The Washington Times

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Washington, D. C., Tuesday, June 17, 1913.

WHO CAN ANSWER?

"Must a legislature be an ass?" demands the New York World, apropos of the fact that the New York Legislature is just meeting in special session with determination to slap the State in the face by refusing once more to pass the primary legislation.

We don't know, and can't take time to consider the question in all its bearings. We are too busy wondering about the case of a Congress that thinks the currency system is good because the weather in Washington is hot.

THE MELANCHOLY DAYS.

These are the melancholy days for the poor, distressed, overworked, and impecunious $9.20-steer-producing farmer.

The corn simply must have rain mighty soon or it will be burned up.

The wheat mustn't have rain this near to harvest.

The farmer is between the devil and the deep sea—as always, in matters meteorological—and knows perfectly that he'll get the worst of it no matter what happens.

The crop statistics service, however, manages to reconcile the growls into a broad and not uncomfortable generalization that, as usual, we are likely to see the crop-producing record broken this season.

GOOD MANNERS IN BUSINESS.

President Finley, of the Southern railway, addressing members of the traffic department of his system, pointed out the importance, the positive commercial value, of good manners. Courteous and considerate treatment of the patron is one of the first aids to dividends, as President Finley very well knows, and as a good many service corporations have demonstrated.

That customer who is made to feel that the department store, the railroad, the bank or the wholesale house is his personal friend, is the one who is not only most certain to come back again with his business, but who is the best possible drummer for trade. Personal relationship is the strongest force in determining the courses of business. Other factors, such as price and service, may be, and commonly are, closely standardized. The personal equation is the one in which the largest field remains, under modern conditions, for expansion of opportunity, for knitting together the business fabric and strengthening it with the enduring fiber of individual touch and mutual understanding. People who travel extensively know how much these considerations have to do with the routing of business. The passenger by rail discovers on what road he gets the most satisfactory treatment, and when he becomes a shipper of freight his inevitable disposition is to favor that line which has earned his kindly sentiments on personal grounds. President Finley's advice to his passenger traffic force was enlightened and wise. It is just as good advice for people in every other line of business.

THE DEMORALIZING "TIP."

That Santa Barbara carpenter who offered Senator Works $1,000 to make him postmaster explains that he didn't know it was wrong. "I was just offering a tip," he says. "Among carpenters it is customary to give the boss carpenter two bits or four bits a day for employment."

It is, is it? Well, that's something that ought to be looked into. There ought to be no such custom, and if there is, it ought to be ended just as quickly as possible by laws that will inject a better moral tone into boss carpentering.

We gather that $1,000 fee for getting the Santa Barbara postoffice for, say a four-year term, would be a very moderate percentage compared to the fees that are uncomplainingly paid and more or less ungraciously received, by hotel waiters, hat-rack attendants, and pretty much all classes of personal attendants nowadays. The Santa Barbara carpenter seems at a loss to know the moral distinction between a 10-cent tip for a dollar meal, and a $1,000 tip on a $10,000 job. Come to examine it, the difference is not so tremendously apparent. The waiter is primarily the servant of the hotel, which ought to pay his wages. The Senator is the servant of the Government, which is presumed to pay his. A man so far away from the privilege of association with Senators as is a Santa Barbarian might easily wonder, if he has been reading about the Senate in the last few years, why the tip that the waiter and the boss carpenter accept should be an impropriety when offered to the Senator.

MORE RAILROAD DECISIONS.

The Supreme Court decisions in the series of railroad rate cases related to that recently determined from Minnesota bring out little that is new, though the discussion of ex parte valuations by Mr. Justice Hughes will be of some interest to people who are concerned to know what the courts will do about the general valuation on which the Government is just entering.

In general, this series of cases were such that the application of the Minnesota case's reasoning was very obvious. The State is sustained in its effort to regulate intrastate traffic, with merely the reservation—a reservation always made in such cases, and clearly pointed out many years ago—that there must be no confiscation. There is still left standing the intimation of the Minnesota opinion, that if State regulation becomes an interference with interstate commerce, Congress will have the power to correct that condition.

