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PAY THEM FIVE DOLLARS A DAY

Will the estimable citizen who lifts his hands and his eyebrows and mourns "police inefficiency" ever realize that the men of the police force are at bottom very much like himself; quite as human and quite as eager to do the decent thing if they are but given an opportunity? Will it ever occur to the reformers that the police as a general class render a service perhaps better than a short-sighted and penurious municipality has a right to expect?

To be in style these days you must deride the police. You must look upon the man in the city's uniform with suspicion and distrust. This is the easy and popular attitude of mind after every shake-up. And yet it is significant to observe that out of all the present uproar at City Hall there has come nothing to show that the men of the rank and file have been at fault and much to prove that it was some officials of the department and the political tinhorns who did their excellent best to debase and disgrace the service.

When proof of efficiency is required in instances beyond political control; when a fire or a great public demonstration provides a test of the police personnel, there is good evidence of a willing and smooth-working organization. The difficult matter of traffic in the congested parts of the city is well handled by overworked men. Traffic might be better regulated at night. The police themselves admit this. The improvement will not be possible until Councils provides the money for illuminated night signals such as are used in every other progressive city. The fact of the matter is that the city as a whole, as well as the politicians, has the habit of treating the police abominably.

Properly to handle city street traffic a man must have endurance, a quick intelligence and a level head. The reserve squad and the traffic men can boast a well-drilled and highly capable organization. What business man would expect to obtain for his own service training and equipment like theirs for a wage of \$3.50 a day? We know of none. Yet \$3.50 a day is the most that a policeman can earn in Philadelphia. Only a little while ago he could not earn that much.

If Mayor Smith wishes to do a little really constructive work he will demand at once a flat rate of \$5 a day for every properly qualified policeman. Even though the money may not be available, a beginning should thus be made toward the payment of a living wage. Councils manages to find plenty of money for all sorts of contracts. Its traditional indisposition to treat the police decently would quickly overcome if the business people of the city, whose interests are most intimately involved, demanded that the reform in the police force begin at the bottom with some such logical and humane plan as this.

PANAMA METHODS AT HOME

BECAUSE of the requirements of sanitation at League Island the pig sties were swept out of South Philadelphia. Now a group of the experts who helped General Gorgas eliminate the mosquito pest in Panama will expend \$210,000 to keep Hog Island healthful and cheerful by draining the marshes in the vicinity and thus wiping out the mosquito plague forever.

Surely such work as this speaks well for the sort of militarism that used to be hated and suspected in every place where Mr. Bryan and his disciples raised mournful voices in the day before the war.

FOCH'S ASSISTANTS

FOLLOWING the appointment of Mr. Schwab as general manager of the shipping board comes the naming of General Gorgas as director of the shipment of all supplies and troops to France.

Each man is an expert, unsurpassed in his particular field. Each has a reputation for getting things done. Difficulties that to be surmounted and obstacles are sent only to be removed.

We are making progress in the right direction by putting the right kind of men in charge. The war entered on a new phase when General Foch was put in command of the Allied armies. Gosthaie and the really working with Foch in the rear. We should name more men like these.

AWAKE AT LAST

WAR is doing to men's vision what Commodore Decatur said it does to men's lives. It broadens it. Nothing but this war would have forced the utilization of the canals which has begun by Mr. McAdoo's order taking over the Erie Canal in New York to supplement the railroads. It would have taken years of ordinary development of that newly improved waterway to reach the stage of use at which it will arrive in a few months. There has been a concerted campaign to persuade the country that New York has wasted the \$154,000,000 which it has spent in enlarging the Erie and its tributaries. We have been told that the day of water transportation had passed and that the railroads could serve business much better than it could be served by the canals. But the railroads have broken down and are incapable of carrying the freight offered. The Erie Canal is provisionally ready to do the business. It affords a water route from the great grain fields of the West to the Atlantic ports, and by its tributaries running south to the finger lakes in central New York it brings the coal fields of this State in connection with the railroads feeding New England from Albany. The main canal is big enough to float 2000-ton barges propelled by their own power or towed in fleets by tugs. Such barges are big enough to withstand the storms of the Great Lakes.

