

The Washington Times

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Some Work for the Governors At the Other End of the Avenue

Governors and mayors of the country are meeting the President today to discuss and seek a solution for the problem of unemployment. At the other end of the Avenue the country's legislators are wiping out with slight consideration the Government Employment Service, a proved and efficient means for furnishing the idle with work. We suggest that after today's interview at the White House the governors and mayors go to the Capitol and seek to rescue from its unworthy fate the one most efficient means of accomplishing what they have come to Washington to do. Throwing away your best weapon just as the battle begins isn't good tactics either in war or peace.

Poor South Sea Island Ladies

Good Conscience and Sluggish Liver Spell Their Doom. Read and Weep.

Civilization is a great thing, but you must be able to stand it. Official word comes from the British South Sea Islands that civilization is killing off the natives. The coconut groves will be neglected and worthless, unless Chinese and Japanese can be brought in to take care of them, and the natives don't want Asiatic labor competing with them.

The trouble, according to a British official, is TOO MUCH CLOTHING. In old days, when the English Bishop of New Guinea could say truthfully: "A ball of twine would clothe my flock of Pannans," the people were healthy, the population growing.

But somebody told the natives that they could not be really Christians unless they wore a cotton Mother Hubbard for ladies, cotton shirts and trousers for men. Thus covered up, the population is dying off because fresh air and sunlight are kept away from bodies accustomed to both.

You would think a lady would get enough fresh air wearing only a cotton Mother Hubbard, but it seems not. In civilization if you are weak they give you sun baths and air baths, nothing on but sunlight and air. The poor South Sea Islanders die unless their life is one long air bath.

In the old happy days of simple clothing the natives rubbed their bodies with coconut oil, which made the rain slip off and protected them from cold and sudden chills.

Now the cotton Mother Hubbard gets soaked with rain. The woman doesn't bother to rub her body with coconut oil, since nobody sees how shiny she looks. She shivers in her wet Mother Hubbard, gets pneumonia and dies.

Some of the old men have refused to become Christians to the extent of wearing clothes.

The intelligent special correspondent of the New York Evening Post says that aged native gentlemen can be seen miles out at sea, fishing in all kinds of weather with nothing on. They live indefinitely. The young Christian fisherman sitting in the next boat, covers himself up and dies of phthisis.

It is a mixed-up situation there. Government officials who want labor to make the coconut groves profitable tell the natives to wear as little as possible. The missionaries each Sunday tell them that it is a sin, especially for ladies, not to be covered up completely.

And to make it more surprising and complicated, statistics show that South Sea ladies who wear the least clothing are the most moral.

Here in civilization it works the other way, at least, the Woman's Republican Club of New York says that ladies wearing the most are more moral. But how can you tell?

