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THURSDAY, JANUARY 16, 1919.

"Out of Russia," Says England

Other Things Discussed.

Lord Northcliffe, who speaks for millions of Englishmen, is quoted in the United States Senate by Hiram Johnson of California as follows:

"So far as Great Britain is concerned, any attempt to transfer further British troops to Russia will be resented fiercely by our people. We have had more than four and one-half years of war, and our soldiers did not enlist for the purpose of policing Russia."

If that is how England feels, with Russia and Bolshevism so near, how do Senators suppose the people of the United States feel, especially mothers and fathers of soldiers that are kept in Russia?

Northcliffe says the English did not enlist to police Russia. Americans did not enter the army to police Russia, either. But, as Lord Northcliffe has truly said, "Americans are a very docile people."

Mr. Fess, who speaks with authority in Congress, says that the money we lent to the allies was, in turn, put out at interest by them, and they "received a higher rate of interest than this country charged them." If they made a little profit, when they were so hard up, nobody will grudge it. But perhaps it is time for somebody in the United States to realize that the hundreds of millions and thousands of millions eaten up by profiteering grafters, distributed to anybody that wanted to borrow, have got to be taken out of the people of the United States in taxes and in bond loans in the end.

To pay a little attention to United States billions would seem wise, now that a member of the Ways and Means Committee tells Congressman Snell of New York that with all our heavy taxes the country this year will fall ten billions short of what it needs.

There must be SOME limit even to United States resources and good nature.

The President has asked Congress for one hundred millions to feed the hungry in Europe, and the nation applauds. We can afford that, at least. It is something new in the history of nations. First, we lend thousands of millions to help our friends win their fight, then discuss the advisability of refusing to accept repayment of those huge loans, then send a hundred millions as a present to feed the starving, including our enemies. It sounds like the millennium.

The hundred millions, of course, mean only a drop in the bucket as regards taxation here, which is now on the billion scale. The mere million has become small change.

And that sum will be a drop in the bucket also as regards feeding the hungry in Europe. There are at least two hundred millions in need of food, and they could eat in a day the hundred millions that we send them, and not be overfed, at war prices.

The question is, How are they to eat, when our little gift and any other sums contributed are gone?

To realize how the people of the world must depend on their own effort, reflect that a hundred millions a day would not begin to feed the needy of Europe, east of France, Italy, and England. And even this country could hardly supply a hundred millions a day—which would be thirty-six billions a year.

England has resolved, it is reported, to suppress the Sinn Fein by violence, if necessary. An interesting resolution, for, according to the recent election, it would mean suppressing seventy-five per cent of the people in Ireland.

If it is impossible to indict a whole people, it should be difficult to suppress seventy-five per cent of a people—especially when the people live close to you.

At a distance you can do such things, public opinion doesn't know much about it. Close at home it is more painful.

Lloyd George, the wise Celt, will probably find some way of celebrating peace and the armistice better than starting a new little war in Ireland.

