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WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 1, 1919.

Do You Want Your Friends to "Put On Mourning" for You?

If You Don't, Tell Them So While You Are Alive.

Is the custom of wearing mourning for the dead a wise and desirable fashion?

Should we feel it necessary to publish or advertise our grief for some one whose fortune it has been to precede us on the journey we shall all take sooner or later?

During the war there was in European countries a general movement to dispense with mourning clothes because of the depressing effect it was thought to have on those who might later be called upon to serve in arms.

A discussion of this question—a curious one for fiction—is made one of the incidents of a striking story by Dana Burnett in the October number of Good Housekeeping. The heroine absolutely refuses to put on the conventional garb of mourning after the death of her father. What happened as a result of her determination is very interesting.

Originally the wearing of mourning costume was not for the purpose of expressing grief, but to give notice that the person so dressed had been defiled by contact with the dead.

Nor is black the universal color for mourning garb. In China the relatives wear clothes entirely of white. On the Gold Coast of Africa the mourning color is brilliant red. Among the Aruntas of Australia the mourners smear themselves with white clay during the ceremonial period.

The history of death and the ceremonies accompanying it forms almost a literature by itself, including strange and fantastic customs, some beautiful and some not pleasant, like the "towers of silence," where the bodies are left to the vultures; or the Hindu practice which, before its abolition under English rule, required the widow to submit to death by burning on the husband's pyre.

When and why a particular garb was chosen to indicate grief has never been determined.

Why should it be necessary for a person to announce sorrow by a visible badge? Is it not really a desecration of sentiment to make of it a public proclamation?

For the poor it is not infrequently a real hardship to be obliged to buy the clothing that indicates their sorrow.

Would it not be wiser and better that the fashion of wearing mourning clothes be entirely done away with?

The world is coming to look upon death from a new viewpoint. Scores of books are being printed and hundreds of articles are being written by men and women of standing and sense that indicate a changing idea of the hereafter and the door through which we enter it.

A century from now we may envy rather than mourn the one who goes in our advance into the great beyond.

It is almost certain that before that time we shall have ceased to make a public display of sorrow by a special sort of dress.

Ought Ministers to Have to Live on Charity?

You read in the news columns that a few of the Rockefeller millions are to be devoted to the care of indigent Baptist ministers.

You wonder why men who are preaching Christianity have to depend on charity.

In New Jersey one minister reported to his conference that all he got for expounding the Gospel for twelve months was two hundred dollars.

That would be about a dollar apiece for the regular services he conducted and nothing extra for funerals.

It is stated, with a basis of authority, that the average ministerial income throughout the country is little above \$500.

Now the preacher's dollar is no larger than any other dollar.

The fact that he earned it in a calling followed in answer to divine command has no superhuman effect on the purchasing power of his salary.

Nor is the minister in a position to mark up the price of his services. There are too many people who insist on the free feature of salvation.

There seems to be but one conclusion; that the average man has ceased to be interested in religion sufficiently to pay anything to hear it expounded or discussed.

Who is to blame for this condition?

Is it the man himself or is it the church?

It is a notable fact that comparatively few men go to church. They indorse the attendance of the feminine portion of the family and think it a good idea for the children, but as for themselves—they have "important business" elsewhere.

If the present tendency continues, what is to become of the churches and the preachers?

