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THE DOLLARS OF THE PRIVILEGED CLASSES Congress Is Exempting Them From Taxation and Putting the Heavy Burdens on the Rich

THERE can be no disagreement on the proposition that the financial policy of the Government at this time should not be dictated by political cowards.

Certain provisions of the war revenue bill, however, indicate that the cowards are in the saddle. The Secretary of the Treasury has asked them to make some concessions to an intelligent financial policy in order to facilitate the floating of the new Liberty Loan, and the House has done it.

But Mr. McAdoo was not so courageous as he should have been. His request that the income from \$30,000 of the new loan in the hands of one holder be exempt from surtaxes has been embodied in a bill.

Representative Cannon was not so timid. He urged a 3 per cent tax-free bond and the refunding of the second and third Liberty Loans in the hands of a single holder. He does not seem to be brave enough to demand that a tax-free bond be issued.

Bondholders, however, have no friends. They have been condemned by the politicians from the beginning. But when Mr. Cannon and those who agree with him urge a tax-free bond they are speaking, not in behalf of the rich—they can take care of themselves—but in behalf of the common man on whom the burden of all taxation ultimately rests.

It is of the first importance that the great war loans should be made attractive to capital—not capital as represented by \$30,000 or \$40,000, but capital as represented by \$2,000,000 or \$4,000,000, in the hands of private individuals and in the hands of trustees for great masses of people, such as insurance companies, mutual savings banks and college corporations.

The trustees are compelled by loyalty to their trust to secure the best income possible on their funds. If a 5 per cent corporation bond will net them a better income than a 4 per cent taxed Government bond they must pass the Government by. And they will do it, in order that they may conserve the property in their care. They cannot be compelled to do otherwise, unless the Government intends to make a forced loan.

We use many fine words about democracy, but the House of Representatives has definitely refused to recognize the democracy of the dollar. It has created a privileged class of dollars in the belief that it is thereby representing the sentiment of the country. Unfortunately, it has justification for that belief. The theory is widely held that the ends of social justice are served by levying a heavier income tax on the rich man than on the man of moderate means and by taking over a large part of the estates of rich decedents. A man has written a book recently to prove that the heirs of the rich have no right to inherit the property of their parents and that it should all go into the public treasury. We do not intend to combat either of these views, but we desire to call attention to the simple and elementary fact that the policy of levying a Federal tax on a Federal bond defeats in the long run its avowed purpose of increasing the Federal revenue. Such modifications of the bond taxing provisions of the revenue law as are now in the making are wise, but they do not go far enough.

Delis gets off with a ten-year sentence. This will give him time to consider whether a man who sets his own views up against the conscience of the world is really a martyr.

IT DOESN'T PAY TO MONKEY WITH A BUZZ SAW

AMERICA is engaged in such serious business just now that whoever tries to interfere with what she is doing is certain to get into trouble. When the Bridgport strikers read the President's letter they discovered that they had attempted to buck up against the power of the United States. When this was written they were planning to go back to work and confess that they had attempted the impossible.

The incident will be worth all the annoyance that it has caused if it impresses upon any others who may be disposed to hold up war work of the futility of such efforts.

The Americans appear to have introduced the skip-stop in France.

SPANISH INFLUENZA

SPANISH influenza, which has at last penetrated to the United States, has mystified European scientists. It is presumed to have originated on the French battlefields. Some physicians believe it to be nothing more or less than the Black Plague of earlier wars, rendered relatively harmless because of the encroachment which time has brought to the persistent bacilli and by modern processes of sanitation.

Others are still convinced that the appearance of the disease represents one of the fantastic methods of the German war-makers, who are supposed to have developed the menace with weird dreams of prostrated armies laid low and surrounded after the disease had been spread by shells charged with it.

attack and, according to the Surgeon General of the United States army, leaves the convalescent easy prey for more dangerous diseases. Thus physicians suggest quick and thorough care of those who may be afflicted. Sudden prostration and all the symptoms of an aggravated cold are the usual signs of Spanish influenza. An attack usually lasts but a few days. It is in the period of recovery that the patient needs most careful attention. Complete rest, fresh air and good food are the chief methods of cure.

Stock of Zepplin, Tippets & Company is no longer quoted on the Hun stock exchange.

IS LUNCH A LUXURY?

IN THE newspapers a day or two ago there was a cable dispatch that would have caused the hearts of Americans wildly to skip a beat had it not been shouldered into a far corner of every page by the news from the vicinity of Metz. The British Government, it appears, has established in London a system of restaurants which offer "a substantial and pleasant luncheon for thirty-five cents."

