

WASHINGTON SIDELIGHTS

Women Chauffeurs Operate the Big Army Busses

WASHINGTON.—Running short of men, the civil service commission, under war necessity, appointed women chauffeurs to operate the big army busses that carry passengers having business with the government to the various departments. Two Washington girls to receive appointments to the women's motor corps of the government are Miss Esther Treger, 44 Dean avenue, and Mrs. Louise Torbert 2114 H street northwest.



"I simply couldn't stand those knitting-knocking clubs. You know what I mean; those women who go to the theater all dolled up with their knitting. All they do is to 'knock' their friends."

This is the explanation from Mrs. Torbert of why she decided to "turn the wheel" for Uncle Sam instead of taking up clerical work or Red Cross work.

"It was just born in me," said her sister chauffette. "I have driven the machine for my mother and father ever since we have had a machine. In fact, my father can't run it. He left it all to me," said Miss Treger, who is eighteen, the youngest member of the women's motor corps.

Both chauffettes make 14 trips a day between the quartermaster's office, Seventeenth and F streets, to the war department annex, Sixth and B streets.

They cover about 30 miles a day, guiding their busses right through the heart of the business section—or what they call the "traffickest" section.

Mrs. Torbert, who gives \$15 out of her monthly earnings as chauffette to the Red Cross, said:

"Oh, I love my work. I shoot on the gas, throw in the clutch and just spin through the city. It would be Paradise if the people just wouldn't walk in front of the bus."

"The hardest part of the work is the stopping every 20 minutes at the end of the routes," said Miss Treger, "and no lunch time. Like fish, we take a bite whenever we can get it."

Blind People Eager to Aid in Winning the War

OF COURSE the old fellow at the Home for the Blind, 3050 R street, northwest, who would not turn his watch forward when the daylight-savings law went into effect, had scruples against "changing God's time," but every one of the 18 inmates of the home, most of them over fifty years old, are of one accord.

And that is that the war must be won at any sacrifice and they are doing and will continue to do what they can to help bring the kaiser to his knees.

Mrs. Louise Wickert, a Washington woman who has been totally blind for the last 20 years and who has been at the home for the last six years, is the premier war worker of the blind family. To date Mrs. Wickert has knitted thirteen sweaters, seventeen scarfs and three pair of wristlets.

Mrs. Rubie Nowlin, also of Washington, has completed ten sweaters, three scarfs and eleven pairs of wristlets. While the women sit in their work room, knitting, making baskets and doing plain sewing, the men industriously work at caning chairs. All talk about the war.

One of the treasures of a blind man is his watch. Then came the daylight-savings law and every clock in the nation was set forward an hour. Every clock but—

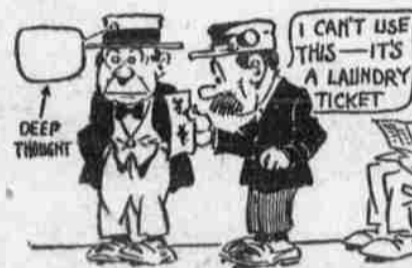
Those at the Home for the Blind. The dinner bell there rang at exactly the same time. Six o'clock was six o'clock. To please them the matron did not change the big clock on the wall.

Then one day not long ago Mrs. Josephine Jacobs, president of the Aid Association for the Blind of the District of Columbia and head of the home, made a visit and discovered, to her amazement, that every clock and watch in the house was "slow." Some of the inmates explained that "they didn't see any sense in the fool law." Mrs. Jacobs then made a patriotic little speech about saving daylight and how it was helping win the war. With a will every timepiece was turned forward but one. The old fellow with his watch didn't believe in "getting mixed up."

The Hoover program of food conservation is closely followed. Nothing is wasted. Victory bread and sugar allowances have come into as much favor with these blind patriots as with everyone else helping to win the war.