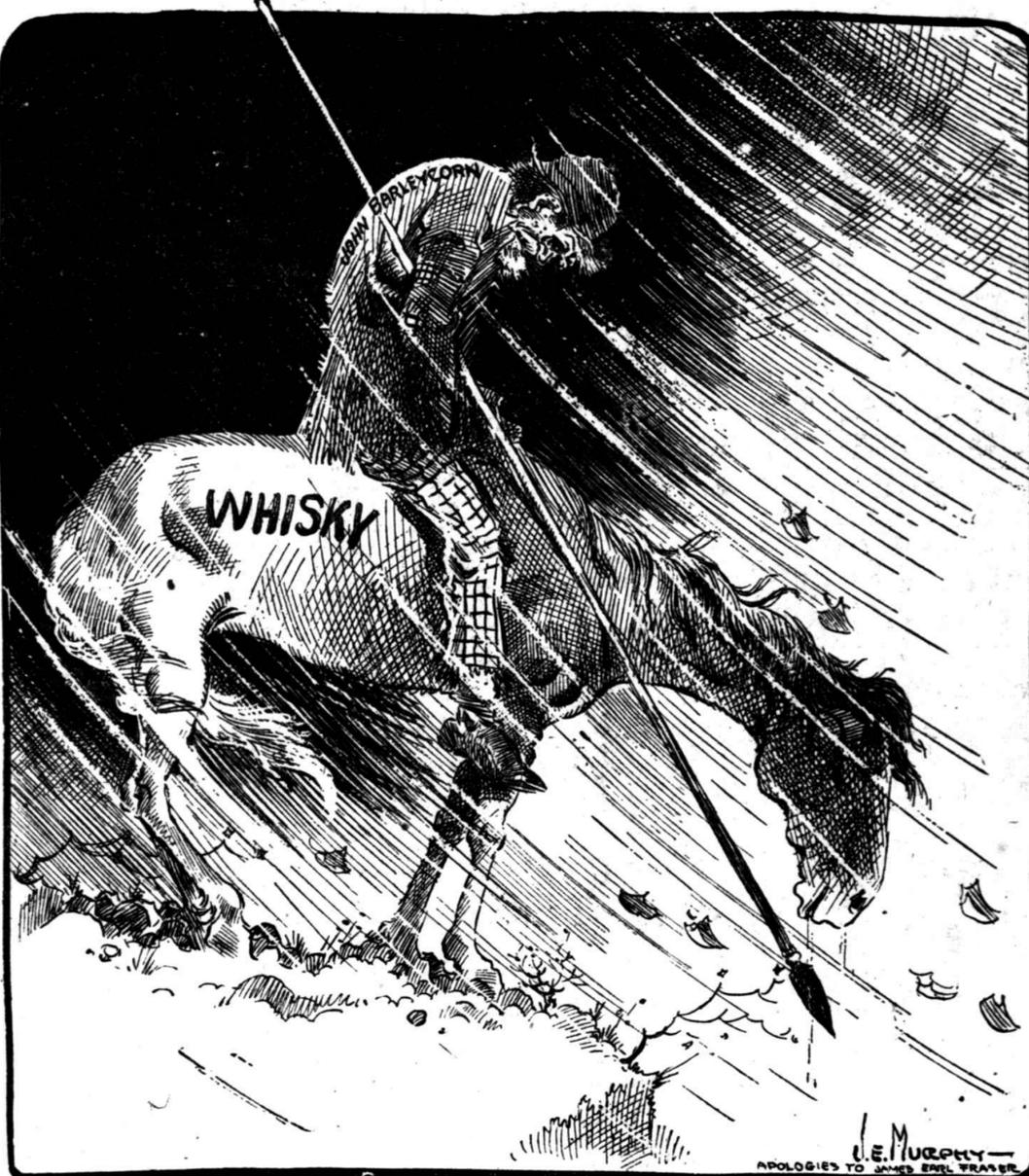
And it might not be such a LITTLE war.

The Duchess of Luxemburg, as a girl of twenty, was called upon to "rule" hard working men and women, educated teachers, the whole people of her duchy. A republican movement put her off her throne. The republican movement dies out, and she is back on the throne again for the moment.

Could anything be more preposterous than a girl of twenty through an accident of birth—or a boy of twenty, for that matter—being made ruler of a people in this country?

Yes, something more preposterous COULD be imagined, namely, the fact that here in the United States, where we rejected royalty more than a hundred years ago, about fifty per cent of the prosperous population has a more or less secret sympathy with royalty and lack of sympathy for Europeans that are getting rid of their kings and queens more or less violently—as we did in 1776.

The End of the Trail



Thirty-six States, the necessary number to validate, have passed the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution, which will make prohibition universal in this country one year from today. The Legislature

of Nebraska, the thirty-sixth State, ratified the amendment today. This will be the only country in the world where the manufacture, sale, or importation of liquor is universally forbidden by law.

