The Evening World.

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THE REAL QUESTION.

FOLLOWING the decision of the Court of Appeals that the Soldiers' Bonus law is unconstitutional, those who still insist that there must be a bonus see two courses open to them:

The first, which Gov. Miller favors, is to work for an amendment to the State Constitution that will remove the present constitutional objection.

The other is to persuade the Legislature to refer to the people some plan of direct taxation to provide the bonus money.

The first method would take three or four years.

The second would force a frank answer to the question whether taxpayers of this generation favor the bonus if they have to pay it themselves, or only if they can pass it on to the taxpayers of another generation.

Inasmuch as this is precisely the kind of question which, in the opinion of the highest court in the State, the State Constitution meant to have answered at any given moment with least possible prejudice to taxpayers to come, it would seem a good thing to get an honest answer.

How much of this soldiers' bonus are the people who now urge it willing to pay?

The National Geographic Society explains that although New York City is more populous than the City of London, it is also true that Greater London is more populous than the City of New York, but that if Greater New York were as large in area as Greater London the Greater New York would be more populous than Greater London.

And after you have figured out all that you may rest assured that whatever the sizes or the population of the two cities, "Little Ole New York" has more unsolved murders than London, whatever its size or population. This ought to be a source of pride to the local gunmen if not to the police.

HARK TO THE OYSTERS!

IN the current press sheet, "News From Washington," issued by the Republican National Committee, we expected to read just such an article as "No Congress Ever Made Better Record Than Existing Body," by Representative Mondell.

The headline "Shipping Board Saves Million by Selling Wooden Ships" is not surprising, even though the statement that they have been sold is disputed by telegraphic reports that Chairman Lasker is considering advertising for new bids. Even at that, it is probably nearer the truth than Representative Mondell's congratulatory laudation of the G. O. P. majority.

It is perfectly orthodox partisan propaganda. "Pap" is the technical term, we believe.

But here is something else again of real interest this time. We hope it is true:

Prosperous Oyster Season Ahead.

Gloucester, N. J.—Three hundred sloops and schooners are being put in readiness for the opening of the oyster season, Sept. 1. Tests of oyster beds show the stock to be the best quality this year, and the oyster industry is looking forward to a very prosperous winter.

This praise for the good G. O. P. oysters who improve their quality under a Republican Administration is a touching tribute. It suggests the sharp resemblance of the partisan news from Washington to Lewis Carroll's "Through the Looking Glass," for here we have reference to "shoes (Lynn factories running at 80 per cent. capacity) and (Lasker's) ships." The cabbages, kings and sealing wax will probably appear in the next issue.

But to get back to oysters—what would little Alice think of the cruel but prosperous Republican oystermen who propose to sacrifice all these good Republican oysters? It should be recalled that Alice thought she liked the Walrus best "because, you see, he was a little sorry for the poor oysters."

In another column we print a letter from the Secretary of the Bowery Mission. The five-word headline is an editorial in itself. It states the simple fact. The Bowery Mission must have funds. It must carry on its good work. Few charitable organizations in this or any other city can stretch a dollar to cover more actual need than does the Bowery Mission.

The 1 A. M. breadline at the mission, once seen, is never forgotten. On cold nights it is literally a life-saver to many an unfortunate.

The Bowery Mission must have funds.

UNWORTHY OF A JUDGE.

KENESAW M. LANDIS, Federal Judge and National Commissioner of Baseball, got no more than was coming to him in the resolution adopted by the American Bar Association, in convention at Cincinnati:

"That the conduct of Kenesaw M. Landis in engaging in private employment and accepting private emolument while holding the position of a Federal Judge and receiving a salary from the Federal Government meets with our unqualified condemnation as conduct unworthy of the office of a Judge, derogatory to the dignity of the bench and undermining public confidence in the independence of the judiciary."

