

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY... ARTHUR BRIDGEMAN, Editor and Owner... EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher...

What Is Important?

Banks, Bolshevism, Soldiers, Children, and Other Things.

Each of us lives in his own little sphere, and each of us has his own little standard of importance.

The mother will tell you that the most important thing in the world is the child. The miser believes that the most important thing is gold.

The statesman seeks a place in the halls of fame. Others believe that service for the betterment of their fellow men is the most important of all activity.

President Wilson, in a recent speech, indicated that he would be willing to give his life, if necessary, that the League of Nations covenant might be ratified intact. In this statement he pledged his willingness to sacrifice that which is fundamentally most precious to all normal human beings.

Self-preservation, says the old saw, is the first law of nature. The three ruling interests born in every man since Adam are preservation of self, perpetuation of the race, and ambition.

On the editor's desk are several pamphlets and magazines which came in the last mail. Let us open a few of them and see what people consider important.

The first is a bulletin from an automobile company. It states proudly that the first automobile built by this firm, "with approximately 90,000 miles to its credit, negotiated on highways and byways of every description, during eleven years of constant use, is adding daily, visible testimony to the everlasting sturdiness which is the birthright" of every car built by this manufacturer.

The manufacturer of this automobile undoubtedly believes that among the most important things in this world is the record of service given by his cars.

The next pamphlet is a treatise on the attitude of the United States to Costa Rica. The writer, Lincoln G. Valentine, says that great statesmen view with concern our policies of recent years. Quite so, but it is probable that our "great statesmen," by which he means members of Congress, are far more concerned with the attitude of the folks back home and the consequent way the folks cast their votes for candidates for Congressional seats.

The next is a magazine devoted to newspaper work. It uses the first inside page to tell all about Cornelius Vanderbilt, jr., who has become a cub reporter at twenty-five dollars a week. Young Vanderbilt says that newspaper work is the world's greatest agency for good. He believes his mission in life is to help in the movement for the betterment of all people. That is his idea of important work.

The next is a leaflet entitled, "France and Her Problems," an address by Baron Jacques de Neufise, a Parisian banker. It is published by "La France," an American magazine whose editor considers this address to be of sufficient importance to spend considerable money in publishing and distributing it.

Another pamphlet is from the National City Bank of New York. The most prominent place in this publication is given to an article written by George E. Roberts, vice president of the bank. In a treatise entitled, "Unrest and Lessened Production Threaten America's Prosperity," he writes:

"The fundamental trouble at the bottom of all the turbulence in the industrial world, and this pressure upon the Government to interfere in business affairs, is in failure to understand that there are natural economic laws always at work accomplishing the ends sought by such agitation, and doing so far more efficiently and certainly than it can be accomplished by arbitrary measures."

That is a wealthy business man's idea of what is important.

Another magazine is from Tokyo. It points out that it is very important to realize the following facts:

The United States is closer to Asia than it is to South America.

It is possible to connect Asia and the United States by rail through a tunnel under Bering Strait.

Manila, in American insular territory, is closer to China than to Tokyo.

A farm magazine sets forth that the whole livestock business is at a crisis.

The American Federationist, official magazine of the American Federation of Labor, devotes its leading editorial to the International Trade Union Congress recently held in Amsterdam.

