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Rainy Day Character

Judge Men, Not by Their Actions in Days of Prosperity,  
But by What They Do When the World  
Turns Against Them.

To succeed you must know truth from falsehood. You must know a good bargain from a bad. You must be able to study and read character. We succeed largely by knowing other men.

In this picture the artist, Mr. McCay, emphasizes a fact that should never be forgotten.

**MEN AND NATIONS ARE MOST EASILY JUDGED IN BAD WEATHER,** that is to say when things go wrong and plans miscarry.

"Let me sleep when the news is good," said Napoleon, "but wake me always when you have bad news."

He knew that with bad news men lost their balance; one disaster may cause a dozen others, as one frightened horse stampedes the whole herd. And when anything went wrong, he knew that the weakness of his men would come out and he wanted to be told bad news that he might throw in his own strength to counteract others' weakness.

You can study human nature, especially the weak side, by visiting resorts where men and women gamble.

For instance, at Monte Carlo, overlooking the Mediterranean, one of the most beautiful spots in the world, there is located the world's greatest gambling dive.

At many tables men and women betting gold and bank notes watch a tiny white ivory ball spinning around on the roulette table. At those tables, or at others where cards are dealt and turned, tens of thousands of dollars are piled up on the red, the black, odd or even. Men and women watch with painful eagerness the result, the compartment into which the ivory ball drops, the cards that are turned telling of loss or gain.

As you study the rows of faces you do not need to be told which are winning, which losing.

One man is smiling, cheerful, polite. People leaning over to place their bets do not disturb him, he wants to help everybody, he loves everybody, as he pulls in his winnings.

"Winner" is written all over him. With the next man it is exactly the reverse. His elbows are spread out to keep people away. He frowns at everybody and everything; the corners of his mouth come down, his face is pale, "loser" is written all over him.

As it is at the gambling table, where vice reveals character, so it is throughout the long struggle that we call a man's life.

And it is not with individuals only, but with races and with nations.

In this picture Mr. McCay has ingeniously presented the difference between good times and bad, and the effect they produce. He shows you in the bright days of prosperity, falsehood as a lady giant, and truth as a little female dwarf. And so it is in effect. In times of prosperity, old falsehoods that have been growing for centuries are big, strong and impressive. And little TRUTH, that has been struggling for life, is small and dwarf-like.

But conditions are different when something happens to open men's eyes, to make them look at things as they really are and not according to carefully prepared descriptions.

In this cartoon the picture of sunshine might well have been labeled 1914, and the picture of storm, cold, and rain might have been labeled 1919.

Many nations, many millions of human beings, have learned from the misfortune of war what the truth is, and how greatly falsehood was magnified, how vastly human beings were imposed upon, in the days of prosperous peace.

In 1914 emperors and kings really believed that they were superior creatures, sharing God's power, especially created to rule the world. Now they know that they are lucky if alive. One of them, an emperor, sees a harness-maker President of Germany, working hard and successfully to build up the great country that he pulled down. Another, also an emperor, is driven from an ancient palace in Austria to a boarding house in Switzerland. And a third, also an emperor, who called himself father of his people, head of the church, "Autocrat of all the Russias," lies rotting in his grave, his unhappy family killed with him.

And not only hereditary rulers of men have been taught the difference between the falsehood of 1914 and the bitter, cold truth of 1919.

The man who thought himself all important because he had made or inherited money has found out that men are more important than dollars, or at least that they CAN be, if they choose to be.

They have found out that labor must be treated as partners in a nation's industry, not as servants. Nations, during desperate war, realized every day and hour that the one important thing was MEN. To win battles, MEN had to die, thousands and millions of them. To supply fighting material, MEN had to work and WOMEN had to help them. Ideas and theories were thrown aside, falsehood began to shrink and truth to grow.

The cold blast of war made men know that they are fulfilling their whole duty, when they sit idle and

The Truth Grows In Bad Weather



This Picture Is an Illustration Showing What Happens After Great Wars Among Nations, and After Disasters, with Individuals. Hardship, Bad Weather, Sorrow, Misfortune are

the Great Teachers. You Cannot Judge a Gambler's Character While He Is Winning, or the Ordinary Man's Character While Things Are Prosperous with Him.

Thunder Showers?

How to Stop It Raining - By T. E. Powers



"OWN" something while others work. To their amazement, dukes and lords that own the coal fields of England are asked publicly what they have done for the country that has given them millions. They find that their answer, "I have been an owner," is not a satisfactory answer.

In this country truth is growing, and rapidly. What was said a few years ago, that the Lord did not make a few to ride on the backs of the many, is actually taken literally.

