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Gas in Baltimore for 35 Cents

The Company Bids You to Take It at That Price. If In Baltimore, Why Not In Washington.

The Consolidated Gas Company of Baltimore urges, implores its customers to use gas for heating AT THIRTY-FIVE CENTS A THOUSAND CUBIC FEET.

How does that sound to you that pay the high prices of this locality? How does it sound to you here in Washington, where the gas company tells you that it really cannot live unless it increases the present price?

The Baltimore gas company issues a neat little pamphlet entitled "House Heating in Baltimore a Success."

It points out that after a minimum amount of gas has been consumed, the company charges only thirty-five cents a thousand cubic feet, the lowest price for artificially made gas charged anywhere.

In the pamphlet the Baltimore gas company shows nice little houses in the country buried in snow, and kept warm by hot water—gas being used to heat the hot water.

It shows big city buildings heated by gas and says to all its readers: "Use gas to heat your houses, don't be bothered by coal scarcity or high prices of coal." We quote:

House heating by gas in this city is made possible by the fact that Baltimore's rates for artificial gas are the cheapest in the country. All gas sold to domestic consumers in excess of a fixed amount depending upon the number of rooms in the house is billed at 35 cents net a thousand cubic feet. Any customer who exceeds this fixed amount pays only 35 cents a thousand net for the excess, whether this excess is used for house heating or for other purposes. Experience has shown that in nearly all cases gas used for heating is sold at the 35-cent rate.

Think of that, you Washingtonians that cannot get coal at any price, that get your gas at an extortionate price, and that hear the gas company begging for the right to ADD to that price.

The Baltimore gas company not only sells gas for heating and lighting at thirty-five cents per thousand feet, but it investigates the heating problem for you without charge, gives the customer advice, and installs the gas heating plant in order to start you on the road to gas consumption.

Do you realize that if the great cities owned their own gas works and electric light plants, as they should, that the saving to the people would be almost inconceivable?

Houses could be heated by gas more economically than by coal, even at the usual before-war prices for coal.

In crowded districts great central heating plants would be established to send heated steam into the houses, doing away with individual steam heating plants, and furnishing heat at the lowest possible charge.

Cooking would be done by gas and by electricity—cheaply.

Electricity at a nominal cost would supply power for washing machines, cooking machines, for ironing and wringing clothes, grinding coffee—in short, for everything that tires and wears out women.

Why should the people be at the mercy of individual companies, one as in Baltimore selling gas for thirty-five cents a thousand cubic feet, another company charging a dollar or a dollar and a quarter, another eighty cents and so on?

Why should not the people through Government ownership MAKE THEIR OWN GAS AND ELECTRICITY AND SELL TO THEMSELVES?

Why should not vast profits that are due entirely to congestion of population in cities be turned over to the inhabitants of the cities? Street cars, railroads, gas works, electric light works, and all the rest should be owned by the people themselves and operated for the benefit of the people.

This interests Washington especially when you consider that every second as you read this there is going to waste in the Potomac enough water power to light this entire city, run the street railways, give the people adequate service and a three-cent fare, pay the men good wages and leave a profit to be devoted to lowering taxes.

When will the people of the United States know enough to use the vote to control themselves, own their streets, own their natural municipal and national monopolies and operate them for their own benefit—instead of being exploited by private individuals for the benefit of private stockholders?

When will poor old Washington get the vote, pass out of the stage of childhood and serfdom, and be allowed to express an opinion as to her own government and own welfare?

And when will people and merchants cease to patronize newspapers that invest their profits in street car, electric light, and other monopolies, AND THEN FIGHT TO MAKE THEIR READERS PAY BIG DIVIDENDS ON THE INVESTMENT THAT SUCH NEWSPAPERS MAKE IN CORPORATIONS THAT EXPLOIT THE PUBLIC?

Congressman Hulbert Is Working For American "Free Ports"

Congress Should UNDERSTAND and Create Such Ports.