Necessity has forced the use of this great canal. The railroads are fortunately under the direction of the same man who has taken over the Erie. It is his evident purpose to bring about the closest possible co-operation between rail and water transportation routes through New York. He is expected to continue in the way he has started and bring about the transformation of the Delaware and Chesapeake and the Delaware and Raritan Canals into waterways adapted to modern needs. These waterways connect the Chesapeake Bay with New York Harbor. They offer cheap communication between the great war industries about this city and the naval stations to the south and the north. And they will afford cheap transportation of coal both north and south. Contrary to the general impression, freight can be moved on a modern canal faster than by railroad. Barges can go from Buffalo to New York in eighty-five hours. This is a shorter time than it takes to run an ordinary freight train between these two points.

We called attention on this page not long ago to the fact that war has accustomed us to spending money lavishly to accomplish a specific purpose, and we remarked that the habit which we are now forming must not be abandoned when peace comes if we are to proceed with the work of industrial rehabilitation. If we can begin now to spend money on the great waterways between Baltimore and New York so much the better. They are needed as part of the machinery for winning the war. They will be needed as part of the machinery of commerce in time of peace. Money spent on them is invested, just as money used in buying Liberty Bonds is put out at interest. But the war returns alone will be great enough to justify taking over the Chesapeake Canal at once and putting the Panama Canal engineers at work on its enlargement. Working under pressure, we are now building in three months ships which used to take six months as long. Working under the same kind of pressure, the canal could be enlarged so quickly that it would be open for increased traffic before most of us realized that work had begun.

Now that the start has been made by taking over the most extensive canal system in the world the Government cannot permit neglect of water transportation to continue. It cannot allow the railroads to stifle competition, nor can it deprive the people of the economies to be found in the use of a great but neglected resource of the nation. We are awake at last. There are alert men who will see to it that the nation does not go to sleep again.

The third Liberty Loan is behind schedule. It is inconceivable that it should not be heavily oversubscribed. Right now there is nothing more important in the life of every citizen than to take all the bonds he possibly can.

STRAIGHT TALK

SIR EDWARD CARSON, hitherto irreconcilable Ulsterite, has announced in Parliament that he will support the manpower bill, "even if you put Ulster in a subordinate position to the rest of Ireland and if you put me under a government of Nationalists or Sinn Feiners." He continued, "I support it because no more detestable domination could be put over the world than that of the Germans."

There is a bigness of outlook in this which the Nationalists ought to emulate. The great issue before the world is German domination, and not what kind of a home-rule bill is passed for Ireland and not whether there is conscription in Ireland by act of the British Parliament. Sir Edward has set an example to the Irish partisans. America is waiting to hear from them something as patriotic.

A Kentuckian from a feud section, now a soldier in France, told his officer this was the first "public war" he had participated in.

WHAT YOU DON'T KNOW

ONE cannot read the program for the meeting of the American Philosophical Society without thinking of Hamlet's famous remark about the multitude of things in heaven and earth of which Horatio had not dreamed. How many persons, for example, have ever heard about parasitism among the red algae? or who knows anything about the luminescence of radium salts? or has flirted with the Nalades of the Upper Tennessee drainage? or is deeply interested in experiments to change the sex ratio in rats?

These are only a few of the topics that are to be discussed by learned persons in the course of the meeting. They are of no general interest. But that does not make them unimportant. The industrial progress of the world and the advancement of civilization itself are dependent on the work of men and women who are making careful investigations in such remote fields. The chemist, the physicist, the entomologist and the biologist are all work-

ing to wrest from nature her secrets and then to apply the knowledge to industry or to sanitation. There was a time when the business man looked with contempt on such investigation, but he has learned better. Every great and successful industrial plant has a laboratory attached in charge of a trained expert. His discoveries sometimes make fortunes for his employers and they have been known to save a business from bankruptcy. The late P. D. Armour was one of the first great business organizers who appreciated the importance of chemistry in the industry. He put experts at work on the waste of the slaughter houses, and as a result there is no waste. Every part of the pig but his squeal is commercialized, and some day a physicist may find out a way to can the squeal. Things seemingly as impossible have been done.

So when you read of the addresses before the Philosophical Society on subjects that seem ridiculous to you, don't laugh. Just remember that these men are pioneers marking the road to future conquests in the great unexplored realm of nature.

So hurry, Mr. Mayor, and polish up the town. And drive the naughty vice away and put the bootleg down. And close up the disorderly, arrest the pimp and put the don't watch out!

An ingenious and hungry man lay down on the Pennsylvania Railroad track near Norristown in the hope that some one would think that he had been hit by a train and would give him a free meal. He chose the wrong railway. He should have tried it on the Panhandle.