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

A YOUNG woman war worker, who has just received an "honorable discharge" from the Government bureau in which she has been working since we declared war, has written an interesting letter to this column. She says when she first came to Washington she hated it, then she grew to like it, and now she regards the thought of leaving it with dismay.

She thinks a good many other war workers must be in the same position as she is, and asks for a little discussion in this department of the problem that, for want of a better name, might be termed, "Where Do We Go From Here—Girls?"

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am one of those who several months ago turned your column into a walling place and repudiated Washington and everything connected with it. I really believe it was a letter in this department, scolding me and my kind, that had the effect of putting me on my mettle. The writer asked what we discontented girls had to offer that we complained so bitterly about our reception?

I took myself and my grouch in hand and when the influenza epidemic broke out, I volunteered as a nurse after office hours. My little contribution to humanity had the effect of making me feel more satisfied with things in general. And I came through the experience with several good friends to my credit, women who had also acted as volunteer nurses. And then things began to be as pleasant and interesting as they had been dreary before.

These young women were all college graduates, and they were endlessly interested in public questions; and they had numbers of men friends connected with the different war bureaus, not to mention a good many in the service. I never imagined people could have such good times and be as amusing and clever at the same time. There never was any expensive entertaining, when we went to the theater we always sat in the gallery and the little suppers were all "Dutch" affairs, as pleasant as they were informal. And I got an entirely new and refreshing point of view about life.

Now that Uncle Sam has finished with me, the question of what I am going to do next arises. The position that I left when I came here is again offered to me—but I hate to go back into that rut. My

TODAY'S TOPIC

"Where Do We Go From Here—Girls?"

mother and father are both dead and my nearest of kin at home are an aunt and some cousins. They do not need me, nor was I particularly happy during the five years I made their house my home. And now that these new friends have shown me a broader and better outlook, I dread the little town where we were all pretty well satisfied with ourselves and our Congressman, whom I have grown to regard as a reactionary, if nothing worse.

One never "goes back," the small town may still be there, but after a liberalizing experience we never see it with the same eyes, and even if you should happen to

go back, perhaps you would find many congenial spirits that in the old days you completely overlooked.

However, as long as you have no close family ties nor responsibilities connected with the old home town, there is no reason why you should go back at all. You are young, intelligent and have a profession—all of which are highly desirable assets. And whether you determine to take root in Washington or go to France or Belgium and engage in the work of reconstruction, that so many women are planning to do, you have found the philosopher's stone and you will take it with you.

The Joy of Self-Development.

You have discovered the value of congenial associates, comradeship, and the joy of self-development, and wherever you go you will carry the memory of happy and useful days here as a war-worker. Perhaps you may even grow to regard your Congressman, and his reactionary views,

