

# The Washington Times

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING (INCLUDING SUNDAYS) BY THE WASHINGTON TIMES COMPANY, THE MUNSEY BUILDING, PENNSYLVANIA AVENUE.

Frank A. Munsey, Pres. R. H. Titherington, Sec. Fred A. Walker, Treasurer and General Manager.

ONE YEAR (INC. SUNDAY), \$1.50; 6 MO., \$1.15; 3 MO., 75c. Entered at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C., as second class mail matter.

Washington, D. C., Thursday, May 22, 1913.

## MAYBE THIS'LL HELP.

It being possible that our Public Utilities Commission has failed to do anything since its creation because nobody has mentioned anything that seemed to need doing, the suggestion is respectfully made that the New York commission is investigating telephone rates in the metropolis and ordering a lot of reductions.

Also that talk is by no means cheap in this town. And that telephone contracts are of a sort that in many cases would not be and are not permitted in civilized communities with real public UTILITY commissions.

### LOUIS F. POST.

Louis F. Post, editor of The Public, is to be Assistant Secretary of Commerce.

It is a proper, well-earned and most appropriate recognition of one of the ablest publicists in this country.

Few men have done more than Louis F. Post, a modest, hard-working student and publisher, to bring the American people to the frame of mind which is responsible for the upward turn in political, social and commercial morals. He is eminently fitted for the place, and because of its opportunity of real service, he ought to accept whether he can afford or not.

## NOT NECESSARILY HIDEBOUND.

There are a lot of inexcusable things in the Underwood tariff bill, no matter how it be viewed. If it is a tariff for competition, one set of things are out of harmony with that theory; if a tariff for revenue, another lot of details don't jibe; if a tariff for moderate protection, then there are other absurdities. In parts, it seems to be all these things, as well as, in yet other places, a plain free trade affair.

Yet on the whole the aggregate of these bad features does not prevent it from being a pretty good compliance with the Democratic faith.

It is now promised that neither Senate, White House nor House will be stiff-necked and hidebound about making obvious improvements and reasonable changes. No piece of plain foolishness is to be left there merely because it happened to get there, and because, having got there, it must be kept as a proof of party "solidarity."

Which is a sensible way to go about the business. Leave it a Democratic bill, but make it a better one if possible.

## NO CLOSURE IN THE SENATE.

The reorganized and rehabilitated Senate should be warned against any effort to commit it to a policy of closure by which its traditional grant of unlimited debate will be treacherously cut off. Despite all that has been said and written about the folly, the boresomeness, the uselessness of unlimited discussion in the Senate, the fact remains that that privilege is the one distinguishing guarantee of the Senate's legislative domination. It is possible because the Senate is a smaller body than the House. It has made the Senate the real deliberative and the real constructive body.

Senator Dolliver used to observe that the Senate's tradition of unlimited discussion was the greatest guarantee left to the country of a fair chance for the public's side of public issues. He did not overstate it. There have been some rare occasions when real, destructive filibusters have been conducted under this rule. But it would be difficult to enumerate many cases in which the filibuster did not, in the end, fully justify itself. Who now regrets that the "force bill" was made impossible by such tactics? Who doubts that the La Follette filibuster against the Aldrich currency bill, a few years ago, was the means of commanding a measure of public attention and interest to that measure and to the currency question as a whole, that has been of very real value in forming opinion ever since?

The House of Representatives wonders why its prestige has waned and its importance as compared to the Senate has decreased. The answer may be found in the attitude of the House itself. It could not, of course, permit unlimited debate while its membership is so large. But it could reduce its membership if it would. Last census-taking was followed by a new appointment; and the House hoisted the number once more, when almost every individual member would say privately that it would be better to reduce the number by 100. What will be the end, if that step is not some day taken? The House will be more and more unwieldy, the possibility of any real freedom of discussion will grow beautifully less—and the Senate's importance will proportionately increase as it becomes more and more the real crucible of legislation.