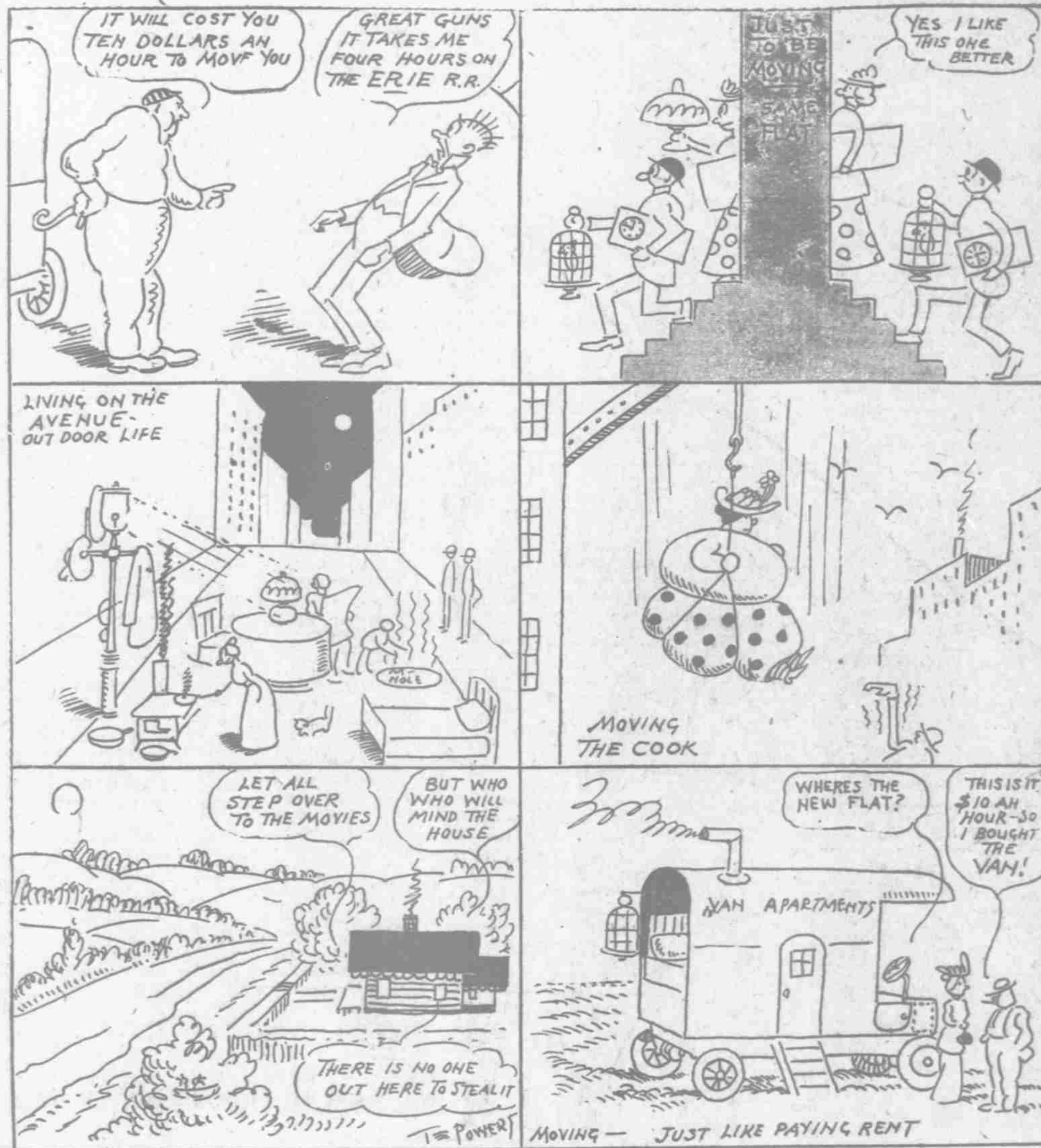
Will the world become essentially heathen, and what will happen when that comes about?

The charitable support of ministers from the ample pocket of Mr. Rockefeller does not hit at the basis of the difficulty. If the church is a desirable institution, and no one will deny that it is, something better than charity will have to be devised for its continuance. What shall it be?

Vans \$10 an Hour

Is It Cheaper to Move Than Pay Rent?

By T. E. POWERS



Ninety-Five Million Stamps a Day

And Each One Made With A Smile.

By EARL GODWIN.

A little boy was being taken through the great working rooms of the Bureau of Engraving and Printing, and, after two or three hours of interesting experience, he turned to his mother and asked:

"Do these people at the machine have to PAY to work here?"

That was the impression the child received, and it would not be surprising if a large part of the impression came from the fact that scarcely anyone ever visits the big engraving plant without carrying away the idea that the men and women at work on the big job of supplying a hundred million people with stamps, money, and bonds are HAPPY.

I remember when I first went into the factory district of Connecticut twenty years ago. My feeling was one of depression. It wasn't the noise of machinery; it wasn't the smoke or the brick factory walls; it was because the faces of the workers were drawn tight, the smiles had gone, and on the lips was a down-grade expression, exactly the opposite of that on the faces of the men and women the little boy saw at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing.

There are today 6,700 employes in "the Bureau," the experts there being the topnotchers in their class. They do the biggest job of its kind on earth. No other group of printers and engravers turn out such good work or so much work. No other group of employes in their class are held to so high a standard in both quantity and quality, and yet I'll defy any human being on earth—the more cynical the better—to go through that plant and find a happier looking working community.

There is something inexpressibly glorious in being happy on the job. The smiling workman is going to be the salvation of America, and apprentices at happiness could well take a course under James Wilmeth, director of the Bureau.

In the navy there is an institution known as a "happy ship." From stem to stern, cook, cabin boy, bluejacket, midshipman, and captain are all working together in a big team. The ship goes faster. It is cleaner. It fights better and shoots straighter, and THAT'S its one excuse for living.

