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Don't Do Just Enough to Earn Your Pay

You Will Never Get More Unless You Are Worth It.

Among the young men who are fond of making sarcastic references to Fate because they have not been more successful this expression is very common:

"I'm earning all the money I'm getting. I don't intend to do any more work than I'm paid for."

This rule a great many men follow very carefully. They estimate what they think they ought to do to earn their salaries, and they do that and no more. They feel that they are absolutely just to their employers because they are conscientious in their effort to earn exactly what is paid for.

This logic may be sound, although usually a man's estimate of what work is worth is not very accurate; but it is about as dangerous a mental attitude as a wage earner can take.

If a man is not worth more than he is getting, it stands to reason that HE WILL NEVER GET MORE.

As long as he is earning his present salary, his employers have no object in paying him one which he doesn't earn. When a man who owns a business raises a salary, he does it because he finds it profitable to himself to do so. There is very little sentiment concerned in the transaction.

The employer doesn't pay a lazy man any more money in the hope to make him industrious. That hope would never be realized.

He does not advance the salary of a man in the expectation that the man will be worth more to the concern. The employer knows that an expectation of that kind would be idiotic.

When salaries are raised, they are raised to meet the growing value of men who are earning more than they get.

The business man knows that to keep good men working for him he must pay them according to WHAT THEY DO, not what they would do if they got more money.

In all kinds of business where men are employed there is a large class of clerks and other wage earners who work only for pay day.

They are continually haunted by the fear that they will do more than their neighbor, who is paid the same, or that they will wear out their brains in order to make another man's fortune.

They will always continue to work for pay day, and their envelopes at the end of each week will always contain the same amount of money—or less; for when a man lacks interest in what he is doing he soon begins to fall off in his earning power.

Meanwhile, the men who keep interested, who are not afraid of doing more work than they are paid for, and who are not so much worried about wearing out their brains as they are about using them too little, are the men whose wages are advanced.

Employers learn that such men steadily earn more than they are paid, and while their salaries may never keep pace with their value—there would be no profit in employing them if such was the case—they at least are progressing, and soon will leave their pessimistic young friends far behind.

Another thing which the man who goes out after success soon learns is that when he does another man's work he must do it better than his predecessor did.

If one bookkeeper or clerk takes the place of another, he will attract no attention as long as he does the work EXACTLY AS IT WAS DONE BEFORE.

If he does not do it as well, he will not be likely to last very long in his new position. But if he does it BETTER, he will be noticed, and will stand an excellent chance of promotion.

In any business ruts are soon formed, and the man who takes the place of another finds it easier to get into the same rut, and plod steadily along there, satisfied if he brings down upon himself no criticism.

He is usually sorrowful because he is not paid as much as the other man. He does the same work, he says, and he ought to get the same pay.

But the man who is doing the paying is not looking for that kind of substitute.

