

The Washington Times

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SATURDAY, JUNE 28, 1919.

What We Can Learn From a Woman Who Won

And From the Woman Who Lost.

Out in San Francisco the other day eighty-two women participated in an annual hike conducted by a newspaper. From the accounts this is no mollycoddle event, but a contest in which stamina and endurance combine with fitness to make a winner.

The time required to complete the race, which was up and down hill, over rough country, for seven miles, was one hour fifteen minutes and fifty-six seconds.

Whether or not so strenuous an endeavor is a good thing for women to indulge in is a question. It is true, however, that plenty of exercise out of doors is what a good many women fail to get, and they pay a penalty of weakness and of delicate health.

The vacation season is here, and thousands of girls and women are planning where to go and what to do.

Wherever you plan to go, plan to live out of doors. Plan to "court the sun and romance with the stars." Walk and run and play out of doors. Get tired with good, wholesome exercise. Sleep with your windows wide open. Get as close to nature as you can day and night.

Your vacation so spent will be worth more than a whole summer at some costly, fashionable resort, where the opportunity to wear good clothes and talk silly nonsense is the chief return for exorbitant expenditures.

The newspaper which conducted the contest gave great prominence to the wonderful reception to the winner as she crossed the finish line.

It pictured the cheering crowd and the wild welcome which greeted the tired but victorious contestant.

A much shorter paragraph was given to the woman who finished second and third, and little or nothing was said about those who trailed in at the end of the procession.

That circumstance is worth thinking about. The woman who finished last had run the same distance over the same rough course.

She had tried perhaps even harder than the one who won.

She may have been more exhausted, have given more of herself to the contest than any other participant.

But she did not win, and the world refuses to cheer a loser.

There is only one who can win in a race. The Greeks erected a statue only to the winner in the great games of Olympus.

It is a great thing to be first in whatever you do. To be first requires training, preparation, fitness, and, with those, great endeavor.

There may be some luck in it, but do not trust to luck—it may go to other than you.

And don't be discouraged. The woman who won this year ran fifth last year. But she tried again.

"Try, try, again." Old as the hills, but first-class advice.

Make up your mind you CAN be a winner and you WILL be a winner.

The Fourth of July

A Celebration in Washington of All the Allied Nations.

Washington is preparing a Fourth of July celebration unique in character and rich in symbolism.

It will be local, national, and international. All nations except America's recent enemies will participate.

Through this observance of the birthday of freedom will run the dominant note of thanksgiving for the return of peace. In symbolic pageantry will be suggested the opportunities and the responsibilities that accrue from the victory of civilization.

There will be registered America's determination to dedicate the country to the cause of civilized progress.

More than 15,000 people will take part. There will be singing and other music on a scale never before attempted. Under the direction of Peter W. Dykema, director of community singing for the National War Camp Community Service, there will be sung hymns of peace.

The keen desire of foreign nations to participate in this celebration indicates the recognition of the world of the unique place America holds in the comity of nations.

Large sums have been appropriated by the embassies here for the floats in the great parade and the pageants, arranged under the direction of Mrs. Marie Forrest Moore.

Much of the local significance in the celebration will be decoration of soldier heroes of the District of Columbia.

It is especially fitting that this celebration should be staged in the Capital of the Nation.

It will be Washington's most notable Fourth of July.

The League of Husbands

Bill Interfered With
a Woman's Right

By T. E. Eowers



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

TODAY'S TOPIC
ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

Is She Free to Go About?

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have often read your articles relative to the girl war worker in this city, and although I am not a war worker, I should very much like to have your view of the following situation:

I am twenty-four years old and have been married almost one year to an officer, who left shortly for overseas after our marriage. Very few people have known of my marriage, and for business reasons it was necessary for me to continue to be Miss.

Lately I have met some very fine men, who have invited me to dinner or to the theater. I have made one excuse after another, feeling that were I to go, I should not be playing the game, but one cannot shut oneself up in a tiny flat and just write letters. I find myself becoming very narrow and rather cynical and feel that I need a certain amount of entertainment and bright companionship. Now none of these men are in love with me, nor have they in any way attempted the slightest familiarity. It is purely a friendly evening spent at the theater or roof garden. Is it really sporting to accept these invitations?