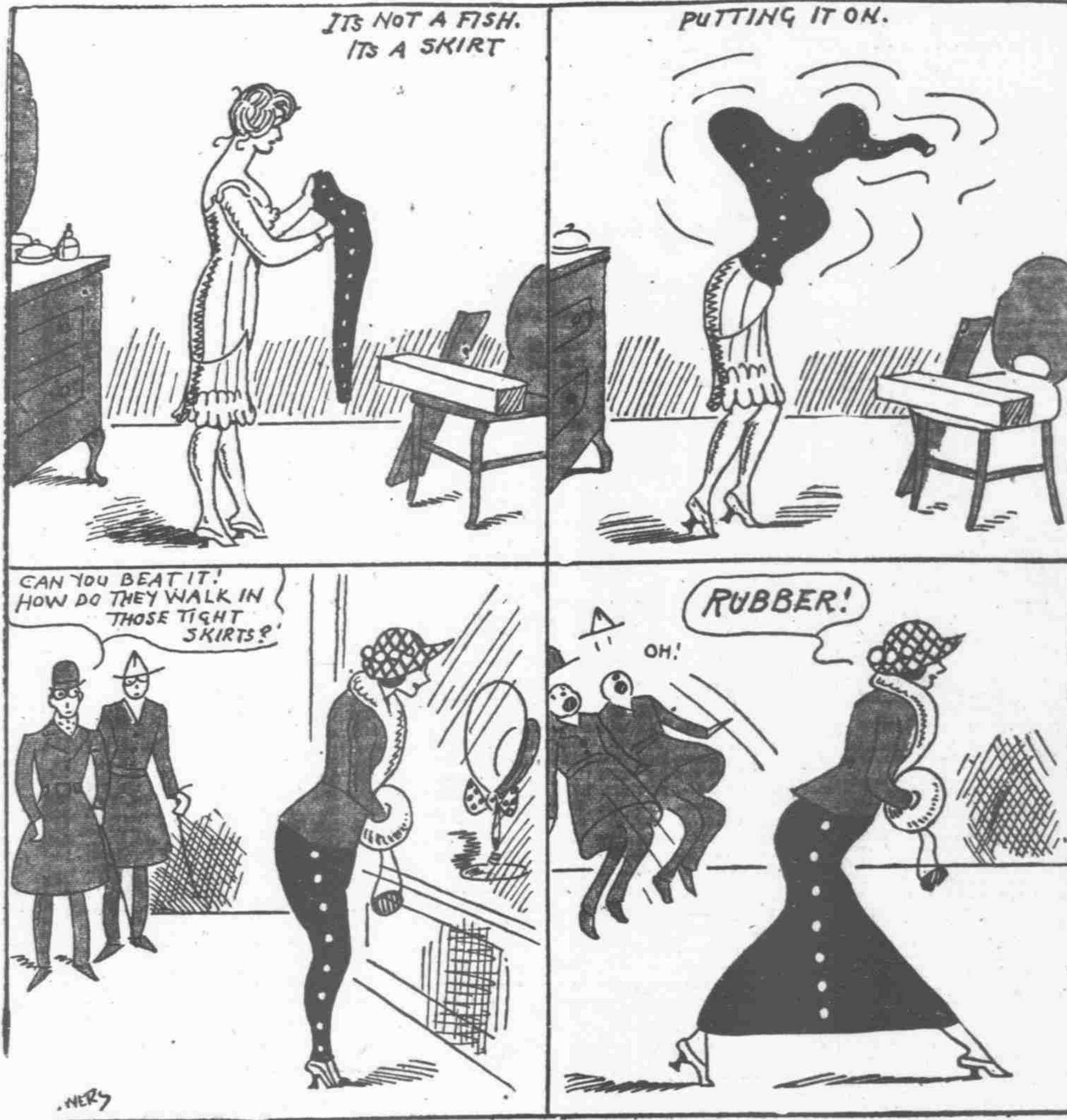
The poor South Sea Island ladies and gentlemen, in the happy, healthy old days danced violent dances, good for the liver, but some of them were no better than they should be, "quite immoral," the missionary said, and bad for the conscience. So the dancing has been stopped. The ladies and gentlemen were told that if they persist in dancing through the hot summer nights of the South Sea Islands, they would do their dancing in a hotter place later on. Conscience became active, and the active liver sluggish.

The government authorities interested in dividends from coconut groves say that if they would let a poor lady dance in the old-fashioned way, she would get warm enough to dry out her damp cotton Mother Hubbard. But they won't let her dance. She sits down, shivers, by and by she dies, and there's one coconut grove "hand" gone.

Civilization and immorality are not simple things. But in the long run they are probably just what the world needs. Relentlessly they have killed off the least fit, those not able to stand progress, including morals and Mother Hubbards.

Just a Suggestion

By T. E. Powers



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

AN American correspondent, writing from London about the English labor situation, threatens us with a "sex war." It is safe to say this gentleman never wrote what is known as a "beat seller," and that a knowledge of human nature plays no part in his journalistic equipment. The bug-a-boo that has terrified him into prophesying sex warfare with its doleful accompaniment of "no homes" and "no population" is nothing more serious than groups of English women dressed suitably for the heavy work their country demanded of them during the war. If they had worked in mills and factories or on buses and street railways in their good old reliable georgettes and high-heeled slippers, he wouldn't have said a word—but flat-heeled shoes and trousers!—He cries havoc, and lets loose a threat of a sex war.

Bobbed hair, he also considers the final symbol of celibacy. "Why, if a woman intends to marry," he asks, "should she rob herself of her crowning glory?" Other times, other fashions—the gallants of the forties were equally perturbed when the ladies pinned up their ringlets. Perhaps some kindly missionary may agree to meet this pessimistic scribe on his return to New York and lead him to Greenwich village where he will find bobbed hair and romance to be almost interchangeable terms.