The House talks to the Record and the constituency at home. The Senate debates. There is a difference as wide as the poles. Under a rule for consideration of an appropriation bill that ought to be considered with detail and care, gentlemen speak—or write for the Record—speeches on everything under the sun. That brings House proceedings into disrepute with serious people. Bills, nowadays, are pretty frankly jammed through the House with the understanding that the Senate will fix 'em up all right. What's the use of the House working seriously on them, anyhow? The Senate will finally have its own way!

To be sure it will; and it will, in a general way,

because it does the real work that entitles it to dominate.

The Senate is no longer the Senate of Aldrich and Hale and Foraker and John Kean and Thomas Collier Platt. On both sides of the party line it is a Senate in large part of new men, elected as a result of new impulses, representing a new national thought. It has the country's confidence in a larger measure than ever in many years past; not because it has changed from Republican to Democratic, but because it has got nearer to the people. If a reversal of the political wheel should change it to Republican control again, this public confidence would not be lost.

Therefore the present is no time for the Senate to undertake extreme measures merely in order to hasten the vote on a tariff bill, or any other bill. The maintenance of the Senate's most valuable and conserving institution—that of unlimited debate—is more important in many ways than a tariff policy or a tariff bill.

## THE CASE OF MR. SISSON.

Quite a number of Industrial Wreckers of the World have been arrested and locked up of late, in various parts, for incendiary language. They have been accused of inciting to riot and violence. On trial, convictions have been obtained and public sentiment in general appears to have sustained the notion that it isn't necessary to encourage dynamiting and house burning.

Perhaps because a man is a Congressman he is entitled to more consideration. If his extreme utterances constitute incitement, not to riot and petty devilment, but to international war, why, perhaps he must be forgiven because of the constitutional prerogative of a Congressman to be a nuisance if he likes.

But we are loath to agree. On the other hand, we opine that, just as a Congressman is presumably a more dignified and important person than an I. W. W. agitator; and just as the Congressman's conversation may incite larger trouble than the I. W. W. agitator's—so, in proportion, more extraordinary and impressive means are justified when it appears necessary to put the snuffer on the conversational Congressman.

That seems to be what the President thought about Congressman Sisson of Mississippi. Having tasted the sweets of notoriety through making one speech that muzzed up a delicate international situation, Mr. Sisson proposed to make another. The President sent for him and talked to him. We don't know what he said, or how Mr. Sisson liked it. We suppose it was frightfully unconstitutional, and that the President might be impeached for it, if he really did undertake to suppress freedom of expression in Congress.

But all the same, the President was right; and common sense knows it. Mr. Sisson will not make a sizzling speech. He is not going to shed our last drop of blood again, nor to fight till we are bankrupt a hundred generations. He is just going—so we are assured—to make some mild observations about constitutional aspects. People therefore may take their pillows along and prepare for a pleasant snooze. Tokyo needn't get the red fire ready or light up its skating rinks for some more defiant mass meetings.

Perhaps the President oughtn't to have done it, and perhaps he had no right to. But he did it, and should do it again if occasion arises.

## COMMERCE IN WAR MUNITIONS.

Secretary Daniels makes an interesting confession in behalf of the Navy Department, whose policy in awarding armor plate contracts has been such as to force the contractors into combination and agreement on price.

Here we have it again. The Department of Justice would gladly lock up these gentlemen for making a wicked combination; yet the Navy Department promotes and in effect compels the combination!

The Navy Secretary thinks the Government ought to build and own its armor plant. Very possibly. But it might well try out the plan of real competition among the private makers. In the past, the department has been wont to get bids from the different makers, and then dividing the business about equally among all the bidders, on condition that they would all make the plates at the price named in the lowest bid!

Applying that rule in private business, it is easy to guess how long there would be the substance of competition among a group of contractors. The one who made the low bid would know that, no matter how low he made it, he could not increase his share of the business. There would be no inducement to enlarge or improve facilities in the hope of getting a larger business and reducing the unit cost.