Conductor Felt He Must Draw the Line Somewhere

WASHINGTON street car conductors, being human, and suffering from the jamming of the cars along with the passengers, often are quite grouchy. You can't blame them. It isn't a bit of fun to be crowded into a street car so tight you can't move, and when you have got to fight your way to and fro to collect fares it makes a pretty tough job.



Of course, it's your job, so you have to make the best of it. There is one conductor in town who has determined to make the best of it evidently, for he is about as good humored a man as you can find any place, in any job. He usually has all the people on the car laughing all the time. He can't make 'em "move up front, please"—for some mysterious reason Washingtonians will not move up in front—but he does keep 'em smiling, and that is something.

From his place of rest at the crank of the door-opening device he sends forth good cheer both fore and aft.

A man got on the car the other morning. He was in a hurry, and his mind was occupied with the big problems of the day, of this age filled with some of the biggest problems the world has ever known.

"Tickets, please," said the jovial conductor.

The man reached down into his pocket, felt for a ticket, and reached it forth to the conductor.

"I can't take that," said the conductor. "I just had a man present me with an ice cream soda check. I might have used that, and I will take a rain check to the baseball game, but I won't take a Chinese laundry ticket."

Millionaire Peeling Potatoes in Camp Kitchen

IT WAS Nelson Morris, multimillionaire packer in Chicago, but it's Private Nelson Morris, K. P. (kitchen policeman) at Camp Meigs, where the twenty-eight-year-old head of the great Nelson Morris & Co., packers, is wearing the khaki and hardening his muscles preparatory to doing his bit along with other young Americans.

About the time Morris was directed to come to Washington as a refrigeration expert in the quartermaster department where he had volunteered for service at one dollar a year, his number was reached in the draft and he was sent to Camp Grant, Rockford, Illinois.

After a brief stay at Camp Grant, however, Morris was ordered to report to Washington. He was assigned to duty as kitchen policeman, reporting for duty at 6 a. m. to peel potatoes or prepare other food for the meals of the soldiers. During off hours, Morris cut firewood and engaged in other useful work about the camp.

A period of guard duty followed for the young soldier-packer, and he has gone at his duties with a vim that has made his comrades in arms remark that "he is just like the rest of us and one would never believe he was a millionaire."

Private Morris' wealth has not proved a burden since his entry into army life. He has fallen into the routine of the camp in good spirits and his superior officers have made no exceptions nor concessions when retelling the day's duties for the various privates in camp.



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HAROLD SOMERS, 180 DE KALB AVE., BROOKLYN, N. Y.

MR. JONES HAD RIGHT IDEA

Some Statesmen and Many Soldiers Fully Agree With the Gentleman From Atlanta.

George Washington Jones, late of Atlanta, was making his first trip forward on a supply wagon—with not much farther to go—when, from the side of the road, a camouflaged American battery broke forth thunderously, sending a few 300-pound tokens over the line to Fritz. The ground trembled from the salvo, but not any more than George as he jumped from his high seat to the road.

The American artillery officer in charge of the battery crossed over to the road.

"Scared?" he demanded.

"Well," said George, "Ah was slightly agitated at first. Ah suttinly was. But keep right on. Dat's the only way to win dis wah—flah dem guns."

Of Two Evils.

"Never change lawyers!"

The speaker was Senator Thomas of Colorado.

"No matter how greedily your lawyer may be bleeding you," he said, "don't change him. Remember the old horse."

"An old horse stood under a tree patiently, though he was all covered with horse flies. A kind-hearted man went up to brush the flies away, but the old horse said:

"Hold on, sir. Don't disturb those flies. They're nearly full. Drive them off, and a fresh lot will come, more hungry than the last."

Those Girls.

"That flappy hat is becoming to you."

"But it hides my face."

"I said it was becoming."

Don't lose hope! Remember the Blind Man

—Trachoma kept this young lady practically blind for months. Again and again the words, "Blind for life!" rang through her ears. "Blind for life!" She lost hope, for everything tried had failed. Then came new hope, and confidence, when she was told of the

HALEY TREATMENT

for Trachoma, Granulated Lids, Ulcers and Chronic Sore Eyes.