"Postponed game gives footsore holders chance for day's rest." So runs a baseball headline. Footsore Tommies in the Ypres salient don't get many days off. We have comparatively little sympathy for footsore ball players.

Some people in Germany were imprisoned for six weeks for having a fancy-dress ball when the Fatherland was in danger. And yet the Kaiser has been wearing fancy dress all his life, and getting away with it.

Park benches are warm to sit on.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Social Gossip

PAGE ALLINSON, of Town's End Farm, West Chester, has another daughter. That makes three. All daughters, we call them. The future of Bryn Mawr College is assured.

Sam Scoville, Jr., says he has written a perfectly corking book on Abraham Lincoln.

Three plants have come up in Bill Stiles's garden. He says they are rhubarb. But he called in Hank Harris for an expert appraisal. Hank says they are slunk cabbage.

Philip Warner, of Leary's Book Store, who knows more about books than the persons who write them, has been to the dentist.

The enemy knocked down the Albert church tower, the tower of the golden church, who had bent head downward over that ruined city with her babe stretched. It was a great landmark; bound up with all our memories.

PHILIP GIRBS.

THE Leaning Virgin of Albert had become in the minds of British fighting men a moving symbol of the agony endured by innocent human lives since Germany invaded Belgium and France.

Many a human mother and child have perished in this war simply because their little lives stood in the path of a brutal and senseless ambition.

A Humble Tribute

In the classic mythology there were supposed to be nymphs that lived in trees; gracious, slender goddesses who laid cool hands on the brows of fainting warriors and all that sort of thing. Hamadrads, they called them. And we wouldn't give a snap for those frailets compared to the magic and unfailing voices that live just inside our telephone instrument.

If we were a great poet we'd like to sing the praise of some of these phone-drays in the way it ought to be done. Boy, page Mr. Kipling!

The courtesy and efficiency with which the telephone girl performs her harassing task are beyond praise. Her wits are like lightning. And no politeness pays so well as politeness in her ear. There are few thrills more pleasant than when some clear little voice at the switchboard who you didn't even think she knew your name says, "Good morning, Mr. Socrates; how are you this morning?"

Those girls have problems of their own, and yet they never seem to go woolgathering. They are the gracious fairies of our business life. They are accurate, prompt and divinely helpful. We hope to heaven they get husbands that are half good enough for them. But we doubt it.

It's extraordinary the way those nymphs remember voices. A voice is an intangible and a disconnected kind of thing (quite often disconnected, but not always the girl's fault), yet they seem to carry it in their fluffy little heads. There's an operator in New York, at an office we used to call up very often. She got to know our voice, which seems to us very like any one else's. Nowadays we don't call that office more than once in three or four months. But she knows us instantly. "Good morning, Mr. Socrates," she says; "when did you get to town?"

Has modern civilization invented anything half so rightly compounded of the divine and the human as the telephone girl? SOCRATES.

PAINTING A CHAIR

And What Came of It

By Walter Prichard Eaton

ONCE upon a time my mother entered an emporium labeled "The Arts and Crafts Shop" to make a purchase, or to see if she wanted to make a purchase. Presently she emerged with the statement that she found a great deal of craft, but very little art. The maternal epigram very well epitomized my own feeling toward the movement until, in an unguarded moment, I undertook to repaint an old chair. Since then I have become a slave, a glad and willing slave, to lathe and tool bench, scraper and sandpaper, paint pot and enamel and, above all, to my precious box of oil paint tubes and brushes, the implements with which my work is finally crowned.

IT WAS a nice old chair. It had no seat, one rung was gone entirely, another was broken, somebody had taken a bite out of the back, the original paint and several later layers clung to it in dirty patches and the cut had charred the bottom edge and down the legs. But it was a nice old chair, just the same, and my wife had bought it at an auction for twenty-five cents, thinking, she said, that I could "paint it up" for her. She had to be ignored. In fact, I was stung by pride into action. As the chair, obviously, had to be mended first, I procured some dollars' worth of tools and tackled the job. The rungs were easy, but the only way to mend the broken piece in the back was to put out a new piece. This took time and I finally succeeded in getting the new piece looked like the old. Of course, I didn't tackle the seat. Putting in a rush bottom is still a job for a professional.

"WHAT do you do all that for?" my wife asked. "Can't you just paint over it?" I looked at her in scorn. "You can," said I, "but it would never look smooth. What's worth doing is worth doing well."