No one ever saw a happy lounge lizard or corner loafer. The man who works is happiest, and the employe who is happy because he works and carries his happiness into his work is better off than any king.

The Bureau of Engraving and Printing turned out two million two hundred and fifty thousand notes of all kinds yesterday; also ninety-five million stamps of all denominations. In addition, it turned out sales of United States bonds and a lot of little odd jobs that would take some folks a month to accomplish. It will do the same thing today and tomorrow and the next day, and it did the same thing, only more of it, all during the war.

In all the war period, with everything at unheard of pressure, it didn't lose enough to worry a flea, only one sheet of stamps being unaccounted for in all the enormous stamp product for two years. The accounting for the minute details of the Bureau's job would be enough to give some entire communities a socialistic headache, which would be a large pain shared equally by all. But that old happy smile pervades the rooms of plate printers and sheet counters alike.

Washington should be proud of that big plant—and it is. It is prouder, however, of the spirit the Bureau employes show. They fight for what they believe is right, and thereby show considerable force and initiative. If the director ever tried "to put something over," he would know by 9:30 that morning he had one of the fights of his life on his hands. However, the fights are not the rule.

The smiles are.

HEARD AND SEEN

BILLY MUNDAY, our well-known tire salesman, tells me he went into a Ninth Street tea place and paid twenty cents for four slices of bread. I'd hate to tell Bill how much I paid for a tire.

I HAVE A FRIEND. "I notice the Comeback is saying spiteful things about your military career. Anyhow, Mr. Heard and Seen, when you returned to the newspaper business you took off your uniform and went to WORK, which would be a novelty to the Comeback office." WALTER REED PATIENT.

HICK SIGN. Who has seen that sign board near Mt. Rainier reading "NO VEHICLES ALLOWED"?

CARLIN DULIN takes issue with the man in this column who found fault with the dealers who blamed the gen. pub. for high prices. Carl says he bought shoes for \$4 a pair and a suit of clothes for \$35 two weeks ago. The same day he saw a young man of his own age (26) who had paid \$18 for shoes and says all his friends are paying \$60 to \$80 for clothes.

"People today will take a suit of clothes marked \$80 regardless of quality—simply because it is high. It is the same way with patrons of restaurants."

M. G. H. nominates LLOYD SCHUMAC of Snyder's pharmacy, 1400 Penna. Ave. S. E. in the Handsome Drug Clerk contest.

Who Remembers? The extra thought or but you used to get at the balcony, found on the other end of the ride."

THE HASKIN LETTER

THE RISE OF CIDER

By FREDERIC J. HASKIN

THE cider market is being bulled.

A few years ago you could buy all the cider you wanted for about five dollars a barrel. Now you are lucky if you can buy a barrel of good cider for twenty dollars, and in many sections you are lucky if you can buy good cider at all.

This sudden increased demand for cider may, or may not, be connected with the fact that the Senate has excluded non-intoxicating cider and wine from the long list of beverages banned, and that the conference committee on prohibition measures show a tendency to concur in this leniency. Of course, the conference committee may change its mind, but if present indications hold good you may make cider and own cider without breaking the law.

It seems probable that cider may rise to the dignity of a national beverage. Cider has for many years been made in almost every community in the United States. Most Americans are acquainted with cider as a soft or semi-soft drink which is both wholesome and good to the palate, and a few of them are aware that cider which has attained a mature age under favorable conditions is not so soft. In fact, the drinking of hard cider is in some country communities a well recognized and popular vice.

A Difficult Art. But cider is wholesome, and it never develops a very high percentage of alcohol. Furthermore, the making of hard cider is a difficult art which not many amateurs will master. If not hardened in just exactly the right way, the cider will turn into vinegar and align itself with the white-ribbons by biting the tongue of the would-be sinner. Most of us will probably never know cider except in its strictly fresh and very mildly alcoholic condition, and few of us have enough room inside to get intoxicated on a one or two per cent beverage. It would seem, therefore, that if there is any beverage in the world besides spring water and milk with which an American citizen can be trusted alone, cider is that one. If there is a cup that cheers without intoxicating, that can keep the joy of conviviality alive in the world

without scandalizing the righteous, that cup may well contain cider.

The new interest in cider has had the effect of turning attention upon the few cider mills and cider bars which are scattered about the country. These establishments have heretofore existed overshadowed by their more powerful rivals. They are almost sure, now, to increase in number and in importance.

Mill on the Avenue. A typical cider mill is an establishment on Pennsylvania avenue. The owner has been making cider and cider vinegar, and nothing else, at this same stand for thirty-five years, and yet many Washingtonians have discovered the place but recently. The back part of the establishment is a factory where fifty barrels of cider per day are turned out by steam power presses. The front part is a bar of the old-fashioned kind, with a foot rest and a grateful fragrance. Nothing but cider passes over this bar.