What in the world so natural, then, as that the two or three "competing" bidders should get together and take care of their interests by agreeing on a price, or on a low bid, rather, at which they could all do reasonably well? And what more obvious than that, under the development of such a system, their idea of "reasonably well" and the Government's idea might get a long way apart?

The other side to this armor plate business has been, in the past, that the makers of plate have frankly told the Government that they could not be expected to keep their plants in commission unless they all got some of the business year by year. That likewise is reasonable. An armor plate plant is limited to the business the Government gives it. If the Government gives it none, it shuts down. In order to keep the plants in existence, therefore, the Government felt under the necessity of dividing its orders.

Certainly there are presented here about all the elements that would justify a Government excursion into manufacturing. It is essentially a Government business. Would it not be well at least to have a Government plant's experience as an indication of what a proper cost and a reasonable profit should be?

# THIS & THAT

With Sometimes a Little of the Other

## THE BEST POLICY.

Once upon a time a famous Millionaire was asked to name us The life precepts that had made him a success.

He was worried and tormented Till he finally consented (In a neatly printed statement to the press).

Said the gentleman in question: "Any helpful young suggestion I can make will give me unrestricted joy.

Such success as I'm attaining I attribute to the training I received when but a very little boy.

"Now, I know you'll think this funny, But, believe me, making money Is essentially a simple proposition; Character and honest dealing And a kindly fellow-feeling Will obtain you almost anything you wish.

"Honesty's the only way that You can get along—I say that With the knowledge that I've learned it to be true;

When your chances seem the waneest, Grit your molars and be honest; 'Tis 'at's the absolutely only way to do!"

So one Andrew J. McPherson, A most glibbie young person, Thought, on reading how to be a millionaire,

"If attaining that condition Is so soft a proposition, Why can't I go out and clean up things for fair?"

So remarking, he departed And immediately started To abide by that salubrious advice;

The most honest, trusty person In the country was McPherson— 'He could simply not be bought at any price.

And his honesty continued Many years through thick and thin— you'd

Think there'd come a time he couldn't go beyond;

Yet he stuck to honest dealing And the kindly fellow-feeling, Just as it was stipulated in the bond.

And— I finally am leading To the question of succeeding— Did he gather in the million dollar pot?

Did he get what he was after? (Buss. of loud and lusty laughter) You can bet your bottom dollar he did NOT.

In sooth, as J. O. puts it, ours is a narrow-minded viewpoint. In Salt Lake City and Montpelier the meeting of the Republican national committee probably is a great little story.

Mr. Atteaux, subbing for Wood, planted a wee bit of dynamite. And it grew, and it grew, and it grew.

"There Are Worse Things Than War." B. C.: "The New York Yankees." CARMEN: "Putting a new ribbon on a typewriter."

"The Treasury Department," says the "Star," "now has a sanitary officer appointed by the Secretary." Not that we don't think he is.

AN IDEAL SHEET TO RUN A COLUMN ON. (From the "Star.") NEWARK, N. J., May 21.—Patients at the Morris Plains State Hospital for the Insane are to have a newspaper. \* \* \*

Many of the patients are expert writers, and will be contributors to the publication.

Then, too, there probably are those who derive pleasure from the advance stories on the royal wedding in Germany. WE don't know.

The royal couple themselves, however, would be interested in the statement of the "Post," which is that the marriage "was celebrated Saturday at the new palace in Potsdam, Germany."

There Is No Such Hour As 6:30 In the Morning.

G. S. K.: As one who arises in the cool of 6:30 in the morning, permit me to ask a question: Should I dress sumptuously and freeze coming down in the car, in order to be comfortable later in the day; or the opposite and be comfortable in the morning and boiled alive in the afternoon? Please answer.

R. LINGTON. As the fighting tenth inning was explained to us, Morgan and the Cleveland team, when Gandli bunted, went to second and pieces, respectively.