I want to be absolutely fair to the men and to my husband. Do you not think that I should be a much better and brighter wife when my husband returned, if I did accept these little diversions and kept myself in the pre-marriage groove, instead of staying in my wee flat and finding fault with everything? I have not lived in Washington long enough to make friends with many girls.

PERPLEXED.

Your question raises so many issues that it is impossible to answer it with yes or no. In the first place if you accept invitations from men, as an unmarried woman, is it quite fair to them? They are entertaining an apparently single girl with no obstacle to marriage if they should happen to fall in love with her. You may feel certain of yourself, but can you vouch for an equal lack of susceptibility on the part of these friends of yours?

Will it not give them an unfavorable impression of you when they discover you have been masquerading as single?

To my mind, the proper person to consult is your husband and if he is willing to have you go, it is no one's else business, at the same time I'd convey to these friends the fact that I was "mortgaged."

Disguised War Worker's Views.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I have read the article in The Times printed June 16, written by "Not a Prude," wanting dissection

on "picked-up acquaintances." To her I wish to say the following:

I am also a Government employee—a war-worker, therefore not a resident of Washington. I quite agree with you that a girl who allows herself to be "picked up" is not respected as much as one who meets her friends by proper introduction. But I do not agree with you when you say the majority of war workers do this sort of thing and think it is all right. Statistics show that fully five-eighths of the war-workers who come to this city are either ex-school teachers, high school or college students, while a number of them are middle-aged women who would not resort to this sort of practice merely for "a good time." I'm not saying that all war-workers are perfect, but neither are all Washington girls perfect, therefore why not shoulder your share of a misrepresented reputation?

If the reputation of Washington girls is suffering, why not persuade "Dad" to enlist in a crusade to "clean up" such places—Ninth street, Potomac Park, etc.?

It is logical to say that Washington girls are not responsible for the reputation of the war-workers. Neither are the war-workers responsible for the reputation of Washington girls!

A DISGUISED WAR-WORKER.

Worries About Her Friend.

DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am a girl of sixteen, and considered very pretty by all my friends. I have a girl friend who is also very pretty, but she is only fourteen years old. When she fixes her hair on her head and lengthens her skirts, she looks every day of seventeen. She runs around a good deal and is inclined to be conceited. I have often heard people who know her remark that "her looks have made a fool of her." Don't you think that she is too young to be meeting young men and going out with them alone? She often tells me about going out and "picking up fellows," and she boasts about it as

if it is something to be proud of.

Today she told me she had a date with a young man for tomorrow night, and when I asked her what his name was her answer was "I don't know. I forgot to ask him. I will find out tomorrow night."

Now Miss Fairfax, this girl has a mother, but whether she knows of her daughter's conduct or not, I cannot say. I have frequently told her that she will be sorry some day for her behavior, but she will not listen to me. Can you advise me of anything else I can do?

A STEADY READER.

A friend's keeper is a very ungrateful role, but if you have spoken to her and she only laughs, there is really nothing more to be done, particularly as she has a mother who stands in the position of guardian and who is supposed to be responsible for this highly precocious girl of fourteen.

The Friendly Old Girl.

MY DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

I am nineteen years of age, and the man whom I go with is the same age. We have been going together for four and a half years. For the past two years he has been coming to see me every night except Saturday, and if possible he would come then, but his work will not permit him to do so.

We are very much in love with each other. Of course, we have fuses once in a while, but you know the old saying is, "True love never runs smooth." He will not suggest getting married, as he thinks he is too young. Of course, this may be true, but I think he might say something to me about it. Don't you?

The other night we were riding about the city with his brother and his girl. Everything went along smoothly until she got out of the machine to go in the house, and my friend suggested that she might give us a kiss before leaving. She did.

Do you think he showed any love for me? Do you think I should get mad about it?

Thanking you in advance, I am a reader of the Washington Times.

Once-Overs

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ON KEEPING A-GOING.

It has been said that a certain prominent man's big success in getting somewhere has been the fact that "everything is grist for his mill."

