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ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner.

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THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 6, 1919.

The Roll Call

General Pershing Heads the List of Those Who Sign Their Names.

ENROLLMENT CARD

Name: John J. Pershing Address: _____

This card, with \$1 attached, will enroll you as a member of the Red Cross for 1920 in the District of Columbia Chapter.

Here you have the signature of the man who led America's fighting forces in the war against German autocracy. It is an interesting signature. Persons who profess to know things about writing would probably tell you that this autograph shows those characteristics which accompany the sharp brow, the steady eye, and the square jaw.

To the workers for the Red Cross in Washington it is more than an interesting sample of writing. It is the indorsement of their program by the representative of the forces with whom they have been most closely allied within the last two years.

In signing this card General Pershing says to the Red Cross: "You are all right." His was the first name signed in the campaign.

Washington knows of the work of the Red Cross at home as well as abroad. The army and navy hospitals of the city and St. Elizabeth's have received innumerable benefits from this organization. The work of the motor corps and those in charge of the canteens and preparations of surgical dressings has been of incalculable value to wounded soldiers and others in this city. Here are some testimonials from soldiers who have come in contact with the Red Cross in Washington.

The Red Cross has been my Big Ma, all right.

CAPT. L. MARTEWICZ, Ward 53, Walter Reed Hospital.

I think the Red Cross is the grandest organization in the world, and sure acted the part of Mother to all us soldiers.

PVT. LEO P. COYLE, Ward 56, Walter Reed Hospital.

Here was the gold thread in the crimson skein of war—the Red Cross.

SERGT. CHARLES W. O'CONNOR, Ward 65, Walter Reed Hospital.

Washington is expected to enroll one hundred thousand members in the third Red Cross roll call, which is now being made. The receipt for your contribution consists of a neat little celluloid button of white, bearing in its center a red cross, beneath which are the figures "1920" in blue.

It should be a distinct source of pride to every Washingtonian to wear this button, which means so much to Washington and to suffering humanity the world over.

From The Public To The Editor

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

Ex-Sailor thinks he is an exception, and therefore from his high point of view entitled to speak for the A. E. F. In the writers' outfit—a National Guard unit—there were men who had seen service in the same regiment in 1898 and again signed up in 1916 for service in Texas, Mexico or hell and again went willingly across in 1917 and saw some of the toughest work ever wished on men.

After eighteen months these men were discharged with the usual scant bonus.

And then "Ex-Sailor" speaks from wide experience and a goodness of heart to save our kind and arduous Government expense and our zealous legislators half hour's effort in reading and passing an added compensation bill.

The writer of this is not a fossil, and while he is able to make a good living and was fortunate enough to secure a well-paying job with a minimum loss of time, stands ready to capture and hold any bonus that comes his way.

CHARLES HENNINGES, Formerly Sergeant 165th Infantry (old Sixty-ninth New York).

Denies Published Statement.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

We, the undersigned citizens of Capitol Heights, Md., wish to refute the statement made by the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, published in The Times September 25, referring to the assault on Mrs. Helen Nightingale on the evening of July 31, about 10:15. The statement is a fabrication. We wish to state that the assault did actually occur.

John Gabriel, mayor of Capitol Heights, Md.; H. J. McCauley, balliff; Carl Pippert, balliff; H. L. Adams, balliff; G. H. Lee, Louis S. Dorn, W. Cellison, C. F. Lambert, W. F. Williamson, A. H. Boyington, Mrs. Fannie Peters, Emma McCormick, William E. McCormick, Anna Williamson, Raymond Hunt.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

In a recent issue you give an account of the Ford theater disaster, which occurred on June 3, 1893, not on July 3, as stated in the paper. I was buried three hours in that wreck and severely injured. I could not be seen or heard, and was found by accident. I was carried out on a stretcher and taken to Garfield Hospital. On July 3 I was taken home, and used a pair of crutches for some months, reporting for duty on them September 23.