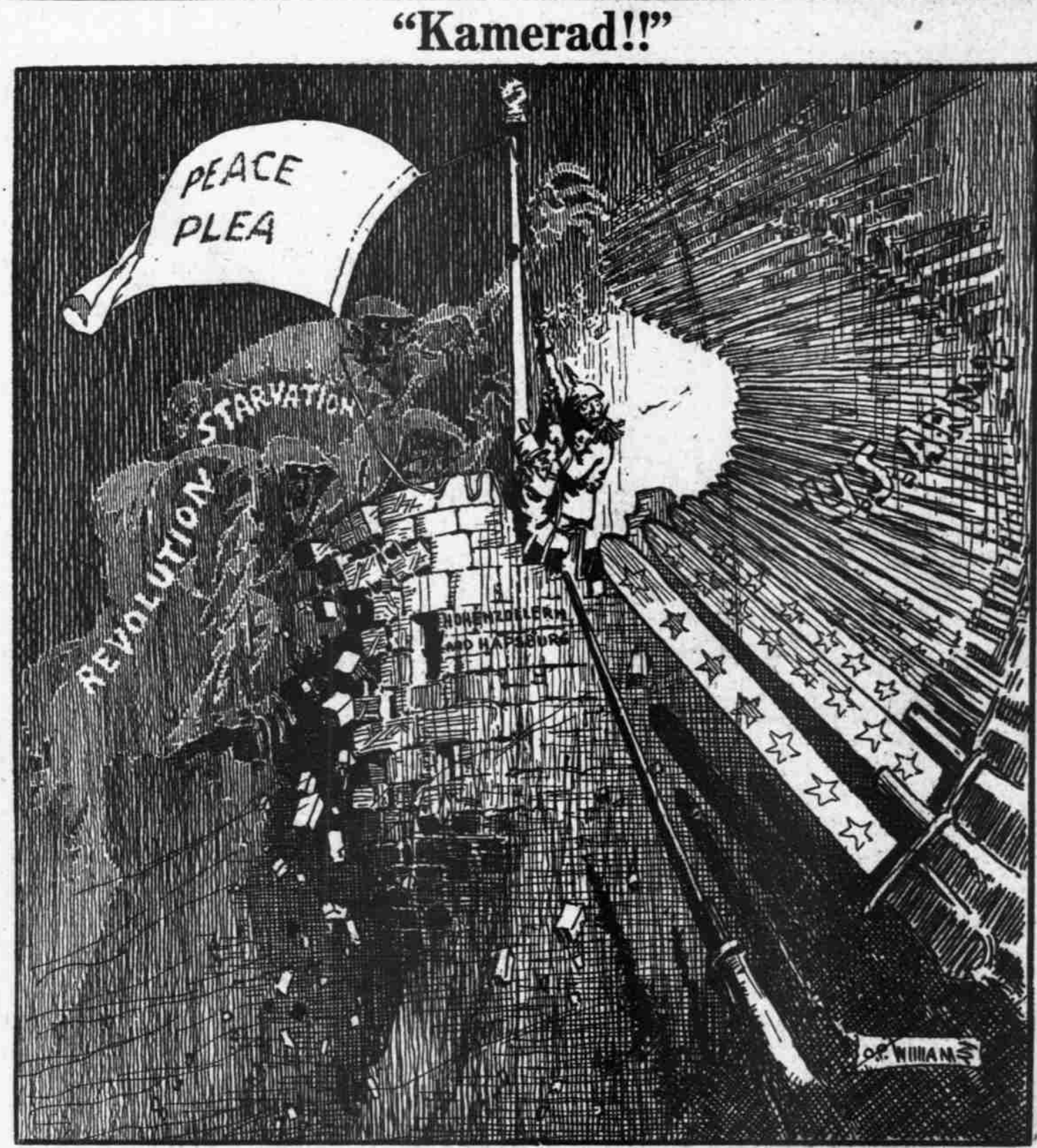
He is in a rut himself, and the fact that every thing is going on as formerly makes no particular impression on him.

But if the new man once gets out of the rut, and does things that the man whose place he took could or did NOT DO, then he begins to be noticed and marked out for advancement.

All young men are naturally anxious to earn more money—to get, somehow or other, that valuable and useful thing which is known as success.

Unhappily the systems of employment in use by the great corporations limit the opportunities of vast numbers of their employes, and make it necessary for many of them to work for far less than their services are worth; but the men who DO advance are not those who are the most careful to do only that for which they are paid.

And big corporations, as well as individual employers, are alive to the value of men who CAN LEARN TO BE WORTH MORE, and that is the kind of men who get the big salaries in the end, or acquire the information and experience which enables them some day to get into business for themselves, and become employers on their own account.



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

SOME one—a man, of course—has written a letter asking me to define the difference between an old maid and a bachelor girl.

I don't know what the dictionaries have to say on the subject, or if they discuss to any extent on the space that separates these two states, but to the world at large the dissimilarity is as the poles.

To be an "old maid" denotes a state of mind rather than a state of single blessedness; and is by no means confined to the female sex. Old maids in trousers and derby hats and taking pride in mustaches and pointed beards infect our streets cars, professions, and public offices. The old maid may be determined by a tendency to ossify, or turn to bone, usually beginning at the head.

They are opposed to change of any sort, they like things to keep on in the same old rut, because they have always been that way from their earliest recollections.

"Is My Hat on Right?"

The genuine article of either sex is more concerned with things than principles. A world war may be raging, nations perishing of starvation or by the sword, but the real issue of life to the gentlemanly old maid will be: "Are my suspenders where I leave them every night?" And to the lady-like old maid, "Is my hat on straight?"

Their world is bounded on the north by Me, on the south by My Things, on the east by What I Think, and on the west by What I Feel About Other People. Sometimes a genuine old maid marries, but not often, the responsibility of seeing some one's else shoes arranged at what may be an offending angle is too great a responsibility.

Better go through life unloved, unwed, unmournd, than take such chances. To the simon pure O. M. there are rarely no such things as days of the week; instead there is: "The day I go to church, ride in a Ford, ferry, or trolley according to my circumstances. Monday is not Monday, but the day I have my clothes washed. Tuesday the day I eat the last of the cold roast. Wednesday the day my sweeping is done. Thursday the day I go to the movies or indulge myself in some such recreation, etc."

