

The Washington Times

THE NATIONAL DAILY
Reg. U. S. Patent Office.
ARTHUR BRISBANE, Editor and Owner.
EDGAR D. SHAW, Publisher.
Entered as second class matter at the Postoffice at Washington, D. C.
Published Every Evening (including Sundays) by
The Washington Times Company, Munsey Bldg., Pennsylvania Ave.
Mail Subscriptions: 1 year (inc. Sunday), \$7.50; 3 Months, \$2.95; 1 Month, 65c.
SUNDAY, MAY 18, 1919.

Keep Near the Drum

Use Your Time Well, Because When It's Gone, You Can't Buy It Back.

Soldiers marching make a discovery. If they are close to the drum they keep step perfectly to its beating.

When they get far behind they cannot keep step. For the atmospheric waves that carry sound travel slowly. The man at the far end of a long line of soldiers hears the drum beat only after the man close to the drum has put his foot forward.

Any soldier far behind who relies on the sound will be out of step with the others.

Life is a procession, Time is the drummer, and the hour-glass is his drum. As you stop for a moment to read this, time and the procession go on, and you go with it. Every day men should be reminded of the fact that the only real property is slipping past us, not used.

MONEY lost can be made good, OPPORTUNITIES lost may come again; even FRIENDS lost may be replaced. But TIME lost is gone forever.

Thomas Jefferson, who never lost a moment, whether he was writing the Declaration of Independence for the United States or shipping the skeleton of a moose to France, wrote to his daughter Martha:

"No person will have occasion to complain of the loss of time who never loses any."

If you keep UP with Time, and stay close behind the old drummer, you will have no trouble. You will find the pace comfortable, conditions easy, no difficulty in keeping step with the other leaders.

But those that throw time away and then complain that they haven't got it, that fall behind farther and farther, pity their lot.

They are mentally out of step, worried and hurried. The day's end finds them more tired than it does the individual who has kept at the front and KEPT GOING.

They say "Time is money," and so it is. For money is the thing that men accumulate by their efforts. And Time is the currency that represents all real effort and all real results.

Time and money are alike in this—one who squanders either will suffer for it.

Fall behind the times, become sluggish, let the procession pass you, and it is a weary race trying to catch up again.

Fall behind with payments, let debt overtake you, because you have not kept up with the financial procession, and a weary, stern chase is ahead of you.

With loss of credit it is the same as with loss of time. Neither is necessary; both entail endless, unnecessary struggle.

To a young man who said he could not save money because he made only twelve dollars a week a wise adviser replied: "If you do not save SOMETHING on twelve dollars a week you will never save anything as long as you live."

The man with a small salary thinks it isn't sufficiently important to be worth saving. It isn't what you save, it is what you DO.

So it is with time. Nine men out of ten waste more than half of it. Working for another man, they imagine that they are wasting the other man's time, whereas they are wasting their own blood of life, throwing away the few years, falling behind, probably never to catch up.

A man died a little while ago, and the papers tell you now that he had so many millions to leave behind him. Only a little while before he was a clerk in a department store. He was not very young. Other men near him younger than he would have laughed had they been told that they would soon read of the great fortune built by this man. He was capable, steady, able, not especially brilliant. But he kept up with time, thought and planned, saved some money, which represented time gone by. When opportunity came he was up in front and ready to take it.

Take the case of another man, one of the most useful, constructive citizens in the country, and one of the most distinctly successful. You would recognize at once a half dozen of his accomplishments, standing out pre-eminent.

Not long ago, if you had gone into a certain shoe store, you would have found this man ready to take off your shoe, try on another, fit you if he could, treat you politely, and his employer fairly in any case.

Perhaps if you had seen that man then and somebody had told you that in a little while his money would run into millions, and his accomplishments into something more important than money, you would have said: "If he can do it I can, and I will."