It may be true that Americans have not the awe and reverence of Englishmen for the bench. Nevertheless, the average American has not had to be Judge or lawyer to feel shocked at the spectacle of a man getting $7,500 a year as a Federal Judge and at the same time collecting a salary of $42,500 for his services as a super-umpire of baseball.

Friends of Judge Landis are indignant that the Bar Association passed its resolution without according him a proper hearing.

How could a hundred hearings alter the plain unseemly fact?

WHERE THEY ALSO APPLY.

ADDRESSING the ninety-six "rookie" policemen who were graduated to regular duty Thursday, the Mayor warned them that "a policeman to-day is expected to be something of a lawyer as well as a policeman."

He congratulated them "on having completed the course and having qualified yourselves to become policemen."

He also urged the young recruits to the force "to give the city the best that is in you and the people will be satisfied with that."

New York voters might construct parallels to these utterances and apply the same:

A Mayor of New York is expected to be something of a business man as well as a politician.

But when Mayor Hylan was quizzed recently he showed absolutely astonishing ignorance of even the simplest matters of municipal finance and business.

Mayor Hylan has completed a course which should have qualified him to be the next Mayor.

But he has not learned. If he has been unable to learn to be Mayor in four years, he cannot expect to pick it up in the next four.

Some of the rookies in police school fail to make good policemen. The best that is in them does not measure up to the standard.

That is the case with Mayor Hylan. He has never, as Mayors go, gotten out of the "rookie" class. His best is not good enough.

Banditry in this city now shares the same hours with business.

A SOUND RULE.

WHATEVER fight fans may think of the other rules promulgated by the State Athletic Commission yesterday, the one requiring the reservation of more space for the relatively cheap general-admission tickets will prove popular.

At the same time the commission is fair to the promoters by allowing a higher charge for the best seats. Profiteering rules do not apply to those able to pay $15 for a ringside seat. They can pay the extra $10 or sit a few feet further away.

But among the fight fans who cannot afford the higher prices the added chance to see the show from general admission sections will mean more spectators and more frequent attendance. This is all in favor of the promoters who intend to stay in the business and are looking for patronage over a series of years.

It's all very well to talk about wireless signals from Mars, but how do we know we could have points of mental or physical contact with the Martians? Maybe to them we'd appear as uncommunicative as fish.

"MUTUAL ATHLETICS."

AN official publication of the Methodist Episcopal Church is on record as suggesting "mutual athletics" as a means of overcoming the old antagonism of the church to dancing and at the same time satisfying the demands of the younger element who see no sin in decent and well-conducted dancing.

It would be interesting to be able to follow the mental calisthenics required to arrive at so ingenious a solution of the difficulty. Of course, if "mutual athletics" is to satisfy the dancers, it will be dancing. If "mutual athletics" is anything but dancing, it will not quiet the disagreement.

Such a suggestion is not creditable. It is not honest or straightforward. It is hypocritical, but it is not new in "thou-shalt-not" creeds. "Mutual athletics" would rank with the games in which colors are substituted for spades, hearts, diamonds and clubs, and numbers for spots. These games follow the rules of card games, but they are innocent and harmless because the players do not "play cards."

Self-deception is as bad as any variety of deceit.

Prop up the Interborough until the Transit Commission reports. Maybe a fresh diagnosis will give a new line on the treatment.

TWICE OVERS.

"WE don't know how far wireless waves will travel, so it is not impossible that some planet, in which the wireless method has perhaps been perfected, may be trying to get into communication with us."—J. C. H. Macbeth, Marconi's London Manager.

* * *

"CHARITY can take no interest in international politics."—Secretary Hoover.

* * *

"A POLICEMAN to-day is expected to be something of a lawyer as well as a policeman."—Mayor Hylan to the "rookies."

The Leash!

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By John Cassel

From Evening World Readers

What kind of letter do you find most readable? Isn't it the one that gives you the worth of a thousand words in a couple of hundred? There is fine mental exercise and a lot of satisfaction in trying to say much in few words. Take time to be brief.

