

THE SPECTATOR



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HAT was rather a rosy report that Commissioner Jensen made to the Rotary club respecting his

achievements in the way of war economies. So far we seem to have saved \$12,000 worth of milk bottles, and the salvage effected through the adoption of the one-delivery-a-day system is said to approximate \$40,000, and then there is supposed to be a thousand and one other economies, the sum total of which simply staggers the imagination.

All of which is a splendid showing—on paper. I have no disposition to question Mr. Jensen's figures, but he should have been more specific in his report and told who got the benefits accruing therefrom. It may be that we have saved \$12,000 for somebody in the handling of milk alone; however, the ultimate consumer has got nothing to show for his pains in practicing economy except a substantial raise in the cost of milk. Likewise with the new delivery system; the people have stood for the change with rare good grace and have made it possible to economize to the tune of \$40,000 in this one item alone, and yet where have they benefited one cent's worth?

I would not be misconstrued as saying one word against these war-time economies that we are all expected to practice; it's up to us to cut out the waste in every manner possible; the more milk bottles we can save the better, even in time of peace. But the point is this: if we have made this saving, why aren't we allowed to share in it? Our economy program, if it amounts to anything at all, ought at least provide that those who make possible the saving should realize something more than hot air in return for their sacrifices.

If the Economy Commissioner wants to make a hit with the community, he should make public the names of those who have been the beneficiaries of our economies, and then take prompt steps to equalize all such benefits hereafter.

WHILE on this subject, it is in order, perhaps, to say a word concerning what happened at the Young Men's Republican club blow-out a week ago. Strange, isn't it, that nothing was said about it in the daily papers? It couldn't have been an oversight, for I happened to be there myself and saw certain newspaper men joining in the applause—men who had made a solemn pledge to the public to print the news. But notwithstanding all this, a sensational story was squelched. I hope some

day to be in position to print a page of news each week that the dailies fail or are afraid to publish.

But to get back on the track. My old friend James H. Anderson got "all het up" while addressing his fellow Republicans and said some very uncomplimentary things about Commissioner Jensen and his associates. When "Uncle Jimmy" gets into action the sparks usually fly in all directions, and he surely was at his best the other night. I found myself agreeing with him in the main, but his personal attack was a little far fetched. Just because a man happened to be born in Germany is no sign that his heart isn't right, even though his head does seem to need a little fixing at times. We are too prone to holler "Hun" at every fellow we don't like these days and it's a dangerous practice.

As for "Eddie" Schmidt, I would be willing to stake my life on his loyalty any time. Of course Eddie is a Democrat, and he plays the game up to the handle all the time, and it is reported that he holds a few more jobs than the law allows, but even so, there is nobody that can make me believe that he is giving any aid or comfort to the Kaiser. Friend Anderson's admonition that it is up to us to "put Americans on guard," sounds well; however, it contains an ugly inference that has a tendency to twist the facts. Moreover, it is poor politics. Republicans will have to rise to a higher plane than that if they hope to gain the ear of the people.

AFTER one year of "bone dry" prohibition one must confess that it isn't such a thirsty proposition after all, provided you can rustle the price. Looking back over the past twelve-month, it does seem as though the blue-ribboners overpainted the picture somewhat. And yet Dan Shields informs us that the law has been "an unqualified success." Well, I suppose that Dan wouldn't be a Democrat if he wasn't disposed to indulge in extravagant utterances once in a while.

But I was particularly interested in what Chief White has to say. Parley keeps the score card and is in position to know what he is talking about. According to his records, the average number of arrests have decreased about 60 per cent during the past year, all of which is credited to prohibition. Accepting the chief's figures without question, one is forced to wonder then why it is costing as much, if not more, to police the city now than it did in the old booze days. Surely, if it is not half as much bother to keep the peace now as it was formerly, then why not hooverize a little on the department payroll?

Meanwhile, we have yet to hear

from the sheriff's office. I suppose that they, too, have kept a score card and it would be interesting to learn all they know about the workings of the "bone dry" law. It may be that their arrests have likewise dropped down to just about half of their former average, but it seems to require a materially augmented force of deputies to even accomplish this. I am not discussing the general advantages of prohibition. As far as I am personally concerned, I must admit that I have found, what many others have found, that the practice of prohibition isn't half as bad as the prospect, and it suits me first rate; however, we ought to make sure to reap every possible advantage.

HAD I been able to anticipate the final action that the firemen would take in the matter of their threatened resignation a week ago, the chances are that I would not have been so pointed in my remarks. But they seemed to be adamant in their attitude at the time; they threatened to walk off the job in spite of hell and high water unless their every demand was granted; and so there was nothing to do but judge them in such light at that particular time.

What happened to induce the men to reverse their decision and remain on the job is a matter of opinion. The important thing to note is that wise counsels prevailed before it was too late and the men decided to stand by the ship, even if things weren't altogether to their liking, which is to their credit, and I have no hesitation in saying so, notwithstanding my spirited criticism of last week.

JOHN Q. Critchlow was telling me the other day of two war mothers, whose names I do not care to repeat.

The one was rejoicing—mother fashion—over the fact that her boy had been transferred to the quartermaster's department, in which service he doesn't have to run much risk.

The other's boy had been on the firing line in France and had been severely gassed. His mother was hoping that her boy had sufficiently recovered so that he could again assume his place in the ranks and take part in the glorious battle now raging.

Which prompted John Q. to rather hurriedly sketch the following appealing sentiments:

Better that we die in battle
Than remain at home like knaves;
Better that we rot in trenches
Than to live like abject slaves;
Better that our boys be prey
For German scavengers at sea
Than that anywhere on earth
A child be born a slave to be;
Better that our women perish,

With their pure, unsullied name,
Than be stained by German kulture
And subjected to its shame;
Better that the sun cease shining—
Better still, perpetual night—
Than to shine on German victory
And be ruled by RIGHT IS MIGHT.

A YOUNG man who used to write dramatic criticism for the Tribune and now represents our worthy and estimable neighbor in France reports from the front that "radical mistakes have been made and are being made in training the United States Army," says the New York World, adding: "We were quite sure that soon or late somebody would discover that Pershing and our West Point officers had made a mess of it, but can we be certain that everything will be perfect when we substitute the plan of the Tribune's young man for the plan of Pershing and the General Staff?"—Army and Navy Magazine.

THE SECOND LIEUTENANT

HIS younger than the most of us—
far younger than the Top,
And, bein' young, he's full of pep and
keeps us on the hop;
He hasn't been in long enough to sour
on the game;
He's tickled as a kid with it—that's
why we bless his name!

He puts us through all sorts of stunts
to liven up the drill,
He laughs when he turns corners
sharp and takes a muddy spill;
It's up and in it all the time—he
never seems to tire,
And doesn't know what duckin' means
in face of Fritz's fire!

He always calls us "fellows"—never
pulls the line, "My men";
He likes to think he's one of us; and,
back in billets, when
He has to make inspections, he'll sit
down and chin a while,
And as to all this "Yes, sir" stuff,
"O, can it!" That's his style.

At shows he plays his uke for us, and
sings his college glees,
And if there's a piano, wow! He sure
can pound the keys!
On hikes he always starts a song, or
sends along a laugh—
And those are things, you darn well
know, that help us stand the
gaff.

I never cared for college guys when
I was in the States;
I thought they were a messy lot, a
bunch of underweights;
But if our Lieut's a sample, why, I've
go' to change my mind—
He'll 'the sand, the bean and go to
'd us through the grind!"
—From The Stars and Stripes.