

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY

ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher

Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
Published Every Evening (Including Sundays) by
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (Inc. Sundays), \$7.00; 3 Months, \$1.75; 1 month, 60c
THURSDAY, MARCH 14, 1918.

From a New York Congressman
—A Very Interesting Letter

We Believe That the Government Is Working Hard At
That Which He Suggests.

Here's a letter from Charles Pope Caldwell, Congressman from the Second district of New York, that will interest readers:

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, U. S.
WASHINGTON, D. C.

Editor Washington Times.

My dear Mr. Brisbane: I saw in your noon edition, front page, at the bottom of the seventh column two "sticks" headed "Belgian Town Wiped Out as British Bomb Town," and on the back page one of the finest cartoons I have ever seen, headed "News from the Front."

Why didn't you take that little squib of news on the front and write an editorial about it? If they can bomb one munition train they can bomb two, and if they can bomb two they can bomb a hundred, and if they bomb a hundred and do it often enough the war will soon be over.

Of course it's difficult to bomb trains as they move mostly at night, but it ought to be comparatively easy to fly along and above a railroad track and drop bombs. If they don't hit a train they might tear up the track and maybe sometimes a bridge or two.

As I understand it great victories in the past have been won by an enveloping or flanking movement by which supplies are cut off. The fighting now is from Switzerland to the sea and the line extends as deep as from the trenches to Berlin. We can't go around, but we can go over. The first great armies that we

read about were composed entirely of foot soldiers, and it was a great progress when other armies began to use horses as a means of rapid transportation for the purpose of cutting off supplies.

In those days only the knights were permitted to ride, and their assistants ran, holding to the stirrup. How curious it is that the new progress in the air should be so slowly accepted. Our flyers now must be college men and hold commissions? A chauffeur can fly an airplane as easily as a college professor, and the bomb will destroy just as many trains, just as much track, or just as fine bridges when it is dropped by a private soldier as it would when dropped by a general.

I saw an article the other day in your paper, on the first page, first column, giving some suggestions about the use of little bombs with which I was greatly impressed. Won't you write another one? You can do it so much better than anybody I know and when you say it so many more people will think about it and then maybe some of our people in the War Department will decide to try a little harder to have an ARMY in the air.

Yours, sincerely,
CHAS. POPE CALDWELL, M. C.

It is our belief that before long the Germans will realize that this country is in earnest about fighting in the air.

At present the biggest crowd of machines sent over the Hindenburg trenches have numbered thirty or forty flying men—enough for a demonstration—not enough for real work. The United States will send men, a thousand and five thousand at a time, or we are very much mistaken in the plans and determination of the War Department.

What the Germans need is not a few big bombs here and there, but five million small bombs a day—flying machines, as thick as mosquitoes, with small dynamite bombs as thick as hair.

There is too much safety in Germany—and therefore too much bumpiness.

A little less safety—a little more dynamite and the Germans no longer "safe at home behind Hindenburg" will yell for more peace and less Hohenzollern.

The Cow That Kicks Her Weaned Calf Is All Heart

An estimable and very intelligent lady criticises modern education, saying: "So much brain is forced into the girl nowadays that it crowds out her heart."

At the risk of shattering the foundations of romance and poetry, it must be said here once and for all that the heart has nothing whatever to do with the emotions. It is simply a pump, and a large part of its work consists in pumping blood to the brain. The greater the brain, the greater and more active the heart must be. A serpent, with little or no brain and a cold disposition all around, gets along very nicely with little or no heart.

Those who speak of the heart as opposed to the mind mean to speak of unreasoning sentiment as opposed to intellectual strength.

The lady quoted and many others say that the woman and mother should be all affection, and that development of the mind diminishes the affection.

We wish to lay down a few rules; we invite criticism. The best thing, the only important thing about a woman, a man, a baby, or any other human being, is the intellect.

Affection is a beautiful thing, but affection is BORN in the brain and CONFINED to the brain.

A young woman looks at a splendid creature in a soldier's uniform. Her heart beats fast, and she imagines, as all antiquity has imagined, that the heart is the seat of the emotions. Nonsense!

The emotion is in the BRAIN, which has just received, through the optic nerve, a conception of the lovely vision in brass buttons. The heart is ordered to pump more blood to the head of the young girl, to supply mental activity and the becoming blush.

If you hear bad news you feel the effect on your heart; sometimes you fall unconscious. That is because the brain sensation is so strong as to interfere with the heart's action. You feel the shock that the brain sends to the heart.

The idea that cultivation of the mind interferes with a woman's moral, sentimental, or motherly qualities is foolish twaddle.

The idea that mere sentiment, ignorant, vague affection are sufficient without education to make a first-class human mother is false and feeble.

(Continued in Last Column.)

