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Why Has Mr. Burleson So Few Friends?

Answer, Because He Has So MANY.

If you want to hear criticism of Mr. Burleson, the Postmaster of the United States, you need not go far.

Ask any official of the private telephone monopoly, and he will tell you—if he is quite sure you are not a postoffice attache—that Mr. Burleson ought to be interned as a dangerous agitator.

For Mr. Burleson believes, incredible as it may seem, that the telephone and the telegraph, which are part of the machinery of communication, should belong to the people's postoffice.

He also believes that a perfect system of communication, enabling all of the people to reach each other, with the utmost dispatch and economy, is more important than the development of big dividends based on private monopoly of public property.

If you happen to encounter any one of the patriots that were using the Congress of the United States to compel the Government to buy an assortment of junk known as the pneumatic tube system, and if you listen for a few minutes you will say, "Surely this Burleson person is more earnestly hated than anybody else."

The Postmaster talked so plainly, so convincingly, and so truthfully about the effort to sell pneumatic tube junk to the Government, that when the time came the President vetoed it as a mere matter of course.

These gentlemen hate Burleson because they couldn't find an answer to his question:

"How is it that you are always willing to sell to the Government something worthless—and always unwilling to sell anything worth having, like the telephone?"

Ask any individual who believes that all natural public monopolies should be exploited by private schemers, and he will tell you that Mr. Burleson is the worst, most dangerous of all creatures, for he is the "Government ownership entering wedge."

At this particular moment, Mr. Burleson is in charge of the telephone and telegraph system, appointed by the President, most wisely, to co-ordinate the postoffice with all other means of communication.

He will do away with useless telephone and telegraph offices, concentrating them in postoffice buildings.

At the same time he will greatly increase the number of telephone and telegraph offices, and add to the public convenience.

If it turns out that the people have brains enough to retain in their hands, as part of the postoffice service, the telegraph and telephone systems, every postoffice in the country will be the telegraph office.

Every house, however humble, will have a telephone, and the idea will be, not "How much can we get out of it?" but, "How much can the people get out of it?"

Then there are the editors, learned and wise. Ask them what they think of Mr. Burleson, and almost every one of them will say, "Sit down for an hour, it's too long to tell you in a few minutes while you are standing."

Then you will hear a tale of woe, almost grievous, about the added load that Burleson has put on publishers.

It is the opinion of this newspaper, which happens to have no selfish interest since it circulates here, without postoffice aid, that a serious mistake is made in the discouragement of publicity, if only because it will put down instead of increasing the postoffice revenues, and diminish publicity so important to Government now.

But, observe Mr. Burleson, regardless of what editors may say, indifferent to their praise or blame, proceeds to place a financial load on their backs, because, right or wrong, he believes that the publisher should pay more money for the use of the people's postoffice.

When you find a man in public life who really asks himself, not "What will big men say, or what will newspapers say of me?" but "WHAT WILL THE PEOPLE SAY?" you will find usually a man with few friends.

Such a man, however, has few friends visible, because he has so many friends that you do not see.

He has for his supporters in the long run the masses of people who know when a public man is working for those he never sees—the little business men far away, workers on distant farms, the crowds in the cities.

The wisdom, courage, and discrimination of President Wilson are shown especially in his ability to identify and select, his unflinching will in upholding such men as Mr. Burleson, Mr. Daniels, and his other helpers that have chosen for their friends the American crowd, and not the American corporation.

From The Public To The Editor

Has to Have The Times.

Portland, Ind.,
June 19, 1918.

Publisher The Washington Times.

Dear Sir: I sent you sufficient money last week to extend my time two months. I DO NOT WANT TO DO WITHOUT THIS PAPER. IT IS A LIVE ONE. I do not want to miss Mr. Brisbane's column, "TODAY," which I could get in the Chicago Herald, but I like the other special features of your paper.

Please see that Mr. Brisbane gets inclosed letter and oblige,

JAMES A. LIMLE.

