

The Washington Times

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[The following editorial is reprinted from today's Chicago Herald and Examiner. It will interest Senator Lewis' friends in Washington. There are only two morning newspapers in Chicago, the Herald and Examiner, belonging to William Randolph Hearst, and the Chicago Tribune, one of the ablest and most powerful newspapers in the country, belonging to the family of Mr. Medill McCormick. It will be interesting to see what happens in this election. The Washington Times concurs in the prediction that James Hamilton Lewis will be re-elected.]

The Next Senator From Illinois

It was predicted on this page before the primaries that Mr. Medill McCormick would be nominated for Senator by the Republicans. He has been nominated, and this newspaper congratulates him.

The election of James Hamilton Lewis to succeed himself was predicted here along with the other prediction, and we believe that the Lewis prediction, like the McCormick prediction, will come true.

Mr. Lewis represents in the Senate, in a peculiarly personal and important way, the President of the United States. And the President of the United States is the man that good Americans of all parties most earnestly desire to uphold in every possible manner.

Thousands of life-long Republicans who gladly paid their tribute to Mr. McCormick's character and ability at the Republican primaries WILL VOTE WITH WOODROW WILSON FOR JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS ON ELECTION DAY.

The majority of citizens in this State will vote with the President, with the Commander-in-Chief of the American army and navy. He publicly requested Mr. Lewis to run, setting forth the Senator's importance to the work of the Administration. In so doing the President let it be known that the presence of Mr. Lewis in the Senate is desirable and necessary to the Administration.

THAT WILL BE ENOUGH FOR THE PATRIOTIC CITIZEN OF Illinois He is thinking not of politics, not of party, but of the war, of the man in the White House upon whom rests the war's burden.

It would please us all if we read that a great section of Germany, a section most important, highly educated and influential, had openly declared against the Kaiser and refused him indorsement and support.

It would make pleasant reading for Germany in November if the cables announced that the central, typically American State of Illinois had voted against the President, against his expressed wish, against one of his ablest supporters in Congress, against that patriotic war Senator, James Hamilton Lewis. But Berlin, in the opinion of this newspaper, will get no such pleasant messages from the State of Illinois.

Illinois is "normally Republican," if you like. But Illinois is, first of all, NORMALLY PATRIOTIC, INTENSELY AMERICAN.

There is no thought in any man's mind except to win the war and support the man directing the war. Illinois is satisfied with the President, satisfied with the American army, satisfied with the magnificent news from the battle front.

Illinois will say to the President: "You have our confidence, our admiration, our intense gratitude and loyalty. And, as a matter of course and of respect, we return Mr. Lewis to represent our State and your wishes in the Senate."

Illinois will not send to the Senate this year any critic, however able or brilliant, to tell the President how to do better. For this election Illinois will be content to tell the President how well he has done, how splendidly he has deserved the nation's gratitude and confidence.

Mr. Lewis' services to the State and nation, his value to the Senate, and his right to re-election because of his own merit exclusively are thoroughly recognized by this newspaper, and will be presented between now and election day frequently and, we hope, convincingly.

Whining at the Inevitable

The Speech of the Kaiser at Essen Is the Complaint of the Defeated.

The Kaiser is preparing for the inevitable. He sees the end. He is making ready for defeat.

Last May he saw victory and profit hand in hand as he said:

"God will help us to fight on victoriously, and to force our foes to conclude a peace which will be a source of glory and profit to Germany and her allies."

Speaking at the Krupp works in Essen a day or two ago, he did not mention any present or expected assistance from heaven, but devoted himself to a whining complaint that while he asked for peace he could get no one to listen.

The glowing boasts of a few months ago have disappeared. The arrogance of the conqueror was no longer in evidence as he said to his Essen audience:

"To make peace two are needed. If either is willing, the other cannot, presuming that he does not overthrow the other. Thus we are confronted with the enemy's absolute will to destruction, and against this absolute will to destruction we must place our absolute will to existence.

"Even though in the opinion of many among you it is lasting too long, every German man and every German woman must, in witnessing these

(Continued in Last Column.)



Beatrice Fairfax Writes of the Problems and Pitfalls of the War Workers Especially for Washington Women

ONCE on a time, and not so long ago either, a woman of forty was dead so far as the real activities of life were concerned.

If she had not married at forty her case was regarded as hopeless, romantically speaking. She had reached what Dr. Osler brutally termed the "chloroforming age."

The same point of view was held in regard to women in business; at forty they were tolerated; nothing more cordial could be said concerning their tenure of office.