Some sort of white magic underlies this latest enterprise of the versatile British. Because even though most of the food necessary to "a substantial and pleasant luncheon" in England is produced in America, on this side have no such bright midday prospect as the English can now enjoy. Nearly every waiter in America expects almost thirty-five cents for his tip. And a discoverer more insistent than Columbus would be needed to find in this country a restaurant where one may lunch comfortably upon substantial fare for less than a dollar.

The explanation of the seeming miracle is simple enough. The food administration—at least the Pennsylvania food administration—has not yet progressed to a state of mind from which it can regard luncheon as an essential human need.

The wholesome conservation methods suggested by Mr. Hoover are observed by the restaurants, of course. But at no time has the Federal system of food-saving needed to protect the patrons of restaurants or the modest vagabonds who are compelled by force of circumstances to find all their meals "out." An example of the process that has been followed by innumerable restaurant keepers was presented not long ago in New York, where the State food board summoned the managers of a well-known restaurant syndicate and demanded to be told why the price of a glass of milk had been raised from five cents to ten. The restaurant men admitted that the rate was exorbitant and they reduced it. But the same syndicate is still collecting the ten-cent rate in its Philadelphia restaurants.

The so-called popular restaurants—those patronized by hurried workers—have been the greatest sinners in the game of gouging. It is safe to say that the average man's luncheon costs nowadays twice the former figure. War, by some odd process, has doubled the cost of pie. The sandwich that used to be considered almost a swindle when it was obtainable for five cents now costs ten. The slight-of-hand work on the basis of the war has been adequate to dazzle an eye sensitive to obvious artifice. When the bread allotment was limited to two ounces the cost of every other item on the bill of fare. The huge sums which restaurant owners have saved by the reduced consumption of sugar and wheat have at no time benefited those who eat in restaurants. And while it is to be admitted that much of the excess costs of luncheon have been distributed in higher wages, it is still apparent that somebody is making more than a fair profit.

Public restaurants are, in a sense, essential public utilities. Lunch is a necessity, and as such it will bear the scrutiny of the food administrators in the forms it assumes in most of the centrally located restaurants. Or shall we have to supplicate Mr. McAdoo to invade this field in an effort to give us in this country the boon of "a pleasant and substantial luncheon for thirty-five cents?"

The Germans are making airship wings of wood, are using paper bandages, are feeding the people at home on hot air and are doing their best to invent a substitute for an Allied plane.

"Germany's civilization, with its reliance on big guns and artillery, is largely mechanical. It is not, Mr. Tambo." "Assuredly, Mr. Bones. What is your drift?" "Why, I was detecting therein a certain resemblance to certain conditions in Philadelphia." "You appall me, Mr. Bones. How do you deduce that?" "Well, it occurred to me that both are machine-made."

If Germany really thinks it can annoy us by conducting "voluntary retirements" she should try out her theory on a larger scale. Why wouldn't a self-determined retreat to Berlin be in order?

It was a courageous man who wore a straw hat on the street today—or else a man without the price of a new lid.

Maxim Gorky, as the Bolshevik press agent, is saddled with a job of some magnitude. "Advance men" usually plan for what is coming off a week or two ahead, but there is little evidence that Lenin or Trotsky's actions can be doped out more than a few hours before performance time.

That German major who dressed himself in a new uniform and had his boots polished while waiting to surrender to the French on the St. Mihiel salient believed in doing things decently and in order. Now if he had only fought as decently as he had surrendered Germany might not have so big a reckoning to make with the world.

Constant association with big figures during the war has naturally dulled our sense of realization. Comparisons, however, are still helpful, and General March's report that 25,000 American troops recently landed in France on a single day means something when one considers that that sum is but 1/1000 less than the entire population of the State of Nevada.

THE CHAFFING DISH

Dulcet Challenges the Supreme Spirit

THE Chaffing Dish now becomes the arena of one of the most remarkable contests of ancient or modern times. Our readers will remember that on September 7 date heretofore most memorable we issued on behalf of our most cherished contributor, Mr. Dove Dulcet, the sub-caliber poet of Obedity, N. J., a challenge to Mr. Louis M. Eilsheimius, of New York.

Mr. Eilsheimius has for a long time been proclaiming himself in the correspondence columns of the New York Sun "Supreme Spirit of the Spheres." This having been brought to the attention of Mr. Dulcet, the latter desires by intellectual pug and tourney to measure himself against the pretensions of this self-appointed Supreme Spirit. He intends that Mr. Eilsheimius shall not bear away this coveted and itching palm without at least a runner-up.