"But if it only cost twenty-five cents," said she, "it'll never be good for anything but the kitchen."

"Is that so?" I answered. "You wait, I'm going to decorate it after a professional manner. My wife looked a little anxious, but my blood was up and after that declaration I knew, of course, that I was going to decorate the thing, though I hadn't known it before I sawing the truth.

I took nearly an entire afternoon to clean that old chair down to the original wood, and even then I was faced by the marks of the wood's life, some solid holes, knots and various other furniture enemies of an older day.

So I went out and bought putty. Working putty into a small, shallow surface irregularly and making it stay there when you smooth it off is not easy, especially for a person of hasty, nervous disposition. But in the course of time I mastered the technique, and at length was ready to begin painting. After consultation with my wife, I decided on French gray and went forth to procure it, together with steel wool, brushes and enamel, which had to be mixed to match the gray. I got the chair all painted once, and it looked like an aged sycamore tree, magnificently mottled. A second coat improved it, however, and a third coat caused it to look all of a color.

Then I rubbed it down with my steel wool and took all the paint off the corners.

SO I PAINTED it again, and at last started to enamel it.

Now, I'm the kind of imbecile who would rather go ten blocks down the wrong street than confess ignorance by asking a policeman the way. I didn't ask a painter how to enamel, but I put it on one afternoon, working out on the porch, and I didn't work it very carefully. I thought it was like paint, it isn't.

After I had rubbed down my errors to a smooth enamel, I finally finished the job. I got the chair all painted once, and it looked like an aged sycamore tree, magnificently mottled. A second coat improved it, however, and a third coat caused it to look all of a color.

My wife appeared surprised.

THEN I got a lot of oil paints, brushes and palette. I studied the old stencils on ancient painted furniture. I went into a shop and studied the decorations on modern painted furniture. I decided the old-fashioned would have done better if they could, but the moderns couldn't do worse if they tried. It was getting, you see, into the genuine artistic frame of mind by now. So I came home and made up my mind to do a great enough of a stencil to give me my outer dimensions and resolving to do the rest free hand.

My hand was undoubtedly free. It was completely free of my control. Only the fact that fresh oil paint or enamel wipes off with a rag saved my chair. But patience and practice finally enabled me to complete my basket of flowers and fruits and my rings and stripes.

"Why?" cried my wife, "it's really quite pretty."

"Get those are dear, good creatures and take the best of care of us."

"Why didn't you do a whole bedroom set?" she added. "There's the old pine bureau—it's got a good shape—to do next."

THAT was a year ago. Since then I have "done" three more old chairs, including a Boston rocker; I have made myself a table and a mirror with a broken pedestal top. I have painted a table, a chair, a desk from a bureau and converted it into a pretty piece of furniture as you'd care to see, with a gay blue and yellow and black and orange pattern on the front panel (which lowers to make the desk adjustable). I have decorated wooden candlesticks with winding bird-sweet vines. And I'm not through yet—far from it. In fact, I have a carving tool and I am about to flute and carve a mantle, copied from one of McIntire's, in old Salem, and to perform various other miracles about the house which, a year ago, I shouldn't make certain articles would have considered quite impossible.

AND it was all due to that twenty-five-cent battered old chair and my stubborn resolve to get all the ancient paint off, down to a smooth surface, before I put any more on. In short, I stumbled on the first secret of good craftsmanship—to do everything top. I have painted a table, a chair, a desk from a bureau and converted it into a pretty piece of furniture as you'd care to see, with a gay blue and yellow and black and orange pattern on the front panel (which lowers to make the desk adjustable). I have decorated wooden candlesticks with winding bird-sweet vines. And I'm not through yet—far from it. In fact, I have a carving tool and I am about to flute and carve a mantle, copied from one of McIntire's, in old Salem, and to perform various other miracles about the house which, a year ago, I shouldn't make certain articles would have considered quite impossible.

But it took me one whole day of rubbing and sanding and water rights. You cannot have handmade furniture without labor, yours or somebody else's. That is a lesson I have learned. I cannot pay in money, not in pay in money. Perhaps I don't get so high a degree of art, but I get a lot more satisfaction, and now, for the first time in my life, I think, I can really appreciate the beauty of this distinctive paper and it is through this system that I have learned some of this

JUST WAITING FOR THE GOOD ONE



WILSON AND ROOSEVELT

A Reader Studies Them Against the Background of War—Single Tax—Problem of a New Citizen

Roosevelt's Place

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—The Central Powers and the Allies have a distinct desire to "show up" each other. The same trait is evident in Roosevelt and Wilson and their worthy adherents. Wilson's followers say that Roosevelt is a menace, disrupting the harmony in the Government, thereby aiding the enemy. Wilson's advisers are accused of incompetency and of camouflaging the truth.