No matter what comes he runs it through and it comes out serving his purpose.

With a principle like that imbedded in a man's make-up there are no obstacles to his ultimate success.

If catastrophe or disaster blows up the bridge, walk over on the ruins.

If shot and shell blow up the ground, be the sort of engineer who can stand a plank strong enough to bridge across and get over the top just the same.

Be prepared to take everything as it comes, and believe that even tribulation is merely another step to success, if you can surmount it.

The bigger the crash the stiffer you must keep to hear the message which tells which way you are headed.

What's Doing; Where; When

Today.

Picnic—Iowa Society, at Pierce's Mill, Rock Creek Park, at 4 p. m.
Concert—United States Marine Band, the Ellipse, 5 p. m.
Excursion—Ohio Girls' Club, Marshall Hall, 4 p. m.
Picnic—Pi Beta Phi Alumnae Club, at "The Shack" near Cabin John Bridge, afternoon.
Rally—Girl Scouts, National Zoological Park, 5 p. m.
Meeting—Irishman State Society, Wilson Normal School, Eleventh and Harvard streets, at 8 o'clock tonight.

Meeting—Clara Barton Guild, Church of Our Father Red Cross Unit, at home of Mrs. Augusta C. Starkey, First and Girard streets northeast, at 3 p. m.
Tea—Nebraska Girls' Arkana Club, Brooks Tea House, Chevy Chase, at 4 p. m.
Meeting—Jewish Boy Scouts, Y. H. M.

Hike—Wanderlusts, from Anacostia, at 2:30 p. m., to along Slickford branch and in the vicinity of Oxon run.
Annual Pilgrimage—California State Society, to Joquim Miller Cabin, Rock Creek Park, from 3 to 6 p. m.
Open Air Services—Under auspices of Y. M. C. A. and Inter-Church Committee, Lincoln Park, 4 p. m.
Meeting—Zionist Organization, Y. M. H. A. building, Eleventh and Pennsylvania avenue, at 1 p. m.

It is something to be proud of. Today she told me she had a date with a young man for tomorrow night, and when I asked her what his name was her answer was "I don't know. I forgot to ask him. I will find out tomorrow night."

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Do you think he showed any love for me? Do you think I should get mad about it?

Thanking you in advance, I am a reader of the Washington Times.

It would seem better policy not to get angry about the other girl's kiss, or at least not to show it if you were human enough to get "mad."

If the young man has been paying you attention for four and a half years, it is time that you had some sort of an understanding. I agree with him, however, that matrimony is too young for a man to marry. But I suppose as you are both in love he fully expects to marry you some day, only he does not care to pin himself down to definite dates.

Let's Have Free Street Cars

By EARL GODWIN.

While the public mind is being drawn to the question of fares, transfers, and car service, and extensive surveys are being made East and West as to the benefits of three-cent fares, as in Cleveland, or ten-cent fares, as in parts of staid old New England, let me raise the question of doing away with street car fares entirely.

The city has free streets, free schools, free bridges, free library books, free trees, free fights, free ponds and little lakes, and the mind naturally inquires, Why not free car rides?

As a start, the Elks or the Chamber or the Board of Trade might head up a "drive" to pay for the whole system. Our millionaires might be encouraged to donate a bridge or a mile of track or a power house, either while living or at death. Or, of course, taxation could take care of it.

There really is an injustice in our present manner of trying to make a railway system self-supporting through fares, for it all comes out of the less able. The rich pay nothing, for they do not ride. And they enjoy most benefits from the system.

The injustice would be seen should the parents of the city meet the expenses of the public schools and according to a fixed charge on each child. The fact is that the old bachelor is greatly benefited by the public schools.

What are the arguments against free street cars?

HEARD AND SEEN

"F street between 7th and 9th is a one way street," says a friend. "Traffic going east on the south side of the car tracks. The narrow strip on the north side of the car tracks is never used, so the stone pavement is taken up and an asphalt pavement put down. That seems the height of folly, especially when you consider the holes in 16th street."

Thrills That Come Once In a Lifetime.
Being stopped at the District line and then informed that you are not the party the police are looking for. Sigh of relief and great speed before the guardian of the law changes his mind.