What's Doing; Where; When

- Today. Meeting—Colorado Society, Thomson School building, Twelfth and L streets northwest, 8 p. m. Dance—For men in uniform, by Progressives, Fourth Hall, Pennsylvania avenue and Fourth street southeast, 8 p. m. Meeting—Catholic Drugists' Association, 512 U street northwest, 8 p. m. Dance—Katholis Grotto, No. 15, New Willard Hotel, 8 p. m. Dinner—In honor of Sir Arthur Pearson, Willard Hotel, 7:30 p. m., given by C. J. James' Banquet, M. C. U. S. A., director of Red Cross Institute for Blind, 1000 Pennsylvania avenue, 8 p. m. Meeting—Catholic Women's War Relief Service at the Catholic Women's War Service Club, 2408 K street northwest, 8 p. m. Dance—By Francis G. Addison, Jr., on "Interest" at meeting of Washington Chapter of American Institute of Banking in chapter room, 1214 F street northwest, 8 p. m. School—For training recreation leaders for community service work, 315 Tenth street northwest. Dance—Officers of Eleventh Cavalry at headquarters at Fort Myer, tonight. Reunion—K. P. R. Society of Washington Army and Navy Club, 8 p. m. Conference—Sixth District conference of Associated Charities at Eastern High School, 8 p. m. Meeting—Irish History Club at Northeast Temple, Twelfth and H streets northeast, 8 p. m. Annual Meeting—Yale Alumni Association of Washington at University Club, 8 p. m. Tournament—Representatives of the Capital City Chess and Checker Club will meet men in uniform at Eagle Hut, Y. M. C. A., 7:30 p. m. Meeting—President's Own Garrison, Army and Navy Union, in G. A. R. Hall, 8 p. m. Card Party—By Red Cross Women's Club at the clubhouse, 2009 N street northwest, 8 p. m. Dance—By Navy Yard Players' League at Pythian Temple, 8 p. m. Household Demonstration—Series of weekly demonstrations at Wilson Normal Community Center by Mrs. B. P. Dabney, beginning today at 3 p. m. Tomorrow. Banquet—In honor of the construction division of the United States Army at New Willard Hotel, 8 p. m. Edward J. Mehren, editor-in-chief of the Engineering News-Record, principal speaker. Anniversary—Eagle Tent No. 2, Independent, will celebrate seventeenth anniversary in Rehearse Hall, 201 B street southeast, 8 p. m. Meeting—Political Study Club at residence of Mrs. J. Campbell Conrill, 1309 Canyon street northwest, 8 p. m.

A Letter From a Government Employee's Wife

Between the Lines You Can Read the Struggle for Existence on \$720 a Year.

By EARL GODWIN.

Here is the plain story of the family of a Government employe who is trying to live on \$720 a year, plus whatever meager bonus Congress allows him to stave off the advancing cost of living in war time.

By all odds, it is the simplest, and for that reason, the most eloquent appeal for justice in salary fixing that has come to me.

It is written by a woman, who, of course, has the hardest part of the burden to bear. I hope that my Congressional friends will read this and vote the way their hearts tell them to vote when they have the opportunity to do the just and honorable thing, and pay Government employes more than a sub-starvation wage.

Here is the letter: "I am the wife of a Federal employe who receives the large sum of \$720 per annum, and also the mother of seven dependent children.

"I would like to rear my children to be honest and respectable citizens, but how in the name of God can I do it with such starvation wages. As a rule the poor man has a large family, and it is the poor man that contributes the majority of soldiers and sailors to his country. Uncle Sam expects his soldiers to be strong and brave, but I would like to ask some of those Congressmen how they expect the future soldiers and sailors to be strong and brave, when, in their infancy, they are underfed and deprived of the necessities of life."

HEARD AND SEEN

E. J. C. wants to know "who remembers the last time the ash man visited Georgetown?" A. C. McElroy, J. Tilden Hendricks, Eugene Gott O. J. DeMoll. Overworked and going to Florida to rest up.

H. W. C. says: "I claim there is more spitting on the sidewalk between E and G streets on Ninth than on any other two blocks in the city."

Then there must be more spitting on those two blocks than on any other two blocks of any other street in any other city in the world. H. C. DURSTON, 1405 L street N. W.

CARTER GLASS, of Va., who has landed a job in the Treas. Dept., will rent a house if he stays out his probation.

FRED S. WALKER, who was run down and over by an auto about halfway between Christmas and New Year, is still down—but not out. Lines On the Wrecking of the Militant Suffragists' Watch Bell By a Mob. "Well, well! Where's the bell? Why, the mob knocked it all to—I was there when it fell, pell-mell Banging out its own death knell. Did the cop the riot quell And put the culprits in a cell? Since you ask me I must tell—Like Kelly did!" DING DONGKEY.

Mary is twenty-four years old; Mary is twice as old as Ann was when Mary was as old as Ann is now. How old is Ann? Answer—Eighteen years. H. W. CORNELL, 5419 Illinois Avenue.