Whether or not the Administration should be openly criticized depends upon how we are going to win the war. If we are going to "talk" the enemy must be beaten by force of arms, "all hands should turn to," and no one should spare any warranted criticism.

Wilson's actions are governed by his personal advisers. This should be authentic, but some of them may resemble a few of Wilhelm's advisers, who told the "All Highest" that the enemy must be beaten by force of arms, "all hands should turn to," and no one should spare any warranted criticism.

As even a man appointed by Wilson may have failings, and as some camouflage, if not inefficiency, has been discovered, it is possible that some advisers should be replaced by men less sparing of the President's rulings and less intruded in keeping themselves and their departments "100 per cent pure" in the eyes of our Chief Executive.

The followers of these two men read about them as the "evil one" reads the Bible, accelerating all arguments favoring their idol and countering the authenticity of those who favor the other.

It is true that Roosevelt could replace any Cabinet member and help the cause as well in that capacity as the incumbent. But is not Roosevelt too big, too versatile to be tied down to some special duty? Although he often radically disagrees with the Administration, it is certain that all his words are carefully weighed by both the executive and legislative branches of our Government.

We can safely say that Roosevelt is "doing his bit" better as a free-lance critic on all subjects of importance than as "Secretary of Something or Other."

Roosevelt or Wilson—Never! Roosevelt and Wilson—Forever! Tuckerton, N. J., April 18.

Single Tax Optimism

TO the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—An Anti-Single Tax League has been formed to fight the passage of a single-tax amendment to the Constitution of California. Single-taxers contend there is only one way to produce food—to apply the human element of labor to the natural elements of land—and that it is the highest function of Government to bring these two forces together, especially at this time when our Government is issuing frantic appeals for more food production to win the war. Should the amendment under consideration in California receive a majority of the votes cast next November, it would immediately throw open to production of food 20,000,000 acres of land in that State which are now held idle and useless.



A BOY'S SHARE

By Agnes Melcher Martyn

I WISH I were in uniform and fighting over the sea. But still there's lots of work at home just now, for you and me; so mind what Mr. Hoover says, save everything you can, and maybe there won't be a war when I am grown a man.

BE CAREFUL of the sugar in your coffee and your tea. For sugar gives our boys the "pop" to fight for Liberty. And save the fat whenever you can—we do not need much meat—Eat only war-bread at your meals, and so conserve the wheat.

DON'T ask for cake at every meal, and only have it plain! From doughnuts, pies and pastry foods let all of us abstain! We need big guns and bayonets and vessels by the score—But still we know, as Hoover says, that "Food will win the war."

I'M BUYING thrift stamps every week, for every one's a punch Against the Kaiser's army. And say, I have a hunch That when the war is over and the reign of peace begun We'll all take off our hats and say, "I helped to lick the Hun!"

And a Poor Place Also Maybe the girl from Galesburg, Ill., made conspicuous at a New York hotel by a yard or less of nylon stockings of red, white and blue showing beneath her white silk skirt, remarks the Boston Globe, had a right to wear the national colors in that way, but it was a poor way for her to show her patriotism.

The owners of properties listed by Mayor as questionable resorts probably do not always know the uses to which their houses are put. But it is pretty certain that they know when the rent is due.

German instructors, it is said in the Reichstag, will grant their text a vote of 3-2 in the extent of the war taxes they must pay. That doesn't trouble Wilhelm, who is doing his best to kill them off and spare them the trouble.

Where is Lille? Who is the new Austrian Foreign Minister? What is meant by "treacher"? What is the source of gasoline? How many generals are there in the American army? What is the difference in form of address to a cardinal and an archbishop? What American woman has composed a symphony? What is an offensive, in the military sense? What is the Cincinnati festival? Who answered "Christ Before Plaster"?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

1. Charles M. Schwab, of the Bethlehem Steel Corporation, has been named director-general of the United States Emergency Food Corporation to stabilize the food situation and develop the American mercantile marine.

2. From information received from prisoners it is learned the source of gasolene is numbers 31,000 men. The number was one less than 20,000 at the beginning of the war.