You know what the free port is; such ports exist in Germany, in Spain, and elsewhere.

The free port is a restricted area, as at Barcelona, in Spain, or Hamburg, in Germany, into which goods from abroad may be imported, manufactured WITH HOME LABOR, then sent out again, WITHOUT PAYING TARIFF TO THE COUNTRY INTO WHICH THEY ARE BROUGHT TO BE MANUFACTURED.

If we had such free ports in the United States, great factories could be established there, tens of thousands of workmen employed, transforming raw materials into manufac-

(Continued in Last Column.)

If You Are Cold---



Study This Picture and Get Hot About It.

Poverty Is the Worst Devil Artists! An Ebb Tide Returns Flood We Know

By Mrs. Wilson Woodrow

I KNEW a wise old employer once who, when he took a new man into his establishment did not immediately assign him to a specific task or department. Instead, he would tell the surprised addition to the payroll to earn his salary at the start by doing nothing.

"Just look around," he would say, "and absorb the atmosphere of the place. When you get that properly into your system, I'll be able to use you."

Whether his plan would work satisfactorily in all cases I cannot say. I only know that with his force it created an esprit de corps and a comprehending intelligence which made for efficiency.

I was reminded of his method the other day by a letter I received. You may not see exactly why at first, but I will try to explain later. Here is the letter:

"I have been much impressed by the sincerity of your articles; but I often wonder if your efforts and those of other writers to enlighten the public are really worth the pains you spend upon them.

"Your general trend, I gather, is to preach the gospel of democracy, and so much has been written in one way and another about 'freedom' that it has come to be an accepted belief that all of us get more store by that one thing than anything else in life.

"But, as a matter of fact, does the average of our population really care about anything that does not directly concern its own comfort? We assume that people come here from Europe primarily for political reasons, in order to gain the benefits of 'freedom.' But if we think that all we must realize that it is the economic questions which sway them, and that they would come just the same if we were ruled by a Czar, so long as property here can be so easily acquired.

"I am willing to fight. There are thousands of foreign-born farmers in the West whom we call Americans and who are included in our 'liberty-loving' population, yet who have shown themselves distinctly against any fight for democracy. All that they would be willing to fight for is their property. And the same is true of the industrial population of our cities. The only freedom they cherish is the freedom to make money.

"With the dazzle of our great prosperity and resources in their eyes, with their minds constantly set on material things, with our schools paying but little attention

to spiritual needs, how are we going to educate our masses to a realization of anything so intangible, so far removed from the material as democracy?

"Ask any of us who are the greatest living Americans, and the almost invariable answer, if honestly returned, would be Rockefeller and Carnegie. We admire them and try to follow them. These very men may tell us that wealth does not make happiness, but none of us believe them. Yet we are told that our people—scrambling greedily for wealth alone—are living and fighting for high ideals.

Yes, for democracy! "I was born in Sweden. I have lived happily as a citizen of the United States for twenty-five years. I spend my days with plenty of happy and good Americans, and I know of no country where conditions of living are so good as here. But I cannot help regretting that our people so generally set store only on material things.

"Please do not think me a fan-finder or a pessimist. I love the American people. The fault may be mine in that I ask too much of them. But I sometimes almost wish that there was less plenty and less prosperity here. Then our people might turn their minds to higher things than just getting jobs and making money.

"E. B."

The Answer. All this seems to me a far cry from an old friend, the employer who always wanted his young men as a first step to absorb the atmosphere of his establishment.

My correspondent has lived here twenty-five years, but he has never absorbed the atmosphere of the country.

He seems to regard democracy as certain strait-laced sects do religion, that it consists only in pulling a long face and making a virtue of poverty.

Democracy is a state of mind. It was the mind of freedom which made America the rich and powerful nation she is. Democracy is something to be exulted in as the bird exults in the freedom of the air. Let that freedom be denied or threatened, and the bird will fight to the last ounce of its resistance. But in ordinary times it rears its young to be eternally going around with a chip on its shoulder.

