

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

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Have You Bond
Imagination?

If So, You Are Now a Bond Owner. Honor McAdoo
For His Hard Work.



Secretary McAdoo,
The Man Behind the Bonds.

While you rejoice at the big sale and success of the bond issue, don't forget the man who has been traveling day and night all over the country, and who has returned from a long, hard fight a good deal thinner than he started out, a man worn down by excessive, sustained effort.

Unless you have bought your Liberty bond in this Government issue or give the order to buy it TODAY, you will join the ancient and dishonorable order of financial slackers, of heads without imagination.

The greatest quality of the human mind is imagination—power to see and realize what duller minds do not see. It is the patriotic thought and imagination of the American people—not individual wealth—that will finance this war for liberty.

A young woman who works for this newspaper went to the bank to buy a few Liberty bonds at 10:30 a. m. on Thursday last. She said when she returned with her bonds: "The people were standing in line to buy them, and it seemed to me that the poorer the woman THE MORE BONDS SHE BOUGHT."

This means that the poor woman spent all she had.

Millions of whom you never hear are buying these bonds, millions of women are investing in them even the money that they had put aside "for a decent funeral."

These are women that have imagination. They see the thousands of funerals of young men, hastily buried on the battlefield, funerals to come. They forget themselves, care little how or where THEY are buried. They give their money promptly in the hope that there may be one less funeral of an American boy reported from the other side of the ocean.

Have you an imagination that sees what your money will do after it has been transformed into the world's best security—A FIGHTING BOND OF LIBERTY?

Can you see the money given into the Government, transformed into bullets, rifles, hospital supplies, uniforms, food for soldiers?

Can you see in the wet trench in cold winter a line of young men waiting for the order—Climb up and go out!

Does your mind find satisfaction in the thought that the dull blue steel bayonet, sharp and strong, that is to save the life of a young man in that line WAS PAID FOR BY YOUR MONEY?

You will read of these attacks, desperate battles, victories and defeats.

You will not want to say, when the news comes: "Not even my money is helping in the fight." Be an owner of fighting Liberty bonds, and if you were unable to do much this time, prepare to do better next time.

Buy A Bond From Uncle Sam Today



Today is the last chance you have to subscribe to Uncle Sam's Second Liberty Loan. You deal direct with him. He gives you the best security for your money. He pays you 4 per cent interest. He guarantees the safety

of your money. If you haven't subscribed, buy today. If you have subscribed buy some more before the banks close tonight.

Mabel Dodge Writes About
More Light in the Home

By Mabel Dodge.

YOU can read the whole history of man in architecture, from the cave he first built to the last skyscraper. It is a long story of how he left the dust and mud, in his passion for more light. First he lived actually under the earth—in holes dug into the darkness. He didn't need light then. He didn't want it. His eyes couldn't stand it. So he just tunneled out an irregular space and lived in it. And then his dwelling was a reflection of him. He himself was an unformed, unilluminated creature of darkness. By and by he emerged and began to build mounds of earth on the ground.

This was a step in advance. Here his narrow entrance threw a little faint light into the interior of his mound. Here, then, his eyes began to strengthen from the demand upon them, for we have acquired every faculty and all our intelligence because we needed them and asked for them and got them for the asking. We can make ourselves into gods by asking for more faculty, and we will—for that is our goal and nothing shall stop us. The first sign of order or harmony in his soul shown by the man was when he built his dwelling in the form of a square. The first box-shaped house was the first harmonious one. And the first sign he showed of having a sense of beauty was when he cut a piece out of the wall, not to use as a door, but to let in more light. This, in my opinion, was the first invitation to "the good, the beautiful and the true." It was the first time man showed hospitality to the three great human attributes all at once. It came morality, esthetics and utility, and never departed again! It has ever been the way of man, since the first time he built his mound on the outside of the earth, to look for the high spots of ground. Of course, you can say that necessity and fear of the enemy drove him to it, but at the same time it took him nearer the stars! There is an instinct in man impelling him to go up. Ever since it first showed in lifting him from all fours it has been seeking to drive him higher, higher, higher! "Man can't lift himself by his own boot-straps," say the doubting Thomases. But he can, for he has. By what else? But that boot-strap! What is it and where is it? So he built his houses on hills wherever he could. You can see those old houses still in the old countries far up from

