

The Washington Times

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Copper Mine Owners, Business Men

Government Ownership Would Help You as Well as the Ordinary Little Citizen—Even More.

You have read about the scientific invention—making possible five simultaneous telephone conversations on the same wire—one not interfering with the other.

Where it was necessary to string ten separate copper wires, TWO wires will do the work now.

Please observe what that will mean with Government ownership of telephones as compared with private ownership of telephones.

Under private ownership would you pay one cent less to the company because it could do five times as much work on one wire? You know that you would NOT pay less.

Under Government ownership—as soon as it becomes possible—especially with such a man as Mr. Burleson in charge—the charge to the public will be reduced, just as the charge to the public is reduced constantly in the post-office service.

It would pay the owners of copper mines in the United States actually to buy the telephone system of the country at a fair price and turn it over to the Government.

And for this reason. The price of copper is going down, and the price of copper stocks is going down.

This new invention, making one wire do the work of five, frightens the copper mine owners. They say: "The telephone companies will want less copper. Only one-fifth as much for their wires—we shall sell less."

That would be true with telephone companies privately owned charging the highest prices, keeping down the use of the telephone.

But under Government ownership, diminished cost will mean a diminished charge, and instead of selling less copper, the companies will sell more. For Mr. Burleson will make a desperate effort to put a telephone into every house, in every little flat. And although one wire may do the work of five, the use of twenty-five times as many telephones will increase the demand for copper.

Now, in the United States, thanks to Government ownership of the postoffice, wherever a human being lives, the Government carries mail.

With Government owning telephones and telegraphs, where any human being lives the Government would carry the voice over the wire.

The cost would be less, the comfort and prosperity would be greater—and the copper men wouldn't have to worry about their stock. For Government ownership means full use by the people, and full use by the people means full consumption of raw materials.

The most near-sighted individual is the business man, whoever he may be, that opposes Government ownership.

Say to any merchant: "Would you like to have private individuals own the postoffice, charge you 10 cents for one letter?" What will be the answer?

Say to the same merchant: "Would you like to see the parcel post stopped? Would you like to be once more at the mercy of the express companies?" What will be the answer?

When this writer ten years ago was advocating the parcel post system he was constantly assured by business men that that was a form of socialism.

Merchants are delighted, now that they have the parcel post it saves them money and trouble.

When you advocate Government ownership of railroads, which would mean everything for the business men of the country, you are assured by men who know less than little children ought to know, that Government ownership of railroads is "socialism."

What is the railroad but a great highway that should belong to all the people?

You wouldn't allow private individuals to charge you so much for going over your own streets. You wouldn't allow them to wreck the streets, make traffic dangerous, because they were too stingy to keep them in repair.

Why do you think it a good thing to allow private individuals to own the railroad systems of the country, neglecting them, letting them run down, bankrupting some of them, robbing all of them, overcharging those that use them and underpaying those that work for them?

Retain free competition, where competition is useful, substitute for competition great industrial organizations, where organization is better than competition. Resort to Government ownership in railroads, telegraphs, electric lighting, street cars, in natural monopolies, where Government ownership is better than reckless selfish private ownership.

The League of Husbands - By T. E. Powers



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

THE problem of the self-supporting home maker promises to be as popular a subject for discussion, in this column, as that of kissing, which for the present, we have done with— heaven be praised. The war has shoved ahead, by a good many decades, our various timepieces, and in no instance is this more true than in the case of the woman question. Let anti-suffragists and other reactionaries wring their hands and call on high heaven as dramatically as they will, the war did what patience, labor, self-denial failed to do— it gave woman her chance. Every other household boasts a woman wage-earner who a year or two ago could not have imagined herself in the class of bread-winner. Women took up war work from a variety of reasons; some from pure patriotism that had to have a medium of self-expression. Some because their husbands and sweethearts were overseas and the suspense could be lived through better, with every moment employed. Others entered the fields of industry for that age old reason, they needed the money. But whatever the cause, the problem remains, we have at the present time an army of women "carrying double." And everyone is curious to know how they manage, what results they achieve, does the family fare as well as it did formerly, when mother gave her whole time to it, and how well does she run her job? In this connection, nothing is too trivial or unimportant to be interesting, we are only less curious about the self-supporting home-maker than we are about the Martians, or the white Eskimos. Stefansson discovered some years ago, or those four millions of Chinese that, on the authority of a newly returned missionary, did not know a world war was raging. Two women have written to this column rather melancholy experiences of their dual roles as home-makers and job-holders but from other letters that have come in, we do not feel justified in concluding that stingy husbands are more prevalent in this walk of life, than elsewhere. Dickens wrote of Mr. Barkis and his proverbial "inearsness" long before women thought of seeking employment outside of the home. Abnormal closeness, even in the multi-millionaire class, is not unknown, as the case of a certain