The Battle HIM of the Republic



The Way It Seems to the Government Clerk



The Government clerk, with no permanent revision of salary since 1857, sees the cost of everything that he wears or eats going up, up, up. Congress, generous to itself and everybody else but the clerks, discusses and debates how little it can give in the way of an increase. And Borland goes merrily on. That's why war means more to the Government clerk than to anybody else.

\$120 a Year Increase Not Enough

Simply Because It Does Not Meet the Increase in Living Cost.

By EARL GODWIN.

An increase of \$120 a year for all Government clerks helps a little, but it does not come anywhere near meeting the advance in the cost of living occasioned by the war.

Moreover, it is not a proper solution of the question as to salaries for teachers, policemen and firemen.

Teachers, the most valuable asset in the life of the nation, should have a higher basic pay.

Policemen and firemen, who face more risks in their life than any soldier, should be given a higher basic pay.

Many members of Congress, raving about the rent profiteers in Washington, have said this is the most expensive town in the world.

The official figures from the Labor Department, compiled by the most careful statisticians, show that cost of food in the National Capital is higher than anywhere else.

The Government knows all this; then why play the part of Old Scrooge with the Government employes?

HEARD AND SEEN

PRESIDENT GUS KARGER of the Press Club took WILLIAM HOWARD TAFT to luncheon there yesterday. Mr. Taft was formerly of here, but is now from New Haven, I'm told. That's right, Gus, bring your friends in any time.

THEODORE P. NOYES, son of a well-known editor, was a theatergoer over to Stoddard Taylor's playhouse yesterday.

SPOTLIGHT. There may be a question as to whether Ben Johnson's rent profiteering bill will be passed, but there isn't any doubt that he has chosen an effective means of discouraging profiteering when he calls out names in the House of Representatives. I have advocated this very means, in this column.

ED STEWART, of the Department of Justice, has the wisest looking face in the world.

BOB SMALL is in town, having been Associated Pressing in the war zone.

ENSIGN CHARLES O'CONNOR, of here and Paris, says that a torpedo jumped clear over the ship he was on in the war zone.

Here is my contribution for that "mysto" of Fifteenth and New

The Cow That Kicks Her Weaned Calf Is All Heart

(Continued from First Column.)

Have you ever seen a cow follow the wagon that carries her calf to the butcher shop? It is a very sad sight, the plaintive lowing of the poor mother as she follows behind begging for her child to be restored. Every farmer knows that there is no necessity for hitching the cow to the wagon when her calf is inside. She will follow that calf until she drops.

There is your loving, devoted mother without education. The cow's heart, to use the old expression, is all right. Her mental equipment is perfectly suited to a cow. Nature and society require that she should give the utmost love to her calf this year, and give all of that same love to another calf next year.

Bring back in three months that calf that she follows now with such pitiful appeals. If the weaned calf tries to re-establish the old relationship, its mother, "all heart and no head," will kick it in the ribs and then butt it across the lot.

It's all right for the COW to be all heart and no head; she does not need the higher education.

It is all right for the humble savage mother in the dark African jungle to be built on the same lines. Like the cow, all that she has to do is to take care of the baby until it is able to run around and forage for itself.

But the civilized mother, the woman who must do her duty in the present and in the future as well, requires a good mind, love based upon knowledge and a sense of justice, affection that follows the child from the cradle to maturity, gradually substituting for intense motherly physical care an equally intense and loving intellectual companionship and guidance.

It is important, of course, that mothers of all kinds, human or animal, should be cheerful, and above all healthy, able to feed their babies themselves and feed them well.

But as the brain in a human being is above the stomach, so the intellect in a mother is above the mere maternal affection inspired by babyhood.

The great mothers are those who, when they cease feeding the child's body, can begin to feed the child's brain.

The great men are great, and they were lucky, because they had mothers who did not cease to feed them when they were weaned, but kept on feeding them mentally into their manhood.

The woman with a big brain is the best IN EVERY WAY.

She is better before she is married, for she attracts the man of intelligence, and establishes a family of intelligent beings.

She is better as a young wife, because the ambition and intelligence in her call out the ambition and intelligence in her husband.

Hers is the happy home that needs no divorce lawyer. Pink cheeks, small feet, squeezed waists, curly hair and such things disappear or get tiresome. And all pink cheeks are very much alike, as Dr. Johnson said of the green fields.

But intelligence never gets tiresome; no two brains are ever at all alike if well developed. A woman of intelligence always develops new qualities; she can never be monotonous.

There is no such thing as too much education, although educating us primitive men and women is apt to develop unexpected littleness, and thus create prejudice.

Note this important fact: The bigger the brain, the bigger the heart, not only physically, but sentimentally and morally. It takes brain to feel real emotion; a well-developed mind to develop real sentiment, real affection.

A foolish, ignorant young woman may be pleasant enough to look at, but she is like a white, pink-eyed rabbit—ornamental, but a poor companion.