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TUESDAY, JULY 23, 1918.

Shirt-Sleeve Soldiers

It Is an Inspiring Story That Comes Back From the Front.

The army which German authorities a few months ago were telling the German people could not be raised and if it could be raised could not be transported is beginning to make a considerable impression on the hordes of Hindenburg.

The cables tell the story of the capture of a German prisoner who was formerly a baker in Pennsylvania. Since the allied offensive began the Germans, he said, had become convinced that they were lied to when they were told that there were a million Americans at the front. He and all the rest of his companions believed that there were NEARER TEN MILLION.

With all the splendid bravery of the French and the dogged tenacity of the British, the Germans have not seen before soldiers with just the kind of dash that General Pershing's boys are displaying.

They have never seen men rushing into battle stripping off their coats and shouting as they waded through a river up to their shoulders.

That kind of fighting is giving the Germans a new impression of American soldiers and what they are likely to do in finishing up the war.

Imagine what effect a charging six-footer from Texas would have on a German who hadn't had anything to eat for four days, as some of the prisoners testified had been their experience. No wonder they yell "Kamerad" and throw up their hands.

A writer in the Westminster Gazette says of the Americans: "I have heard Scotsmen call them 'bonnie fighters,' Lancashire men describe them as 'gradely lads,' and I believe 'hefty' is regarded as a very appropriate summing-up of their qualities."

It is a glorious thing that through the efficiency of our Government there are a million men at the front fighting with the French and the English. It makes the outcome of the war a settled certainty, and it means a quicker and a more decisive ending of the world's greatest struggle.

The Ruin of Belgium

It Must Be the First Thing Paid for When Settlement Comes, and It Must Be Paid for IN FULL.

The utter wantonness of the treatment of Belgium by the Germans is arousing a sense of indecency in the souls even of those who bear allegiance to the flag under which the grimmest of revenges is being taken.

Maximilian Harden, discussing the Belgian question in Die Zukunft, concludes his article by saying:

"International law forbids Germany to retain even one pebble of Belgian streets and commands Germany to return Belgium to the condition before invasion. Is Belgium, as a chancellor, a state secretary and an ambassador have confessed, an innocent victim of German self-defense? Then we have to ask its forgiveness and not force conditions upon it. This is a question of the decency, morality, and honor of a nation."

The demands which are being made on Belgium by her military masters now amount in taxes to 60,000,000 francs per month, or about 750 francs per person. The economic ruin of the country has been determined upon and is being forced to the limit.

One thing must stand by itself when the time for settlement is reached, and that is the demands of Belgium. Full payment for her anguish cannot and must not be made a matter of negotiation; it must always be a matter of demand, with the arm of every ally behind it.

Those Who Laugh at the Drunken Man

We Illustrate the Persisting Brutality in Human Nature.

How often have you seen a drunken man stagger along the street?

His clothes are soiled from falling, his face is bruised, his eyes are dull. Sometimes he curses the boys that tease him. Sometimes he tries to smile, in a drunken effort to placate pitiless, childish cruelty.

His body, worn out, can stand no more, and he mumbles that he is GOING HOME.

The children persecute him, throw things at him, laugh at him, running ahead of him.

GROWN MEN AND WOMEN, TOO, OFTEN LAUGH WITH THE CHILDREN, nudge each other, and actually find humor in the sight of a human being sunk below the lowest animal.

The sight of a drunken man going home should make every other man and woman sad and sympathetic, and, horrible as the sight is, it should be useful, by inspiring, in those who see it, a determination to avoid and to help others avoid that man's fate.

That reeling drunkard is GOING HOME.

He is going home to children who are afraid of him, to a wife whose life he has made miserable.

He is going home, taking with him the worst curse in

(Continued in Last Column.)

SNIPING



Send the Dirty Milk Man to Occoquan

There He will Learn What a Clean Farm is. Five Dollars Fine is no Punishment for Feeding Typhoid to a Baby.

By EARL GODWIN.

The law provides workhouse sentences for milkmen who smuggle unlicensed milk into this city, and the community would hail with delight the day the police court sees fit to go the limit with these murderous dealers who boast of their crimes.

Now that the plea of the dirty milkman has broken down and it is clearly shown that there is NO shortage of milk, it is the duty of the authorities to send to the workhouse for the longest possible term the milkman who conspires against the people of this city in an effort to force the babies of Washington to drink the filthy milk of unsuspected farms.

There is plenty of milk. I presume there is plenty of good milk. Information I get from farm and dairy sources recently indicates that there is milk produced which overtops the demand.

