time to offer him the iced sweetness of indifference.

If thou hast regaled him upon honeyed words and hot air, then is it high time to offer him the "sauce piquante" of neglect and the cold tea of uncertainty.

For constant devotion and too much sweetness are cloying, and a little caviare is a pleasant variety.

And she that handeth a man his hat and his coggie with a pleasant smile, shall command his admiration and keep him WONDERING forever! But she that knoweth not when to let GO, shall be set down as "BORE" among the youths of the Land of Nod!

Selah.

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Lucile the Waitress

By Bide Dudley

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She Has Great Ideas for Movie Scenarios

"SAY," said Lucile the Waitress, as the Friendly Patron wiped the gravy off his vest,

"whaddye think of those Chile con carne bandits getting so bad we had to send a puny exposition of soldiers after 'em?"

"Oh, you mean down in Mexico?" he replied. "Sure! You read about 'em, didn't you?"

"Oh, yes, I kept track of the affair in the papers. It seems too bad Mexico can't wipe out those bands of bandits."

"It sure does. Gosh, some of these days they'll be riding across the border and stealing Hoboken or some other of them beautiful little places the funny papers joke about. I was deeply interested in that case. It seemed like the two ransomed aviators ought to go into the movies and act out their peril. Just think how thrilling it would be to see 'em stood up against a double wall and, just before they're shot, have a courier ride up and sing out: 'Hold! I got the dough for youse boys.' Some nerve-tingler, eh, wot?"

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"Who was telling you that? I says, 'The public likes my stories,' he says. 'They simply flocked to see my film 'The Meat-Axe Murderer.'"

"I know," I says, "but that was a

rough one. Don't you perspire to write something clean and pretty?" "I used 'perspire' to make him sore. Every now and then I slip over a joke word like that just to stir up the nanny of some victim who thinks he's got the world by the tail with a down-hill pull."

"The Meat-Axe Murderer was a story of a sweet girl and her lover," he says. "It had humor, patience and love interest. What more could one ask?"

"I don't know," I says, "but it sounded rather slaughterhouse to me. Maybe you're from Chicago and couldn't help it."

"Listen!" he says. "The less you talk about writing movies the more people will think you know. What does a waitress know about movie stories?"

"Say, I shoot back, 'a waitress is really a cannyscor of movie plots. Look over there! If that guy who's a subject for a Charley Chapman comedy I'll eat your hat. And then look at that other one trying to dent that steak. In a minute it'll slide off onto the floor and back to the kitchen. I'll go on another round trip. Ain't that a subject for a joy flicker or two? Say, friend, if you're hunting material for movies get a job in here. They's enough real distemper in here to make a million laugh.'"

"Well, why don't you get rich writing movies?" he says, sort of scornfully.

"I ain't got time to monkey with that, I says. 'But if I had I'd take them aviators and I'd show the motor boat flying across the Rio Janiero River into Mexico and have them chase the bandits until they dropped. Then, to distill a little comedy into it, I'd have each aviator seek a bandit with a hot tamale. Wouldn't that make the audience scream?'"

"'Yes,' he says, 'they'd scream in anger.'"

"At that, he grabs his check and