When I was uncovered my collar bone was resting on the rim of the Japanese iron ice bucket, and my face in the bucket, and breathing dust all the time. Twenty dead had been carried out up to the time I was found, Miller, one of seven brothers who had served in the civil war, who sat on my left, was killed, the back of his head crushed the back of his head. Three years' military service, Libby prison, fractured leg and all, than to have gone through those three hours.

CAPT. JOHN B. DOWD, 4429 Georgia avenue.

Westerner and the Bonus

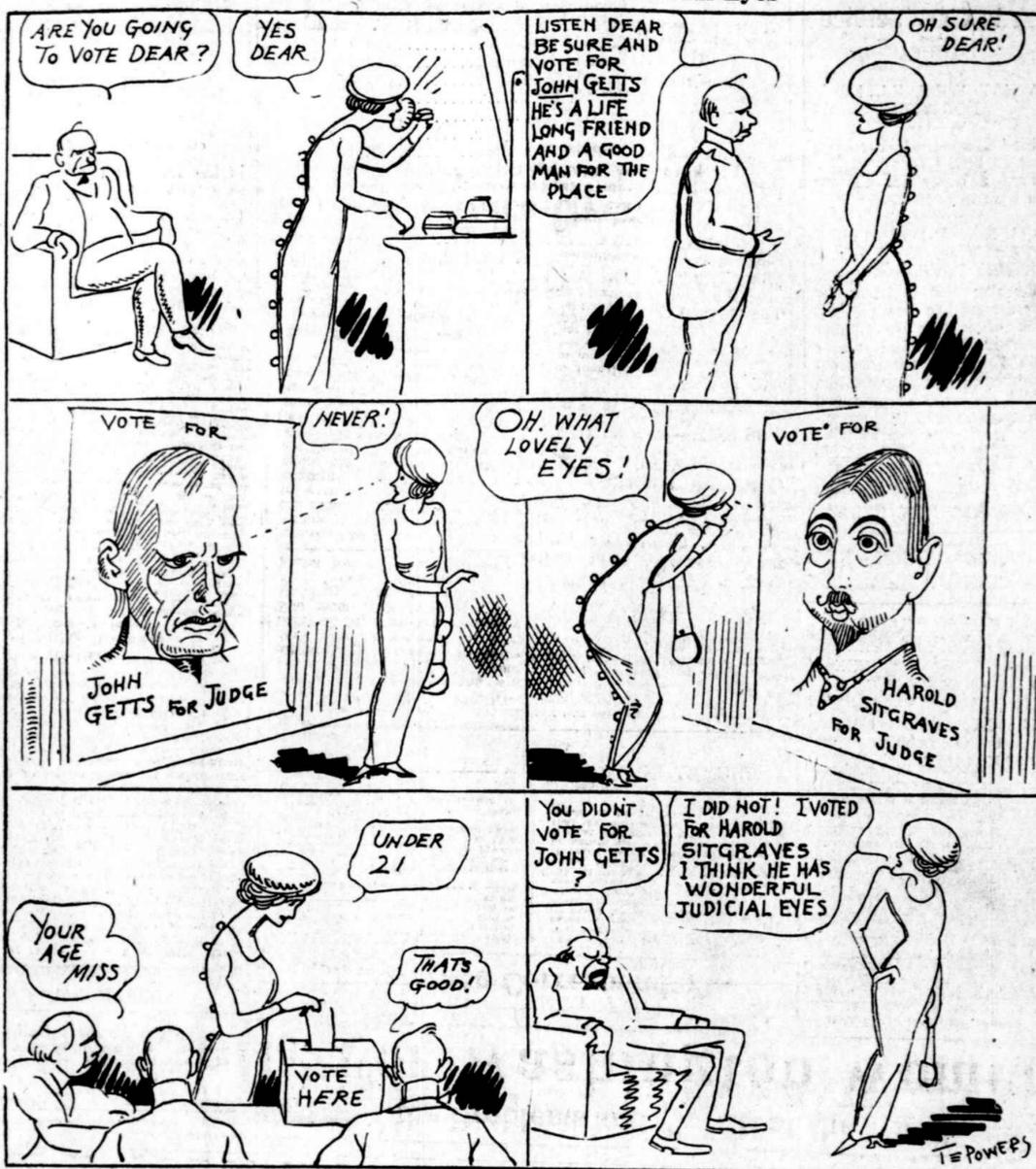
To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I am an old cowboy, who was raised out West, where the jack rabbits come for forty miles around to see the train pass by. I put in eighteen months in France. I was present on the main battle fronts till the last day of the war. I didn't wait for the draft to call me, nor would I have tried to dodge it. I'm not holier, "Give us more!" The greatest pay we wanted was \$100 a month. We were given \$100 a month. We were given \$100 a month.