The court declines to pay any attention to ex parte valuations presented by the railroad companies to show a valuation on which they must be permitted to earn returns. Thus the Burlington system brought into court a showing of valuation about $115,000,000 in excess of all the capitalization of its property, and the court declines to pay any attention to it. The showing is held not to be convincing or sufficiently detailed.

The discussion of valuation, in both the Missouri and the Minnesota cases, leaves it apparent that the Supreme Court is disposed to wait for results from the great project of national valuation of these properties. It has been at some pains to make clear that it would take a good deal of stock in a valuation convincingly made; but in neither the railroad-made valuations of the Hill roads nor the similarly prepared appraisals of the Burlington is it able to place reliance. Evidently we are going to have this question of valuation, the proper method of making it, and the weight to be given it in fixing rates, before us until the Interstate Commerce Commission shall have completed at least an appraisal of some single system, and then invoked that valuation as a factor in determining rates or practices.

MR. DANIELS AND HIS NAVY.

Secretary Daniels thinks there should be one battleship building at all times in each of the three great Government navy yards, at Norfolk, New York, and Boston. He says nothing about the battleships Friendship and Fellowship, from which we gather that he wants the nickeled steel sort. It sounds positively jingoistic to hear the Secretary—and he a life-long devotee of Mr. Bryan, too!—talk about battleships in such a wholesale way.

Still, of course, it would be possible to spend four or five years building each ship, and that might keep the average of naval efficiency low enough to prevent war.

Generally speaking, the Secretary has the right idea. It is all wrong to have magnificent Government shipyards idle. The Government ought to have a regular policy of building a certain proportion of its ships. It should make its own armor and its own powder.

MR. OXNARD'S TESTIMONY.

Henry T. Oxnard knows the beet sugar industry of this country as perhaps no other man knows it. He knows it from the agricultural, the manufacturing, the marketing, the stock speculating, the tariff and political points of view. He comes nearer to being responsible for it as a powerful industry, now producing something like two-thirds of a million tons of sugar, than any other half dozen men.

Mr. Oxnard's frank assurance to the Senate investigators, that the American Beet Sugar Company put $15,000,000 of water in with $5,000,000 of investment, to make its $20,000,000 capitalization and then, under the operation of the protective tariff, was able to build up its values so that he thinks the stock is now worth about its going price—that is, so that the consumers of sugar paid for the injection of value into the water—places the sugar industry of the West in an uncomfortable attitude.

In the present temper of the country toward the tariff there is not much patience with the idea of using protection to put value into blue sky and watered securities. The public has by no means changed its mind as to the usefulness of protection when properly applied to the purpose of establishing new industries and giving them a chance. But it has decidedly reached the point where it does not believe in protection for excess of profits. The beet sugar business, largely owned by the cane sugar refining interests, overcapitalized, and now pressed to the front as the chief agent to demand continuance of high protection, does not make a strong appeal to the confidence of tariff legislators or of sincere protectionists.

It is to be hoped that the Dutch color standard provision in the tariff will not be allowed to escape some elucidation at the hands of witnesses before the investigating committee. It would seem to be a very proper subject for more extended inquiry. There has been a plenty of lobbying in favor of retaining that provision in the law. It is not going to be retained, of course; nobody, nowadays, would dare vote for it, because it has been so thoroughly exposed as one of the wickedest jokers ever injected into a tariff schedule. But it would be interesting none the less to have some more light shed on its origin and the methods by which it has been so long kept in the law.

BIRTHDAY OF THE AMERICAN FLAG.

One hundred and thirty-six years ago Saturday the Continental Congress passed a resolution "that the flag of the thirteen United States be thirteen stripes, alternate red and white; that the union be thirteen stars, white in a blue field, representing a new constellation."

Flag Day has a special interest this year, when we are looking forward to the centenary of "The Star-Spangled Banner" in 1914. The colors had been shot at often before Key wrote his song, but he gave them a new meaning in the eyes and hearts of his countrymen.