TODAY'S TOPIC  
What's the Difference Between an Old Maid and a Bachelor Girl?

had my front tooth filled with porcelain.

Invest in "Prunes and Prisms" Preferred.  
This self-centered product has flashes of patriotism, and would honestly enjoy buying thrift stamps, war saving certificates, or even a Liberty bond or two, but it has contracted the habit of investing in "Prunes and Prisms" preferred, and can't bear the thought of risking a change.

For very much the same reason, your typical O. M. is always an anti-suffragist, for the compelling motive that his or her grandmother was one. Why they do not wear caps and hoop skirts for the same reason, it is difficult to follow.

We have old maids of this type in the Senate, House, and State legislature. We have always had them, and, like the Biblical poor, we shall have them perpetually. The impatient reformer does not always see it, but these reaction-

aries are a valuable spur to all forward movements. They are the pebbles that give greater momentum to the stream of progress. But we think of them and lament their presence in Tennyson's apt phrase: "A yet-warm corpse, and yet unburied." Not long ago one of these ran for the Presidency, he also undertook an unsuccessful pleasure excursion, at the Government's expense, for which a certain club awarded him a medal for valor. I do not know the inscription on this gift horse, but bearing his record on women suffrage in mind, it might have read: "He has not changed his mind in fifty years."

Sometimes the old maid is young, as years are counted, but as set as a hard boiled egg in the matter of convictions. The crown prince of Germany, for instance, sees a perishing world waiting for him to set it straight.

The Bachelor Girl

The bachelor girl differs from the old maid in that she is invariably feminine. We have no bachelor girls in trousers, and wearing moustaches, and beards, as we have old maids—and all too many of them. The bachelor girl is a spinster and as progressive as the old maid is reactionary. The bachelor girl almost always marries, and if she does not, it is for every reason but lack of opportunity. She dresses well because she realizes that a good appearance is the best introduction, and while a dowdy jacket may cover a noble heart, she realizes it will obtain slower recognition than if its nobility was masked by one that is up-to-date.

Dr. Tindall On Sparrows

During my heddadal clearing out of my pockets this evening I excavated therefrom a clipping from your "Heard and Seen" column containing a criticism by a "Member Audubon Society of D. C." of my plea that the sparrow be permitted to nest in the canons in Lafayette Square, as formerly.

It is true, as my critic ascribes to Frank Chapman, that the vocal emissions of the English sparrow are not, as the late President Cleveland said of his early married experience, "one that park I see sparrows there in harmonious association with robins, blackbirds, flickers, and almost every sort of winged thing whose habitat is there, except bugs. Near Annapolis, where my daughter resides, the sparrow has so many song-bird associates that the chorus is often too exuberant.

Before the English sparrow was expatriated to the National Capital by Gen. O. E. Babcock, of blessed memory, every elm tree in this city that I saw was denuded of its leaves by measuring worms before the end of July. That such trees escape that depredation since the sparrows' appearance I am constrained to accept as an instance of effect and cause. Prof. C. V. Riley and Dr. Elliot Cones thought that subject threethree fifty years ago, and in my judgment the sparrow had by far the better side of the argument. The havoc which the swallows wrought with the seven-year locusts when those insects last appeared here signally refuted the imputation that the birds are strict vegetarians. The immunity of our shade trees from worm ravages is, in my opinion, largely due to their vigilant activities.

They did not invade stricken countries full of futile sympathy and inability to speak a word of the language. They had less of "Oh, you poor dears," and more of "Je parie française."

They did the first thing that came to hand and they did it mightily well. A famous war correspondent tells of a group of them from Smith College whom he met in the north of France helping to repatriate the peasantry in their wrecked and desolate homes. They stayed by the work till the Huns were upon them, and then applied the torch to the model village that it had taken thousands of dollars and months of labor to build, rather than let it fall into the enemy's hands.

And when they did leave, each one of them came driving her own motor truck and bearing in it a load of helpless natives. One girl actually brought to shelter a troop of terrified dwarfs, dropped from a stranded caravan. Now she was a bachelor girl, modern, resourceful, humane. An old maid would have said, in reference to the dwarfs: "Haven't you something more pleasant for me to drive?"

To be an old maid indicates a state of mind, to be a bachelor girl denotes a state of grace.

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Let's Walk to Work  
And Thereby Make Ourselves Healthier By Far and Richer By Carfare Saved.