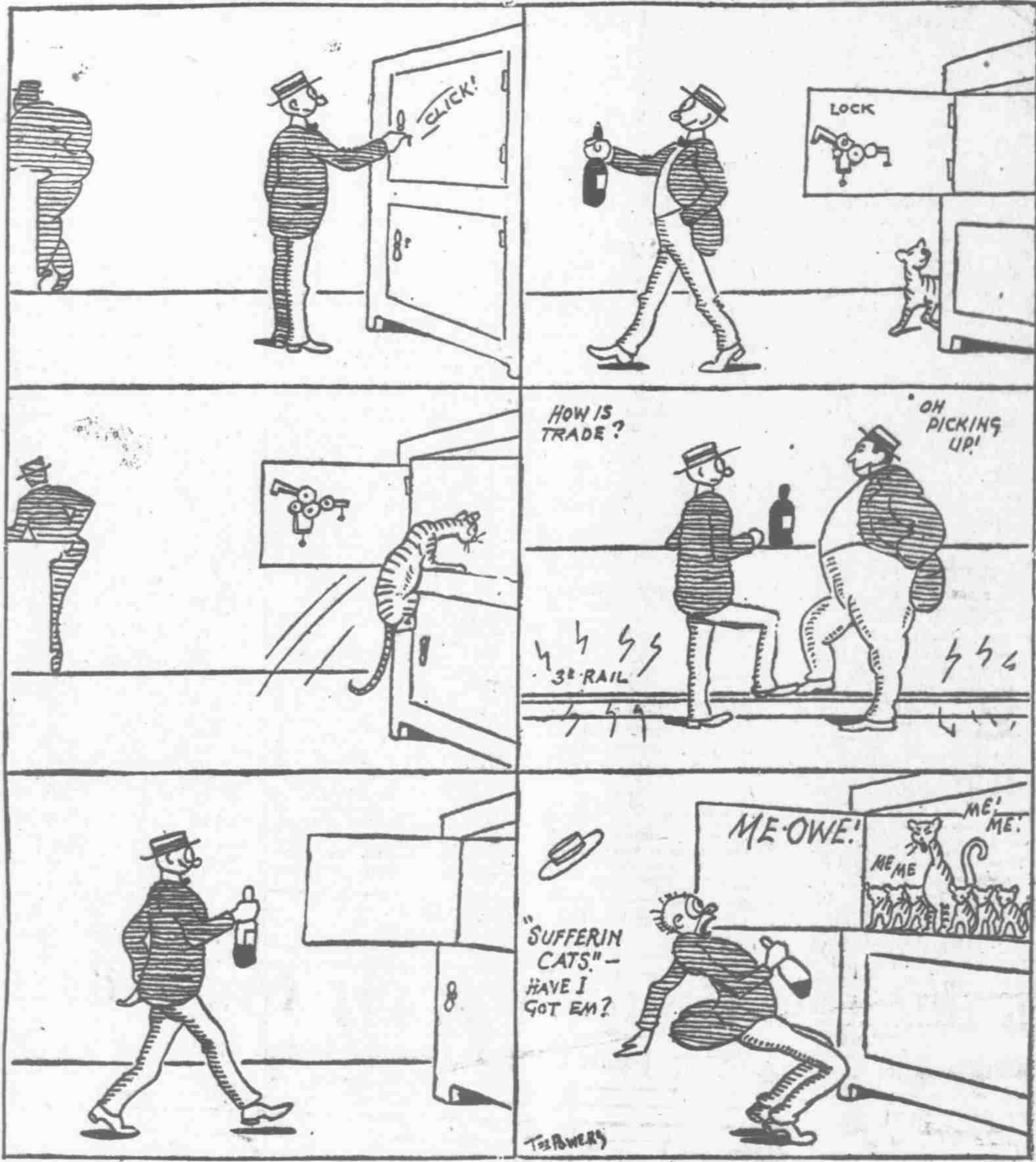
A pamphlet from the League Against American Militarists asks: "Who should officer the new army?"

The latest number of "Judicious Advertising" gives much importance to the problem of returned service men as related to agricultural questions.

Which question is most important?

The League of Husbands

Lock Your Locker Before Using By T. E. POWERS



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

John Jorgensen, sixty-five years old, walked more than a hundred miles from Clinton, Wis., to Elgin, Ill., to see how his old wife in the State Insane Asylum was "making out."

But the old man could not enjoy the snug home he had with a son-in-law while the thought preyed on his mind that all might not be well with his life partner.

He tried to borrow money for the railroad fare, but relatives and friends thought the journey unnecessary. Mrs. Jorgensen had been committed to the State asylum by the process of law, she had been "queer" for some time, and they were under the impression that it might be wiser to let well enough alone.

But he did not look heroic—a gray-haired old man, dusty and worn with the journey, trudging along mile after mile. But he was a braver figure than the young lover speeding to his heart's desire on the wings of youth—was faithful old John Jorgensen.

Everything else had gone—youth, strength, money, opportunity—only selfishness remained. He could not enjoy the material comforts that were his at his son-in-law's home while the doubt remained that perhaps they were not good to HER.

Has a Happy Ending.

And everyone will be pleased to know this story has a happy ending. He limped into the insane asylum with his feet horribly blistered and on the verge of collapse.