Possibly it doesn't matter, but the champion baseball throwers of National Park Seminary is Miss Alice Wing.

PERSONS WE NEVER HAVE MET.

XII. The woman who can play a game of solitaire without overlooking any moves.

Why railroad companies should start getting used to the heat: "Not good if detached."

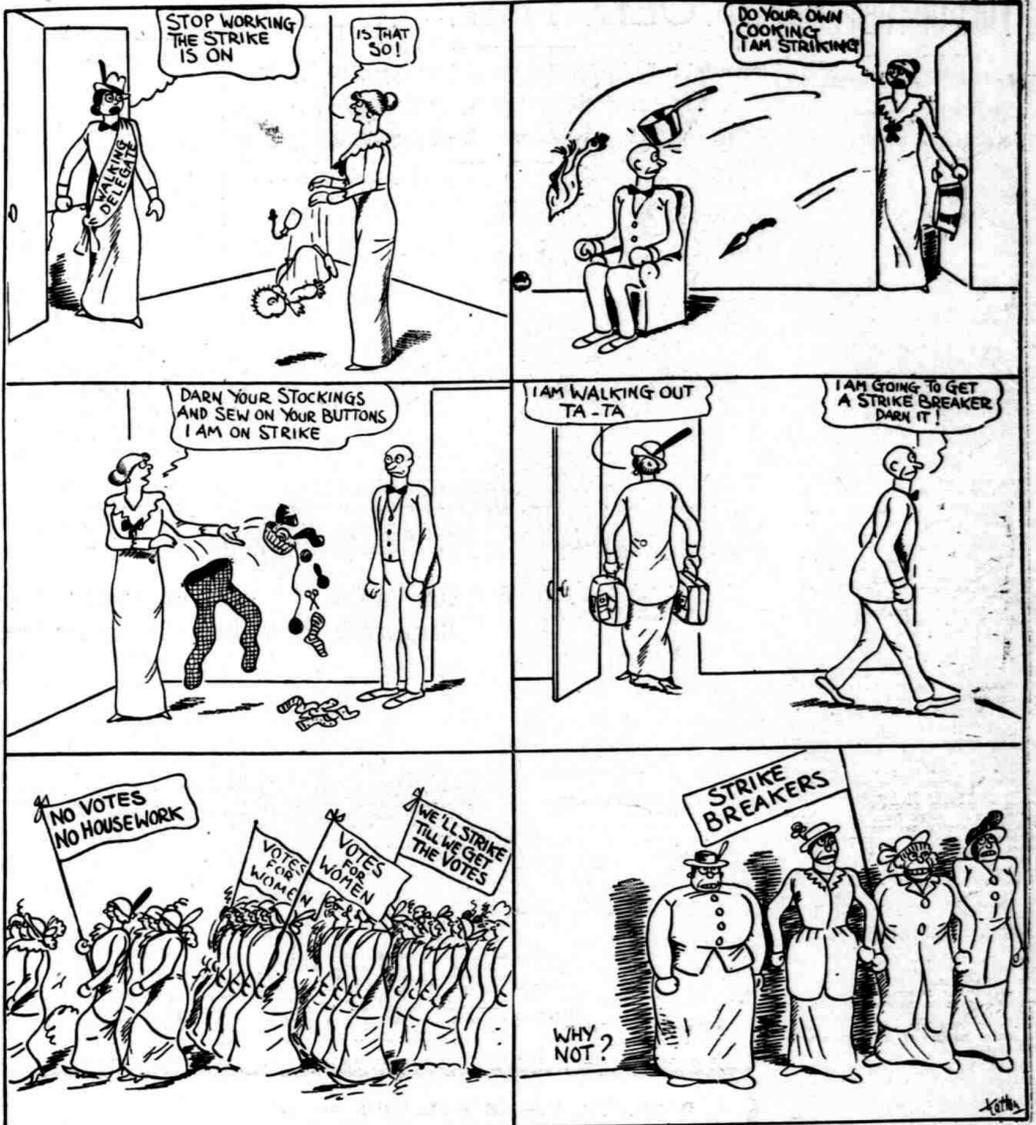
And now the Japan "yellow" papers are blamed. Speaking of yellow perils.