It is interesting to remember also that at Cooch's Bridge, Del., just across the line of Cecil county, Md., the Stars and Stripes were unfurled in a battle between the troops of Washington and Howe on September 3, 1777, the day the new flag was promulgated by Congress. A month earlier an improvised flag, supposed to have conformed to the same design, was raised at Fort Stanwix, N. Y., then undergoing siege. In this friendly rivalry for recognition as the place where the emblem of American independence and union received its baptism of fire there is glory enough for both claimants.

THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

THE DEAD-LINE.

(Being a few words of caution to restaurateurs as regards the use of ice.)

Restaurantic keepers,
Prodigal with ice,
Prithee cast your peepers
Over this advice.

Ice the storage chicken's
Prehistoric wing;
Ice the very dickens
Out of everthing.

Let it simply clutter
Everything in view;
Put it on the butter,
Which you never do.

Flaunt your icy folly,
You and all your ilk;
But, by gosh and golly!
DO NOT ICE MY MILK!

Why the telephone company is popular:

"Hello, Central! What's the score?"

"Four to one." (Cuts off and refuses to answer further callings of the desperate fan who wants to know who copped.)

The "S" Is for Cinch.

G. S. K.: I haven't the "S" in your title figured out yet, but I'm convinced that the G. K. stand for Government kiosk. P. M.

There are all kinds of ways to report a ball game, including the Chicago "Inter-Ocean's" statement, anent Saturday's game, that "Johnson was as ineffective as a raw recruit."

IN WHICH THE NOBLE ORIGIN OF THE COLUMN IS DEMONSTRATED BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT.

(From Chorbulies's "Samuel Brohl & Company.")

"Ah, my dear Count Larinski, THIS, THAT, AND THE OTHER, etc., thus endeth the adventure."

* * *

(From "Trilby.")

He was fond of gazing at the magnificent old mansions, the "hotels" of the old French noblesse, or rather the outside walls thereof, the grand sculptured portals with the armorial bearings and the splendid old historic names above them—hotel de THIS, Hotel de THAT, Rohan-Chabot, Montmorency, La Rouchefoucald-Liancourt, La Tour d'Auvergne.

* * *

(From "Sartor Resartus.")

Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, Royal Drawing Rooms, Levees, Couchees, and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke THIS is presented by Archbishop THAT, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable Bishops, Admirals, and miscellaneous Functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence——

Plague take the official thermometers! They register ten degrees low in summer and ten or twenty high in the winter. 'Sdiscouraging!

Be the day ever so hot, however—and yesterday was—we shall never, never sally out with an umbrella hoisted to shield our meticulous brow.

Oh, Have It Your Own Way.

G. S. K.: I read that Robert B. Mantell's company has been disbanded for the summer. Isn't "dismantelled" the proper word? G. F. Y.

A careful observer at the ball park reports that during the fifth inning yesterday one of the coaches actually had one foot inside the coaching box.

WELL, WE'RE GLAD IT'S COLD SOMEWHERE.

(From the "Herald.")

	Max.	Min.	8 p. m.
Tampa, Fla.	92	70	86
Toledo, Ohio	94	70	76
Vicksburg, Miss.	92	68	84
Anglo-American Oil	..	18½	19¼

Hotfooting it back to deposits on the bank of Culebra, it occurs that they ought to be checked.

Why Column Conductors Grow Gray.

G. S. K.: Would you say that the money given the sugar lobbyists was slipped them syruptitiously?

APPRENTICE.

We hold no brief for the mosquitoes, but we prefer them to the man, and he'll shortly be with us, who can't explain why it is, but the mosquitoes never bite me at all.

THE MOST HONEST MAN.

P. D. Q.: "The column conductor who says 'we never print humor.'"

L. B. C.: "The man who admits it was the money he cared about, and not just the principle of the thing."

"The time is past," remarks Secretary Bryan, "when a man can enjoy himself and not be interested in all about him."

Oh, we don't know. The currency question, plans for the Fourth and Jim Hill's prosperity views are decidedly all about us.