But he found his old woman and she was delighted to see him and realized, too, something of the ordeal the old man had been through for her sake. And the hospital officials—with more humanity than we ascribe to people connected with an institution—found employment for him about the place, and now these old people are reunited.

Young people—and others not so young—are always writing to me and asking for a test of real love. Well, here it is in the case of John Jorgensen—old, penniless, walking a hundred miles to see that the wife of his youth was comfortable. To do this, he gave up a certainty for an uncertainty, a snug home for the makeshifts of the open road—he thought more of the happiness of his beloved than of his own.

To determine whether love is

TODAY'S TOPIC THIS IS REAL LOVE

genuine or counterfeit, there is a simple test that everyone may apply—and its name is selfishness. Which do you desire more, your own happiness or the well-being of the man or woman you love?

Love Does Not Mean Thrills. A great many emotional and rather ill-balanced people confuse love with "thrills." When the rattle of a man's latch-key in the front door no longer produces the

Once-Overs

Copyright, 1919, International Feature Service, Inc. WHEN YOU ARE CRITICIZED. By J. J. Mundy.

You are pleased with the quality of your work—technically you know it is right. Unexpectedly, you get a criticism which stings—you feel it is unjust—you do not value the source, but just the same it hurts.

You are tempted to retort in kind. How much better would you be than the one who brought down the hammer so harshly? Be so balanced—so poised—that you can take the shot without wincing.

If you have a sense of humor, that may make it easier. But do not scorn the criticism just because you're sure the one who makes it is narrow, stupid, or has some ulterior motive in condemning.

Just hang that criticism up, mentally, till you have made up your mind whether there is anything to it which can possibly help you. Everything should be grist for your mill.

There is something in it for you, no matter what happens; the next thing is to get the good something out of it.

What's Doing; Where; When

- Today. Address—By Louis F. Post, Assistant Secretary of Labor, French Club, Washington Station, McLean Building, 1317 B street northwest, 8:30 p. m. Meeting—International Debating Society, 1039 Munsey Building. Tomorrow. Dance—Washington Camp, Modern Woodmen of America, camp hall, Old Masonic Temple, Ninth and F streets northwest, 8 p. m. Baseball—Washington vs. Detroit, American League Baseball Park, Seventh and Florida avenues northwest, 7:15 to 9 p. m. Open-air Movies—Blue Triangle Recreation Center, Twentieth and B streets northwest, 8 p. m. Dance—Blue Triangle Recreation Center, Twelfth and B streets northwest, 8:30 p. m. Dance—Port Myer, Va., under auspices of Government Recreation League, 8 p. m. Post Dance—Quantico, Va., under auspices of Government Recreation League, 8 p. m. Dance—Thomson Community Center, Twelfth and L streets northwest, 8:30 p. m. Dance—Central High School Community Center, Thirtieth street and Florida avenue northwest, 8:30 p. m. Dance—Calvert Club, 14 Dupont Circle, 8 p. m.

An Elm For Pershing

A Fine Way to Honor Our New General Would Be to Let the School Children Plant a Tree For Him.

By EARL GODWIN.

With the return to report of the job in France by Gen. John J. Pershing, there will come all sorts of suggestions for memorials in honor of the commander-in-chief of the American Expeditionary Forces, and such procedure should go forward slowly. The honor of full general is an honor conferred by Congress and, of course, by the people of the United States. But the people themselves will want to do something of a little more of their own accord. This is found in the suggestion of the American Forestry Association made in The Times the other day for the planting of a memorial tree by the school children of the United States.

Let the tree be the American elm wherever it is possible to plant that tree. The elm is the typical American tree, and if each school class in the country would plant a tree in honor of the general and the men he led we would have an inspiring memorial that all of the coming generations could take a part in. Memorial trees are to be planted facing the Lincoln Memorial. Why cannot the American Forestry Association's suggestion be taken up at once and space be provided in the District for a memorial drive lined with memorial trees planted by the school children of the District in honor of Gen. John J. Pershing and the boys to whom he so finely gives all the credit?

HEARD AND SEEN

BILL SMOOT, of Maddox Crick, rises to inquire through these columns if the following quotation is from a dead language: "Whatcha gonna have, Boys?"

