

Evening Public Ledger PUBLIC LEDGER COMPANY... EDITORIAL BOARD... PUBLISHED DAILY AT PUBLIC LEDGER BUILDING...

DOUST THE NONESSENTIAL JOBHOLDERS

Then Use the Money Saved to Pay a Living Wage to the Policemen Who Have Long Deserved It

THE way to increase the pay of the policemen is to increase it. But the responsible authorities seem to be devoting their energies to finding reasons why the pay cannot be increased.

And Councils adjourned for the summer without taking action.

The Mayor shifted the responsibility to Councils in a statement expressing his sympathy with the demands of the policemen and promising to "champion their cause" when the budget for next year is prepared.

Chairman Gaffney, of the Finance Committee, says that there is no money available now and he cannot tell how much will be available until the heads of the various departments report, after the summer vacation, what surpluses may be left in their appropriations.

But this sort of talk does not buy meat for the families of the policemen. Nor does it clothe their children. It leaves them for several months just where they have been ever since the cost of living began to go up because of the war.

There seems to be no prospect for relief until Councils resume their sessions on September 19.

Relief will not come then, however, unless there is a change in the mental attitude of the responsible authorities.

Instead of saying, "It can't be done," there must be a determination to do it.

Councilman Lambertson pointed out one of the ways by which some of the money could be found when he urged the discharge of superfluous employees.

It is notorious that the City Hall is filled with men holding down useless jobs. They are part of the political machine. It is notorious also that many of the public employees do not do what is regarded in any efficiently managed private business as a fair day's work.

In other words, they are industrial slackers.

The superfluous men are engaged in what the Government now calls non-essential industries. The provost marshal general has ordered that certain classes of men engaged in non-essential industries seek other employment not later than July 1.

When the age limit is raised the first thing he should do is to order the nonessential political jobholders to find work to do that will help win the war.

He might do it at once and relieve the labor shortage, while he also releases public funds to be devoted to useful purposes.

There is no doubt whatever of the non-essential nature of the employment of hundreds of men on the city payrolls.

There is no doubt, either, of the absolutely essential nature of the work of both the policemen and the firemen.

It cannot be that the political machine intends to protect its men on the city payroll at the expense of the men who earn more than they are getting.

that 12 per cent ranked as "certain losses" gives no cause for special gloom.

Furthermore, it is authoritatively claimed in a statement given out by the British Parliament and confirmed by Secretary Daniels that from 50 to 60 per cent of the submarines sent out fail to return to their bases.

With this fact in mind, it is best not to be too much startled by the other statistics so humbly corrupted by fancy.

"Work or fight!" is really a comparatively mild order. Over on the front the middle word of that slogan is replaced by a good, powerful "and."

SANE GRAND OPERA THAT grand opera need not necessarily be the orchid of the arts as being demonstrated in stimulating style by an eminently praiseworthy venture at the Academy of Music.

The so-called "festival" of lyric drama in progress there gives respectful consideration to popular works of the standard repertory.

The artists involved have been virtually exempt from that circulating which has so harmfully accorded to opera in this country the rating of a costly exotic.

Their abilities are authentic and admirably fitted to preserve the true spirit of masterpieces, sometimes unfavorably affected by the superpomp and circumstance of costly subscription seasons.

In a word, this unique summer experiment fostered by Mr. Davis, of Pittsburgh, is as sane and healthy as it is artistic.

The moderate prices charged place the performances within reach of the ordinary theatergoer, who has long fought shy of the five-dollar ticket plus war tax.

This, is, of course, the clientele upon which grand opera, to be normal, should draw.

Repeated in subsequent summers, it is highly likely that an operative cycle of this kind could be established on a profitable financial basis.

While the project is still new, not a little genuine idealistic enthusiasm is discernible in the management. This commendable spirit also illumines the excellent individual interpretations and should inspire the music lover as well.

It is a sign of the times that most of the talented principals are Americans. Travel restrictions have greatly checked the once traditional flight of songbirds to foreign opera houses.

Mr. Davis, who is a practical theatrical man, has been shrewd enough to corral much good art thriving close at hand.