Portland, Ind.

What Do You Think?

Editor, Washington Times:

I am a young girl thirteen years of age who is anxious to see all our soldier boys treated correctly. Can you explain to me why soldiers must wear their coats in this hot weather? My soldier cousin says that he must wear his coat so that he will look neater. But I think he looks much neater when he is not all soaked through with perspiration. What do you think, Mr. Editor, am I right? Please help the boys.

Very respectfully,

SOPHIE V. BERMAN,
503 Twelfth street northwest.

Hair Cuts and Shaves - - By T. E. Powers

Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers

Especially for Washington Women

"I HAVE three chiffon dresses, hanging up in my wardrobe, and nothing else to show for a year's toil, as a war worker for my Uncle Sam in Washington, or at least nothing else in the clothes line."

When I got this far in the letter which was postmarked Washington, I knew my correspondent would reserve for the postscript the problem that was actually troubling her. And sure enough, there it was: "I am to be married in September and my fiance's family want me to visit them, but I have nothing to wear. And have nothing saved for a trousseau, either."

And the fair young butterfly inquired as to the best way to borrow money, for which she is perfectly willing to pay a high rate of interest.

Now this young lady belongs to the charmed life brigade. You read about them occasionally, in the papers, when one of their number falls out of a fourth-story window and a chance clothes line in the back yard saves them from destruction.

Or some one rescues a couple of them, at the seashore, after they had gone down a third time. Or some old cousin, they never heard of, dies and leaves them a fortune.

You can't argue about such people, they have some mysterious quality that puts them beyond the laws that govern ordinary mortals. They are beyond the realm of proverbs or platitudes, they are a law unto themselves. They have that strange mysterious thing called luck.

The reversal of the old fable of the ant and the grasshopper is forcibly recalled by this girl's letter. But instead of sharing the ill fortune of her counterpart, the grasshopper, who spent the summer enjoying himself, she is now going to marry a captain in the United States army, and like the princess in the fairy tale, will presumably, "live happily forever after."

No "Horrible Example" This.

So she won't do as a horrible example of spending money on chiffons. Doubtless she will have some uncomfortable moments when she presents herself to her future "in-laws" in snagged finery, as she describes it. But there is no question that she will be able to put it over, as she "put one over" on all the copybook maxims regarding the wisdom of money saving, prudence, and economy.

TODAY'S TOPIC
CLOTHES AND THE WAR

It seemed that she came from a thrifty and hard working community in the Middle West, and the hundred dollars a month she had been assured of as a war worker seemed "wealth beyond the dreams of avarice." In Washington, at prevailing war prices, it proved to be next to nothing.

And the first of that chiffon series represented the most riotous extravagance on her part. It seemed that "back home" people didn't wear chiffons, at least they didn't unless they were going to be married or had discovered a gold mine. And suddenly finding that she had the wherewithal for this luxury, it went to her head, and she bought a dove gray embroidered in coral colored beads.

This was a magnificent success for special occasions, but it was too perishable for anything else, and having acquired the chiffon habit, a navy blue creation of the same material appealed strongly to her, for office.

"The navy blue was quite perfect for business," but it proved to be likewise perishable, and what was left for the poor thing but to invest in one of taupe to save the navy blue. Now to ring true to the proverbs, this was where the cold winter ought to have set in, and the fair girl "grasshopper"—to borrow from the fable—should have lost her job and gone back home with the three tattered chiffons. And given everyone a chance to say: "What a foolish girl Mary Smith has been, wasting her money, etc."

The Captain to the Rescue.

However, what really happened, was that the captain proposed and "he belongs to a very wealthy and aristocratic family, and I am afraid, dear Miss Fairfax, that they will get a wholly wrong impression of my character if I go to see them in that snagged finery."