dark caves they seem and yet how far away from skyscrapers! Once long ago in Babylon the men there had a great impulse to build a tower to reach the sky. It went up a long way, but it fell down again. Possibly this was because the builders fell out among themselves and did not work in co-operation. Anyway, it was a noble idea. The most beautiful form man has ever built in is the form of the cross. This is in his own shape. It is in many variations the form of most churches and most public buildings. It is the form of the Capitol in Washington. In the center is the rotunda, with its portico, where the head of the state swears his Presidential fidelity; at right and left lie the arms of the people, the House of Representatives and the Senate, while at the left side just under the head we find the Supreme Court in the place where the heart ought to be. Can a better symbolic structure be made for housing Government? Where will man go in his position for more light and his desire to go higher? See how in America he goes in for windows and height. England has always been Emory in his soul shown by the man was when he built his dwelling in the form of a square. The first box-shaped house was the first harmonious one. And the first sign he showed of having a sense of beauty was when he cut a piece out of the wall, not to use as a door, but to let in more light. This, in my opinion, was the first invitation to "the good, the beautiful and the true." It was the first time man showed hospitality to the three great human attributes all at once. It came morality, esthetics and utility, and never departed again! It has ever been the way of man, since the first time he built his mound on the outside of the earth, to look for the high spots of ground. Of course, you can say that necessity and fear of the enemy drove him to it, but at the same time it took him nearer the stars! There is an instinct in man impelling him to go up. Ever since it first showed in lifting him from all fours it has been seeking to drive him higher, higher, higher! "Man can't lift himself by his own boot-straps," say the doubting Thomases. But he can, for he has. By what else? But that boot-strap! What is it and where is it? So he built his houses on hills wherever he could. You can see those old houses still in the old countries far up from

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Once-Overs
What Do You Talk About to Your Husband

(Copyright, 1917, International News Service.)

Mrs. Married Woman, you have told your husband that you cannot understand business matters and the deeper subjects of life, and that it annoys you to talk about such things, and still you wonder why he seems to enjoy the society of other women, perhaps very plain and, to you, unattractive. This should present no problem. Your husband cares nothing for the small talk which interests you, and certain other frivolous friends of yours. A pretty face, a chic gown, a willowy carriage and graceful manners have no attraction for him if the possessor has an undeveloped brain. Be thankful that you have a sensible man for your spouse. If your partner in joys and woes likes to talk to a scholarly woman whom you find dull and uninteresting, realize you do not meet the requirements of his life and try to be a wife of sense and accomplishments. At least you can be an attentive listener when he talks business or politics, and you can cut out frivolous gossip when he is around. Beauty counts for very little if you have nothing of brains in your head. What are you doing to interest your husband?

Elizabeth Jordan Writes on
Caring for Our Fighting Men

By Elizabeth Jordan.

DURING the first weeks of our war with Germany one of our moving picture theaters exhibited to its patrons a picture that nightly "brought down the house." This picture showed "Uncle Sam" in a rocking chair, peacefully swinging back and forth and reading his newspaper. At his right and left stood a soldier and sailor, both in uniform. To me the picture lacked something. I did not quite admire the reposeful attitude of Uncle Sam. He was rather too carefree. I murmured to the friend who was with me: "I hope Uncle Sam will not forget that the soldiers and sailors are also depending on him to take care of them!" That reflection has returned to me since then many, many times. Though only 10 per cent of our drafted men are called to the colors, it seems as if every young man I know is going to fight for his country. They have volunteered, or they are in the national guard, or in the draft. Wherever I turn I meet heavy-hearted women—the mothers, the wives, the sisters, and the sweethearts of boys who are going "over there."