If her hair turned gray, she felt justified in "restoring it to its natural color"—that being the kindly euphemism in regard to dyeing it.

Oncoming age was viewed with despair, and rightly so, as it meant the end of her social activities and her consequent shelving as a back number. No wonder they "touched up" their complexions and "restored their hair" to its natural color—these poor women of forty who faced decades of enforced idleness.

Sought Refuge in a Cap. Miss Leslie, a popular writer of fifty years ago, says: "A woman upon reaching her fortieth year will gladly take refuge in a cap, which will indelibly to her immediate circle of friends that she claims exemption from the more pressing activities of life, and will now begin to fold her hands for that period of contemplation that should precede the journey to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

Can't you hear some people sigh for those good old days, among them the grave, reverend and potent seniors in the Senate, the House, the State legislature, for it is the woman of forty who has been leading these gentlemen such a merry dance, the last few years, in her still hunt for reform legislation.

She has demanded suffrage, better schools, better factory laws, the abolition of child labor, the employers' liability act, and heaven only knows what else this ceaselessly active creature has not demanded of the poor men in high places who are no match for her

TODAY'S TOPIC  
FORTY YEARS YOUNG.

wits, her resources, and above all, her technical knowledge of the thing she is after.

The legislator who loves to pay compliments, purvey platitudes, and stand with his hand between the buttons of his frock coat in the favorite attitude of the bronze gentry on pedestals that mar our city parks and highways would if he were given the choice between meeting the devil or a modern woman of forty unhesitatingly choose Satan rather than the lady in question.

Satan Sometimes Makes a Bargain. For he might, after the manner of Faust, drive a bargain with Satan, but that terrible modern woman will pin him down, pierce the fine fabric of his eloquence, compel him to be logical and tell him appalling facts backed up by statistics.

And like the new day-light saving schedule, she is a time-saving proposition. She has put the clock back not an hour, but a whole decade. She has a disconcerting way of being forty years young instead of forty years old.

She is of another race from that

woman of forty Miss Leslie wrote of fifty years ago, the lady who put on a cap and folded her hands, etc. Today's woman of forty hasn't time to stop and dramatize her birthdays with caps or anything else. Her time is as full as a prime minister's. She is so gloriously vital because every faculty is on the alert; her face is young because her brain is active.

She does not keep young by that ancient method of trying to make every other woman appear old, neither does she spend much time in steaming and creaming her face; her preservative comes from within, and its name is interest.

It is the woman with the multiplicity of interests that keeps young, old age gets no chance to creep in between the joints of her arms as it does with the woman who rusts away watching the clock, waiting for something to happen. This may be dinner, or the return of her husband from business to a visit from the woman across the hall who has a way of dropping in and dispelling her ennui.

From The Public To The Editor

Proud of This Record.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Some time ago I sent you a notation something like this: "I am gratified to note that Fairbanks, Alaska, went 'over the top' three times in the present Red Cross campaign. Am proud to be able to say that I am from a State, Mississippi, that as a whole 'went over' three times and that one county, Jackson, went over ten times, and is now displaying the honor flag."

the population joins in a fervent prayer for our men over there."

I really thought this was a pretty good record. However, I note that we have another one—in the "Times" today announcement was made from London that a portion of the Times of that city had been printed on paper made from sawdust. In 1912, while Commissioner of Agriculture, I organized what was known as the "Grown in Mississippi" association. In the early part of 1914 a paper mill located at Moss Point, Miss., manufacturing a very high grade of wrapping paper from sawdust, contributed the paper and forty of the newspapers throughout the State printed "Grown in Mississippi" editions. I preserved copies of each, and have had them bound. So I am still proud of the fact that I am a Mississippian.

H. E. BLAKESLIE.

How Big Is the Statue of Freedom?

And How Small Is the Mind That Thinks That Is An Important Question.

By EARL GODWIN.

A woman reader asks that we relieve the anxiety of her little daughter and tell her what are the dimensions of the Statue of Freedom, and how many people can stand in the head, body, limbs, hands, and feet of the statue. The little girl's teacher asked her that burning question, it seems, and although the child has searched high and low the answer will not come.

Having made a special trip to the office of the superintendent of the Capitol for this purpose, I learn that the statue atop the dome is nineteen feet and six inches high, and weighs 14,985 pounds, but beyond that I can obtain no statistics.