But you are mistaken, my dear young "grasshopper," they will not get a wholly wrong impression of your character, but a very just and true one. And that is what you are trying to avoid, and I do not blame you in the least. Three shabby chiffons would be an appalling introduction to one's future family, and in trying to conceal these flimsy skeletons in your closet, you are merely following the law of self-protection.

I can't help you in the least about borrowing money "at a high rate of interest," because I don't know where such business is transacted. And I shouldn't do it anyway, if I were you. It is too much like pouring kerosene on a house when it is burning, and perhaps your constitutional luck may fail you.

I'd save what was coming in the way of salary between now and September, and I'd invest in something sensible, like a "tailor-made," and be married without going into debt.

The times are with you, the smartest weddings these war days are the most starkly plain ones, and the bride who cuts out the greatest amount of furbelows, at present, is likely to be the one who sets the fashions in times of peace. This is your chance to make a hit with "the wealthy and aristocratic family" that you are about to annex by marriage. Chiffons doubtless will not make their heads reel, and very probably all the women of your fiance's family are wearing Red Cross uniforms anyway.

So your proverbial luck remains with you, in spite of your little folly. And on the whole, I am inclined to believe you are quite an attractive young person, and here's wishing you all the luck imaginable.

There ought not to be any moral taken from the overthrowing of the fable regarding the ant and the grasshopper. But there seems to be something in the nature of a suggestion to the effect of look your best while you are young. For I haven't a doubt that while our young friend was extravagant, that the three chiffons were highly becoming—and there is the captain to prove their magic and their power.

Every Woman Worker in Washington

Should Read the Articles Written Especially for Her

By BEATRICE FAIRFAX.

This space on this page will be devoted each day to her writings, in which she will discuss the very many problems that are daily presenting themselves to you woman workers in the Government departments. There will be no aspect of your lives which she will not consider and write about intelligently, and, above all, with sympathy.

The Nation's Capital Should Vote

This Is a Day Especially Devoted to Local Lawmaking in the House; and Also a Good Day to Remember Our un-American Situation.

By EARL GODWIN.

This is "District day" in the House of Representatives, a day set apart by the rules of the House for the special purpose of considering legislation affecting the District of Columbia.

"District day" is a part of that queer system whereby the same machinery which declared war on Germany must be set in full and complete motion to pave a street in Washington, to unearth a body from a cemetery, impose local taxes on VOTELESS residents of the Nation's Capital, and regulate the manner in which ice and coal shall be sold in Washington. In other words, the great Congress of the United States frequently must pause in its wise deliberations to act as a town council for the most intelligent group of people in the world.

Being the center of the greatest progressive government on earth, Washington, D. C., has naturally the brainiest men in the country as residents.

If these men can run the country, it stands to reason they could elect a city government of their own.

Congress passes some very wise laws for Washington, but it does not pass enough of them and is not able to meet the situation on the spot, as any ordinary local government elected by the governed.

Half the questions of newcomers to Washington are along the line of "Why don't the authorities do thus and so?" and the answer to most of these questions is that Washington cannot VOTE; that it has to eat out of the hand of Congress, and Congress naturally cannot pause in national legislation to frame betterments in a single town.

As a practical matter, too much time of our Commissioners, under the present system, must be spent lobbying for Washington. Our Commissioners, loaded with the burdens of city government and the Public Utilities Commission as well, make their recommendations to Congress for the improvement of Washington, and in order to get them authorized, the Commissioners of the District of Columbia have to spend more time than anyone realizes in the offices of Congressmen and Senators.

Nor has the VOTELESS population of Washington anything to say about those same betterments, no matter how they turn out. It would be more like an American community if Washington could VOTE and make its own local laws and regulations.

HEARD AND SEEN

This is a picture of Dick Waters. That is, he used to be called Dick, but now he is CAPT. S. DEVER WATERS, of the Field Artillery, and in command of headquarters troop of the Eighty-seventh Division, at Camp Dix, N. J.