And nevertheless——

G. S. K.

IT CAN'T BE DONE! By VIC

MAIL BAG

From The Times' Readers

Letters for publication should not run more than two hundred words and should be written on one side of the paper only. All communications must carry signature and address of the writer, but the signature will be omitted upon request.

"Too Much Education."

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I am constrained to indorse most cheerfully and approvingly the sentiment couched in The Washington Times, under the head, "Too Much Education." The editorial, reviewing the suggestion of the president of the Chicago University that schools and colleges ought to condense and vitalize courses of study suggests: "Educational processes nowadays seem too much to assume the responsibility for equipping students with a complete stock of information."

This strikes the keynote. Our schools attempt to provide, in advance, for all the contingencies of life, leaving no "hungering and thirsting" for knowledge in the future. They foster the idea that "the education is finished." It begets laziness and shiftlessness. It ought to foster an enthusiastic zeal.

I heartily indorse the sentiment of The Times.

J. FRAISE RICHARD.

Asks Fair Play.

To the Editor of THE TIMES:

I think it would be well to call the attention of the heads of the departments to the following matter:

About July 1 many of the Government employes on the temporary forces, such as those in the Pension Office, will be dismissed. It is to be regretted that any one must lose their job, but in such dismissals it ought to be looked into that justice is done. On such forces are many widows of soldiers, orphans of soldiers, widows, and single women. It seems fair that the widows and orphans of soldiers should be shown a preference in being retained, and that if any are to be dismissed, it ought to be those wives who already have husbands drawing a salary from Uncle Sam.

It is hardly a fair proposition in any way to have both husband and wife—as is often the case—getting salaries from the Government and other deserving people unable to get a job. But when it comes, as it will in a few weeks, to a point where there must be dismissals, it will certainly be up to those in authority to see that the widows, orphans, and unmarried women get a preference before those who have husbands in other Government jobs.

FAIR PLAY.

Good Stories

Natural Error.

"THIS, I presume, is a study in life," remarked the Mere Man.

"No, sir; that is a landscape," repiled the artist, haughtily. "That is a March sunset."

"Oh, pardon me. I thought it was a fried egg," apologized the Mere Man.—Judge.

In Case of Failure.

A COMMERCIAL traveler at a railway station in one of our Southern towns included in his order for breakfast two boiled eggs. The old darky who served him brought him three.

"Uncle," said the traveling man, "why in the world did you bring me three boiled eggs? I only ordered two."

"Yes, sir," said the old darky, bowing and smiling. "I know you did order two, sir, but I brought three because I just naturally felt dat one of dem might fall you, sir."—Topeka Capital.

Speeding Him.

MR. WEERIUS was making a call, says the Chicago Tribune.

"I never take any chances with hold-up men," he remarked, looking at his watch to fill up a pause in the conversation. "When I am likely to be out late at night I always carry my dollar watch."

"Why, there's no danger this time, is there?" smiled his hostess. "It's only 9 o'clock, and it certainly won't take you more than half an hour to get home."

The Stories of Famous Novels

By Albert Payson Terhune

No. 36—FRANKENSTEIN; By Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley.

FRANKENSTEIN was a German student whose studies in anatomy and other brands of science had given him one great craving: He longed to create artificially a living creature.

By the rare skill that was his he built a gigantic and powerful body, gathering his material in dissecting room and churchyards. At last the creature was complete and Frankenstein breathed into it the breath of life.

To the student's mingled triumph and horror the artificial figure became a living, sentient Monster. A Monster with no soul and with craft instead of intellect, but with a simplicity and affection that were doglike.

The Monster's first emotion was one of boundless gratitude to Frankenstein for bringing it into existence. It worshiped the student as its god, and for his sake was prepared to love all mankind.

The "Man-Made" Monster.

But Frankenstein, gazing on the hideous face and giant form of the Monster, was sick with loathing for it. He repulsed its friendly advances and drove it from him. The Monster looked elsewhere for companionship. But at sight of its unearthly ugliness everyone fled in terror.

Eager to be friends with the whole world, the Monster found itself shunned and hated. Then it returned to Frankenstein and tearfully implored him to make for it a mate, to share its lot and to lighten its awful loneliness.