The New York board of aldermen has failed to appropriate for the safe and sane Fourth, and Mayor Gaynor declares he'll let the scheme go hang rather than appeal for public subscriptions.

Not that it has any application. G. S. K.

# WHY NOT?

By MAURICE KETTEN



## Good Stories

### Small Mistake.

MR. LANE is a zealous and loyal wife and intends to avoid exaggeration, but has a strong tendency in that direction. "It's perfectly wonderful," she said to a patient friend, "to see the way Mr. Lane counts bills at the bank. I think they are so lucky to have him! He'll take a great pile of \$5 and \$10 bills and make his fingers fly just like lightning and never make a mistake!" "Never?" asked the friend, who knew Mrs. Lane's weakness and could not forbear the question. "Well—no—at least," stammered Mrs. Lane, "why, perhaps he might get 5 or 10 cents out of the way, but not any more, ever."—Harpur's Magazine.

### Explained.

"THERE was one young man," said the chaplain thoughtfully, "who seemed to regard my opening prayer with the deepest attention. He showed a degree of nervous impatience that was almost painful, and when I concluded—I made the petition a little longer on this account—am positive that his overwrought feelings were relieved by a sigh that was almost startling. I looked for him afterward, but he had gone. A young man with light hair and eyes and an obtuse nose—do you know him?" "Surely," replied the doorkeeper. "He was waiting for the copy of your stuff for one of the afternoon papers—and had to get over in time for the noon edition."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

### A Change.

LOVELY lady drifted into a Congressional conversation the other afternoon, and Timothy Woodruff told of Mrs. Jones and Mrs. Smith, who lived in a Southern city. Friends in early youth, according to the story of Mr. Woodruff, they met again a few days ago at a separation of several years. In the meantime Mrs. Smith, like her chum, Mrs. Jones, had married a well-to-do man. Mrs. Smith drifted in that direction.

"By the way, Minnie," was the remark of Mrs. Jones, "I understand that you have been getting married, too. I think I saw something about it in the newspapers." "Yes," replied Mrs. Smith. "I have been married nearly five years." "Returned Mrs. Jones. "I understand your husband is quite a bibliomaniac." "Oh, no, not any more," was the prompt rejoinder of Mrs. Smith. "He used to be, but he got on the water wagon now."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

### A Cool Stand.

PROPOS of a railroad wreck due to a defective bridge, Jerome S. McWade, the Duluth sociologist, said the other day: "The railroad's cool stand about this bridge reminds me of a worse case—a case about a toll bridge in the South. The toll bridge was rotten, and a woman fell through a hole in it and was drowned. Her husband, a townspeople held a mass meeting, and in response to their resolution of protest the company wrote: 'Gentlemen: Your resolution about our bridge has been duly received. It will be laid before the board at our annual meeting, eleven months hence, in the meanwhile, to prevent if possible, a recurrence of the small accident to which said resolution refers, we would not be better if all your citizens used the company's other bridge, there miles to the north of the town.' The water there is scarcely deep enough to drown a man of full height."—Cincinnati Enquirer.

# Bachelor Girl Ballads

HELEN ROWLAND

## BACK TO THE HOTEL.

I KNOW a little bachelor, with lots and lots of pelf, And all the pennies that he gets he spends upon himself; But oh, how he CAN moralize! And oh, how he DOES pine For the "sweet old-fashioned woman," and extol the "clinging vine! And when, each night, he meets "the boys," where golden beakers foam, He cries in tones dramatic, "Woman's place is in the HOME!"

I know a lot of lovely maids, oh, quite a score or more; And each would make a charming wife for this same bachelor. But the "horrid things" INSIST on trotting downtown every day, And slaving in an office—just to keep the wolf away. They SHOULD be darning some one's socks or knitting baby-shoes. Their place is "in the home," of course—somebody's home—but WHOSE?