Prophecies About the Bicycle. Twenty years ago, pessimists were saying the same thing, when women adapted bloomers for the bicycle. Yet we had no sex warfare on account of the gentle and antiquated wheel. On the contrary, with greater opportunities for comradeship, and America's first introduction to the great out-of-doors, there was a tremendous speeding up of romance. Open any of the magazines, of twenty years ago, and the bicycle story was then, what the aeroplane yarn is today, in up-to-the-minute fiction.

If women have been able to endure the disadvantages, incidental to sex—lack of education, opportunity, unjust laws, etc.—without resorting to sex warfare, it is not likely that they are going to start anything of the sort at present, with the dawn of bet-

NO FEAR OF A "SEX WAR."

question that is agitating European women, at the present time, is not a concentrated sex grouch that will commit them to celibacy—in order to hold war-jobs—but the well-grounded fear that there will not be enough husbands to go round. The future of the "third sex," as the women who have adopted male attire for greater working convenience, is called, does not convey vistas of celibacy to friends of labor. They are better informed, they know through the statistics that have already been published, just what proportion of these women are already married, and the mothers of families. And the figure is a large one. As to the unmarried women who have gone out into the world as conductors, bus drivers, messenger girls, porters, and the like, there is absolutely no ground for presupposing them vowed to celibacy. Their chief concern, as has been stated, is a lively fear of enforced spinsterhood. Uniform Highly Becoming. And as for the uniform being deterrent of romance, which is more attractive, the "yeowoman" or "conductorette" in her neat, serviceable uniform, or her stately at home sister, clad in an un-

Once-Overs BRODIE TOOK A CHANCE. By J. J. MUNDY.

You cannot expect to be a success in any line unless you are willing to take a chance. Of course, it is necessary for you to figure out your course as neatly as possible in advance, and you ought to feel reasonably sure of winning before you attempt to branch out, but if you wait until you feel there is no possible chance for you to lose, you never will get started for success. You have figured weeks, perhaps months and years, on a plan that you are sure would be a winner, but in comes the element of chance and you are afraid. Don't you realize that this is valuable time wasted? You may think so long that some other man may hit the same plan you have and put it over while you are blinking. Have a good, sound working plan of proposed undertaking and then start—and start prepared to meet obstacles every inch of the ground. Why, success is a game, man, the greatest game in the world—and play fair. You want to enjoy the success after you get it, so know your rules and play the game as each new phase indicates, but get into the game before it is too late, and you will find the obstacles dissolve as you vault them.

What's Doing; Where; When

- Today. Official showing—Public Health Service film, "Fit to Win," at Cosmos Club, Madison place and H street, 8 p. m. Concert—U. S. Marine Band Orchestra, at Marine Barracks, 8:30 p. m. Meeting—District of Columbia Optometrical Society, Star Building, 8 p. m. Meeting—Fulkerson will speak. Meeting—Maine State Association, Park School Building, 8 p. m. Meeting—Kentworth Citizens' Association, Kentworth school, 8 p. m. Annual tea and linen show, Ladies' Auxiliary of Providence Hospital, hospital building, 3 p. m. Meeting—Miss Alice Hutchins Drake, before Booklovers' Club, Y. W. C. A., 8 p. m. Meeting—The Vermont Club of Washington, Powell school, 8 p. m. Meeting—Sodality Union, Carroll Hall, 8 p. m. Tomorrow. Meeting—Columbia Heights Citizens' Association, St. Stephen's Hall, 8 p. m. Meeting—Washington Chapter No. 21, Electrical Craftsmen, in hall at Fifth and G streets northwest, 8 p. m. Address—Dr. P. P. Claxton, United States Commissioner of Education, before Bethel Literary Club, Metropolitan A. M. E. Church, 8 p. m. Reception—Ladies of G. A. R., 1411 Pennsylvania avenue northwest, 8 p. m. Banquet—To Congressman Edward Keating, of Colorado, by Joint Retirement Committee, composed of Representatives of Federal employes' organizations, New...