The contest will be conducted on strict Queensberry rules, and we shall ask our readers to decide which of these gentlemen is best entitled to the rank of Supreme Spirit of the Spheres. It seems just that the present titleholder should have the first say, and though we with difficulty restrain Mr. Dulcet, we have asked him to stand back while his rival describes himself to our readers.

Mr. Eilsheimius tells us that he was born at Laurel Hill, N. J., on February 4, 1854. (This relieves us of our anxiety as to his being drafted.) His ancestors, all Hollanders, were distinguished bishops and pastors. One of them, in 1547, suggested several important motions to the Synod at Dordrecht, which were adopted.

In his earliest years Eilsheimius showed his inborn talent for art. He tells us that his moonlight, sunlight, water scenes and nudes bear comparison with those of any of the celebrated European artists. In the portrayal of infinite effects in nature he is unsurpassed. (The black-face type is his own.)

From his nineteenth year we quote the circular the Supreme Spirit has sent us which has devoted a part of his precious time to writing: "The poet in him looms up above the prose-writer, although he has written equally as much in that medium of expression—including novelettes, short stories and essays. As a poet he has no superior in our country, as regards his productivity in literary works, rare mental feeling in his poetry, and the infinite range of his subject-matter and deep thought. Eilsheimius is UNIQUE—towering, with all the giants of the past ages, above the workaday world."

In the Editor of the Chaffing Dish: Sir: Only today a clipping from Romeike makes me aware that Philadelphia is opening her eyes to notice that I actually exist. Thanks to your dissertation on my humble self I can rest assured that soon many of your city will be aroused to the fact that America owns a personage apart from any in our blessed country.

No, I never was parochial. If my compatriots have denied me space in their papers it was not my fault. However, no editor in foreign lands ever refused my casual poems. Apsa, Samson, and Auekland, New Zealand, favored me with space for a poem twice a week. Also in Honolulu the editor did the same. Hence in that section of the globe the public know me. This will at the same time inform you why, although I have tried hard, the home public never can read my effusions, good or indifferent.

Now, my dear sir, you playfully challenge me to show my superiority as to Mr. Dulcet's range of stuff in poetry. Of course, I never heard of him, and probably he is fictitious. All the same, if he lives I very much doubt that he can have any show alongside of my output; quality and unapproached diversity of subject-matter combined.

Has he any hope when the critics had equalled my powers of detailed descriptions to those of Walt; the fervor and feeling in my poems to that of Wordsworth; the melodious classicism of my stanzas to that of Byron at his height; the sublimity and sweetness of my epic to that of Milton; the dramatic richness and graceful versification of my tragedies to that of Shakespeare and Marlowe? And more and more? Has Mr. Dulcet the least ray of hope when he knows that, if to win the combat, he is compelled to show MSS. that will fill 140 volumes of 150 pages each in print?

I deem it more probable that he will cry out: defeated!

However, I shall be glad to read some of his work.