What a difference is shown in the two pictures—the lower one taken when she came here and the upper taken just before she returned home.

And her case is but one of hundreds of similar cases successfully treated by this institution. Possibly we can save you from "a life in darkness." Why not find out—today—now—just write

Haley Eye Infirmary
CENTRALIA, ILL.

Heartless Papa.

"What did papa say?" asked the bright spot of his life, breathlessly, as her hero came limping out of papa's studio after an interview.

"He didn't say much," returned her bright spot, mournfully, "but I wish I were as unfeeling as he is."

Quite Natural.

Proph—"Why do they call this arm bone the humerus?" Soph—"Probably because it's next to the funny bone."

Earth's total land area is placed at 33,123,171,200 acres, of which forests cover 8,097,319,827 acres.

Are the Packers Profiteers?

Plain Facts About the Meat Business

The Federal Trade Commission in its recent report on war profits, stated that the five large meat packers have been profiteering and that they have a monopoly of the market.

These conclusions, if fair and just, are matters of serious concern not only to those engaged in the meat packing business but to every other citizen of our country.

The figures given on profits are misleading and the statement that the packers have a monopoly is unsupported by the facts.

The packers mentioned in the report stand ready to prove their profits reasonable and necessary.

The meat business is one of the largest American industries. Any citizen who would familiarize himself with its details must be prepared for large totals.

The report states that the aggregate profits of four large packers were \$140,000,000 for the three war years.

This sum is compared with \$19,000,000 as the average annual profit for the three years before the war, making it appear that the war profit was \$121,000,000 greater than the pre-war profit.

This compares a three-year profit with a one-year profit—a manifestly unfair method of comparison. It is not only misleading, but the Federal Trade Commission apparently has made a mistake in the figures themselves.

The aggregate three-year profits of \$140,000,000 was earned on sales of over four and a half billion dollars. It means about three cents on each dollar of sales—or a mere fraction of a cent per pound of product.

Packers' profits are a negligible factor in prices of live stock and meats. No other large business is conducted upon such small margins of profit.

Furthermore—and this is very important—only a small portion of this profit has been paid in dividends. The balance has been put back into the businesses. It had to be, as you realize when you consider the problems the packers have had to solve—and solve quickly—during these war years.

To conduct this business in war times, with higher costs and the necessity of paying two or three times the former prices for live stock, has required the use of two or three times the ordinary amount of working capital. The additional profit makes only a fair return on this, and as has been stated, the larger portion of the profits earned has been used to finance huge stocks of goods and to provide additions and improvements made necessary by the enormous demands of our army and navy and the allies.

If you are a business man you will appreciate the significance of these facts. If you are unacquainted with business, talk this matter over with some business acquaintance—with your banker, say—and ask him to compare profits of the packing industry with those of any other large industry at the present time.

No evidence is offered by the Federal Trade Commission in support of the statement that the large packers have a monopoly. The Commission's own report shows the large number and importance of other packers.

The packers mentioned in the statement stand ready to prove to any fair-minded person that they are in keen competition with each other, and that they have no power to manipulate prices.

If this were not true they would not dare to make this positive statement.

Furthermore, government figures show that the five large packers mentioned in the report account for only about one-third of the meat business of the country.

They wish it were possible to interest you in the details of their business. Of how, for instance, they can sell dressed beef for less than the cost of the live animal, owing to utilization of by-products, and of the wonderful story of the methods of distribution throughout this broad land, as well as in other countries.

The five packers mentioned feel justified in co-operating with each other to the extent of together presenting this public statement.

They have been able to do a big job for your government in its time of need; they have met all war time demands promptly and completely and they are willing to trust their case to the fair-mindedness of the American people with the facts before them.

Armour & Company
Cudahy Packing Co.
Morris & Company
Swift & Company
Wilson & Company