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A Good Deal!

The White-Stuck river deal is O. K. The Times in the beginning of this forced attempt of the reactionary political organs to discredit the county commissioners, because they happened to be of another brand politically, suggested that there was no occasion for hysteria.

And the open hearing last night at the Commercial club was a complete vindication of the county commissioners.

The opposition was given most of the time. Everything that could be said against the settlement with King county was said. The chairman offered the floor to anybody who had anything more to say and no orators appeared. It was no default judgment.

And the meeting unanimously voted that work proceed and told the political clackers to crawl in their holes and keep quiet while the work of solving this old and vexatious problem is being consummated.

Then a vote of confidence was given the county board.

When Love Calls in Dr. Sense

Discussing the separation of those rich Goelets, one of our contributors concludes:

"Love plus Youth, plus Courage, plus Purpose and Hard Work! That is the sum of married happiness—the higher mathematics of the heart."

We would offer an amendment that would practically break down this whole sum. We would put "Sense" in the place of "Youth."

Youth is fine. It does not last long, while marriage is forever, or should be.

A married couple may be loving, youthful, courageous, purposeful and ever busy and still be unhappy by reason of lack of common sense.

There is no married life that is just one uninterrupted dream of love and youth, unless it be married life of clams, snails, barnacles and such. In human marriages, since no one human is exactly like another in any respect, there are always differences that must be handled by sense. Youth is, indeed, very often an impediment to successful treatment of such differences, or disagreements.

To love, to be loved in return in youth is glorious. It is heaven on earth. It is worth all that comes before and all that comes afterward. It is the acme of bliss. It is a radiant dream, but one from which all must awaken, since youth departs.

There are many couples who have their love, their purpose, their courage and other mutualities through long careers of marriage, but none who have youth and youth's happy irresponsibilities to the end. There always comes a time when Love calls in Dr. Sense to preserve the sum of married happiness, and it takes the good doctor to perfect the higher mathematics of the heart.

To be young and in possession of the whole heart of a good woman is enough to justify the envy of the angels. But youth does not endure and one of the strong anchors of marital love is mutual good sense.

A Repudiation

Mayor Seymour was very properly repudiated by being ignored at the mass meeting of citizens at the Commercial club last night when he offered the utterly silly proposition of refusing to approve or go ahead with the work of protecting the farms of the productive Puyallup valley from the floods until he should see whether the people in the country would vote for a port commission for Tacoma and help to pay taxes to be devoted to local harbor improvements.

The mayor evidently thought he would stampede the big gathering of substantial citizens for the port district. He did not even get a look of approval. There were men present in favor of the port district, but the proposition to hold up approval of protection for the valley residents from floods until they should come through and help to foist a port district on the county taxpayers was so cheap a piece of peanut politics that not a man would second his motion.

The work on the protection of the banks of the Puyallup river will go ahead and the county commissioners will carry out their contract.

JOHN D. shoveled snow from walk of his N. Y. country home. For the exercise, or to save 25 cents to help pay that income tax?

"WELL, this weather can't last forever," is what about 90 million people in the United States are saying nowadays.

THERE will be three Friday 13ths in 1925. But, cheer up! that's eleven years from now.

WHEN your foot's "asleep" it shows that you have been sitting so long as to overtask your sciatic nerve. Get up and kick—the cat will do.

WE call King Alfonso's attention to the way his aunt, Infanta Eulalia, is cutting loose in Paris. She recently publicly smoked cigarettes in a theater box and laughed like a coal-heaver.

NO man is ever a hero to his stenographer. She knows what words he can't pronounce correctly.

FEMININE writer says a woman's husband glorifies her. In other words, by making her a merry widow, he gives her a heavy handicap over spinsters. Wot?

FIGHT is on for the publication of some warm love letters written by Bobbie Burns in his youth. Dig up some you wrote your wife before the wedding and you'll be glad you've not become famous.

SOME mathematical expert has figured out that the age of the world from the year 1 A. D. is 60,000,000 and some odd seconds. Now we feel better.

DID you ever see anything like the way those ex-presidents can draw salaries from magazines telling how things ought to be run? Nobody would ever think they'd been told to go back and sit down somewhere else than on the presidential chair.

ST. LOUIS, Y. M. C. A. official is reported as saying that, out of several hundred girls there, who are hoping to marry, not one of them is fitted for the job. Reports of what happened to the official, when the several hundred girls read that decision, have not been received.

