

\$15--WILL YOU ANSWER THIS QUESTION FOR US?--\$15

Should a wife get wages from her husband?

It's a mighty important question and really should have a definite and satisfactory answer, one that will stand the test of time and the attacks of matrimonial experts. Can you answer it?

There's fifteen dollars waiting for the best letter sent to The Times in answer to the query. "Runaway June" refused to accept money from her husband as she considered it wages. The story

of her experiences following her determination will be told in films, beginning at the Melbourne theater next Wednesday.

Was she really wise in her determination to take no money from the man who promised to love and protect her?

Put on your thinking cap and send in your answer at once. Then compare your own opinions with those of "Runaway June."

The Tacoma Times

THE ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER IN TACOMA.

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HOME EDITION

C OUPLE are arrested for trying to get married, and it was not so long ago that T. E. was talking about premiums being offered as a means of replenishing the race.

A LL is well! Fear not. The little weather guy slid in today to announce it will remain fair only tonight and that it will rain again tomorrow.

ANGERED BECAUSE HER HUSBAND WAS DISCHARGED, WOMAN HORSEWHIPS COMMISSIONER A. J. MILLS



TALK O' THE TIMES
WHY SAID THAT?
Angling may be said to be so like the mathematics that it can never be learnt. And Izaak Walton, who observed this, might have added that some anglers don't know the answer of 1 plus 1.

PASS THE LEXICON
That these poor rhymes are often punks
I fully realize;
So you'll forgive me if I try to Joseph-Millerize.
(Look it up in the dictionary. We had to.)

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE
"A woman whose husband won't let her do any of th' washin' a lways likes ter tell about it ter a woman whose husband does. But th' first woman is never goin' ter wear any medals as a peace-maker."

DEAD LETTER OFFICE
Bicycle road races.
Zithers.
Greenbackism.
Free silver.
New Year calls.
Cake walk.
European travel.

CORRESPONDENCE
Dear Selah: Can you tell me if this telephone situation belongs to the fire or forestry department? If Woods gives out won't we have very little use for Mills? But won't we always need Fawcetts as long as there is water in Green river? E. ERNEST.

TO OUR PINEST
In days of old our copper bold
Was known as just plain "Fat".
He liked his toddy when 'twas cold;
'Twas no crime to be fat.

These days of glee, no more they be—
He's known now as "Patrique";
He now must join the Y. M. C.
To slighthen his fizzeek!

PERFECTLY USELESS INFORMATION
A puff of cigarette smoke contains 4,000,000,000 particles of dust.

An eastern firm manufacturing soap recently received an enthusiastic note from a family that had bought a cake. The writer stated it had lasted the nine members of his family eight months.

Henny Thaw is yet in. Commissioner Mills isn't yet. The hospital, we mean, the hospital!

BILL COCKROACH
Bill Cockroach, gentleman bug diplomat, was scurrying down the courthouse corridor and met one, Mills, sometimes referred to as commissioner.
"Hell-o!" spoke Mills.
"An!" said Bill, interestedly, "have you—ever heard of a Mrs. Della Lambert, wife of Richard A. Lambert?"
Bill was seen disappearing under the mop board when the smoke wafted away on the merry winds.

SELAH!
WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 16.—General Carranza's embargo on oil shipments has been partially raised, according to a dispatch to the British embassy received from Vera Cruz today. Just what concessions Carranza made was not stated clearly.

WOMAN HELD AFTER JURY'S VERDICT IN BABY MURDER CASE

Little Clarence Hall came to his death from blows and abuse administered by some person or persons.

This is the verdict today of a coroner's jury which heard the testimony given by witnesses who charged that Mrs. Bertha Difley, housekeeper in the Hall home, had beaten the child severely on the morning before his mysterious death on Monday.

Mrs. Difley was taken in charge by Sheriff Langaire and placed in the county jail immediately after the verdict was read.
Held Aged Woman.
County Attorney Remann announced that he is holding the woman on a charge of second degree assault, the penalty for which is ten years' penitentiary sentence, until he sifts the evidence in the case thoroughly. A charge of manslaughter or murder, he said, may be filed later, depending on the testimony given the coroner's jury.