The man who was glad to get a dollar and a half a day is getting four dollars and a half, for the roughest unskilled labor, and for an eight-hour day. The bad weather of war has made even the richest republic in the world realize that MEN are important, and that Government is not democratic government while the great majority are working for as little as will keep them alive and the small minority pocketing the profits.

You read in a book just published: "There is an awakened consciousness of responsibility for unemployment. The industrial theory that labor is a commodity to be bought when wanted on the best terms that the bargain can be made is disappearing. The idea that there should be a genuine minimum wage, varying with different localities and conditions, but applicable to everyone, is gaining ground."

That is written not by a "radical agitator," but by Frank A. Vanderlip, in his book, "What Happened to Europe." It was written when he was president of the greatest bank in the United States, the National City Bank of New York.

The same bank president writes, "Eighty-five per cent of the industrial workers of Great Britain are said to be organized in unions, and the leadership on the whole has been of an extremely high order." You see how truth grows and falsehood shrinks in the bad weather that follows war when you see organized English workers discussing with the highest officials of the King what they should have and able "to refuse if not satisfied." Contrast English labor and its status now with the period of the act against "idleness and vagabondrie" aptly quoted by Francis Neilson in his excellent book, "The Old Freedom." English landlords fencing the land, taking the common land away

from workers, had driven many of them to idleness, desperation and crime. The problem then was to deal with the situation, not for the benefit of miserable creatures driven from their land, but for the benefit of the prosperous that wanted peace of mind. To know how wars and troubles can change a ruling class, look at what is happening in England now, where workingmen rule, and consider the ancient British law that reads in part as follows:

The act states "that if any man or woman, able to work, should refuse to labour, and live idly for three days, that he or she should be branded with a red hot iron on the breast with the letter V and be adjudged a slave for two years, of any person who should inform against such idler."

Only a few years ago, as time goes in history, the miserable creature deprived of his land, his little house torn down to clear the ground for sheep pasture, was driven out into the highroads. Then, if he left his own parish to seek for work, they branded him with a red hot iron. Any man could make him a slave, feed him on bread and water, and kill him if he ran away.

Hugh Latimer, one of the world's great geniuses and heroes, was hated and burned at the stake not merely because of his religious opinions, as is commonly supposed, but because, incessantly talking to miserable creatures hunted from their homes, or "preaching before the King's Majesty," he denounced the condition of the poor in England and the brutality of their rulers.

When he was burned alive with another named Ridley he uttered the words so often quoted, words that should live forever, "Be of good comfort, Master Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle by God's grace in England as (I trust) shall never be put out."

He died cheerfully, "played the man" magnificently. And, although the candle that he and others have lighted and kept burning for centuries has often seemed dead, it comes to light again, and after disaster especially.

And that candle, lighted by noble characters to show their way to the poor, here and all over the world now burns brightly. May it never again go out.

**THERE IS ENOUGH FOR ALL IN THIS WORLD, IF SELFISHNESS WOULD ONLY ALLOW ALL TO HAVE ENOUGH.**

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

Veterans of the foreign wars are coming to Washington to ask Congress for six months pay for discharged soldiers. When they arrive they will learn that this newspaper is the only one which has made a consistent fight for that recognition of the soldiers who placed their bodies between us and the German bullets.

And here's another little compliment to the Union Station's prices, this time from a prominent Virginian, Mr. W. McDONALD LEE: "You probably have stood by and heard 'cusses' (and, maybe, cussed yourself) for trains missed because of delay in getting your bag at the 'Parcel Checked' counter at Union Station. Oftentimes there is a hunt because not placed serially as to number; oftener because too few windows (of the several) are open for business.

The other morning blowing in from Baltimore, I stepped out of the drain at the far end (and from under) the shed, and was apprised of a heavy rainfall. Passing the drug and soda stand inside the station, I stopped to look at the prices of umbrellas, advantageously displayed for the occasion, thinking I might afford as much as \$2.00, to be left on the first stop, or train, after the rain. Prices were all \$5.00! Examination led me to believe they were the same quality as sell at clothing for \$1.50 to \$2.50. Preying upon human necessity. Several ladies were looking at the price marks at the same time, and passed on out into the storm."

Retailers have formed an official committee to supervise prices. Why not let the policemen form a committee and adjust their own wages? Or the consumers organize to declare just what they will pay?

Last year Senator Penrose introduced a resolution to give Federal employees 20 per cent increase in salary, a resolution to extend 30 days' sick leave to all Government workers, and a resolution to make Saturday afternoon a half-holiday all the year around. If Mr. Penrose was sincere in the introduction of these measures, he is now in an excellent position to get them through.