WHILE some folks are figuring out how to pay the income tax, a lot of others are wondering how to get the income.

POST OFFICE department has barred babies from parcel post. The stork's monopoly is not to be smashed, as was that of the express companies.

IT is reported that New York is to become a steel center. It always has been, only not with two e's.

'A FOOL THERE WAS' AND 'A HANK OF HAIR' PORTER CHARLTON TALKS TO MRS. O'REILLY

WHILE PORTER CHARLTON, CONFESSED SLAYER OF HIS WIFE, FACES A 'SOLITARY CONFINEMENT PUNISHMENT, HE BREAKS INTO SMILES WHEN MISS O'REILLY TELLS HIM TY COBB HAS SIGNED AGAIN, AND WHO WON THE WORLD'S SERIES.

By Mary Boyle O'Reilly NAPLES, Italy, March 3.—"A FOOL THERE WAS." Porter Charlton, wife murderer at 21, has been a fool and he knows it. That knowledge has made him a man.

Four years ago an hysterical youth landing at Hoboken from an Italian steamer confessed without explanation, "Yes, I killed her."

Six months since Charlton was returned to Italy, to be tried for that murder. Until now practically nothing has been done to expedite his case.

Porter Charlton, aged 20, son of Federal Judge Charlton of Washington, D. C., met the beautiful Mary Scott Castle, actress, aged 34, worldly wise, divorced by a wealthy Californian, in 1910, and on impulse married the woman, going to Italy for their honeymoon.

In a villa on Lake Como, the boy's bride began drinking heavily, a Russian nobleman showered his attentions upon her and the youthful bridegroom and his middle-aged bride quarreled bitterly.

During one of their quarrels Charlton beat to death his wife, and throwing her body in a trunk dragged the trunk to the lake, in which it was found.

Today Porter Charlton sees practically no one. Visits from his legal advisers are prohibited. He cannot receive known journalists. An accredited acquaintance permitted a half-hour interview

in the presence of government interpreters must first promise to make no reference to the tragedy or the trial.

The prisoner must receive no advice on how to state his case to the judge who hears him in Camera. He cannot change that first statement. On it he will be tried. This is Italian law. Anything he may say will be used against him.

Two English speaking officials went with me to Como prison last I attempt to convey forbidden information during the interview.



It is impossible to speak of the prisoner as a man. He looks like a boy of 20, a short, slight boy, weighing 120 pounds, of no great physical strength. His face is pale, but healthy; hair light, eyes blue, with the peculiar look of youth strained to the breaking point.



The American boy, Porter Charlton, self-confessed murderer of his wife—Sketches of his crime at Lake Como, Italy.



Alfred Catapano, Italian lawyer who will defend Porter Charlton when brought to trial.

It is not a strong face, neither is it furtive nor vicious. Certainly not of the criminal type. The lines which once revealed his dissipation have disappeared during three years of regular living; the mouth has gained firmness. But a pleasure-loving nature, highly nervous and an easy prey to emotion is proven by every contour.

Watching him, I recalled that the nervous, ill-balanced child was motherless at 10; the undisciplined boy without systematic moral training; the attractive youth overwhelmed by the fascination of much older women who knew life and its seamy side.

With quick wit Porter Charlton realizes that the visit is a newspaper interview. Yet he speaks of himself only in answer, to direct questions.

"Occupation? Well, I have an hour in the yard every day, and I do some gymnastics.

"No," with a courteous laugh, "I don't smoke, and I have given up writing poetry. But I study Italian. That passes the time best—occupies the mind, you know."

"The Italian authorities have treated me with unwavering consideration. Even the Carabinieri, who brought me from home were kind. This prison is an old one, but I have the best cell it affords. The food is of the country, coarse and wholesome. BUT THE

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SILENCE IS AWFUL!" In the painful pause that followed we all thought of the 30 years of solitary confinement with which this boy is threatened.

Porter Charlton alone could trust himself to speak. Boy like, he wanted to know the news from home—"If Cobb had signed up with Detroit?" "Who won the pennant?" "and "How Tammany came out?"