The fact that antecedent here about cake? Belgium Vienna bread was so very particularly good adds another touch of poignancy to the present food shortage in Austria's hungry capital.

What proves that there are no prohibitionists at the shipyards, Mr. Bones? "Well, Mr. Interlocutor, what does prove it?"

"The fact that none of the boys protested when Major General Swinton described the glories of 'tanks'."

Mr. O'Leary is providing a new version of the "Lamentations of Jeremiah."

In Defense of Bulldogs

IT MAY be that we are deliberately picking a quarrel; first, with the bulldog's host of admirers, who will doubtless assert that he can stand his own ground and needs no defender; and second, with all the rest of the world which has cast its lot, or rather their lots, with the various and numerous breeds from the Russian wolfhound all the way down to within a few inches of the ground, so to speak, or in other words, down to the popular pomeranian.

But that it may, as one of our great thinkers has so aptly said, and "love-me-love-my dog" to the contrary notwithstanding we make bold to initiate our long-deferred defense of the long-legged, underfoot, "savagely-looking" bulldog and his clean-lined, almond-eyed "ferocious-looking" brother, the white bull terrier, both one-time emigrants from the Merrie England of old, but who have adopted into our own family, and now American citizens of the very best standing.

ALL of which is written as the result of a casual stroll through Washington Square the other noontide. We had been watching a dog fight, and had seen the determined efforts of a young bulldog to pull his owner across the sidewalk in the direction of a dignified and elderly member of the canine army, who had been adopted into the nearby Walnut street residence for his customary noontide constitutional.

"COME along here, you rascal!" said the little short man at the controlling end of the leash, as he gave the leather jerk and hauled the bull pup toward him, although it would be said in fairness to the pup that he "came along" with his gaze still fixed in the direction of the older dog; in fact with his whole body headed in a diametrically opposite direction to that which his master was making.

But the little short man wasn't angry, for, as was very evident, he loved dogs and he knew full well the fring ways of pups. And so when the sporting, puffing young animal reached his side the man reached down and patted the pup and the pup in turn licked his hand.

IT WAS an obviously unnecessary question, but we were amused at the antics of the pup and we liked the friendly and kindly manner of the man, and so sought an opportunity of making their acquaintance by saying, as we leaned over to pat the hefty young animal:

"He's a nice-looking dog, friend. Won't he bite, I guess?" "Bless me, no!" said the little man, as he pulled the pup over to within pattering distance. "Only a young dog, isn't he?"

"Nine months," he said, and as fine a bulldog as you'll find in the city. "Gentle as a kitten." And there was no denying the man's testimony, a single steering apparatus and one only chauffeur actually at the wheel.

"As we turned a corner swiftly there appeared in the middle of the road the figure of a streeturchin leading his dog by a rope about the animal's neck. Without a moment's hesitation his Majesty said to the chauffeur, 'Pritsch, avoid running over that young boy; which Fritz did. Whereupon his Majesty turned to me, smiled and said, 'Far better, my Rosner, that the chauffeur should exert himself to change his direction than that the wains of an innocent child should be scattered all over the pavement!'"

"When one considers how it is a daily habit with M. Polmeur to run down little 'Memoirs' we have just quoted one of the most profoundly moving incidents in medical and modern history? Whence this special correspondent of the Lokal-Anzeiger, the ground on the battlefields of France, the other half being a thermos bottle full of peasoup?"

KARL ROSNER was born in Ulm, Germany, on July 15, 1896, and is now therefore rounding out his twelfth year, a fact which is corroborated by the strikingly innocent outlook on life, his highly developed sense of reverence and his gift for being always in the way. From the first he gave developed colic and his nurse administered a spoonful of castor oil, which the child absorbed without winking.

The news that some plotting Viennese cried "Peace" and some suggested the thought that another gang was probably yelling "O-T!"

The alien enemies who escape from the detention camps should receive drastic punishment when captured. They should be sent to Germany.

The local draft may develop into a Federal storm after the registration investigation is completed.