The police force is getting sore—there are several Boyles on it.
I was driving through Rock Creek Park the other evening when I realized that my rear license tags were dragging on the ground. When I stopped to investigate I found I was mistaken—there was a Ford following me.

By the way—Beach Drive is closed—coat of tar.
Contributor named "Evans" scolds me for not printing what he claims to be a perfect letter on the subject of cashing postal money orders. Bro-Evans says it is much more interesting than

"What is funnier than the Bronze Whiskers on the Dupont Statue?" "Where is Clarendon?" and "Are there oysters in Indiana?"
Hope it arrives soon, that letter. We have scouts out looking for it. When it arrives it will be printed. Look for big stuff.

Answer to "Washingtonian"—I was born on the Tippecanoe river in Pulaski county Winamac, Indiana. How do you think those Indian names will jar on our Washington friends' nerves? Yet with all that we can vote in "Why the Middle West?" No hard feelings, I trust.

E. M. IVEY.
2606 Pa. ave. N. W.
ALFRED GAWLER dropped into Keith's a few days ago to enjoy the matinee, feeling he had recreation to take advantage of matinee rates.

After the show Al entered his car, which was patiently waiting at the curb opposite the theater, and found one of Major Pullman's calling cards attached to the steering wheel. The call was made, also an entry on the book for two dollars. Al is now paying more attention to the restricted zones.

Oh, You Kids!
Congressman BILL RODENBERG's wife is going away and Bill's going to get JOE CANNON to go out and stay with him for a while. While the cat's away the mice will play.

NORBORNE ROBINSON paid us a call yesterday and remarked that

Now as to that fountain in front of the Union Station that seems to be leaking water every day—SUPERINTENDENT GARLAND of the Water Department says that the water is the same old water, used over and over again. There is an electric pump which simply shoves the water in the air, lets it fall down into a well and is then lifted up again.

No waste after all.
Now let's get the explanation for that employ who watered the grass around Hancock's statue during a pouring rain.

WILLIAM F. MAHONEY sends me a check for two dollars and says: "A few typists and followers of Poor Richard are challenged to match the enclosed in order that Ben Franklin, at 10th and the Avenue, may be given a much needed bath."

I'll say he needs one.

Put a Raisin In a Bottle

To the Editor of The Times:
I have often noted your remarks about the subject of prohibition. I sincerely believe that you are a foe of strong drink, and have espoused the mildly alcoholic beer and light wines side of the temperance question because of an intelligent appreciation of what suppression of a very human appetite will bring about in this country.

I am moved to write this letter to you through a little incident which happened last Sunday night at a moving picture show.
The incident referred to left a deep impression on my mind though it was served to the public as only a quip. As a bit of fun, the following words were flashed on the screen:

"They say that if you put a raisin in a bottle and—"

Wrapped up in this little leave-it-to-the-imagination line quoted above is a question of deadly seriousness to the country. This really flash on the screen speaks out loudly. It means that the whole country has its mind working on the problem how to make a mild stimulant which can be produced in the privacy of the home and which can be depended upon to serve as a harmless antidote for tired bodies and work-strained nerves.

Is it possible that the individuals who are upon absolutely preventing the manufacture and sale of beverages containing the slightest trace of alcohol, are unaware of the fact that they are deliberately promoting a scheme which will make this country a nation of secret home "distillers?"

Let us have a democracy in this country where the simple wants of the people can be satisfied and their wishes not overridden by a limited class of individuals who seem to think that to believe differently from others is proof of their superior wisdom. "Moderation in everything" is a safe rule for human conduct.

Let those of us who strongly desire a glass of mild and harmless beer (and the army so minded is a vast one) indulge in such a beverage, if they care to. Let us have mild beer—and sanity, not fanaticism—insanity.

Mild stimulants have not brought Europe to the "verge of hell" to use the words of the "village idiot" who seems to be carrying around with them an obsession on the subject. You may publish this over my signature, if you desire, and it expresses your sentiments. I believe in frankness.

MARIE STONE.
Apartment 5, 1415 Chapin street.