Father Grief-Stricken.
When Coroner Stewart re-opened his investigation this morning, Mrs. Difley was called to the witness stand. She seemed a trifle nervous. Homer Bok, her attorney, at once stated that he would not permit Mrs. Difley to

testify.
Amos Hall, father of the dead child, was the next witness called. He was not in court and Prosecutor Remann announced that Hall had informed him last night he would not be present because he did not care to hear more of the testimony of other witnesses. Hall was much perturbed during yesterday's examination. He sat with his head in his hands, sobbing most of the

time.
Mrs. Difley, when the verdict was read, burst into tears long pent up and sobbed violently for some minutes. She did not raise her head until Mrs. Virginia M. Bradley, president of the Parents' Teachers' association of the Washington school, who was one of the strongest witnesses against her, put her arm about the housekeeper's shoulders and whispered condolences into her ear.

SHOULD A WIFE GET WAGES FROM HUBBY?

BY FRED L. BOALT.
It is the biggest question in the world. Divorce pales in comparison. The Double Standard of Morality dwindles into insignificance. Capital and Labor, War and Peace, Tariff and Free Trade, the Servant Problem, Jitney Busses, the Life Now and the Life Hereafter—these leave me cold.
This biggest question has been asked by George Randolph Chester, creator of J. Rufus Wallingford.
Chester has put his question into story form and he calls it "Runaway June." The question has been filmed.

"Runaway June" will start at the Melbourne theater next Wednesday.
Now, the question which Chester asks—this biggest question in the world—biggest because it affects more people than does any other question—affects, indeed, every husband and wife in the world—and, for that matter, every bachelor who isn't dyed-in-the-wool and every spinster except those who couldn't possibly be persuaded to change their minds—if there be any such—which I doubt.

This momentous question goes begging for an answer.
Or, more accurately, the question has been answered so often, and in so many different ways, by so many different kinds of people and so many heartside disputes have arisen over it, and so many hearts have been broken because of it, that my mind turns all topsy-turvy when I seek to find the one right answer among the many offered.

THE QUESTION?
DOES A WIFE EARN WAGES?
June Warner, nee Moore, is on her honeymoon. She discovers that her money, given her by her mother just before her departure—"so that, just for the trip, you may have money of your own"—has been lost.
Her husband laughingly hands her some bills—it's the first chance he's had to give her money—and goes forward to smoke.
June, left alone, experiences a feeling of degradation. She did not earn this money. She had never felt ashamed to take money from her father or mother.
What relation did this giving and taking of money prefigure?
(Continued on Page Seven.)

Stewart Is Postmaster

Calvin W. Stewart of Tacoma, former city councilman from the Eighth ward, and until recently secretary of the state board of control, will be the new postmaster for Tacoma.

Stewart's nomination was sent to the U. S. senate today by President Wilson, according to telegraphic advices from Washington. The senate confirmation is a mere formality.
Calvin Stewart is a real estate man. His father, Rev. Calvin W. Stewart, was president of Whitworth college. Stewart has been prominently identified with the democratic party, and was offered the chairmanship of the state committee in 1913, but declined the position.

BANK CLEARINGS
Clearings \$295,515.90
Balances 48,371.85
Transactions 895,278.90

Mr. Married Man

Your family and its needs probably occupy a good share of your waking thoughts. If you are wise you are thinking of the future as well as present necessities. Are you saving part of your income?

An account in our Savings department is a wonderful satisfactory way to provide for the future. Open one now.

PUGET SOUND STATE BANK
1175 Pacific Ave.

"JUNE RAN AWAY"



Miss Norma Phillips, as "Runaway June."

HUNDREDS OF TURKS KILLED BY RUSSIANS

PETROGRAD, Jan. 16.—A sweeping victory by the Russians over the Turks in Caucasus was officially announced by the war office today. Eight transports conveying Turkish troops from Anatolia are reported sunk in the Black sea. It is believed that hundreds of men were drowned. The Tenth and Eleventh Turkish army corps, recently defeated by the Russians in Caucasus, endeavored to reorganize, but were beaten with enormous losses in the vicinity of Kara Urgan, according to the announcement. The 62nd Turkish regiment was practically annihilated by the Russian infantry in a bayonet charge on the trenches. Five thousand prisoners were captured.

