

# THE SPECTATOR



I AM indebted to Mrs. Don R. Coray for a most interesting outline of the wonderful work that is being accom-

plished by the War Work Council of the Y. W. C. A. Mrs. Coray is, besides being a war mother, one of the local leaders in the movement to consolidate the activities of the Y. W. C. A., the Y. M. C. A., the Knights of Columbus, the Jewish Welfare association, the Library association, the Salvation Army, and all similar associations engaged in war work, into one mighty organization to be known as the United War Workers of America. It is a magnificent undertaking, and what the great-hearts of America will be able to accomplish with all these splendid organizations pulling together and operating under a central board of control, is most fascinating to contemplate.

Among other things, Mrs. Coray tells a stirring story of what she saw and heard while attending conferences of the United War Workers at San Francisco and Cheyenne. One of the most surprising things to me is her narrative of the work that the Salvation Army women are doing in the war zone. It appears that these women, according to a statement made by one of their own number, have been specializing in "pie, prayer and good old-fashioned American-made doughnuts." And this story follows:

Our boys in France are being well fed, as army fare goes, but they hunger for the cookies and cake and pie that "Mother used to make." It seems that plenty of French pastry is available behind the lines, but this is a poor substitute. The boys call it "a rasher of wind." It isn't satisfying. As one doughboy put it, they crave for something that "they can get their teeth into," and that "sticks to the ribs." Even General Pershing was overheard to say one day that he would give almost anything for "a piece of pie."

Well, it so happened that one of the Salvation Army women heard of the general's wish, and a happy idea struck her. Apples were available, and so was flour; so she proceeded to make an old-fashioned American apple pie for the commander-in-chief, which was forthwith presented with the compliments of the Salvation Army. Then the idea began to grow and other pies were baked and passed around to the boys; and finally the general and his staff became impressed with the possibilities of this sort of service and decided to encourage the pie-baking. The quartermaster was authorized to render the pie-bakers every assistance possible, with

the result that the Salvation Army women are now dishing out pie by the wholesale to the boys all along the line. And so with doughnuts.

Of course, this is only one of the thousand and one things that the women war workers of America are doing to give the boys abroad a touch of home life, but it is a fair sample of the service that is reaching out along the far-flung battle lines. And what a wonderful service it is.

WHEN Director General McAdoo recently warned the railroad employees that he would no longer tolerate their "public be damned" attitude, he inadvertently dug up a much discussed phrase that has been freely used by demagogues in times past to the damage of the memory of the late William H. Vanderbilt and to the detriment of other deserving men of great wealth. Just how the successor to old Commodore Vanderbilt came to give utterance to this sentiment has been a much mooted question, but Ashley W. Cole of Pennsylvania comes along with an authentic account of the incident, which I quote in part:

The late William H. Vanderbilt, favorite and most capable son of Commodore Vanderbilt, used the phrase some thirty-five years ago, about a fortnight after the Pennsylvania Railroad company had put into service the first, the pioneer, fast train de luxe of the period, between the East (Philadelphia) and Chicago. The new daily "limited" train, with its gilded, cushioned appointments, and its sustained high speed throughout the journey, made a sensation. Soon afterward Mr. Vanderbilt was in Chicago, on one of his frequent visits to that and other railway centers on the Vanderbilt lines—and uttered the famous defiant phrase.

Only a few days later I was in Chicago with my employer, the late "Uncle" Rufus Hatch, and at our rooms in the Palmer House we were called upon as usual by Clarence Dresser, a very capable young "railway news" reporter for The Chicago Tribune. After the usual chat regarding the object of our visit the conversation turned to the Pennsylvania's new and dazzling train and to Mr. Vanderbilt's defiant phrase. Mr. Dresser had chronicled the remark in The Tribune, and we asked him under what circumstances Mr. Vanderbilt used the phrase. Mr. Dresser said: "Well, I asked him what the New York Central was doing, or going to do, to meet the Pennsylvania's big challenge. Mr. Vanderbilt said he didn't know that the Central was going to do anything; or that it was called upon to do anything. Of course they were observing the new train and its operation, and if the

circumstances required it the Central might put on a competing, a rival train. 'But,' I said, 'Mr. Vanderbilt, won't the public demand it of the New York Central?' He looked at me laughingly, in his usual good-tempered way, his eyes sparkling, and replied, musingly, 'Oh, the public be damned!'" Dresser was smiling and laughing all through the narrative to us of the incident.