Bowery Mission Must Have Funds.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I need not dwell on the appalling situation of unemployment as is shown in the figures given out by the United States Government—5,735,000. But are you aware of the equally widespread condition of destitution?

Speaking of the Bowery and for Bowery men only, a state of affairs now exists that has not been equalled since 1907, not even the terrible winter of 1914-15 (the first year of the war) approaches it; and this at a time when normally requests for assistance are at a low ebb. For instance, in the last full week of August, 1920, we fed 581 men, and the corresponding period this year, or, in other words, the week ending with last Sunday night's service, we issued meals to 1,715 men, an increase of nearly 200 per cent. What will it be when winter comes on?

Who and what are Bowery men? They are not of the Jewish population living to the east of the Bowery, nor do they belong to the Italian people residing to the west, nor yet of the business men whose stores line this old street, but are mostly unskilled laborers—men who have been handicapped from birth for lack of proper home training—men who largely can only work with their hands. There are always more than 15,000 of them—this is no guess but is based on lodging-house accommodations from actual count—and at least two-thirds of them are unemployed.

Dismiss from your mind the Bowery as pictured in Charles A. Hoyt's famous (now infamous) song, "The Bowery." The bum, the drunkard, the panhandler, the professional beggar, the petty larceny thief, the woman of the streets have almost wholly disappeared. And in their places, for the most part, are worthy men earnestly seeking work and willing to take anything that comes to their hand. But there is no work to be had. Our free labor bureau is practically at a standstill.

These men are patriotic. They see little or nothing of prosperity all their lives. And whoever saw a Bolshevist, an Anarchist, Socialist, or even a member of the I. W. W.'s among them? And yet you would think that they would be the very class ripe for the seeds of disorder sown by the discordant elements. Not an outbreak of any kind looking toward "mobism" can be charged to their ranks all through the period of unrest for the last few years. They were "there" during the war—they enlisted, they worked, they bought bonds and stamps, and subscribed to the Red Cross and "smoke funds." A good deal of this is due to the fact that the Bowery Mission has been devoting one night (Thursday) a week to Americanism; and some of the best minds in the country have come here to preach that gospel. We find them responsive to the spiritual teachings of this mission, and they are appreciative as well as comprehending its cultural work, such as educational and patriotic lectures, its concerts and its selected moving pictures, &c.

All these statements are facts that can be easily verified.

Last winter we should have had the 1 A. M. bread line, but were hampered by lack of funds. Usually we have money enough, but there were so many drives to help our less fortunate brethren in other lands that the home institutions were overlooked by many who usually contribute to their support. This fall and winter we must have it. Yet we are at our wit's end to meet the requirements of the day. We need help and we need it at once. We should have $35,000 to carry us through the winter. Will you help us by putting this statement before the public?

ANSON C. BAKER,
Secretary of the Bowery Mission.
No. 227 Bowery, Aug. 31, 1921.

Doesn't Care for Rice.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

In The Evening World of Aug. 29 we are told there is to be another shortage of potatoes and we Americans are advised to eat rice instead.

I prefer potatoes and do not care for rice unless in pudding.

George Perkins riced us nearly to death in war time and if he or any other in authority tries that game on us again (sending our good potatoes out of the country), I hope whoever is to blame chokes to death on the rice diet.

Our potatoes should stay at home where they belong and are appreciated.

One who does not believe in the shortage. MRS. E. H.
Brooklyn, Aug. 31, 1921.

Why Not Both?

To the Editor of The Evening World:

While going through Madison Square Park the other day I saw some ex-service men with banners begging for money.

How is it that the United States can afford to send so much food over to a bunch of Russians while these poor fellows have to starve?

A. H. B.

"Solve It With Jobs."

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I have read with great interest your article entitled "Solve It With Jobs." It is about time that something was being done to better the present state of unemployment. A good idea would be for each employer to start at the top of his payroll, take the names of every married woman, investigate, and see if it is necessary for those women to be working.