By EARL GODWIN.

Nearly everyone who kicks about the street car service could have breakfast half an hour earlier and walk to work.

Perhaps it would be hot and uncomfortable walking in the summer time, but now the fine fall days are nearly here and it will be one of the greatest pleasures to walk briskly downtown in the crisp morning air.

The trouble with most of us is that we wait until the last minute, and then rush out, breakfast hastily eaten, to catch an overcrowded car that will get us to the office barely on time—provided no accident occurs.

Probably one hundred thousand people all try to get down to the office at 9 o'clock, and all of them try to get there on the same car.

That feature of Washington's traffic problem was what staggered John A. Beeler until he hit upon staggered hours. Now that he has recommended them, they have gone into effect in some of the departments, but not in all.

And the morning crowds grow worse and worse. Perhaps as many as a hundred new people a day come to Washington to help along the war work and add to the congestion.

At the best the street car service is to be improved only by seventy new cars, and that doesn't seem to me to be enough for the constantly growing population. Especially in view of the fact that it will be extremely difficult to get seventy new car crews out of the present shortage of labor.

So why not walk to work. Thousands of people are doing it every day and are getting to their desks in much better frame of mind and body than if they had been shunted down in a packed and jammed street car.

"But I haven't time to walk," I hear some one say. The truth is that we have all the time there is; but we don't always dispose of it in the proper way. Country boys who have had to walk three miles to school every morning know that it is entirely possible to find time to walk to work.

We have interesting streets and parks here in Washington. It would do a lot of us a lot of good to hike to work tomorrow morning, save a car ticket, and fill ourselves with more energy than we've had for many a day. Try it. I'll do it if you will.

HEARD AND SEEN

As this is written it is my firm intention to visit the House of Representatives today to hear the farewell speech of my good old friend ALBERT JOHNSON, Congressman from Washington. He is in the uniform of an army captain and I predict big things for him.

All, however, are far from like this. Tuesday morning I saw CONGRESSMAN LUNN of Schenectady, N. Y., going down northwest Eighth street offering all war workers and soldiers, sailors, and marines a ride to work. He had a FULL CAR after stopping at only two or three car stops. HARRIS CONRAD, 1832 Blittmore St. N. W.

JOHN G. CAPERS appoints me a speaker for the Fourth Liberty Loan, but all I can say is this: "Bet Your Money on the U. S. A."

GUS BUCHHOLD was down to Atlantic City for a spell. See any U-boats, Gus? Well, Well! Here's WILL CHANDLEE. "Within a few squares this morning," says WILL CHANDLEE, the artist, "I picked up enough peach stones to fill a small paper bag, working only one side of the street. Here is a chance for real service. Any citizen who would not stop to pick up a peach stone deserves to be shot in the wrist watch. Aside from the value of fruit pits for supplying carbon for gas masks, the act of bending forward at the hips is a highly beneficial exercise for the abdominal muscles, and tends to reduction of the flesh in the region of the waist-band."

No Comment Needed. Sorry to note that in Tuesday's Times that a cigar dealer refused to let a soldier see a paper; you know just the happenings. Another man present told you the cigar clerk made him pay. If I had been that man I should have refused to let the soldier pay, but paid myself, and given the clerk a piece of my mind.

When I got this picture of W. F. FULLAM he was a colonel, but he may be a brigadier general by now as he seems to be going up. He jumped over one grade to be colonel, having been a major only a minute ago. A Washington boy and adjutant to GEN. HUGH S. JOHNSON, the youngest general in the army, chief of purchasing, storage, and traffic division.

Harrison Joins the Federation



If the governor general of the Philippines finds it dignified and proper to join the National Federation of Federal Employes, I imagine that Government workers in Washington could follow his example without embarrassment. In fact, membership in the federation, I believe, is an honorable and valuable thing. It will not only help the Government employ personally, but will indirectly aid the Government itself. The federation is doing much toward uplifting conditions for the entire body of clerks and will probably be a great factor in the effort to obtain a review of Government clerk conditions by Congress.

THOMAS H. QUINN, of the federation, sends me a letter from FRANCIS BURTON HARRISON, governor general of the Philippines, and the second highest paid official of the Government. Governor Harrison addressed his letter to H. M. McLarin, former president of the federation. It is as follows: Manila, Aug. 2, 1918. Dear Mr. McLarin: I am in receipt of your letter of May 28, 1918, with reference to the National Federation of Federal Employes, and assure you that I am in heartiest sympathy with the aims and objects of the federation and will be glad to become a member.