The mistake that foreign nations have always made in regard to us is that all our ideals cluster around the dollar. They don't understand that making money is one great national sport.

By Mabel Dodge.

NEXT to the mothers you are the ones whose suffering is the deepest from this war.

You are shaken to your depths, and, with every nerve quivering, you are thrown out of your creative center.

You have lost your spiritual rapport with humanity, for nineteen-twentieths of the life current of the world has gone in the war direction—your listeners and your watchers—have gone, their attention is somewhere else.

You are like a man trying to talk down a telephone with no one at the other end.

Keep Your Faith! This present lack of attention seems to you to annihilate you. It shakes your faith in yourself—sometimes it almost shakes your faith in art.

No one wants art now. No one wants what you can give. No one wants you. You feel spiritually starved, for the artist is fed from the love given to his creation—and love has turned away.

Many of you, indeed, are starving in actual fact, because the world has turned away from art.

It is one of the most terrific experiences to pass through—to be feeling as you do, so discouraged from the current of life, left behind to struggle with disillusion, or with the alternative of throwing yourself and your talent into the service of war.

For the truth is the war hasn't infected you. You do not share the war spirit. You are not "social" in the ordinary sense of the word.

You do not participate. You do not belong to any particular time or place. Art is your home.

So you have always been called egotists.

You never share the actual burden.

You are always blamed because you have no sense of responsibility.

You are being blamed now because the world wonders how any man can be alive today and not be drawn into the struggle.

So you are being blamed and held in contempt.

This is indeed the dark night of the soul of the artist.

It is the time of testing out the true metal.

But believe this: If you can hold true to your ideal, keeping your memory pure, working silently and certainly, giving what service you can spare to aid the suffering near you and preparing your art with all the strength you can summon, the day is coming when all the world, streaming away from you now, will stream back to you, beseeching you for beauty.

The Day of the Artist is at hand! For the artist who has been faithful, who has not been overcome by disillusion and fear of loss, but who has worked steadily on—starving for love if necessary—starving for a living if necessary—he will triumph in the end.

The swing back of humanity is as certain as the war.

Artists, Be Ready. Humanity starves you now, taking away the love and response that you need; but humanity will turn to you, hungry itself, on that Day.

Beauty and Truth in a brimming measure!

Will you artists be ready, then, to give, and give and rejoice in giving?

Yes, you will. They call you egotists only because they do not know your gifts. They call you so because your giving is not their giving. With what you have to give you are generous—abundant—overflowing.

When your Day comes your happiness will lie in giving. And all the world—wary and sick—will turn to you for your music and your poetry—and your art—craving again the divine solace of Beauty.

Work! All you artists—Steadily and silently work, and make your gifts more perfect. When you meet each other, don't heap bitterness upon bitterness, but look each other deeply in the eyes, exchanging courage and faith, and silently pledge each other with the transfigured words: "To the Day!"

A Million Tons of Coal

That Is About What Is Used Here Yearly—If All Could Be Disposed With and Light, Heat, and Power Obtained Very Cheaply From the Potomac River.

By EARL GODWIN.

Heat and light and power is flowing by our doors every day. If we stepped out and captured this great flow Washington would save annually a million tons of coal. In the coming twelve months this would mean about six million dollars, averaging the cost and counting in the coal which the poor buy at 40 cents a bucket and the rich manufacturing corporation at four or five dollars a ton.

This great wasted power, of course, is the Potomac river. Its great and broad reaches and its impetuous dash from Great Falls on toward the city have power to remake this entire locality, to light and heat Washington and to build up a great community on the Virginia side of the river, and after that to sell power to other cities or towns.

We think we are very efficient and very remarkable because we erect power plants with intricate and marvelous machinery within their walls; but what wasteful people we are in reality! For instance, we build a central heating plant for the Government department buildings; a power plant for the Capitol; a tremendous powerhouse and plant for the navy yard, power plants for the street railways and the electric light company; each office building has its own plant and the schools have theirs. If we were as smart as we think we are we would not have a separate plant for the navy yard and a separate plant for the Capitol and another one to heat all the Government buildings. These all require separate maintenance, duplicated and triplicated machinery and all the uneconomical features found in scattered and decentralized operation.