PRIVATE BOB SMITH, Fifth Division.

The League of Husbands

He Had Wonderful Eyes By T. E. Powers



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

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: Here is a problem that has been worrying me for about a year. I am nineteen years of age and in love with a nice girl of the same age. We have been knowing each other for five years or more, but we have never gone out together as yet because I cannot get up courage enough to ask her. I certainly do love this girl but this new cannot get the nerve to tell her so. Won't you please tell me how I can let her know without openly saying so. BASHFUL.

There's only one way I know of to do a thing and that is—DO IT. Get busy and take the girl to the movies. She'll probably drop dead from surprise, but that's a risk you'll have to take after waiting this long. Brace right up to the front door with a box of chocolates in your hand. Like going into cold water, the first plunge is the worst. After that, it's easy!

Make Her Happy

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have read your wonderful advice to many people and now ask for you to advise me. A few Sundays ago, while attending one of the local churches, I became attracted by a young lady sitting in the same pew. She didn't notice me but was deeply devoted to prayer. She left a bit before services were over, and by fault of her purse opening, her card case dropped out, which I found and later decided to return as her address was on one of the cards. I did so, but mentioned no name. I have found out since that she is married and has a young child. I, myself, am an officer of the navy, commissioned from Annapolis, but find I can do nothing but think of this young lady. I have sneaked looks at her from the opposite side of the street and know she is unhappy as I have questioned a few people from around her neighborhood. I have fought back this feeling with all my power and now consider myself a coward. Kindly advise me what to do as this young lady doesn't even know me, but I would love to win her if she is happy.

A DOWN-HEARTED COWARD.

Apparently you don't know when you are well off. Why under the sun, now that you have found out the lady is married and a mother, should you pursue her even with your thoughts? The silliest thing in the world is to believe idle, neighborhood gossip. Just put yourself in the husband's shoes and then I think you'll decide you'd better go about your own affairs. Nothing could come of further acquaintance but trouble for yourself and her.

Why Are Men So Blind?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I have been engaged to a young man for sometime, in fact, have been going with him for a number of years, and love him with all my heart. I am working here, but he is in New York. He does not believe in marriage unless a man has a fine salary, and can give a girl all comforts. I would be willing to economize on a few things, as I feel that I am wasting the best years of my life. I am well along in my twenties and know seems lonely in another city. I have tried

Answers to Correspondents

to make him see this and how happy we would be together even on a little, but will not hear of it. I feel a slight misgiving as to whether he is just playing or not, as he is away and I do not see him oftener than every three or four months. I have had two other offers of marriage. One which I would not consider, and the other one a widower. I have the greatest respect for this man and if I married him would have every comfort possible. Please tell me what to do as marriage seems very far off, and there seems nothing to look forward to for a long time. Thanking you for a solution to my troubles, I am, PERPLEXED.