The owner, a kindly old gentleman, is what people describe as a character. He knows cider from the tree to the stomach in all its varieties and ages. On his country place he raises apples so that he may experiment with different varieties in the making of cider. He will tell you, for example, about the Hughes Virginia crabapple, a little known brand, which is the most wonderful cider apple in the world. Cider, made properly from this little red apple with the black

spots, has a peculiarly delicate flavor, and has the further peculiarity that it will develop 10 per cent of alcohol without a trace of acid. Of course, it need not be developed to that extent. This crabapple cider also produces an exceptionally fine "bead," as the farmers say—a content of carbon dioxide, which makes it tickle the tongue just like soda water.

Summer Apples No Good. To make good cider the right varieties of apples must be used. Summer apples are no good. A fine winter apple is necessary, such as the Ben Davis or the Winesap. Of course, culls are used almost exclusively, but they must be culls of the better sort. Many rotten or wormy apples will spoil the cider.

In the second place, the pressing must be done in cold weather. In fact, cold is the secret of good cider. From the day it is pressed out of the apples until it finds lodgment within the human system, cider must never be warm. The layman generally associates warmth with fermentation, but cider ferments at any temperature above freezing, and at any temperature above 45 degrees Fahrenheit it will turn to vinegar. The juice must therefore be pressed out on a cold day and must be put immediately in a cold place. A cold cellar is good in winter in cold climates. Otherwise it must be put in an ice box or in some other form of artificial cold storage.

The cask is also important. A fifty-gallon whiskey barrel is best.

A wine barrel with staves a couple of inches thick, that will keep out air is also good. A vinegar barrel must never be used, nor will a cheap barrel with thin, porous sides serve the purpose. There must be a small opening at the top of the barrel, covered with gauze or screen, so that the surplus carbon dioxide can escape, but the cask must be absolutely airtight everywhere else.

If thus treated, the cider develops in four to six weeks a very slight percentage of alcohol and a fine bead. As a soft drink it will then be at its best, and very delicious. After three or four months it will probably contain 4 or 5 per cent of alcohol, and will still be a very acceptable drink. Some ordinary cider will never develop more than 5 per cent of alcohol.

Keep It Air Tight. At either of the stages mentioned the cider may be bottled, like wine, and so kept in an airtight condition and in a cool place for a long time.

It is evident that the amateur does not stand much chance of carrying out this process with real success. Generally, the best he can do is to buy fresh cider from a farmer and drink it before the acetic acid begins to form. Even if he has cold storage facilities most of the cider that he might buy from farmers would not serve the purpose of shortage because it would probably not have been pressed under the right conditions until it came into his hands.

If you wish to have good cider this winter your best plan would be to buy a barrel of cider from some expert cider maker—not an ordinary farmer. Be sure that the cider was made in October or November, that it is put up in a good whiskey or wine barrel, and that it has been kept in a cool cellar. Then put it in your own cellar, if you are sure the temperature there will stay below forty-five degrees. If you are not sure of that, rent a home for your little cider barrel in some local cold storage plant.

What's Doing; Where; When

- Today. Wednesday—Lunch talk—City Club, Farragut Square, 12:25 p. m. All club members invited. Lecture—By Delbert Bacon, subject "Lift Up Thy Hands and Brothers," Public Library, Lecture Hall, Seventh street and Massachusetts avenue northwest, 8 p. m. Meeting—Board of Education, Franklin School Building, 4:30 p. m. Meeting—Citizen Inhabitants' Association, at headquarters, Union Square House, 8 p. m. Band Concert—Third U. S. Cavalry Band, bandstand, Fort Myer, Va., from 1 until 3 p. m. Dinner—Kappa Alpha Fraternity, 11, 11 Hill Northwest street northwest, 8 p. m. League—At Knights of Columbus Hall, Washington Park, at 8:30 in southeast.
- Tomorrow. Banquet—To Prof Louis P. Bliss, by men of Vaughn Sunday school class, 8 p. m. Under auspices of Knights of Columbus, at Camp Humphreys, Mt. 1 p. m. Carnival and Dancing—On the boulevard, Hyattsville, Md. Meeting—American League, 2647 Columbia road northwest, 8 p. m. Meeting—Washington Century Club, Cox room, 11 p. m. Meeting—Wash. Post, 1000 Connecticut Avenue, 10 p. m. Meeting—Northwest and University Fraternity, 10 p. m. Carnival and Dancing—On the boulevard, Hyattsville, Md.