classic miser amply illustrates. Through a long and ideally happy married life, the Scroggs of Wall Street kept his wife with practically no spending money. But at his death, he left her a head-reeeling number of millions to dispose of as she thought best. He loved her, he trusted her, he relied absolutely on her ability to handle vast sums of money—but he could not bring himself to give her a twenty dollar bill! It would seem that Scrooge and Barkis cannot make themselves over whether they are financiers or such magnitude that four sneezes, within earshot of a reporter, is likely to produce a panic in Wall Street, or of the class whose wife goes out with a mop and pail, because "himself doesn't give up easy. Some self-supporting home-makers have troubles of another sort, as the following letter will show. A Reasonable Amount of "Barkis" Desirable. Dear Miss Fairfax: Poor Sally's letter in the paper

from his extravagance I enjoy working, I have not got that shelled feeling I had so often when I just stayed home and did the family mending and played cards, sometimes, in the afternoon. By the way, I get the family mending done for 25 cents an hour, and four hours' work is ample to keep them all neat and respectable. MARGARET R. Glories In Being a Turk. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Your correspondent who signed herself "Sally" and wrote to your column a few evenings ago, stated specifically that she did not want to hear from men of my type, which she designated as the "Grand Turk." If, by being a "Grand Turk" it means one who disapproves of the economic independence of women, I glory in the title. Her letter proves the stability and correctness of my contention, that all women should be home, instead of philandering after professions, and in office. I would go even further than that—I'd keep them out of churches, except for the purposes of marriage and burial. If a woman insists on working what is to be expected but that chivalry will perish from men! THE GRAND TURK. Here speaks the true "mid-Victorian," or perhaps we are doing Victoria an injustice. The sentiments here expressed suggest the Brunswick dynasty, in its earlier stages of development, when the great-grandfather, grandfather, and uncles of Victoria furnished such congenial material for Thackeray in his immortal, "Four Georges." Victoria, herself, is accredited with a sentiment similar to my correspondents. She replied to some one urging more liberal laws for women: "But chivalry will become extinct in men!" Chivalry is now pretty generally classified with the dangerous concoctions, it upset our social digestion, if it did nothing worse. And what would the Grand Turk's solution be of the ten million women in industry, in this country alone? How many is he willing to support that they may give up their jobs? We doubt his Turkish claims; his sentiments suggest Turkey's chiefly in the late unpleas-

THE SELF-SUPPORTING HOME MAKER. Today. Address—Gen. Samuel T. Ansell, Personal Observations of Our Army, United Service Club, Dupont Circle 8 p. m. Meeting—Death Bombs, photographed from airplanes, will be shown. Address—Edward P. Costigan, of United States Tariff Commission, "Some Problems of Readjustment," Commercial Club, 6:30 p. m. Meeting—Washington Alumnae Association of Col. Omega, George Washington University, 224 G street northwest, 8 p. m. Meeting—Gen. Nelson A. Miles Camp No. 1, United Spanish War Veterans, Fraternal Building Association Hall, Eleventh and E streets northwest, 8 p. m. Address—Dr. W. L. Darby, of Y. M. C. A., Takoma Park Civic Study Club, Public Library, 7:30 p. m. Entertainment—Program by Christian Endeavor conference representing Christian Endeavor societies of colored churches, Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, 8 p. m. Address—Miss Laura Rowe, of Irving Street, "Work of an Educational Director in a Department Store," Business Women's Council, Wesley Chapel, Fifth and P streets northwest, 8:30 p. m. Annual meeting and banquet—Brown Alumni Association of Washington, Clubman's 407 Fourteenth street northwest, 7 p. m. Meeting—Conduit Road Citizens Association, St. David's Parish Hall, Conduit road, near Nebraska avenue, 8 p. m. President of the Association of Union of Washington, before missionary meeting, Episcopal Congregational Church, 11 a. m. on "The Regeneration of Armenia." Dance—Uniformed men and war workers, Central High School, 8 p. m.

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

Starting the week right: The furnace fire was nearly out yesterday, but by a clever ruse (making believe I didn't care at all) I got it to going again, and then having breakfasted, set out to the work zone.

En route (via the Chevy Chase line marked "Potomac Park") I overheard one man saying to another: "Facts! Facts! Facts! All these newspaper men want is facts. They don't seem to appreciate that facts are not all there is to a situation." "No, they don't understand that what they want is relevant facts," said his companion.

To which I thought to myself that the only people who object to the facts are those whom the facts hurt.

And those who never believe what they read in the newspapers are scarcely able to make any one believe them.

With these thoughts in mind, I walked into a banking house and there saw WILLIAM D. HOOVER and his colleague FRANK STONE, sitting behind an enormous pile of letters. And also E. PERCIVAL WILSON from whom I purchased some Liberty bonds.

Thence to another banking house where I saw COL. ROBERT N. HARPER about Chamber of Commerce matters, he being my friend and adviser on matters civic. Talked to his conductor, HILDEBRAND OPFUTT about the price of Graphophone stock, it being a security which has recently risen in price, I am told.

And after that I rushed into my own little office and tore open mail. After a while a gentleman named WHEEL, from the Railroad Administration office, called me on the telephone. He took me to task for having said that the 10:05 and the 3:50 train to Baltimore do not carry passengers to Baltimore.