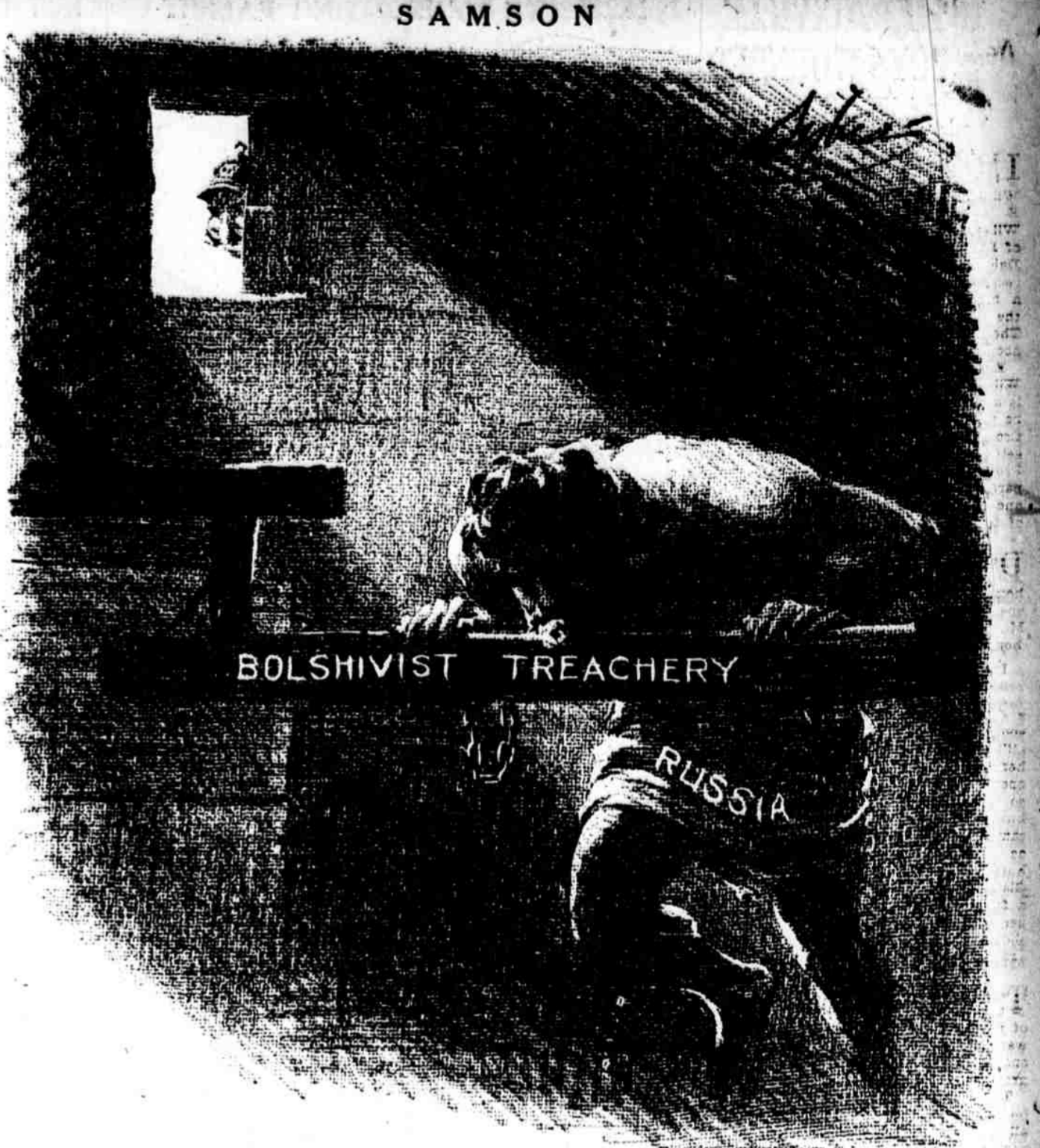
In the meantime I am mailing a book of mine—of popular verse. Of course, no judgment can be made before any one has not studiously digested all of my eighteen poetry books that are in print.

As to "My Ocarina," at another date I shall refer to it. Yours sincerely, LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS, Supreme Spirit of the Spheres, New York City.

Penalties Attached to Being a Human Being

Half a million skilled women workers are needed in American industries within the next ninety days. Here is a chance for those women who have not yet found their place in the big task of victory.

A 40 per cent increase in wages has been granted to workmen in Japan. Let's see, if they are said to get three cents a day, and the raise would give them four and three-tenths.



IRRESISTIBLE LOGIC

By Our Special Correspondent

I WAS fortunate enough to meet the Kaiser on his way to Hindenburg's headquarters, transporting with him a guffawed Yes from the dear friends at Essen. I was anxious to examine that Yes, to see if it was sound and in good condition, but he had it tightly wrapped up. Evidently it was perishable and the Kaiser did not feel any too sure that it would keep.

"I hear great things of your speech to the Knapp folks," I said. "I am given to understand, Majesty, that you surpassed yourself. I was told that the workmen were so impressed that they could think of nothing else, and had to be driven back to work with bayonets."

The Kaiser looked a bit fagged, I thought. There were dark hollows under his eyes. (I myself was conscious of a dark hollow under my belt, for I had been in Germany for several weeks.) He laid down a book he had been reading without much enthusiasm. I noticed the title—it was "The Kaiser as I Know Him," by Dr. Arthur N. Davis.

"I do not claim to be a great orator," he said. "The arts of oratory are meretricious, unworthy of the attention of a serious thinker. The reason for the success of my speeches is their unanswerable logic. It is curious how few of our enemies will take the trouble to think things out to a reasoned conclusion. How absurd it is for the English to imagine they know the truth about this war, when they have only been thinking about it for four years. And the Americans, who never even began to consider the philosophy of war until May, 1915. Why, I have been thinking about this war for over forty years. And do you know, sometimes, even now, I am not entirely certain that I have reached the final and indisputable conclusions."

"That is unanswerable, your Majesty," I said. "Undoubtedly you must be eleven times as right as the English, as you have been studying the matter eleven times as long."