Not far from you, with no better chance than yours, with no advantage except perhaps that he knows time's

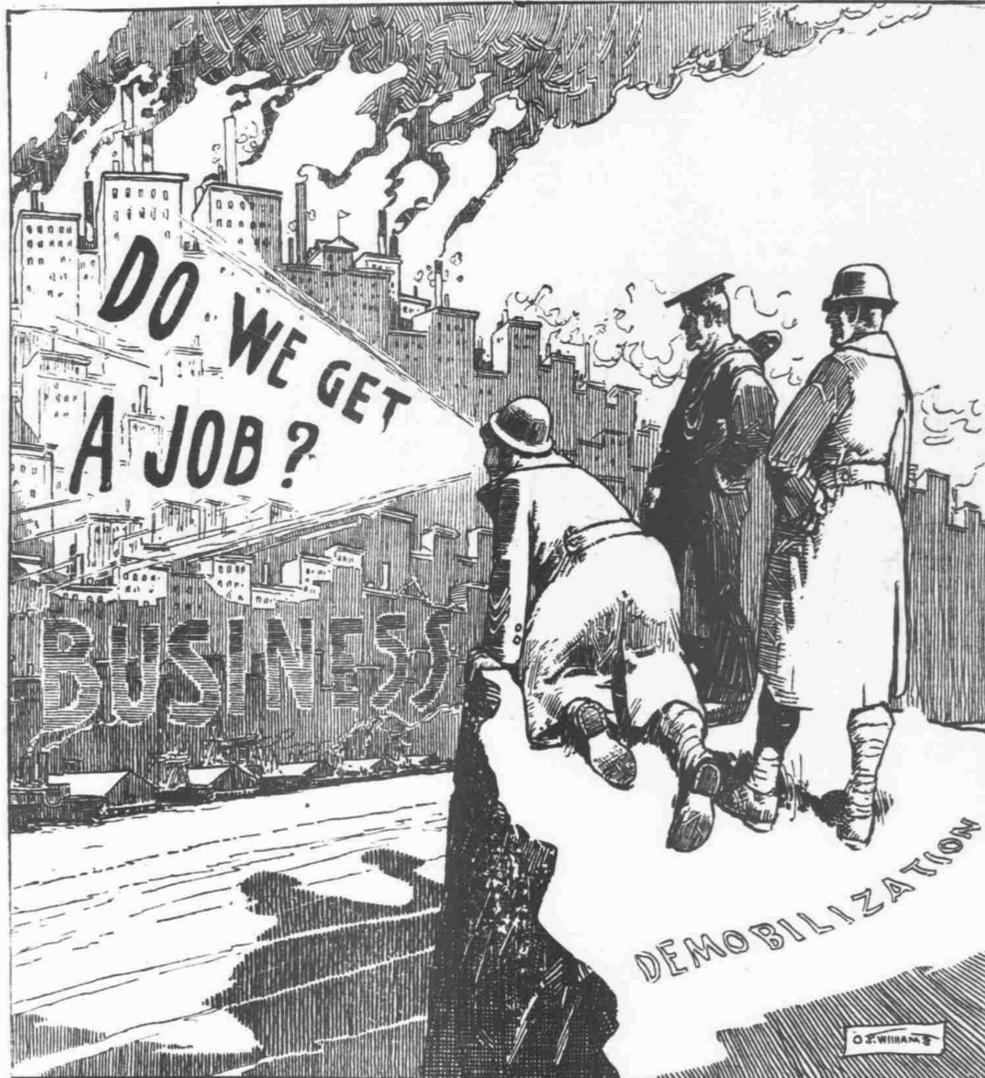
It Pays To Keep In Step



Father Time beats the drum, and we all march. We may lag behind and get out of step if we choose, but MARCH we must, none the less, beginning

with the first breath and ending with the last. It pays to keep near the drum, keep in step, and be "up" with Father Time.

Putting It Up To Business



value, works regularly, evenly, is the man who is to be the big success, to be admired and envied, in ten or twenty years.

The pitiful thing about wasting time is the lack of reasoning. All must march in Time's procession, anyhow. The journey cannot be avoided.

It is worth while to make the extra little effort, to pay attention to the minutes that go by and USE them, and thus keep a front place in the procession.

Success is not difficult, especially in this country of opportunities. It really takes persistent, almost scientific, misuse and neglect of time to make a real failure.

Competition is not keen; it is almost nil.