In spite of this, certain dirty milkmen try to force down your babies' throats milk infected with dirt and disease.

All they will accomplish in the end will be to turn people's attention to the fact that there are well-known CLEAN dairies in the city, and those clean dairies will get ALL the business—as they should.

In the meantime, it is generally understood that the dirty milkmen figure this way:

That the court will fine them only five dollars if they are caught violating the law, so it is a better investment to import dirty milk and murder a few babies than it would be to insist on milk from healthy cows and sanitary barns.

As long as the court imposes five-dollar fines a stream of dirty milk will flow into the National Capital. The law provides fines ranging from five to a hundred dollars; AND ALSO PROVIDES A NINETY DAYS' TERM IN THE WORKHOUSE.

Ninety days should be increased to ninety years. No MURDERER, injecting poison into his victim's food, would be let off with a five-dollar fine.

GIVE THE DIRTY MILK DEALERS THE LIMIT.

HEARD AND SEEN

COMMISSIONER BROWNLOW is going away today for a vacation. Be careful, Lou, and don't get into the poison ivy and the chiggers.

Food for thought. Corn in Richmond, Va., is selling at 30 cents a dozen. Last year it was a dollar a dozen.

That new swimming beach will be ready for skating this winter, I guess.

And how about hiring lady guards for the municipal pools?

A note from ALICE BRIGGS says that her landlady insists on charging her full room and board rates while she is off on her vacation. Otherwise she will not hold the room. That's profiteering, believe me. It would be all right to charge for the room, but the idea of charging FULL BOARD for meals not eaten for a whole vacation. Whew! Shades of Captain Kidd!

"A Reader" calls attention to what he terms "a husky looking boob" who spends much of his time "pan handling" on excursion trains. At off times the so-called boob is hanging around Boot Leg Avenue looking for liquor. The man who writes the letter asks the police put this chap in the work or police pen. Amen.

OLD DAYS.

"Who recalls the days when BOB BARR pitched the old Washington Nationals to victory at the grounds at New Jersey avenue. B to C streets in the city?"

DR. L. V. DIETER, bacteriologist of the Health Office, has invented an anti-germ drinking fountain which he has put up to the Commissioners for approval. You read, perhaps, that the present pretty little bubble fountain is NOT germ proof and that the health office believes it is sanitary in name only. DR. DIETER has made tests which show that germs of disease can and do stay on the bubble fountain, as constructed in its present form. The new model he has designed so far has defied our leading bacteria, and if the Commissioners approve it, we will be a safer city than ever.

Angela rings every day at noon. Don't forget to pray for VICTORY and peace no matter where you are. I was up in the Palace Royal at noon with MANAGER CASE. Bell rang twice, to indicate one minute. COL. JOHN CAPERS, the chairman of the Angela committee, announces that a siren-signal will soon be blown from the top of the Evans building. Meantime, don't forget it each day.

The idea of anyone having to take part of his annual leave in order to get anywhere on one of our street car lines would be ludicrous were it not almost tragic.

Give the Ladies a Lift. "Your 'Give 'Em a Lift' idea is a splendid one, but why don't you try to do something for the women workers, too? Regardless of the condition of the weather there are hundreds of us women who always have to walk to work. When my husband went to France—he was a much-needed expert in a certain line—I had to close our home in the country, sell our auto, and go to work, because he took such a reduction in salary that there was not enough for us both. I know there are many others in my position, and don't you think someone should start a club to help the 'working widows' get to work on time?"

"I am not signing my name to this because so many people know me, but nevertheless this is a serious suggestion. "A WOMAN."

Of course the practical difficulty lies in the fact that many women do not care to accept offers to ride with strangers. Many men, too, who have offered women rides in good faith have been spurned with considerable ill-feeling. Why don't the women work up a good plan and let's have a discussion about it right here.

SIC 'EM. Clarence Wilson rounds up sixteen more profiteering grocers. 'Atta Boy! If the housekeepers will tell Clarence just where the exorbitant storekeepers are located, and will send him the sales tickets, the profiteer will soon be extinct.

Conscience Points Our Conduct in Life

By Elizabeth Jordan

Dear Miss Jordan: Please write about conscience. What is conscience? And why do some people have more of it than others? HENRY.

CONSCIENCE, Henry, is that faculty in us which enables us to judge the moral value of our own motives and actions, and to decide whether these are good or bad.

It is the "still, small voice" in us, heard only by our spiritual ears. It guides our actions if we are willing to be guided by our moral sense.