This young soldier is the son of Dr. Charles Waters, 1503 Rhode Island avenue. At one time he was a member of the Riggs Bank staff; later he went to Memphis, Tenn. He attended the Officers' Training Camp at Fort Oglethorpe, Ga.

* * *

The Zionist Registration Board, which will foster the community spirit in the District of Columbia, has caused a survey to be made of all the Jewish organizations which will be represented at a meeting to be held tonight at 9 o'clock at the Y. M. H. A. rooms, Eleventh street and Pennsylvania avenue. The officers consist of DR. B. L. GROSSMAN, chairman; A. LUSTIG, treasurer; MRS. D. ALPHER, secretary; delegates, JUDGE MILTON STRASBURGER, ROBERT SZOLD, CAPTAIN JULIUS I. PEYSER, DR. D. A. GLUSHAK, E. FRIEDMAN, L. B. KAGAN, A. HIRSCHSON, MRS. ADOLPH KAHN, N. MUSHER, JOHN WOLF, N. FREILACHOFF, and B. HOFFENBERG.

* * *

FRED STECKMAN was among those present at the movies last night.

* * *

So also HENRY KAUFMAN.

* * *

GEORGE RICHMOND says:

"The employes in the quartermaster department are fortunate in that we have a young man who goes through our buildings every morning and supplies us with the most delicious sandwiches and pies, and his prices are low. We pay a dime for sandwiches that are really worth the money. They are tasty, clean, and good. I asked this man recently, and he said that his name was Haynes."

* * *

Another organization of Washington business men who interest themselves in the comfort of the wounded and sick men at Walter Reed Hospital is the Washington Film Managers' Association. These men are willing to do anything they can for the soldiers in the hospital, and have done considerably already.

* * *

Among the members are SIDNEY B. LUST, president; OSCAR A. MORGAN, secretary; CLARENCE L. LINZ, SIDNEY E. KENT, GEORGE F. LENEHAN, E. C. WALES, HERBERT M. OSBORN, SAMUEL FLAX, C. B. PRICE, R. B. SMELTZER, R. E. WILSON, VIVIAN P. WHITAKER, ABE DRESNER.

* * *

The following correspondence is self-explanatory:

"Dear Heard and Seen:

"Some time ago you accepted my offer to bet $5 for the Red Cross on the following propositions: (a) That not 50 per cent of the auto drivers in Washington held drivers' cards; (b) that not 50 per cent of those holding them should be ALLOWED to hold them; (c) that Washington is the most dangerous city in the country for auto driving.

"A veteran expert traffic cop tells me that you win on the first and that I win on the second. On the third I know that you agree with me. Anyhow, you told me you had heard the same thing from chauffeurs who have driven in New York and other cities.

"So I am calling it an even break and inclose to you my check for $2.50. Your answer that you are adding your $2.50 to it will not be necessary for my tranquillity of mind; I consider your part as good as done. My chapeau is off to the Red Cross.

"G. GORDON."

* * *

H. B. F. Macfarland, Esq.,
Evans Building.

My Dear Mr. Macfarland: Please accept my check for $5 for the Red Cross as the result of a bet. It is one of these bets where each bettor loses and the Red Cross gains. If you can't make this out, read my column today and learn the true inwardness of this donation.

Yours very truly,
HEARD AND SEEN.

* * *

Speaking of jim swingers, who remembers that one, with pockets in the tail, from which to extract a ——— or a handkerchief a gentleman had to execute a very difficult reverse corkscrew twist with his arm?

L. B. PERKINS.

* * *

Speaking of this threatened water shortage in Washington, I see by the papers that Defiance, Ohio, has gone on a restricted water diet "to help win the war." Well now! Never heard much about an excess use of water in Russia, and look what happened over there.

* * *

They could win the war here, by gum, if they did it with UNUSED water. As long as I lived on Highland place northwest I never saw a watering car from one end of the street to the other.

* * *

However, I couldn't stand it, so I moved down the street a short ways where I could have a splendid view of that bump in front of Commissioner Gardiner's house.