I know just how you feel, but I never would advise a girl to marry a man she didn't love even though he were rich as Croesus. Respect isn't enough to make the long years of married life endurable, although it has been known to develop into affection if the heart isn't already involved elsewhere. You must come to some understanding with the man in New York, however, because long engagements are a great mistake. In your case, where the visits are months apart, either the man or woman is apt to grow away from the other. Couldn't you continue to work after marriage and thus augment his income? Try to make him see that you are not getting all the "comforts of life" under the present arrangement. If you haven't already done so, it wouldn't do any harm to let him know of the other offers of marriage. Competition has been known to spur many a man along.

Lots of Vacation Beaux Forget When Vacation Is Over.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a reader of your columns and have printed by the advice that you have given to others that also applied to me. Now there is something I would thank you for your good ad-

vice: While I was away on my vacation I met a very nice young man I cared a good deal for and I think he cared for me. He gave me his address and asked me to write to him when I came home. So I did, but he never answered it. At the time I sent the letter I knew he wasn't staying home, but came up once a week for mail, as his people were away and he had to stay some other place. What I want to know, could it be possible that he did not get the letter and would it be proper to write again? LAURETTA.

Possible, but not probable. In the first place, he should have taken your address and been the one to write the first letter. Of course, it would be permissible to write an inquiry asking him if he ever received your letter, giving the date, but it seems as though he ought to get the letter sooner or later if it were properly addressed.

This Is the Time Mere Man Is Worried.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a young man of nineteen and have been going with a girl a year younger for whom I would be willing to do anything whatever to make her happy always. This girl and I have been lovers for five years and up until a few months ago we were getting along fine and intended to be married when I reached twenty-one. Now, this little girl hasn't been treating me as she should lately and I am just on the verge of telling her what I think. I have made dates with her and through her stubbornness she has deliberately broken them at the last moment offering some excuse which really was no reason at all. I told her I didn't love her any more and didn't intend to marry her, but she told me I'd change my mind some day and would marry her after all. Does she mean she intends to learn to love me again even though she doesn't now? Since she told me this

I have told her of my renewed love for her; told her she could have anything she wanted and asked for her love, but I don't even get a satisfactory answer. I am sure she has no other regular fellow. T. D. P.

Leading you a merry chase, isn't she? The little minx is quite right when she says you'll marry here after all. Just at present she has you whirling around in circles and keeping you guessing to the queen's taste. Incidentally, it does my heart good because I have so many letters from girls who haven't the knack of twisting men around their little fingers and that are so unhappy, that I enjoy seeing the tables turned. Don't wear your heart on your sleeve, my lad. I'm afraid you've let her get too sure of you, and that never does for either a man or a woman. Maybe if you weren't Johnny-on-the-spot every minute, she might discover that she misses you a bit and would be on her good behavior when you do show up. How about that?

This Time the Shoe Is on the Other Foot.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX: I am a girl not quite seventeen and have been going with a boy several years older than myself. I have known him about two years. For a long time we were just the best of pals until recently we seemed to become more to each other. I am very fond of him and quite anxious that he care for me. Sometimes I think he does and sometimes not. Recently another boy friend of mine walked home from the movies with my girl friend and myself. I told the other boy about this and he became angry at a remark I made but would give me no chance to explain that I spoke without thinking. He still seems angry and reminds me of my hasty speech constantly. He hasn't made an engagement with me for several weeks and seldom calls. Don't you think he owes me an explanation when he used to come several nights a week?

It is only since this other boy has appeared on the scene that he has acted this way. What can I do to make him be the same again and to make him care? BLUE EYES.

Your young man seems to have in him the making of a very good young tyrant. Isn't he taking something of a dog in the manger attitude toward you, objecting to the other boy and still not calling himself? I'd let him do the worrying if I were you. He will if he sees that he isn't worrying you. You're too young to start being a door mat for any man.

Here's a Suggestion for the Seven-Cent Fare Situation

By EARL GODWIN. Let me call your attention today to a genius from Oklahoma City named TONY I. MOSS, who has sent to RAY BAKER, Director of the Mint, a design for a new seven-cent coin to meet the demand for such a token of the people's gratitude to Public Utilities Commissions and other friendly creations which have saddled upon us an extra tax on going to work. Mr. Moss has sound reasons for wanting a seven-cent coin, but the great genius displayed in his suggestion lies in the fact that he wants one side of the piece to bear the figure of a MONKEY.