You had your first illustration of this, perhaps, when one day you ran away from school. You started off intending to go to school. You kissed your mother good-by and trotted away with your little lunch basket.

It was a beautiful day in June. You had to walk a mile to the schoolhouse, and everything along the roadside called to you. The woods that stretched to the right and left were green and cool. The brook that ran along beside you for part of your way seemed to be laughing at you for having to go to school.

Just then you met Georgie Jones. He had a fish line and a tin can full of worms. He wasn't going to school, he scornfully told you. He was going fishing. He dared you to go with him.

You hesitated. You wanted to go more than you had ever wanted to do anything. But it meant a bad time at home when you were found out. The thought of that bad time at home disturbed you. Perhaps it would take the form of a whipping.

You thought it over. You de-

cid that a day of fishing would be worth a whipping.

"Aw right," you said to Georgie. "I'll go!" The two of you started off with a whoop.

You had a wonderful day, you and Georgie. At noon there was your basket of lunch. It was a fine lunch: bread and butter, apple pie, and doughnuts, packed by your mother's careful hands.

You shared it with Georgie, to the last crumb. And after the lunch you and Georgie lay beside the brook and talked. Yes, it was a great day. Not once during the glorious, sun-washed length of it did you feel that you were not doing right.

You saw to it that you were home by 4 o'clock. You walked in as if you had been at school. Your

mother smilingly gave you the piece of bread and butter and the two huge doughnuts you always demanded after school. At first you were nervous, but as the evening wore on you felt safe.

Your mother had no suspicion that you had played hooky. The teacher had not sent any of the other pupils to ask about you, on their way home, as she sometimes did. You were safe. You had had your day, and you would have no whipping.

Your mother asked you one or two questions about school—the kind she always asked. To answer them you had to lie to her. You did it.

But something about the situation began to seem wrong. Your

mother was so kind to you. She had given you such a bully supper, hot Johnny cake and the other things you especially liked.

When you were in bed that night she came upstairs, as she often did, to see that you were all right. You were. You told her so. In your heart you wished she would go away instead of sitting there smiling at you with that affectionate look in her brown eyes. You felt very queer—not exactly sick, but very uncomfortable.

You did not know it, Henry, but in that hour conscience was born in you. It was there, and it had come to stay. In later years you might ignore it at times, but you could never again wholly forget it. After that, when you did wrong, you knew that it was wrong. Your conscience told you so. And often, many, many times, it kept you from doing wrong.

Your mother bent forward to kiss you good-night. "Say, ma," you blurted, "I—I—got sumpin' to tell you."

"Yes, dear."

"I—I—ran away from school today. I—I—went fishin'!"

She kissed you again. "I know dear," she said. "I've been hoping you would tell me."

She kissed you again, and you went to sleep. You felt very happy. You didn't know that the hour had given you the gift of a conscience to carry around all the rest of your life and rejoice over at times and growl over at other times.

What is it, Henry? Oh, yes, those others. They are the unfortunates of life—the tragic men and women who have not been taught or would not learn how gloriously indispensable a possession a good conscience is.

Once Overs We Need a Uniform Dress.

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Why fret and stew so much about your clothes? As long as you are neatly dressed you have nothing to worry about. Only those short in mental capacity think continually of dress, and the ones who make remarks about what other persons wear are in the same class.

What do you care for the good opinion of the man and woman who catalogue every one with whom they come in contact by their style of togs? Successful men aim to be attired neatly, but clothes are not an obsession.

Dress your part, whether it be the hod carrier or the millionaire. Not that dress should be the badge of your occupation, but that it should be suitable to the occasion and the occupation.

Clothes should be as much a part of the personality that they will not be noticeable—that is, no one thing should impress the eye.

Flashy clothing bespeaks vanity. Get right down to a sensible basis; think more of right living and accomplishing something worth while than you do of clothes.

LET THE WEDDING BELLS RING OUT



Those Who Laugh at the Drunken Man

(Continued from First Column.)

the world—to suffer bitter remorse himself after having inflicted suffering on those whom he should protect.

AND AS HE GOES HOME MEN AND WOMEN, KNOWING WHAT THE HOME-COMING MEANS, LAUGH AT HIM AND ENJOY THE SIGHT.

In the old days in the arena it occasionally happened that brothers were set to fight each other. When they refused to fight they were forced to it by red-hot irons applied to their backs.

We have progressed beyond the moral condition of human beings guilty of such brutality as that. But we cannot call ourselves civilized while our imaginations and sympathies are so dull that the reeling drunkard is thought an amusing spectacle.