Suggest that you start a query as to who is the greatest amateur boxer in each class in town. Suggestions ought to bring out some interesting anecdotes. Your own managing editor, Mackay, was the champion lightweight of Chicago University, although I understand he denies it. CARY.

Congressman Fred Britton was one of the greatest amateur boxers on earth only a few years ago.

While the rest of the town has been passing the buck about army food the Public Printer, W. R. LOVE and PAT GALLAGHER to Baltimore with orders for about seven thousand dollars' worth of army food. A carload, containing 50,000 pounds, valued at more than six thousand dollars, was finally received and distributed to G. P. O. workers last Friday at prices considerably under the first estimates.

The Poor Fish. At Camp Meade soldiers are re-arranging and are given choice of sections. The other day a doughboy on being asked where he wanted to arrange expressed a preference for Siberia. Now, the officer could understand why a man should want to go to France, the Philippines, Belgium, or even Russia, but Siberia offered no inducements that he could think of. His curiosity got the better of him.

"What in the name of crime do you want to go to Siberia for?" he asked the applicant. "Well, that's one State I ain't never been in."

The Postoffice denies the suggestion that food can be purchased only in wholesale lots through P. O. channels. "We are anxious to circumvent the profiteer," says Assistant Postmaster Kerlin, who tells me that food can be purchased through the Postoffice in quantities as small as through a retail store.

Please nominate DR. WILLIAM P. FLETCHER, 323 H. N. E., in your contest for the Handmade Drug Clerk in Washington. JAMES J. BIGGINS, O'Donnell's Place.

All In the Day's Work

Guards in the State, War and Navy Building write me that any Congress that will appropriate a hundred thousand dollars or more for a pretty reflecting pool in Potomac Park certainly might listen to the pleading of men working for two dollars a day and grant REAL WAGES.

Anyone would think this country was absolutely broke if you scanned the pay roll. But just look at the fine public buildings we've erected in everybody's Congressional district.

Speaking of hard luck, does everyone know that the new apartment house just south of Meridian Hill Park will cut off the view that was intended when the park was designed? A free view was about ALL we had left.

One of our new and inexperienced policemen arrested a man and chased him to court for buying liquor. Taking into consideration the amount of threats that have been fired at our friends the profiteers, they seem to be holding their own very nicely.

When he gets to Washington, I hope no one will be mean enough to hang out a banner: "Welcome, Sir John Pershing." There are many names for the man who opposes reform. The nicest name is "conservative." Washington storekeepers needn't fear competition from the proposed

That Basket Day Fiasco

Gloving predictions of wonderful bargains that could be obtained at the farmers' market led many housewives to believe they could actually save something by officials who were played up as leading the host of housekeepers out of the slough of despond. Commissioner Brownlow did not appear, neither did Food Commissioner Wilson, and it is doubtful if they were ever asked to appear. It looked like a hoax for which the officials named were not responsible. The consequent collapse of the grand basket day saving scheme would have been humorous if not almost tragic. It is wrong to build these tissue-paper platforms only to fool the people.

I wonder if you could tell me what became of Messrs. Brownlow, Fillius, and the Senate committee who were to escort the housewives through the Farmers' Market Saturday at 8 a. m.? A friend and myself had rather an amusing trip. We arrived at the market at ten minutes to 8 o'clock, and found quite a number of people bent upon the same errand as ourselves, but could find no one who seemed to know anything about just where we were to buy the necessary articles for a dinner.

We went to the office of the superintendent of markets, and were told by a gentleman in uniform (evidently the market master) to simply go down the way; that everything in the middle section of the market would be sold at retail. We asked if

any quantity could be bought and he replied: "Yes, just go down that way," pointing in the direction indicated. To our surprise at every inquiry as to prices we were quoted the rate by the crate, basket, etc., and when we asked for smaller quantities their reply was: "This is no retail market." "This is a wholesale place," making all manner of fun at those who had made the trip in order to take advantage of dealing direct with the farmer.

One young man was as smart in telling us that it was a "wholesale" place that we said: "Yes, we know that, but what about the newspaper article directing people to come here?" He replied: "Well lady, you know you can force a horse to the water, but you cannot make him drink."

Out of the whole market we found only the few who were willing to sell at retail. One had nothing but lima beans, and one, quite an old gentleman, had quite a variety and was the only one who seemed at all willing to even make an attempt to sell at retail, and then he got just as high a price as was asked in any other part of the market.

Dr you think this kind of treatment fair to those who honestly make an attempt to reduce the R. C. L. Who is to blame for such articles in the newspapers, the "truth" in them? If there is no remedy for the present high prices, why should the public, and place them in position to be made game of? MISS J. D. CABLER, 310 R. L. Avenue N.