And even if I had, what use would they be? Why stuff a child's head with such nonsense as to how many people can stand in a statue's legs, or on its hands, or how many people can crawl around in its eye?

I wish teachers would begin to take such objects as the Capitol, and its wondrous dome, and the symbolic bronze placed on top of the building by the wonderful Crawford, and tell the children what they MEAN, regardless of the unimportant dimensions. The teachers of Washington could use the Capitol Building for an object lesson for nearly everything a child need learn. They need not burden the little minds with the dates on the corner stone, nor the heft of the ironware used in the steps to the tholus, but they could, with great benefit, use every statue and every picture, and every symbol and allegory in that great building to base their lessons of the growth of this great Western Republic and the advance of civilization and the changes in current of thought since the day Columbus landed.

There is scarcely a corner of the Capitol in which history is not piled in bales. And history is NOT names and dates, but Thoughts and Things and People. It is not necessary to make a child break his neck looking up at the Brumidi canopy in the rotunda, that he may learn the names of the gods and goddesses that are there mixed up with George Washington and the Thirteen States. But it might be a good idea to use that canopy to tell the child of the pitiable story of the great and rich Robert Morris who raised most of the cash for the American Revolution and then died in a poorhouse. Nor is it as important to know the date of the unveiling of the Robert Fulton statue as it is to know what Robert Fulton has done for civilization.

The doleful marble portrait of William Penn, the old statue of Daniel Webster, the paintings which tell the story of the Revolution, the great "Westward Ho" view, and the ten thousand other relics of American history are grouped in rather helter-skelter fashion under that perfect dome. Blessed will be the teacher in this city who realizes that it is more important to know just what the Capitol means than to know how many square feet are in the foundation plan.

HEARD AND SEEN

Can This Be True?  
To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Many strangers when seeing our high school cadets think that they are ushers or bell boys. Why? Because of their uniform which has no distinctive military appearance. Why not remedy this great defect? It is not necessary to change the whole uniform. If the cadets would wear a pair of khaki-colored canvas leggings it would give their uniforms a decided military touch which is necessary in these war times.

We hope that MR. KRAMER, who has charge of the cadets, will read this and take the necessary steps toward having the cadets wear leggings.

H. F. B. and J. L.

I read your reference to JOHN REH and the Globe Theater! And thereby hangs a vision of other days:

My pop took younger brother and me there once years ago. I remember a storage house on the corner across from Harvey's. The Globe gallery was reached by a rickety outside stair. We saw the Punch and Judy, and then—some ladies in mosquito net sat something—I didn't see the finish, for while pop was not a consistent churchgoer, he grabbed brother and me and hustled us out.

I always wondered what the end of the ballet was like, but never found out.

B. A. R.

SONGS OF A DAY LONG DEAD.  
I live for the good of my nation, And my sons are all growing low. But I hope that the next generation Will remember old Ross, the beau. For I traveled this country all over, And now to the next I will go. For I know that good quarters await me To welcome old Ross, the beau.

A woman's slipper was on view in the show window of the Washington, Baltimore and Annapolis ticket office the other day. Torn off in the bootlegger rush to get on the cars, maybe?

WHINING AT THE INEVITABLE.

(Continued from First Column.)

incomparably heroic deeds of our army and our navy, be aware that we are fighting and struggling for existence, and that we must make the utmost effort to defend ourselves victoriously."

In the Great Headquarters, where the Kaiser and Ludendorff and Hindenburg gather, there hangs a map. In it are stuck multi-colored pins. On it are crooked, wiggly lines.

As the three chief assassins of all history look at it the pins and the lines tell them these facts:

An allied army advancing in the north of Russia. Another allied army gathering at Vladivostok. British soldiers victoriously marching through Mesopotamia.

More British soldiers in Jerusalem. An Italian army stretching from Venice to the Alps. A Greek and allied force dominant in Saloniki. An onward marching allied army that stretches from the Channel to the Swiss frontier.

A fleet useless and impotent in the North sea. A falling submarine endeavor and a withering force in the air.

And worst of all, perhaps not on the maps, BUT ALWAYS IN THEIR MINDS, sailing across the Atlantic the never ending armies of America, whose courage they already know and whose power they already dread.

Those are the reasons why the Kaiser turns from war to peace; why he is whining instead of boasting.

"To make peace two are needed," says the war lord. To ENFORCE peace may be accomplished by ONE.

To that enforcement America and her allies are bending every effort, with ears closed and eyes shut to every form of force or propaganda that is intended to delay the certain and complete accomplishment of the task.