Mr. Hatch and I (being also a newspaper man) puzzled Dresser somewhat, as to Mr. Vanderbilt's manner and the meaning he intended to convey by the use of the now historic, but commonplace, phrase—whether it was a defiance. Dresser was clear, emphatic, in saying that he believed "Mr. Vanderbilt was somewhat amused by the suggestion that 'the public' should enter into the question of equipping and operating costly luxury trains for the New York Central—he thought the administrative and operating staff of the Central would determine that matter; not 'the public.' There was no defiance—it seemed to amuse him."

As the public knows, Mr. Vanderbilt soon afterward put on the famous Lake Shore Limited, New York and Chicago train, and that has since been supplemented by the Twentieth Century Limited. The New York Central has never defied the public—it has at times had to defy and resist politicians and public officials. As I was for over six years a member (chairman) of the New York State Railroad commission, my opinion on that subject may be entertained with some credence.

SO Sheriff Corless has been listening to the song of the "third-term" siren until he is quite overcome with an exaggerated sense of his own indispensability as high peace officer of the county, and his hat is in the ring. What matters it that he thereupon was obliged to break faith with "Cap" Burbidge and leave his former trusted and trustworthy lieutenant away out on a limb? Hasn't he the assurance of the Democratic powers that be that he will be renominated "hands down?" And has he not also been led to believe that his retention in office is essential to the continuance of good government, and to the successful prosecution of the war? And because of this—and some other reasons that have not been made public,—why should genial Jack stand on ceremony? Especially when he thinks he has a show to cut the mustard again.

But I can name some other fellows—just as slick as the present sheriff, and just as strongly entrenched politically—who got the idea in their heads that they could beat the anti-third-term bugbear. But they couldn't.

Several third-term candidates made furious races down the home stretch but they were always nosed-out at the wire. The people simply won't stand for a man perpetuating himself in office, nor will the politicians. The chief trouble with politics, even for the party in power, is that there isn't enough jobs to go around, and when a fellow has been blessed with two terms in a fast office it has always been deemed that he has had enough.

But his henchmen say that Jack's case is peculiar. It most certainly is—in this respect, at least. For I recall some years ago how the present sheriff bitterly opposed Joe Sharp's candidacy for a third term, on the grounds that while his chief (Jack was then a deputy) made an excellent officer, it was bad public policy to give a sheriff a third term. That argument prevailed with the people then, and the chances are that it will again.

And as to the claim that it is necessary to keep Jack on the job for the good of the service; well, the only way in which I can see that he has the bulge on the other fellows after the office is in his mastery of the tricks of the bootlegger's trade. His familiarity with the ways and wiles of this class of lawbreakers is not to be questioned. But do the people merely want the sheriff and his force to be familiar with these fine fellows, or do they expect something else? Of course, it is to be admitted that the sheriff has been trying to clean his skirts of late. That, some say, accounts for the "resignation" of Carl Carstensen. But does it? Let's wait and see. What with Carstensen and Cleveland and Burbidge all running at large—and each one as sore as a boiled owl,—there is bound to be something interesting in store for all concerned.

I CALLED attention some weeks ago ago to the red literature that the I. W. W. was surreptitiously spreading about the community. Nothing came of the warning, and now it seems that they have been up to their dirty work again. This is a fine time to be flooding the city with the inflammable stuff that emanates from the furnace of the class-haters. It's high time for all good citizens, as well as the peace officers, to be on guard against these sowers of sedition and internal strife. There are all too many in our midst and they ought to be shot on sight. How to detect them is a difficult matter. However, I have a notion that if the loyal labor union men would keep their eyes and ears open they might be able to locate the source of some of this treasonable propaganda. Anyway, if the whole town has got to sit up nights on watch, this sort of business must be stopped.