"But when I went to get tickets to Baltimore," I told him, "one of your bright young men informed me very solemnly that those two trains are through trains and that I could not purchase tickets on them if I merely wanted to go to Baltimore." And I stood there and drew lines through the time table and the young man said: "Yes, those two trains oughtn't to be on the schedule."

But BRO. WHEEL assures me that I am misinformed. They DO take passengers to Baltimore.

Of course, being a newspaper man, all I want is facts.

And the fact that a ticket seller refuses to sell me seats on two trains to Baltimore because he said the Baltimore trains didn't take passengers to Baltimore, I would submit, is relevant to the fact that I appealed to the time table justice through my friend BRICE CLAGGETT, who is now so high up in the Railroad Administration that one has to take a balloon to catch him.

That Alley. THOMAS CIRCLE gives the width of that alley as 33.7311786 feet, which being interpreted is 33 feet 8.774143 inches. He sends his working of the problem on a sheet and a half of paper.

Here's Another. Answer to MR. CORNELL'S ladder problem: The width of the alley is 33 feet 8 3/4 inches. Any bright high school boy should be able to obtain an answer correct to within a few inches, and the answer does not come out even anyhow, even in quarter inches. The answers recently given are correct, though not so precise as the one above; 34 feet being correct to the nearest foot, and 33 3/4 feet being correct to the nearest half-foot. L. J. G.

Some More. I beg E. H. F.'s pardon in regard to the width of the alley. 33 feet 8 3/4 inches is the correct figure. If you want the correct figure on the height let me know. E. D.

Anything I love is originality, and here are some original ideas in spelling, picked up about Washington:

A Fourteenth street shoe repair shop, near Thomas Circle: "Whole Soles 30 Minutes" "Half Soles 15 Minutes"

In a clothing store on Seventh street: "Formally \$25 Now \$20."

In an H street shoe shine place. "Residential Shoe Shine Parlor."

Here is a batch from one grocery store: "NOT OLIOMOEGERM." "LEMB CHAPS." "BREST LEMPS." "HOMDREST MEATS." "FRSH LIVER."

CHARLES E. GIBSON, driver for No. 3 truck (14th and Ohio avenue), was a sailor, was at the battle of Santiago, and was also aboard No. 3 truck a few years ago when it was struck by a taxicab and turned over as the result of a bad and unavoidable skid. GIBSON was hurt at that time, but went through the

Who Remembers?

Two theatrical favorites well loved in their day.



Lottie Crabtree.



Olive Logan.

Do any of your "old boys" remember when the two brown stone front houses were built on C street between Third and Four-and-a-Half streets by Dr. Frederic May?

When they were nearly finished the boys of the neighborhood played "follow my leader" through them, and were led by Frank Taylor, and in the gang were Theodore Davis, Seth Todd, Sam Parker, Charley Maury, Warren Choate and others.

One afternoon, just as Frank Taylor jumped from one of the front first-floor windows, George Williams threw a piece of soft black cement that struck Taylor square in the eye and blinded him for life.

Of these boys Taylor became Admiral Frank Taylor, Theodore Davis became one of the leading artists of civil war pictures on Frank Leslie's staff, Seth Todd became a leading physician and president of the Arlington Fire Insurance Company, George Williams was raised by his uncle, Col. Lem Williams, who commanded the light infantry battalion, and a regiment in the civil war. Of all these not one is living but Warren Choate, who may be seen on our streets any day looking hale and hearty.

A READER. E. A. FORSYTH, of 3573 Warden street northwest, is one of the few people this winter who is having trouble with his coal affairs, and, according to him, he cannot get the fuel administration interested at all.

He sent a letter to the administration, of which this is a substantially a copy: "On August 1, 1918, I placed an order with a coal company for six tons of white ash stove coal at \$10.75 a ton, for which they demanded cash over the counter before the order would be considered. We sent check immediately so the order would be filled. Somewhat to our surprise we discovered in October when our first were first made that the coal company had not delivered the kind of coal we had ordered but in one lot of coal about four tons of it mixed heavily with soft coal, which cannot be burned in our stoves.

"For two months past we have tried to get an adjustment of this matter by having them take back this coal and give us the kind we paid for and are unable to get them to do so."

I hope the fuel administration will take an interest.

Seven out of ten drivers seem to be ignorant of the fact that automobiles should be driven to the far right at circles, at not more than eight miles an hour. At Scott Circle the policeman there, who had warned him about circle driving:

"I am a member of Congress, and I will have you fired!"

COL. WILLIAM OWEN, U. S. A. retired, who made so great a success with the motion-picture instruction laboratory at the Army Medical Museum, is about to start a bureau for educational moving-picture work in the Interior Department.

WILLIAM BRIGHAM tells me that many horses are falling down and breaking their legs on hills made silvery by oil.

"We could prevent this," says MR. BRIGHAM, "by putting sand on the oil, but there is a District regulation which prevents anyone from putting anything on the streets."

The District authorities might take this matter up and save a few horses.