By the Way, What Did Shackleton Discover? One is apt to hear a whole lot nowadays. One may still meet somebody that's willing to bet that Dr. Cook discovered the North Pole. MR. STODDARD writes in the Heard and Seen department for today, that he remembers when SHACKLETON, the discoverer of the South Pole, and PEARY, discoverer of the North Pole, were together.

Anybody that can remember when Shackleton discovered the South Pole, has some memory. Try again, Mr. Stoddard. OLAF TALLALISEN, 131 F street N. W.

S. CLIFF BREADY, of the Geological Survey, maintains against all comers that the Forest Glen line provides an even less efficient service than his third-hand automobile; and this is NO JOKE. GUY E. MITCHELL.

The following is a metrical imitation of a man trying to compose local verse while waiting for a street car. Avenue at Night. A man-made canyon: It's converging length Outlined in sharp relief By the bold glare Of electric signs Reaching skyward: To dim the soft mellow radiance Of the moon Hung in the Heavens, I've waited for a car until I'm nearly frozen. I presume they are tied up as usual. HAROLD P. STODDARD.

The old slogan "eight hours for work, eight for sleep, and eight for play" has been changed to "eight hours for work, eight for sleep, and the other eight to wait on the cars."

A car left Takoma with orders to run to Congress Heights, the regular run. At Florida avenue an inspector told the motorman to switch back at the Missouri avenue. At Center Market another inspector ordered him to cut back at Anacostia. At Anacostia he was told to go to the steel plant, and when he got to the steel plant the starter there was undecided whether to order him to cut back at Ninth and F or to wait for the steel workers. And this car is supposed to run from Takoma to Congress Heights.

JACK E. BUCKLEY writes that he's on his way to France as an army field clerk, after passing twenty-three physical exams. Jack sends his regards to MAJ. DAN DONOVAN. A VIRGINIA READER.

Is the Car Stopped at Twelfth street and Rhode Island avenue northeast a car stop or a Skip Stop? "I have seen five or six cars go by that stop with only half a carload," reports H. L. HAIGHT, of 1037 Evans street northeast. That's one way the HAM road helps this Government by getting Government employes to work on time.

BAIN COLBY, of the Shipping Board, and CHARLIE PIEZ, who has a job with the Emergency Fleet, went around to JEAN SOVRANI'S to dinner the other night.

I ACCEPT THE REBUKE. "Why worry about how old is Ann?" suggests F. L. G. "when this is more important: If a Cabinet officer can't live on \$12,000 a year, does Uncle Sam think I can live on one thousand?"

THAT FIRST MOVIE SHOW. Sir: This first moving picture theater in the city was at the corner of Tenth and D streets northwest; not Tenth and E as you stated yesterday. It was known as the Star Theater on account of having an electrically lighted red star over the entrance, but there was no sign such as is now used. The second one was also on D street, near Tenth; I think in the old Ward building. Both of these were rather crude, both as to films and furniture, the latter consisting of chairs arranged in rows. The Pickwick, and also another theater, whose name I have now forgotten, was on the north side of the Avenue, between Ninth and Tenth streets. The one whose name I cannot recall was about where the Peter Rabbit hat store is now located. These two ran close for third and fourth place. There was also another one on the south side of the Avenue, near Ninth street. I think it was called the Argo, and was situated about where Guiffre's shoe repair shop is at present. This one had a very short life. The first large-size movies in the city were shown at Willard Hall, in 1897, and consisted of a series of seven detached views, one of the famous Black Diamond Express on the Lehigh Valley Railroad; another of a baby learning to walk; another of two babies in high chairs in an amateur scrap; another of two chaps falling out over a friendly game of cards; another of a chimney being demolished—the others I have forgotten. Does anyone remember the year in which the big wind storm visited Washington, and in which the power house burned?

They were exactly a year apart in the day which, I think, was September 29.