Do you know what these women are saying to me—these women who are giving to their country the children of their hearts? They are all saying the same thing, in slightly different words: "And, oh, Miss Jordan, the camps are not ready for them! Many of the boys haven't blankets! They haven't warm clothes! They haven't the right food! They haven't rifles! They haven't even beds! We know they've got to suffer when they go 'over there.' But why must they suffer unnecessarily now? Why must they risk pneumonia and the ills that come from underfeeding?" "They are excellently fed in some of the camps," I hasten to explain. "For two days I myself inspected the food up at Camp

Bartlett. For supper the boys had a big plate of hash, two huge slices of bread and butter, two canned peaches, and a large tin of coffee. And they could have had a second helping if they wanted it. Others had macaroni and little sausages and green salad—" I am off now, going strong, for I enjoy talking about the good things the boys have. But the mothers interrupt me. "I'm glad they have good food somewhere," they say, "though my boy isn't getting anything like that. But it's the lack of beds and blankets I can't stand. It's the lack of foresight, and all that means. It's—" And now comes the expression of the mother's real fear—the fear that is costing her her sleep at night. "If we can't take care of our boys here at home, where we have everything," she asks drearily, "how do we know what will happen to them 'over there'?" Will our Government take care of them or will it sacrifice them through lack of preparation, as England sacrificed her boys at the beginning? Oh, if our men do this, the women of America, will never, never forgive them!" America is preaching economy of food to us. We preach economy of life to her. We are giving our boys bravely and willingly. We are giving them to service, to defense, to death if need be—but not for useless sacrifice. The criticisms of the camps, little or big as they may be, are not so important after all. At the worst, there are useless hardships, due to incompetence or lack of foresight, and which we and our soldiers must accept as philosophically as we can. The things that are important are the training, the transporting, and the conditions "over there." The last are bad enough at the best, as every one admits. They are endurable only by the soldier whose country is standing solidly back of him, not bungling, not procrastinating, not "muddling through," but ready day and night to give him what he needs and all he needs to carry on the terrible task that lies before him. All these women are writing a message on the wall, and it stands forth for their Government to read. It is this: "We women of America are giving our sons to our country. We demand for these sons such training, such equipment, and such support as will give them a fair fighting chance to succeed in their mission and to return to us." It should be easier and pleasanter for our men to meet this demand with efficient preparation than to try to explain to our women, next year, some appalling and needless waste of American lives.

Civil Service Truth
The Government Employees Are Entitled to the Facts—And Here is One Pertinent and Practical Matter—Get On the Steam Roller.

By EARL GODWIN.

Government employees interested in the enactment of a proper civil service retirement law would do well to make a thorough study of the legislative channels through which they will have to drive their measure. The Times believes they will have to use all the force at their command, and that the proper place to direct the drive will be from the seat of a steam roller. The obstacle in front of them is the political selfishness of a few members of Congress who will vote for every expenditure offered except expenditures in justice to the faithful employees of the Government. Many politicians who seek re-election to Congress believe it is fair game—this juggling with justice. The time has come to put an end to that brand of hypocrisy.

Congressmen who shiver with fear at the idea of a civil service pension look to Representative Hannibal Godwin, of North Carolina, chairman of the House Committee on Reform in the Civil Service, to maintain the same reactionary attitude toward civil service reform he has exhibited since he became chairman by reason of succession rather than friendliness for reform. It is no injustice to Mr. Godwin to say he believes civil service retirement to be idiotic. He will probably agree with the statement. Ever since inheriting the position of chairman of a reform committee his only interest in reform in the civil service has been in making sure no reform should escape his vigilant eye and become a part of the law of the land.

Hannibal Godwin, although he has introduced a bill on the subject of a retirement fund, does not believe in it. There is good reason to believe he has introduced a bill simply to have it in shape to sidetrack the entire matter. Or, perhaps, to use his bill in blocking other men's measures. This is common knowledge in Congress, and is not to be taken as criticism of one of its members. Civil service employees who are interested in reform legislation have every right to know exactly the attitude of one of the most important men they will deal with in connection with this legislation.

The Administration promised a civil service retirement system to Government employees in the St. Louis platform. The civil service plank was framed principally at the suggestion of Representative James Hamill of New Jersey. Mr. Hamill is a member of the committee of which Mr. Godwin is chairman, and is willing to take up the fight at a moment's notice.

The Times advises Government employees to go after civil service retirement with more of a vim than ever before. They may succeed in changing the opinion of Chairman Godwin, in which case they will have a powerful ally. If they cannot move him they should expect an opponent of considerable force.

HEARD AND SEEN

Felix Mahony says that nearly all the artists who have made Liberty loan posters recently have drawn the American flag with too few stripes.