Having submitted this query to Dr. John P. Thirt, late professor of alcoholics, holding down the Chair of Applied Glass Lifting at Shoemaker's University, I understand that BILL SMOOT's quotation is from an extremely dead language, and one that is likely to be even more defunct as time passes.

Optimism For Pershing. It must be pretty nice to be a "full" general these days. R. T. E.

BERT LOVETT FORSE ILLUSTRATIONS (Photo-Walking Press) ADVERTISING. MANUSCRIPTS I mailed ten dollars by registered mail to New York. Nobody knows or has seen anything of it in ten days. I mailed a special delivery letter at the Georgetown P. O. to an address two blocks away. It reached it two days later. B. L. FORSE.

What Drug Clerk is the Handsomest? I deem it only just that I say a word for one that I consider no equal when it comes to popular drug clerks.

The young man I refer to is also a graduate of Hill drug store on M st., and for the past year has been in business for himself at Wisconsin ave. and O st. n. w., where the glass can always see his smiling countenance under the large sign THOMAS FRANCIS IGNATIUS DONOHUE, which spans the entrance.

During the world's war he was in the U. S. navy on active duty at the Naval Hospital, 24th and E st. n. w., this city. Signed ANOTHER S.

Talking about handsome boys, take a slant at the usher in the Gayety Theater on 9th street, first balcony, extreme right side. Some ladies' man. M. W.

Is he any handsomer than HARRY JARBOE? You're all wrong. Did you ever notice the crowd of people out in front of Liggett's, 14th and F? AL FINK is on the inside and if you have never seen him drop in and get a look at a real handsome drug clerk. He won't like this nomination, but here goes!

WALTER C. BRANDES, 2032 16th Street N. W., Washington, D. C.

"When speaking of handsome drug clerks please do not omit EDMUNDS, of Liggett's, 13th and Pennsylvania avenues. His charming personality has made him very popular with everyone." H. STROTHER, L. GRAHAM.

Strong Endorsement. Now that you have Bootleggers Ave. in the race for the Handsomest Drug Clerk, I wish to nominate DR. RINKER, of RINKER'S DRUG STORE. He is not only the best looking, but he is the most congenial druggist in the "Booting Country." J. G.

Sure. MYRON, MARTEL, MICHAEL, the Bushy Haired Boy at Afficks, 15th and F st. n. w. Give him a chance. ERMA.

Apothecarial Beau Brummel. The Virginia readers of The Times do not agree with the D. C. Beauty Experts as to the handsomest drug clerk. One has but to take a look in at Stone & Poole's at 12th & Pennsylvania to be convinced that DR. FRANK T. STONE is the real Beau Brummel of the apothecaries. And he is as popular as he is handsome. The voters (and may the ladies soon be with them) of Arlington District, comprising the towns of Ballston, Rosslyn, Clarendon, Arlington and Barcroft, are planning to elect him practically without opposition to the office of Supervisor, which corresponds to D. C. Commissioner. He will most likely be elected president of the Alexandria County Trust Company, now in process of formation. J. F. COLLIER, Ballston, Va.

Who's Got 'Em? There is a mystery in the offices of the Nation's Business, that great magazine which is the official organ of the National Chamber of Commerce.

Somebody is holding out something and, from Editor-in-Chief MERLE THORPE down to the newest office boy, everybody is a Sherlock Holmes for the time being.

Not long since there came from a woman in the Middle West a letter to the editor stating that the writer had lost two suits of underwear. She wrote that she had received her copy of the Nation's Business and had used the envelope to mail back to a big Chicago department store two unsuitable suits of underwear. The department store has never received the underwear and the lady thinks maybe the envelope, with the name "Nation's Business" in red ink in one corner, was returned to the editorial sanctum.

The lady did not describe the lingerie, but the fact that her letter contained a two-cent stamp, ostensibly for the return of the garments,

Is He Justified in Building a Fence?

Is he justified, meanwhile, in building a fence about this girl, so to speak, through which no possible rival may enter, and inside of which the girl herself must contentedly await his pleasure?

A great many young men feel this procedure to be quite within their rights, and we find girls meekly submitting to be "reserved" in this fashion. "He is devoted to me," writes one; "but she is utterly wrong, he is devoted to himself. You would never find a man of this type walking a hundred miles to see if his mentally infirm old wife were well cared for, as did old John Jorgensen, of Clinton, Wis.