If we were as smart as we tell people, we would have thrown a massive dam across the Potomac above the falls. It would be so large that a great lake would be formed behind it, the water would flow from there to Georgetown in a great pipe. At Georgetown the power plant would lie, and the water falling from the great pipe would drive the turbines, which, in their turning, steal the force from the Potomac.

Engineers tell me that such a dam and plant might cost \$35,000,000—if it is figured on the largest scale. If the money is to be borrowed at 4 per cent by the Government, the annual interest charge would be \$1,400,000; depreciation would be \$1,000,000; operation, \$100,000 annually, which makes a total of \$2,500,000 a year to light every house, heat every house, run every wheel in the city, including the navy yard, the street cars and the Potomac Electric Light and Power Company's big plant.

That is less than half what is now being paid for coal. The Government could operate this big plant, save millions of dollars and at the same time allow a million tons of coal a year go to other cities unprovided for by water power.

HEARD AND SEEN

Among those purchasing delicates Sunday night was the Honorable SIDNEY REIZENSTEIN.

My brother Frank and I spent most of Christmas day at the Union Station looking for a motion picture camera tripod checked as baggage from Philadelphia. We went up and down the long rows of trunks—there must have been five thousand of them—and got NOWHERE until we met MATT HORNE, the chief of police at the Union Station.

"The time was," said he, "that when a man came to Washington and asked to see the President he was hurried off to St. Elizabeth's. They have stopped that. Now they think you're crazy if you try to buy a railroad ticket."

Everyone else told us the tripod had disappeared forever. MATT found it in a few minutes. Thanks.

There was a big dance on Connecticut avenue last night for the Children's Home. I wonder how much of the money spent on the dance will reach the home. Most of the spending was for the benefit of modistes, or whatever they call dressmakers these days.

Then we essayed to buy a Pull-

man ticket. You know tickets are scarce these days. In front of us at the ticket window was WILLIAM G. HORNER.

Congressman Hulbert Is Working For American "Free Ports."

(Continued from First Column.)

tured products and then sending them out to be sold all over the world.

Such raw materials brought into a free port and sent out manufactured would pay no duty.

The Government, delighted to have American labor employed and well paid, would allow the goods to come in to give work to Americans, and then go out again to be sold elsewhere, the money staying in American workers' pockets.

This would enable the United States to compete after the war with other nations in manufacturing goods for all parts of the world. Imported goods remaining here competing with American goods in American markets would pay duty. Goods manufactured in free ports would go out free and open world markets to American labor.

The Germans were smart enough long ago to realize the importance of giving work at good wages to all the people in Germany.

That was their idea, they cared not how they brought it about, they planned to give the work TO GERMANS.

That ought to be the idea in the United States, and the free port ought to help bring it about. Congress should do everything in the troubles that will follow this war to give WORK TO AMERICANS.

For the minds of those that are ignorant, in and out of Washington, the words "FREE PORTS" smack of free trade, but they have nothing whatever to do with FREE trade. They have only to do with supplying more work for AMERICAN workers. After the war the United States will have nothing whatever to do with free trade.

What this country wants is to run the Government for the benefit of the people in the country. PROTECT our people here, sell all we can to people outside.

We should encourage raw materials to come here, be made up into manufactured goods by American labor here, without paying any interest, then go out again untaxed, sell all over the world, and bring back the money to the Americans that made them.

Congressman Hulbert of New York, who deals earnestly with important national problems, has made a specialty of this important free port problem.

It is to be hoped that he will remain working at it in Congress until the problem is solved. It should be solved soon.

It would mean work for many Americans skilled and unskilled, new fields of enterprise for American manufacturers and business men, and a great increase for American trade throughout South America and the East.