In a case of a sick husband, or a husband out of a job, then it is excusable for a married woman to work outside, but when a woman has a husband in a good position, and no children to clothe and feed, then she is merely taking bread from girls who have to keep themselves and also from men who could easily fill those jobs. Take, for instance, the Western Union Telegraph Company. The majority of their automatic operators are on half time, and others on six hours, yet there are a great many married women in this department who, with their husbands, are working full time, while the other girls strive to exist on the wages of four hours a day, realizing that half a loaf is better than none. If the Western Union managers won't do the necessary, and either put those women on the short hours or lay them off, then some one else ought to take a hand and help the working girl get a square deal.

FAIR PLAY.
New York, Sept. 1, 1921.

It's a Foolish Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

It has always been my impression that rubber heels were sold by the pair.

However, in looking over the car cards on the "L" coming home the other night, I read: Nine out of every ten (9 out of 10) were * * *. Does this mean 90 per cent.? What do you think? L. H. C.
New York, Aug. 31, 1921.

UNCOMMON SENSE

By John Blake

(Copyright, 1921, by John Blake.)

INHERITED DISADVANTAGES.

It is pleasant to be a rich man's son—for a while.

You can have racing motor cars, and yachts, and prize bulldogs, and play golf any afternoon you want to, and go to all the theatres and prize fights, and spend your time delightfully.

If you go to college and don't do very well in your studies you can hire tutors to help you to pull through.

You can spend your vacations at the races, or in Europe, or trout fishing in the Oregon mountains.

And nobody will ever boss you around, or insist on your doing things their way, or make it unpleasant for you when you blunder.

Lead that kind of a life and you will be happy till you get old enough to discover that with all your money you don't amount to anything, and then you are likely to be unhappy for the rest of your natural life.

If you are poor don't envy the rich, especially the rich of the second generation.

What you consider their advantages are really very serious disadvantages.

The rich young man who overcomes them—and many rich young men do—is entitled to far more credit for his success than is the poor boy who has to buckle down to hard work to earn his living, and through it learns something about life.

It is exercise that builds the brain as it builds the muscles. If you are not forced to take it early in life you will soon find yourself getting along without it.

And then your brain will be as flabby and useless as the muscles of the man who sits at a desk year in and year out without ever taking any exercise at all.

Many a rich man who has allowed his son to idle away his time looks with envy on the poor father of the poor boy who is beginning to make his way.

The rich man would give all the world to have a son with so much promise, but it is too late now. The thing he wanted most, a son who would follow in his footsteps, he will never have, largely because he himself piled up too much money.

Earned wealth is worth having if its owner knows how to administer it. Unearned wealth, as a general rule, brings only unhappiness to those who are unfortunate enough to inherit it.

From the Wise.

I am indebted to my father for living, but to my teacher for living well.—Alexander the Great.

The hardest trial of the heart is whether it can bear a rival's failure without triumph.—Aikin.

Flattery is a sort of bad money to which our vanity gives currency.—Locke.

Good will, like a good name, is got by many actions and lost by one.—Jeffrey.

Poetry is the art of sustaining shadows and of lending existence to nothing.—Burke.

Men will wrangle for religion, write for it, fight for it, die for it—anything but live for it.—Colton.

Grieving one's self to death may be a luxury for the rich; a washerwoman with eight children to support cannot afford such a luxury.—Anonymous.

TURNING THE PAGES

—BY—

E. W. Osborn

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"'TIS not when Grief sits by my hearth,
A guest, I need friends most.
But when, on some glad, radiant day,
To Joy I am the host!
For Grief, a crone, in sombre garb
Sits silent, bent, nor heeds
That she unwelcome there remains;
But Joy, shy, wistful, needs
The sympathy of eyes that smile,
The clasp of friendly hands
To crown my hospitality
When visitor she stands
Beside my door and hesitates
Before she enters there—
She's waiting for my friends to come
That they her kiss may share.