The Monster promised to go with this mate to some remote part of the earth and never to molest mankind. Frankenstein reluctantly consented. He set to work building another creature which should be a counterpart of the Monster.

But, even while he worked, he suddenly realized what a curse must be his for turning loose upon the earth a race of such beings. And he destroyed the half-made effigy. As he did so, he was startled by a scream of mad rage that echoed through his laboratory. The Monster, watching from outside the window, had seen the destruction of its promised mate.

This was the crowning wrong suffered by the Monster. And the shock turned its kindly instincts into murderous hate. It vowed vengence on all humanity, but chiefly upon Frankenstein.

Frankenstein had a dear friend, who, from childhood, had been as a brother to him. This friend was found murdered; his body horribly mangled. Frankenstein's baby brother was the Monster's next victim. The student himself was safe from the Monster's attacks, chiefly because the creature's devilish craftiness told it that through grief Frankenstein could be punished far more terribly than by personal harm. But those he loved were doomed.

Then (while Frankenstein was in paroxysm of sorrow for his dear ones' deaths and was suffering conscience-throbs for having created the demon that had murdered his brother and his friend) the Monster vanished. After a time, as nothing further was heard of it, the student ventured to believe it was dead.

Shaking off the horror that had so long gripped him, Frankenstein returned to his former pleasant life. And after a time he ventured to marry a girl whom he had long loved.

The Triple Revenge.

On his wedding day his bride was found murdered. The Monster, after luring Frankenstein into a false security, had once more struck at his bare heart.

Henceforth, Frankenstein had but one aim in life—to wreak vengeance on the fiend that had slain his bride. He tracked the Monster from one end of the world to the other; at last coming up with it amid the ice fields of the far north. But even there the Monster eluded him—this time forever. And Frankenstein turned homeward to die.

(Mrs. Shelley, her poet-husband and Lord Byron, during the summer of 1816, resolved to while away a rainy week in a Swiss villa by writing "ghost stories" and then reading them aloud to one another. Byron wrote "The Vampire." Mrs. Shelley's contribution was "Frankenstein," a tale that was to achieve immortal fame. Few general readers now remember Mrs. Shelley's other writings. Every one has heard of Frankenstein. The name long ago passed into our language; to denote a person injured by his own unwise actions.)

Is Old Time Chivalry a Lost Accomplishment?

By Sophie Irene Loeb.

MRS. JOHN JACOB ASTOR'S cousin, who is determined to leave society and earn her living, drastically denounces the men who ogle women in street cars and other public places.

She says:

"A well-dressed woman who rides in a street car, although she may gaze steadily up at the advertisements or down at the floor, is painfully conscious of the impudent stares of most of the men within sight.

"The majority of men seem to have no respect for any woman.

"The much-advertised courtesy of the American man toward women certainly does not apply to the New York man.

"When an attractive, stylishly dressed woman has to walk any distance without an escort she is a target for stares from all the men she passes.

"Often she is followed by some atrocious creature whose colossal vanity makes him think his attentions will be welcome."

It is so.

And we have much to learn in this direction from our brothers across the seas. It is very seldom that a "John-nie" in England, for example, will continue to gaze on a woman or pursue his attentions unless he is strongly encouraged.

But it is very evident that over here a large percentage of men seem to think they are "monarchs of all they survey" where women are concerned.

Many of them need NO encouragement whatever. It just simply becomes a matter of course—a HABIT, in fact—to stare at women for any or no reason.

And, strange to say, they continue undismayed, even if they know by the attitude of the woman that their interest is unwelcome.

We have always had before us the proverbial "chivalry" of the American man. And the protection of his womankind has been regarded as one of his chief attributes.

What has wrought the change? It would be deplorable indeed if this splendid standard of American manhood were NOT to be maintained.

Many an American would be ready to fight the man who "eyes" his mother and sisters, and yet he thoughtlessly does the SAME THING himself.

A little of the golden rule might be practiced by "the guys who gaze."