How many men do you know of whom you can say truly that each pays as much attention to the passing hour as he would to a dollar bill lying in the gutter? Any man would take the trouble to walk back and stoop down for the value that a dollar represents. In modern success, the man whose hour is only worth one dollar does not amount to much. If he worked for fifty years and made a dollar every hour, he would earn less than half a million dollars, and that isn't a fortune in modern phraseology, although it is a great deal of money.

Any man of average ability can make the hours of his life worth a dollar each, and that is putting it mildly. And the interesting part of it, for those that like business and money, is that each hour used makes the future hours more profitable; the value of time grows with time, if you keep up near the front.

But the man worth while does not think of time as measured merely by the money that can be extracted from it. MONEY means only what you can eat, wear, a bed to sleep in, FREEDOM FROM WORRY and the right to use your time as you please.

Real use of time, real delight in it, its real value, come in the case of a REAL man when all material necessity for work is ended.

Any hour well spent by an intelligent man can produce a dollar. The same hour well spent by the same man can produce ten, twenty, or a hundred useful thoughts.

In an hour you can read many pages containing the intellectual essence of great men that have lived before you.

One hour devoted intelligently to a good book of history, astronomy, philosophy or science will actually add years to your life, for in an hour you can absorb the work to which other men have devoted years.

Every newspaper once a month ought to write about time, the value and the waste of it.

Used properly, time will make you rich, and that is the least important except as wealth means freedom from care, time to think.

Used always, time will make you contented. The busy mind is the only satisfied mind. On the day that you were born you entered the procession, sentenced to it for life.

The tail end is dreary and uncomfortable. The front end is worth while.

Keep up with the old drummer; keep in step, keep ahead. USE YOUR TIME.

HEARD AND SEEN

By EARL GODWIN.

It is hoped that there is truth in the intimation that whatever relief is granted to the Washington Railway and Electric Company by the Public Utilities Commission it will not be in the form of a two-zone plan of double fares.

That sort of a thing would do no good for the development of the District of Columbia, and it would be manifestly unfair to suburban people or those living in the second zone, which would really include some of the largely populated portions of the District.

It should be borne in mind that the suburban dweller is, in a small way, a pioneer of development, as were the first Americans who went far into the West and helped make that a part of this glorious country. In his way the suburbanite puts up with many inconveniences and discomforts that he may enjoy reasonable freedom and health.

The argument that he should pay for a long haul is not a good one for this reason: He is given none of the advantages of rapid and comfortable transit the city man has. A city man

can get a car in a few minutes and reach his destination easily. The suburbanite is the last man to be served by the railways. They reach out for the money of the short haul passenger first and serve the suburbanite last. He waits on street corners for many minutes loaded down with bundles and then gets on a car that is packed with humanity and which may not reach its destination for hours owing to trolley and other mishaps.

If the suburban dweller is to pay an additional zone fare, then he should have a service equally as good as that of the city man—frequent cars, reasonably quick transit. He should be given through cars, as the steam railroads do for the long distance traveler.

The idea that the long haul passenger should pay for his ride with extra money would be all right, possibly, if he were given the service that his additional payment demands. That would not be done in Washington. Therefore do not penalize this pioneer in the development of Washington along beautiful and healthful lines.

HERE AND THERE

There is a serious note in this business of the dead cats. My good friend, DICK PROBERT calls it to mind. He says:

It's distressing to read of so many dead cats around the streets. Of course, none of those cats died of heart failure. Most of them probably were starved, lost, or injured. If your readers who know of lost, sick, or hurt kittens would simply telephone the Animal Rescue League, Main 9987, there would be no dead cats around.

In re the perambulating cat: Is there any record being kept as to how many times said cat has died? I understand that the Animal Rescue League is trying to get some data in the hope that they may catch him before he has run the gamut of all his nine lives. A persistent cat of this caliber deserves a better fate than to reach the last and final fatal hole. Might I suggest that when found again that the finder notify this society, so some one can be sent to sit up with him and catch him when he resurrects, so to speak, and save him from the last demise? Such an act would certainly be placed in a conspicuous position in the cat-egory of human deeds.

A FELINE LOVER.

Park View wants more school rooms, which means more teachers, which means more trouble for the Board of Education.