Norborne Robinson calls attention to the fact that a wet day makes the sidewalk in front of the White House the sloppiest pavement in town, because of depressions in the pavement. Let some good uplifter take this in hand.

Parker Anderson is probably the only newspaper reporter alive who owns a newspaper in addition to working for another one. He is also the only Washington correspondent who is operating a telegraph key, his telegraph operator being being grabbed by the Navy Department.

Robert F. Wilson, "Jud" Welliver, Theodore Tiller, Antonio R. Pinci, and James Hay, jr. All these Washington writers are represented in Munsey's Magazine this month.

The following is from Enoch A. Chase. Had it not been shoved into the wrong door it would have been printed last week:

"Dear Editor:—For the love of Mike, let up on the jointed snake story appearing on page 14 of The Times of October 18, or I will be flooded with clippings again as I was more than a year ago. The story has been printed in the Washington papers no less than five times already, and I have received clippings of it from as far west as Los Angeles and east as far as Boston. First appeared in the Larned, Kan., Tiller and Toller more than a year ago. It's a chestnut now roasted to a cinder. Kill it. The Snake Killer has my name, but I'm tired of having every gink who comes along stop me on the street to tell me all about it. Help! Succor! Assistance and Relief! Else I perish." All right, Mr. Chase. We will add this story to the collection of historical truths, inasmuch as you do not deny it, and will promise not to print it again for a few weeks anyhow.

A letter from a well-known Washingtonian says:

Dear Godwin: Here is something you can take up and deliver with a punch. Every time I go to a theater there is considerable flag waving and patriotic fervor when the band plays "The Star-Spangled Banner." However, on Saturday nights when the theaters come in from camp the theater prices go up. And actors are cheaper than ever. Box office prices certainly don't feel the pinch of war times. Let's ask the theaters to be more liberal than patriotic. Your friend, RYLEY GRANNON.

Mrs. James Coates, who is the Head Chocolatier of the squad of young women collecting candy money for the army in France, announces that her "tag girls" will be on duty in Keith's Theater all this week. The candy kids, as it were.

What the Public Writes the Editor

To the Editor of THE TIMES: Being a patriotic American, anxious to aid my President and my Government in this just war against the brutal Hun military machine, I should like to purchase at least one of the new Liberty bonds, placed on sale today, but my salary is not astonishingly large, and having other mouths and backs to feed and clothe beside my own, I cannot do so under present conditions, with the price of food and clothing mounting higher and higher each day. The price of the necessities of life already has gone to a point that makes it impossible for salaried men of my class to spare even the price of one bond. Under present conditions every dollar goes for food, fuel, clothing, and rent. Not a cent is left for sickness, let alone for an occasional luxury such as attending the theaters.

It is awfully hard, Mr. Editor, for working people to remain patriotic when they see food thieves reaping large profits out of the war, and with their families clothed in finest raiment, roll by in richly upholstered limousines, while the common clay has to hoof it to and from work each day, rain or shine. Since our nation entered this war, I have done all in my power to help the righteous cause along, and shall continue to do so, but if something is not done by the powers that be to lower the cost of living, and punish the scoundrels who are reaping millions out of the war, and bleeding the com-

mon people white, I very much fear the people will become so enraged that they will lose sight of all patriotism and turn to the camps of the Socialists for relief. We did right in declaring war on Germany, and that wicked nation should be whipped to a standstill, but while we are at it cannot something be done to prevent the criminal profiteers skinning the patriots of our land who are willing to sacrifice even their lives for our flag? I should consider it an honor to die for my country, but do not relish the idea of being pared to the bone by greedy shysters while martial music sounds in my ears. Think of it, eggs in London 60 cents per dozen, while they sell for 80 cents over here; Think of the bread and milk thieves being permitted to raise the price of these articles at will! My God! Is there no power to reach them? Is there no room in our jails for these scoundrels? I do not claim to be a miracle man, but will promise, if clothed with official power, to make it so hot for the profit grabbers that they will prefer the infernal regions to the United States of America. JAMES S. McCARTHY. [There is justification for the present of our reader whose letter is printed above. He may, however, rely upon it that the President of the United States is working just as hard to prevent robbery of the people at home as to bring about the close of autocracy in Germany.—The Times.]