There could be no possible way better than this to express the situation. We have let the general street railway condition run to a point where the general public bears the same relation to the street car companies as a cute little monkey on a chain bears to the beneficent hand-organ grinder.

Mr. Moss thinks that the buffalo, the eagle, the Indian, and all the other noble symbols which have been used to the limit on American coins and in American decoration generally are now passe, and that the time has come when we should revert to that noblest ancestor of us all, the howling ape, who seems to typify the human race not only as Professor Darwin saw him, but in a political and economical sense as well. Mr. Moss is not conversant, I take it, with the Washington street railway situation, but if he had been strap-hanging here ever since the old cable car days he couldn't have made a better hit. One road earning more than it possibly needs on a five-cent fare; the other road a far gone that NOTHING will help it, not even doubling the fare; all three Commissioners professing to believe in a five-cent fare, and yet we are burdened with a daily four-cent tax on going to work.

If there is any better way to express ourselves than by placing a monkey upon our coins, I do not know, unless it be to take down the Statue of Liberty from the other side of the proposed coin and substitute therefor a poor-old GOAT.

HEARD AND SEEN

Four street lunch vendors, arrested Tuesday in front of the War Risk Bureau, taken to Police Court yesterday morning, were dismissed by the judge when it was proved they were making sales at the time of arrest. The Police Court is there simply in the matter of justice, and their dismissal proves that by getting a fair trial the people who are interested in buying their lunch as cheaply as possible will win out in the end.

WINTHROP COLLEGE. Meeting of the Winthrop College (S. C.) girls tonight, with MISS ESTHER SURASKY, 1829 Ontario place, near 18th st. and Columbia road, at 8 o'clock. All former students urged to be present.

Village Items. Ye ed is in receipt of a basket of flowers sent to him by the "say it with flowers" committee.

I wish some one would start a say it with sugar week and start it off with a large five hundred pound donation.

FRANK HIGHT has a good cook down at the Willard Hotel, and a lot of folks were eating there last night when our reporter called.

RUSS EDWARDS wants to know why he is solicited for the Concordia Church while riding in the elevators of the District Building.

CHARLIE GLOVER was a theatergoer yesterday, watching Fred Stone girate about on the stage.

ARTHUR SHELTON was also enjoying the show.

MAX VON SCHLEGEL is here from Martinsburg to have a good time with the dentist.

WILLIAM PHILIP SIMMS, made himself a big record in the as a newspaper correspondent in Paris, London and on the front. Taken charge of the Washington Bureau of the International News Service, succeeding JACK NEVIN, resigned.

LOWELL MELLETT, one of the best newspaper men on earth is leaving the United Press to be managing editor of Collier's Weekly.

The Bill Collector's Life is Not a Merry One! "As I was standing in the doorway with Mrs. Clayton," said the wounded man, "her husband fired at me. I think the doctor was a little hasty. I was doing nothing wrong. We were only cutting up, as I am in the habit of doing. Perhaps he was tired of having me call around to collect a bill he owes the firm." From a Chicago Tribune news story.

Once-Overs

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc. CONCENTRATION MEANS ACCURACY.

Like thousands of others you wonder why you are not more accurate.

You think you concentrate, but your errors are ridiculous. Lack of mind control is the secret.

How many minutes can you continue thinking on a certain theme, practicing a certain exercise, acting out a certain character to the exclusion of every other thought, absolutely?

Can you walk directly behind a person on the street, for instance, relaxing and throwing yourself into the same gait, until you feel that you can solve that person's frame of mind? That is not an impossible thing to do.

You fear what someone might say. You might be arrested as a suspicious character. But the principle holds good. It is continued, consistent, persistent, concentrated practice which makes for accuracy.