John Colpoys says the first of July looks the same to him as the first of June or any other month.

Let's see, now—which October was it that Mr. Ham promised to have fifty new cars in operation?

A soldier boy on his way from France to his home in Alabama wired his brother here from Baltimore at 7 o'clock to meet him at the Union Station. The brother received the message at 11:30. Four hours and a half—pretty quick time from Baltimore?

Now that our car companies insist that all passengers pass in through the rear door, why not chase the platydoem lizards inside the car?

As to "Observer's" allusion to human looking ventilators on top of the dormitories near the Union Station, I have observed this optical illusion particularly during twilight when the ventilators look like soldiers leaning forward about to make a lunge.

D. R. H.

How is the following for a sentence containing the twelve words adopted by the Simplified Spelling Board:

Altho the pedagogue and demagogue talked together thruout the thoro-fare about the spelling of "tho" and "thru" they decided to stand on their heads when they wrote the prolog to the decalog and make a thorough examination of the catalog and program.

COURT F. WOOD.

The Board of Trade and the Federation of Citizens Associations are to investigate the trolley increase. Perhaps soon we will know something about it.

The protest against the Borland street-paving tax can safely be called a post-mortem affair.

isms.—For heroism you get a cross; for Bolshevism you get a rope.

By the way, I wonder if that Sixteenth street cat succumbed to one of Ignatz's bricks?

Mother's Day made quite a hole in father's pay.

The municipally owned and operated electric light plant of Chicopee, Mass., had such a successful year in 1918 that the charge for electricity for street lights for the coming year will be reduced from 4 1/4 cents to 4 cents per kilowatt-hour.

The average cost of water for domestic service in Milwaukee, Wis., under public ownership, is 25 cents a month per family, or \$3.00 a year. Under private ownership in Paducah, Ky., W. A. Gardner, one of the commissioners, pays \$30.00 a year.

From the Editor's Mail

If a plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy had a tad for adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy be an adder? And if the plaid-clad caddy laddie added daddy in his adding, would the plaid-clad caddy laddie's daddy make the plaid-clad caddy laddie sadder?

F. S. W.

Doesn't Like Latin Names for Flowers.

The other afternoon a little lad with his nurse was walking along the bridge path on the Speedway near the Community Gardens and he suddenly exclaimed, "Oh, nurse, see the beautiful aspidium goldianum—how lovely are the Nivdogus Versicolor and how sweet are the clusters of Hypericum Kalmianum." That little boy was from Boston and knew about the kid from poor old Washington who wants to know beautiful aspidium goldianum; how had not been taught Latin in the cradle. Well, he is just out of luck down on the Speedway, that's all! The curse of a nation may be its national ego, but it has a running mate in the scientist who spends his entire life in making a study of the hair on the off wire of a gram and gives his valuable discoveries to the world in a language which only one millionth of one per cent can understand.

PRESS CLUB.

From An Efficiency Expert.

Say! Why the delay in docking the Victory Ship at the corner 15th and Pennsylvania Ave.? For three days and three nights after D. C. came across with its quota, the old craft lay off Florida. To-day she was in port but some pessimist had failed to

erase last week's laggard figures and the out-of-town hoble who runs may read some stale quotations that give the impression of a fearful delinquency.

Also, why does your esteemed sheet, apropos of the Elks' visitation, drape across the face of its souvenir section, a United States flag with FIFTEEN stripes and twenty-one stars?

I notice with satisfaction that the lunch room on D street, between 9th and 10th, has removed corn beef hash from its list of beverages. This helps some, but not a helluva lot.

HOPELESS.

Well, that flag business is just as bad as the prominent member of Congress who spoke of our banner as having fifty-odd stars.

And then there are the treasurers of these various "movements" who ALWAYS have to pay the bills out of their own pockets.

Under the splendid and accurate system which has been adopted for the expenditure of moneys by the Salvation Army, under the new plan, the amount of money contributed in each city or community remains in that immediate locality for the development and continuance of the work of the Salvation Army there. The fact that the money is spent back in the community is not the point, however. The real thing is that those who contribute can witness the development of the Salvation Army work, and the way in which their contributions are being used, in their own home communities.