HEARD AND SEEN

Dr. M. L. TURNER, of Berwyn, Maryland, has sent a check to me for the BETTY LEBMAN flag, in memory of a brave man, Captain W. B. HUDSON. I am glad to be able to give the matter this little publicity. I knew and admired Captain Hudson. Dr. Turner says: "I served with Captain Hudson in the Field Hospital during GEN. HARRIS' time. It was largely due to Hudson's ability as a drillmaster that the Field Hospital Company Ambulance was one of four companies rated 'excellent' by the War Department inspector." A check comes jointly from MRS. MARGARET GRATON, 1410 Girard street, and MISS CORNELIA CRAWFORD "in memory of Lieut. Gaston Lewis Dortch, of North Carolina, who fell at Chateau Thierry." In commemorating this brave man in this way they have done the greatest thing that friends can do for those who died for their country. You are always lookin' gfor "old ones." Here is a very old one, referring to the F street fire the other day in a piano store: Would the loss have been as great if the hose knew how to play on the piano? TOM DAVIS. Enclosed find \$1 for "Memory Flag," in memory of my dear brother, Hagop Mushikian, the only Armenian from the D. C. to lose his life in action. He was a member of the 312th machine-gun battalion, and was killed in the Argonne Forest. DAVID MUSHEKIAN, 300 Eye street N. W. Here is some free advice to SUPERINTENDENT CASEY, of the W. R. and E. Co., and an experienced railroad man: If he wants to get a little of that valued public good for which he is striving, he could instruct his men to take the actions of the crew of car 714 at 18th street and Columbia Road at 11 a. m. Sunday, March 2, as an example of what NOT to do. A lady and gentleman and a child of four, just within six feet of the door, motorman and conductor both...

The Simple Story of the VOTELESS Capital of America

By EARL GODWIN.

The people of the Nation's Capital are the ONLY people in any civilized country in the entire world who have no voice in their own government. Forty years ago an internal financial and political situation arose in Washington whereby Congress saw fit to take over the government of the District of Columbia, make its laws, levy its taxes, and pay half the expenses of the District of Columbia. At that time the District of Columbia was staggering under a load of debt, but had for all of its life attended to its own local government, elected its mayors and had the self-determination and the civic pride which is a part of every self-governed democratic community.

There was a reason why the United States should pay half the expenses of the National Capital, but there was no reason why the National Government should take away the right to vote.

We in the District of Columbia have lived for forty years with Congress as the common council. Congress has made our laws and levied our taxes regardless of our wishes. Voteless, we became a laboratory for the working out of whims of members of the National Legislature.

The Treasury of the United States received the last fiscal year from the District of Columbia war taxes, income taxes and general internal revenue taxes amounting to \$12,791,961. This enormous Federal tax is larger than the same tax contributed to the National Government by the following sixteen States:

Table with 4 columns: State, Amount. ARIZONA, MISSISSIPPI, NEW MEXICO, SOUTH DAKOTA, ARKANSAS, MONTANA, NORTH DAKOTA, UTAH, FLORIDA, NEVADA, OREGON, VERMONT, IDAHO, NEW HAMPSHIRE, SOUTH CAROLINA, WYOMING

Also it is larger than the Federal tax from Alaska, Hawaii, and the Philippines, all of which send elected Delegates to Congress. It is twice as much as Arizona pays; twice as much as Montana pays; twice as much as Arkansas pays; it is \$5,000,000 more than Florida pays; six times as much as Idaho pays; almost fifteen times as much as Nevada pays. And yet these sixteen States send thirty-two Senators and forty-nine Representatives to Congress to make laws for the TAXED, but UNREPRESENTED, 450,000 in the District of Columbia.

There is no one, not even a Delegate, in Congress representing the District of Columbia.

The same machinery which declared war and will ratify peace must be set in motion to get for Washington even one more policeman or to erect a new dog pound. Is it not ridiculous? A national legislature should remain national and not be diverted to the matters ordinarily attended to by a town meeting or a common council. The United States in spending several million dollars a year to maintain a Congress should insist that it pay entire attention to the affairs of the Federal Government, and not attempt to divide these greater matters with the local police, public school, board of health troubles of an intelligent city well able to take care of itself.

The man outside of Washington who reads this would do his country a favor if he would immediately get in touch with his Senators and his Congressman and ask for a VOTING National Capital instead of an un-American VOTELESS one.