With quick tact, which ignores the relative relation, he uses Italian phrases to include the listening officials in the conversation. I quote a Tammany heeler

in his native jargon. The prisoner chuckles. "Oh, bully; go on please," he urges. The suspicious interpreter interrupts. The minutes fly fast in idle, time-killing talk. Finally, the prisoner's face grows serious: "Please tell the people at home"—he begins, meaning obviously the larger family who will follow his fate in the press. "Time's up," announces a gendarm curtly. We rose immediately.

"It is fate," says the interpreter, not unkindly. Porter Charlton bows unsmilingly—"trull yea, Signore, and as usual, sei inflitto."

HERBERT QUICK SAYS TODAY

LET US NOT LOSE FAITH IN THE MEXICAN OR FILIPINO.

BY HERBERT QUICK Author of "On Board the Good Ship Earth," "When Glory Ceased," Etc.

The people I am mentioning lived among mountains. The most prominent men among them owned great tracts of land, and ruled the people on their estates as with rods of iron.

Many of these prominent men could not read or write, although some of the greatest educational institutions of learning in the world were within a hundred miles or so. Very few of their tenants had any knowledge of the alphabet.

They did very little work. "Manana" was the watchword. A few little truck patches were planted and tended by the women, and they had some herds of miserable, scrawny, long-horned cattle and long-haired horses.

These people were bold fighters in single combat, but the national vice was assassination. The common men knew nothing of national questions, and generally followed the lead of the men who owned the land on which he lived. These big men in the country were jealous of each other, and were frequently in the field with their banditti, stealing cattle, levying blackmail, burning towns, villages and country homes, murdering, slaughtering, fighting one day and running away the next.

Sometimes large armies of these people were collected on some national campaign, but they could not be held together. The prominent landholders were insanely proud, and quarreled and fought and stabbed each other over questions of "honor" and precedence. Nobody could do anything for them. They were despised and sneered at and contemned from one end of the world to another.

Probably the reader thinks I am describing the Mexicans or the Filipinos. But, no, I am writing of the Scotchmen of the Highlands. Everything I have said about their poverty, their turbulence, their bloodthirstiness, and their reputation for treachery is true. And now, the Highland Scotch are the most steady, honest, industrious, intelligent, brainy people to be found. They are now everything which they were not then.

What has made the difference between the Highlanders of that day and this? A chance. Education. A fairly good government. A modicum of liberty. What Carranza promises to the Mexicans; and what the American government promises the Filipinos; Let us not lose faith in our brown brethren. We may well learn the best that humanity can teach from the Highlanders whose ancestors not long ago as history goes, were lower in governing ability than either the Filipinos or the Mexicans.

UNDER HIS NOSE, NOT ON IT



Once a genial comedian consulted an oculist about his eyes. His nose was small and he couldn't keep on the glasses with which the oculist was trying to fit him.

"You are not used to glasses, Mr. Blank," said the oculist. "Oh, yes, I am," replied the comedian, "but not so high up."

THE DIFFERENCE



Willie—Paw, what is the difference between genius and talent? Paw—Talent gets paid every Saturday night, my son.

AHEM!



"I had four blow-outs on the road last night!" "Gee! Your car must be awful tired!"

SUSPICIOUS



Mrs. Brown—Did your husband send you a valentine? Mrs. Henspeck—I never like to accuse anybody! But I think he did!!!

UNCLE EPH. REMARKS:



When common sense wasn't uncommon, an 'simplified spelling' was a prevalent disease, 'spelling' schools was th' only antidote.

Jests:

THE LAUNDRY MAN

He oft comes to the rescue Of the man who's going out, And when he disappoints you It makes a person shout: "I haven't got a collar, Nor a shirt that I can see. I wonder where the dickens that Old Laundry Man can be?" P. S.—Cheer up! What goes to the laundry must come back.

NOT STONE BLIND

Proudly he placed a single diamond ring on her tapering finger. "It's a very small diamond!" she said, and paused. Then: "And not very brilliant, either." "Ah, sweetheart, but love is blind." Raising her limpid eyes to his, she said: "Yes, dear, but not stone blind!"—St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

IN TRAINING

Young Ravenyelp is taking a correspondence course in elocution. "Does he expect to become a lyceum lecturer?" "No; he expects to become a barber."

A SAD CASE

Misery loves company, but it's generally a case of unrequited affection.

PRETTY TOUGH

The bored youth turned to his dinner partner with a yawn. "Who is that strange looking man over there who stares at me so much?" he drawled. "Oh, that's Professor Jandling," she replied, "the famous expert on insanity."

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