At any rate wise is the woman who, when attentions become too obtrusive, does not hesitate to call a policeman.

We women are prone to "let it go" for fear of publicity or of drawing attention to ourselves. And these "mashers" go unmolested every day.

Since this is a Woman's Age and reform is in the air, here is one phase that could and should be corrected.

The woman who has the courage to punish a specific case should have the co-operation and support of her fellow-citizens rather than become the object of public attention.

For, she not only adjusts the particular issue, but paves the way for future correction of this daily abuse.

Hedgeville Editor

By John L. Hobbs.

Rev. Frost says the only sure way to avoid trouble is to remember half that you hear, believe half that you remember, and never repeat what you believe.

A great many people have the ability to succeed, but devote their lives to making money.

Miss Pafaun says there ought to be a law forbidding a woman to get another husband until all the other girls are supplied.

The common idea seems to be that a gentleman must kneel to those above him and kick those below him.

Here's a Book

"The Torch Bearer," by I. T. Thurston, illustrated by photographs and published by the Fleming H. Revell Company, of New York.

Although it is to be expected that every girl who gets her hands on this book of Camp Fire Girl life will read it just as fast as she can, it is to be hoped that not all of its readers will be young people. Unfortunately for children sometimes, it is the older generation who hold the purse strings and to whom application must be made for any indulgence in a cherished plan. Ergo—it is fondly hoped that every grown person interested at all in the furtherance of plans which deal with good times for little girls will read this book.

"The Torch Bearer" is a story of Camp Fire Life and besides explaining very clearly the purpose, plan and daily round of Camp Fire life both in the city meetings and in active camp in the country, it shows with pathetic clearness what this great movement will mean to thousands of little girls, if it can only be carried out.

From fourteen to twenty-one the life of average girls in straitened or even moderate circumstances is devoid of all play, they graduate as a matter of course to the dish pan, towel and broom, and the delightful out-of-door world to which they each have a natural right is denied them because they are girls.

They have by no manner of means stopped growing, yet they are at once considered women by the outside world and no further interest is taken in the development of the bodies of which so much is to be required later on.

I. T. Thurston, the author of this book, has made the above appeal the underlying burden of the narrative, all the more poignant because it is made without any attempt at effort.

An interesting tale for not only the initiated but the uninitiated as well.

What's on the Program in Washington Today

Masonic meetings, night—National, No. 12; Arminius, No. 25; Myron M. Parker, No. 27; King David, No. 28, and Takoma, No. 29, lodges. Lafayette, No. 5, and Washington Naval, No. 6, chapters; Mithras Lodge of Perfection. Scottish Rite; Mizpah Chapter, No. 8, Eastern Star.

Red Men—Idaho Tribe, No. 15, Northeast Temple; Osceola Tribe, No. 19, Tenleytown; Maneta Chapter, No. 6, degree of Pocahontas, Fifth and G streets.

National Union—State, War and Navy Councils, Pythian Temple; Fraternal Council, Schmidt's Hall.

Odd Fellows—Washington, No. 6; Golden Rule, No. 21, and Amity, No. 27.

Knight of Pythias—Webster, No. 7; Excelsior, No. 14; Capital, No. 24, and Myrtle, No. 25.

Address by Assistant Secretary of the Navy Roosevelt, to the District branch of the American Society of Marine Draftsmen, Cosmos Club, night.

Meeting of the Southern Society of Washington, the New Willard.

Graduating exercises eighth grade of the eleventh division, Mott School, 9:30 a. m.

Meeting of the Social Welfare School and address by Dr. Elnora C. Foulkman on "Social Evil," Public Library, night.

Amusements.

National—"Bohemian Girl," 8:15 p. m.

Columbia—"The Prince and the Pauper," 8:15 p. m.

Poli's—"The Woman," 2:15 and 8:15 p. m.

Belasco—Antarctic Pictures, 3 and 8:30 p. m.

Glen Echo—All amusements.

Chevy Chase Lake—Dancing and concert by Marine Band.

Forty-mile moonlight trip down the Potomac—Steamer leaves Seventh street wharf at 7 p. m.