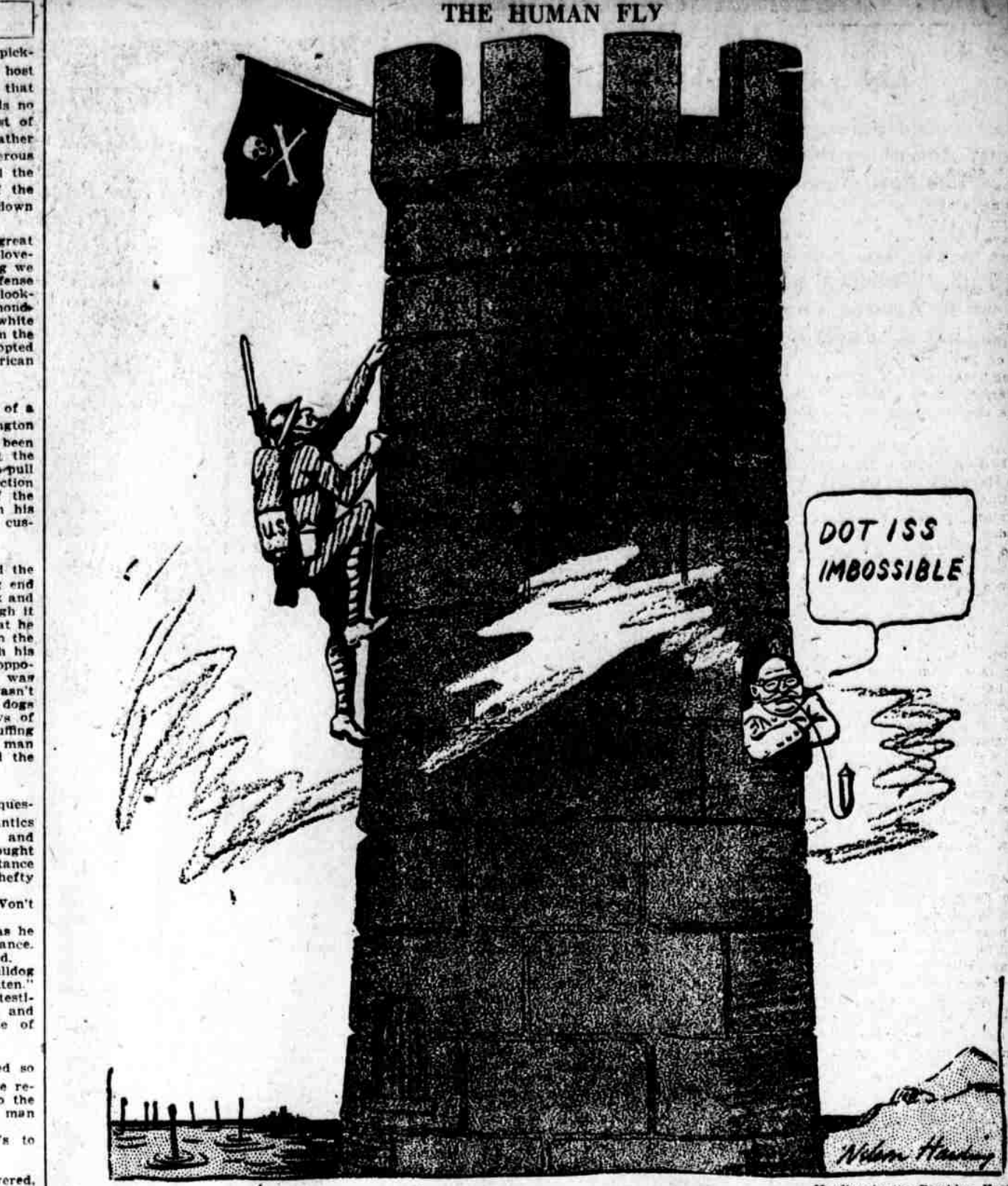
Peace is not always insured by pouring oil upon the waters. According to Doctor Krusen, it's the best way of prosecuting the necessary war upon the fly.

Mr. McAdoo's health may be improved by his trip to the West, but if he takes his medicine, it's the best way of medicine his purse will be appreciably enfeebled.