"I would not admit this to every one," he said, "but as you are apparently a sensible man, let me point out that by the 5th of July, 1914, I had arrived at an entirely reasonable consensus of the whole problem. And now the English, who are by no means a nation of thinkers, try to refute me by some hastily gathered arguments not one of which antedates the first of August of that year."

"Thought will win the war," I said. "Don't waste it." But evidently he was absorbed in his own musings.

"NOT only are the English pitifully illogical," he continued, "but, far worse, they are ungrateful. You know that for years the chief chief of the English has been life in the open air, outdoor sports. In fact, their word sport has been adopted into almost all languages, the only English word so honored. Well, I can truthfully say that I have done more than any other man to get the word out into the open air, and how am I rewarded? By universal invective. It used to be said that the Germans were a sedentary nation who lived almost entirely indoors. I give you my word that almost every able-bodied man in Germany has been *ins Freie* since August, 1914. Look how they have enjoyed it. Millions of them have found it so congenial that they will never go back to the old life."

"ANOTHER point that I should like to emphasize is that it was our enemies who introduced terrible hatred into this war. Who was it who caused all the atrocities by continually retreating? What kind of warfare is that, to keep on retreating? And when the enemy retreats you have to follow. Don't you? We would never have gone so far toward Paris if the English had not retreated."

Kaiser Bill's Last Word

Arthur Train, the novelist, put down a German newspaper at the Century Club, in New York, with an impatient grunt.

MOSES

WHEN God beheld how Moses turned to see. A voice called from the bush. So runs the tale. A truth is here—a truth that will prevail.

Now as of old: Who would a prophet be, Must find light in the little wayside tree: Joy in the desert; he must never fail Earth with her store of stinging hail. Dew on the grass, night and her galaxy.

Lift up your eyes unto the hills of mort! Truth is not truth that does not glorify The desolate and barren bush of thorn; Fills not with stars the tempest-clouded sky.

Brings not the murmur of a choric strain Of triumph from the threnody of pain. —Robert W. Norwood, in "The Molemen-ists."

Forsaking the Tepee

In the annual report of Cato Sells, Commissioner of Indian Affairs, this is said: "Evidence of material and humanitarian advancement are everywhere apparent, industrially and socially the Indians are making unparalleled strides toward self-support and civilization. I have discovered that with sympathetic co-operation and intelligent encouragement their response is almost universal."

Within the last few years 42,110 Indian families have forsaken the tepee to live in houses. The tribal Indian rapidly is becoming "individualized." His red past is only a few years behind him, but it is in the past. The Government no longer believes that wars with the Indians are possible. The quickest of peace with them is an answered one, and all that remains is to make of the Indian a self-supporting, self-respecting member of American society.

It has been said that the red past of the Indian is only a few years behind him. How strikingly this is shown by the fact that today many officers of the United States army below the rank of brigadier general wear the ribbon which shows that they have seen active service in warfare against the Apache, the Sioux, the Cheyenne or other tribes of mountain and plain. It probably will be hard today to find any irrecconcilable among the Indians of the West, unless the search be extended into the tepes of the ancients who grow to old age in a condition of roamers and warriors, and in whom nature forbids a change to take place. —Rochester Post-Express.

His Independence

"Who is really boss in your home?" inquired the abrupt person. "Well," replied Meekton, "of course, Henrietta assumes command of the pug dog and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I like to the goldfish." —Washington Star.

Time for Something to Be Quiet

"Cotton Goods Quiet." We think that this is much more becoming than to be rampaging around as usual. —New York Evening Post.

What Do You Know?

QUIZ

1. Where in France are the Breiz Iron Sails, which Germany still holds? 2. What is the meaning of the word Hottel? 3. What is a cope? 4. What are chives? 5. What is a dingo? 6. Who said, "Come what come may, time and the tide wait for no man"? 7. Who was Rezin? 8. Who was the commander-in-chief of the United States forces at the battle of Gettysburg? 9. What longitude line is known as the prime meridian? 10. What is the meaning of the Latin phrase "Inno factio"? Answers to Saturday's Quiz 1. The difference in time between New York and San Francisco is three hours. 2. The official title of the Mormon Church is the Church of Jesus Christ of the Latter Day Saints. 3. Metz is on the Moselle River. 4. A pantheon is a temple dedicated to all the gods. 5. The Levant is the eastern part of the Mediterranean, with its islands and neighbor. 6. "Levant," meaning rising, and hence alludes to where the morning sun appears. 7. The word Saturday is derived from the Roman god, Saturn. 8. James Buchanan was the only American President from Pennsylvania. 9. A leprechaun is an Irish sprite or fairy. 10. The hair runs through the pug dog and the canary. But I can say pretty much what I like to the goldfish.