YOUTHFUL LOVER WINS HIS BRIDE

Mitchell Murray and Miss Rose Ellis, who eloped from Rainier, Oregon, Wednesday night, were arrested in Tacoma on charges filed by the girl's father, and finally released after bringing legal action for their liberty, were married in Seattle this morning. Word was received by the police today concerning the wedding.

POLICE RUSH TO SAVE HIM FROM ATTACK

Enraged at the refusal of Commissioner of Public Safety Mills to reinstate her husband as a fireman, Mrs. Della Lambert, 2602 North 15th street, entered Mills' office at 9 o'clock this morning and horsewhipped him. She was finally overpowered by Detective P. D. McKay and Boiler Inspector Albert Johnson and taken to jail.

Mills has persistently refused during the last few days to reinstate the husband, Richard A. Lambert, who was dismissed from his position on the day he was to have applied for a pension and who is now ill with valvular rheumatism.

Mrs. Lambert has been making strenuous efforts this week to secure some statement from Mills as to whether he would aid her in getting her husband's pension by giving him back his old position, if for only one day.

This morning Mills refused flatly to consider the matter further. "You won't, won't you?" cried Mrs. Lambert.
"No," returned the commissioner.
"Then take that!" she cried.
"Like a flash, Mrs. Lambert drew from her muff a heavy whip with a huge knot in the end.
"Thwack!" the lash cracked around Mills' shoulders. He winced.
"Somebody grab this woman," he yelled.
"Thwack!" came the stinging lash again.
"Thwack!" a third time it struck him.

Taken to Jail.
At this moment the detective and inspector, who had stationed themselves outside the door during the interview, rushed in. They seized Mrs. Lambert. Mrs. Lambert was locked up and booked as a "disorderly" person. After she had been in jail for 45 minutes, the police released her on her own recognizance, and ordered her to appear in police court at 2 o'clock Monday afternoon for trial. Detective McKay will file the formal charges.

Calls Him Tyrant.
"Commissioner Mills is a tyrant," declared Mrs. Lambert, after her release. "He cheated my husband out of a pension. Mr. Mills discharged my husband on the very day that he had planned to ask for a pension. It was premeditated. Mills did not want to give Mr. Lambert a square deal. That's all there is to it."
Mills Asks Help.
When Mills saw Mrs. Lambert approach, he hurried into City Clerk Niekens' office and frantically telephoned police headquarters.
"Send a policeman up at once," he ordered.
Detective McKay and Clerk McAfferty hurried to Mills' office. Then Mills took the plumbing inspector with him to his office. The detectives and inspec-

Today's Best Joke

A facetious boss said to a new hod-carrier:
"Look here, friend, didn't I hire you to carry bricks up that ladder by the day?"
"Yes, sir," said the hod-carrier, touching his cap.
"Well, I've had my eyes on you and you've only done it half a day today. You spent the other half coming down the ladder."
The hod-carrier touch his cap again.
"I'll try to do better tomorrow, sir," he said humbly.

WHEN A MAN'S MARRIED



OH TOM, I WANT TO SEE YOU A MINUTE BEFORE YOU GO

I WISH YOU WOULD GO OVER TO MRS. BLAKE'S AND BORROW 4 DINING ROOM CHAIRS, I'LL NEED THEM FOR MY LUNCHEON TO-DAY. I SPOKE TO HER ABOUT THEM

HOLD ON THERE—WHERE YUH GOIN' WITH THAT FURNITURE? DOES THEM GOODS BELONG TO YOU? WHAT'S THE IDEA?

WELL, NO THEY'RE NOT MINE—YOU SEE—MY WIFE IS GIVING A— JUST YOU SEE WE JUST BORROWED THEM FOR THE DAY—AND—

LOOK, THE COP IS TRYING TO PINCH DUFF FOR BORROWING CHAIRS

HEY, SIX MONTHS, DUFF

WHAT'S THE MATTER, MISTER?