The contemplated substitution of girls for men behind tobacco soap counters makes J. M. Barrie's conception of "My Lady Nicotine" as prophetic as it was charming.

You notice that No. Man's Land has dropped out of the dispatches. It seems to be Fock's Land now.

Exclaiming that "foul is fair," was Shakespeare by any chance anticipating the six-cent trolley rate?



LIFE STORY OF A DICTOGRAPH

Karl Rosner Was Just Naturally Born to the Congenial Job of Press Agent to the Kaiser

By SIMEON STRUNSKY

NEVER will I permit myself to forget," writes Karl Rosner in his "Memoirs of a Dictograph," "that unparalleled May afternoon when the All-Highest, in his most gracious mood, honored me with a place in the footman's seat at the back of his high-powered runabout. On it roiled, without fear and without hesitation, down the Linden, it was an unostentatious vehicle entirely keeping with the Parsifal-simple character of its august master. It had not more than two tires in front and the same number behind, a single steering apparatus and only one chauffeur actually at the wheel.

"As we turned a corner swiftly there appeared in the middle of the road the figure of a streeturchin leading his dog by a rope about the animal's neck. Without a moment's hesitation his Majesty said to the chauffeur, 'Pritsch, avoid running over that young boy; which Fritz did. Whereupon his Majesty turned to me, smiled and said, 'Far better, my Rosner, that the chauffeur should exert himself to change his direction than that the wains of an innocent child should be scattered all over the pavement!'"

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THE READERS' VIEWPOINT

No Housing Relief Without Government Aid To the Editor of the Evening Public Ledger: Sir—My answer of a few days ago did not remove the question of rent profiteering from your mind.

I previously asked for a complete investigation and feel that in the spirit of co-operation something may develop which will improve conditions, and, with this in mind, I want to state a few conditions which, and must be overcome in some way, if they are to be at all possible for any extensive building operations of homes during either the duration of the war or at a later period.

In the first place the construction of houses requires skilled labor, and the mechanics previously employed in home building are now largely engaged in Government work, or are found serving under our flag. This means that the builder and the building supply houses find it almost impossible to procure men, even though willing to meet the advanced prices established by the Government in the various shipping yards, etc.

The building supply houses also know that even though they located and purchased the materials at the various mills throughout the country (which has been the customary method of procuring materials during the past years) the material must be subject to Government commandeering. It was wanted by them to be used in any of their construction work; and, if carriers could be procured, they would be issued for such shipments, there would be no surety of receiving the same.

At the present time, for house-building work in particular, which is going ahead at the Government shipyards at Hog Island, Chester, Camden, etc., shipments have to be made in the name of the United States Shipping Board, Emergency Fleet Corporation, etc. There are large numbers of warlike kinds of business which could be dispensed with to allow this labor to turn to building work. If some plan were drafted to bring a change about in labor as now employed in non-essential business, and placed in building construction work.

Mortgage money cannot be procured, and mortgage money is not available under such conditions, as even in normal times building operations always have been depending on a large risk and have entirely depended on their success through the combined co-operation and dovetailing in the various contracts, as, until it is a completed structure, it has no real value, and must be completed to the either rented or sold.

WILLIAM R. NICHOLSON, JR. Philadelphia, June 21.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

- 1. Where is the Montello Plateau? 2. What are "reserves" in the military sense? 3. Name the author of "The Blind Bard." 4. Identify "The Blind Bard." 5. What is a ruse? 6. Who is the "resident" of Johns Hopkins University? 7. What is a "class-act"? 8. Name the important component of the sun's heat. 9. What is the capital of Wisconsin? 10. Who was Sittius Bull?

Answers to Yesterday's Quiz

- 1. Major General Henry H. Arnold. 2. Name the important component of the sun's heat. 3. Name the author of "The Blind Bard." 4. Identify "The Blind Bard." 5. What is a ruse? 6. Who is the "resident" of Johns Hopkins University? 7. What is a "class-act"? 8. Name the important component of the sun's heat. 9. What is the capital of Wisconsin? 10. Who was Sittius Bull?