I know a girl of scarce sixteen, who rouses me to scorn, She never stays at home at all, but trudges off each morn And pounds a little type-machine—oh, "just to pass the time"— And help her mother pay the rent. Such folly is sublime! Some one should really tell her to her pretty little face That girls were made for "ornaments." The HOME is Woman's place!

I live, myself, within a big luxurious hotel; And, when I want my dusting done, I simply ring a bell. I never do a single thing, but SCRIBBLE all day long. I know, alas, this "idle" life is very, very, wrong. I should be doing fancy work, or polishing my nails. But how I'd pay my bills that way—Well, there my fancy fails!

What ARE the women coming to—to go at such a pace! The "sweet old-fashioned girl" sat 'round and just massaged her face, Worked cushion-tops, and curled her hair, and gossiped by the hour; But lo, the modern woman goes at sixty-five horse-power! Ah, well, I trust that some of them will read this little "pome." And realize, at last, that "Woman's place is in the HOME!"

Then Katy will not come back each day to put away my clothes, And who will write my quips for me—well, Heaven only knows! The typist and the laundry-maid, the waitress and the clerk Will stay at home, like ladies, then, and do "a woman's work," And all the men will gather where the golden beakers foam— And wonder WHO on earth will do the work outside "the HOME?"

## An Irish May

By Eugene Geary.

A LOVE-LIT vale where the streamlet's straying, Down by the hawthorne's blossom crush— 'Tis fair-timers when the world's a-Maying. Over the grasses soft winds are playing And thro' the rose tree's blush, Murmuring, tenderly! hush-ah-hush!

Purple blooms shoot across the heather, Cowslips dart thro' the hedgerows gay, Fern-land gleams with an emerald feather, Thrushes and black-birds sing together, Starting at break o' day— Oh, 'tis the charm of an Irish May!

Bring now, when memory's rosy glasses cheer, Back scenes with a glow that cheers, Radiant glimpses of mountain passes, Golden furzes and waving grasses, Gemmed with the mornin's tears— Ah, me, the distance of seas and years!

## Here's a Book

"European Cities at Work," by Frederick C. Howe, published by Charles Scribner's Sons, of New York. Many years ago, when Frederick Howe's book dealing with the development of city administration, and the effect upon future civilization. Taking the German city as an example, in most cases, a few English towns most significant and sequential analysis, statistics, just enough for conviction being given, that the policy of home rule and municipal ownership of railways and street transit will give city and industrial relation. The social side of city life, the new art of community living and a constructive vision of the city of tomorrow are concrete possibilities under the potent pen of Mr. Howe. Every taxpayer, every person who considers himself as a moving force in the Government of this country, whose vote and individuality is something more than a mere tool in the hands of boss politicians should make himself acquainted with "European Cities at Work."

## What's on the Program in Washington Today

The following Masonic organizations will meet tonight: Lodges—The New Jerusalem, No. 9, C. C.; George C. Washington, No. 2, E. A.; Temple-Noyes, No. 32, E. A.; Royal Arch Chapter—Washington, No. 2, P. M.; and M. E. M. Eastern Star—William F. Hunt Chapter, No. 15. The following I. O. O. F. lodges will meet tonight: Columbia, No. 10, 8 p. m.; Excelsior, No. 17, and Salem, No. 22, business. The following National Union councils will meet tonight: Bancroft and Dahlgren. The following Red Men's tribes will meet tonight: Logan and Sioux.

Amusements. National—"La Tosca," 8:15 p. m. Columbia—"The Road to Yesterday," 8:15 and 8:35 p. m. Polite—"The Million," 8:15 and 8:35 p. m. Belasco—Motion pictures of South Pole, 8 and 8:30 p. m. Chase—Talking pictures, 1 to 11 p. m. Cosmos—Vaudeville.