This cue for the entrance of the merry villagers is furnished by Lannie Haynes Martin through a page of the Nautilus, for September.

* * *

Salvation by Will, Not Law . . .

From the depths of the Easy Chair, in the September Harper's, Edward S. Martin utters himself wisely and truly, thus:

> Some improvement can be worked in the conduct of man by laws if they are properly administered and enforced, but only a moderate improvement.
>
> Laws are for society more than for individuals. There is little salvation in them, but some protection.
>
> Salvation comes by free will. It is nobody's business to force his own ideas of good behavior on he general public. Reformers never seem to get that through their heads, and probably never will.
>
> It may be any one's business to keep order, to defend security and promote safety so that people who know how to be good and elect so to be, can be so with less discomfort; but it is nobody's job to compel other folk to be good.

It is like the blowing of wind into the wastes to tell this to the professional meddler.

As well tell it to the marines.

* * *

The Fatal Dive for Beauty . . .

Witter Bynner, whose "Three Hundred Poems of the T'ang Dynasty" will be published by Knopf next year, has just brought back from China an authentic portrait of the poet, Li Tai Po, who was famous in the T'ang period as the favorite singer of the Emperor and the greatest wine-drinker of his day. We cite a pertinent note:

> It is told of Li Pai Po that he met his death by drowning while in a boat with his friends, trying to embrace the moon in a lake.
>
> When asked by the friends why he wanted to do this, Li Po replied: "It is supposed that one can only ascend toward beauty—but one may also descend."

Concerning which we point to the interesting fact that in descending for beauty the poet quickly got beyond his depth.

* * *

A Maid and a Bashful Man . . .

Glahn, in Knut Hamsun's "Pan" (Knopf), tells us of his awkward shyness at the house party at the trader's, and of how the daughter of the house lifted him out of humiliation:

> "Just at that moment some one came quickly over toward us. All could see her—it was Edwarda.
>
> "She came straight to me. She said something and threw her arms round my neck, clasped her arms around my neck and kissed me again and again on the lips.
>
> "Then she slipped away from me; her little breast beat up and down. She stood there still, with her brown face and brown neck, tall and slender, with flashing eyes, altogether heedless.
>
> "They were all looking at her. For the second time I was fascinated by her dark eyebrows that curved high up into her forehead."

The Norwegian panacea for perturbation, if this is a fair working example, has its points of persuasion.

* * *

The Indian Place for Girls . . .

Some domestic gospel of the Meskwaki tribe reported in "American Indian Life" (Huebsch), a forthcoming book by leading anthropologists:

> Boys are different. They can go any place they please. And girls dare not do so, unless they have a good reason for it. They are taught always to be at home and do the work.
>
> They are told: "If you grow to be a young lady, if you walk around and do not do any work, people will think nothing of you. They will say all you are good for is to walk from place to place.
>
> "They will say you are looking for a place to get your meals. Every time you are on the road they will say, 'There goes a woman who goes about looking for good meals for herself!'"

We can hear the feminist response: "Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind"——

With stress on "untutored."

* * *

In the Day of the Grandmother . . .

Writing of "My Grandmother's Table" for the September Scribner's William Henry Shelton says:

> The "hired man" and the "hired girl" regularly sat at board as members of the family. The latter rising on occasion, not to remove plates or to use the crumb-brush, in the modern way, but to refill the teapot or to replenish some dish that had been emptied.
>
> If a neighbor knocked at the door during a meal my uncle bade him come in. The neighbor grasped the latch—blacksmith made—of the door and with a pressure of his thumb raised the latch.
>
> There were no locks on the doors—with one exception—and, consequently, no keys.
>
> The doors were secured, if necessary, by buttons above the latches, and the one exception was the door of a certain closet where cake was kept, a precaution against placing undue temptation before grandchildren of tender years.

Perhaps it was when grandmother set her table that the country really was safe for democracy.