

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

What! Escape By Marriage

Here are some more awful puzzles for the fireside, and we haven't any answer.

Some time ago, it was decided that a woman who went abroad and married a foreigner became an alien.

Now, the commissioner general of immigration, Caminetti, decides that an "undesirable" alien woman can escape deportation by marrying one of us, and a Marie Cardonnel has made such escape with the kind assistance of a San Franciscan.

The chances are that a fellow who marries a woman pronounced undesirable by the government is somewhat undesirable himself; and the mating of undesirables is very apt to produce undesirables.

Evidently, the government doesn't see much in eugenics.

Now They're Roasting Him

The Panama-Pacific Expo. management is real mad at a distinguished writer, whose name is not given. The management invited a number of celebrated writers to visit San Francisco, at the management's expense, and write up their impressions of the Expo. One writer replied that he considered such an invitation an insult, and, naturally, the Hearst organs come to the management's aid in jumping on him, for what they call his "egregious vanity, conceit and self-appreciation."

Maybe that writer is really all that, but on the face of the thing it looks as if he were just honest and self-respecting. There are writers whose souls cannot be bought with a joy-ride and a bottle of beer, even some who are really insulted when such price is offered.

Important and Terrible

In its statement declaring a submarine blockade of England and Ireland, the German government says:

"Every enemy ship found in this war zone will be destroyed, even if it is impossible to avert dangers which threaten the crew and passengers."

"Neutral ships in the war zone are in danger, as in consequence of the misuse of neutral flags ordered by the British government on January 31, and in view of the hazards of naval warfare, it cannot always be avoided that attacks meant for enemy ships endanger neutral ships."

The most important order, this, of the war—if it can be carried out—if every enemy ship shall be destroyed and every neutral ship driven away.

Also the most terrible. Crews, passengers—everybody, neutral or enemy—sentenced to death without warning if they approach northwestern Europe.

Figures Suspicious

It is in the face of figures that kill all argument that private capital not only refuses to act but, through aid of a coterie of democratic senators, blocks action by Uncle Sam, in the matter of ocean transportation.

Since the war started, ocean grain rates from New York have increased 300 per cent, cotton 275; from Norfolk, increase 200 and 185 per cent; from Galveston, increase (on cotton) 275 per cent.

We guess that, if you dig deep enough, you'll turn up in the opposition to ship-purchase and operation by Uncle Sam, somebody who is getting large, juicy graft from these tremendous increases, indirectly, if not directly. But, you mustn't dig. Somebody will be sure to call you a socialist, if you do.

Egg Prospects

Maybe we'll all be praying for grasshoppers. We're all living in hopes of cheap eggs in the usual vernal season when the hens begin to cackle and the rooster crows his best.

But, look at the way chicken-feed is soaring in price! No grasshoppers, dearer chicken-feed and dearer eggs, by grasshoppers meaning food that the hen catches herself.

And Maybe He'll Run On It

Bryan, in his speech to democratic editors of Indiana, practically declared for prohibition.

The dispatches don't tell whether those editors cheered him or took out their pocket-flasks and cheered themselves.

If Uncle William Jennings tries to write plank into the next national democratic platform, we're going to have two dozen reporters in the convention instead of the usual allotment.

Sounds Like It

The Lozier Motor Car Co. plant, valued at \$4,000,000, has been sold for \$840,000.

And, by all that's fair in love and war, that's just about the size of depreciation the garage man puts on our machine, bought last year!

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER"

HER REMUNERATIVE BEAU



"SO YOU THINK I'M A GOOD DANCER, MISS DILLPICKLES?"

"YES, INDEED, MR. GLIDE, I'M REALLY FORTUNATE IN HAVING YOU ON MY CARD FOR SIX MORE DANCES."



"DIANA, HOW DO YOU DO IT? YOU'VE GOT THE BEST PARTNER ALL TO YOURSELF!"

"WHY, GIRLS, SHE'S A REGULAR DANCE TRUST!"

"OH, LEND HIM TO ME FOR JUST ONE MAXIE!"



"IT'S NOT MY FAULT, GIRLS—HE ASKED ME FOR ALL THOSE DANCES. BUT—AH—ON THE OTHER HAND, I NEED A NEW PAIR OF GLOVES. I'M WILLING TO LISTEN TO REASON!"



"LET'S SEE, FIFTY CENTS FROM EACH, AND THREE DANCES STILL LEFT. AT THIS RATE, MR. GLIDE IS A REGULAR GOLD MINE!"

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TALK O'THE TIMES

TO MISS ALLOFF
Here's to the girl and her pillow hat,
Who smiles at us and all of that.
We hope she'll live till she's fat and old,
But from clothes she don't wear she'll die of cold.

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE
"One result of th' real war is that we haven't heard much catter about what we done in Cuba."

SUB ROSA
Billy Askren has dug down in his trunk—
(Now it's understood this is to go no further, y'understand.)
Well, Billy has dug down—
(Just a minute till we light our cigarette.)
There! Bill dug down, y' see—
(Here comes Sam Andrews, he mustn't see this. He's safely past.)
Now Billy is one of these reckless chaps, in a way. He uses a Ford, y'know. He doesn't care what he lets ride in Mr. Ford's cars. Well, anyway, he dug down—
(Telephone! It always is ringing when it shouldn't. Now, please don't repeat this.)
Y'see, Billy dug down in his trunk and brought out his—
(Probably we hadn't ought to give this out, but remember—the soft pedal.)
Billy brought out his last year's straw. Honest! No, he hasn't worn it yet, but—well, y'never can tell what a man who has been a bull moose will do.

YEA, YEA
For lo, there shall be more concern in a college over the selection of a third assistant basketball coach than over the naming of a majority of the board of trustees.

SPEAKING OF BIRDS
A lot of first robins have been seen in Tacoma. Which reminds us that the last swallow will be about Jan. 1, 1916. Which date will probably be that of the last lark for some of Tacoma's regular nightingales.

According to Broadway shop windows the latest novelty in women's hats is a high one, shaped like a man's opera hat. The women'll be wearing side-whiskers yet. But that hat is not so much of a novelty after all. Women's hats are always high.

SOMEBODY'S THUMB BITTEN HERE, TOM?
Deputy Sheriff Heft was in Marion township Tuesday summoning witnesses to appear at court Friday to testify to what they know about—some things.—Logan (O.) Republican.

The old-fashioned woman who used to shed tears of joy even if she only got a comic valentine now has a daughter who gouches her young man for a week if he doesn't send orchids.

IN THE EAST
Everybody's grumpy. Snow on Monday. Rains on Tuesday. Freezes on Wednesday. Thaws on Thursday. Sleet on Friday. Slushes on Saturday. Which keeps them in all day taking cold-cure Sunday.

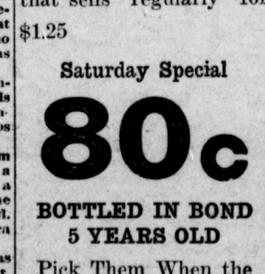
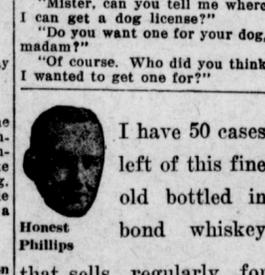
HOUSEHOLD HINTS
Electric bells to summon the maid from the kitchen to the dining room are no longer fashionable. Women who are up-to-date in such things use a napkin ring. An old plush coat can be made over with little trouble into a cover for a garbage can.

BILL COCKROACH
Bill Cockroach, court house bon vivant, was philandering carelessly about in a vacant room at county headquarters. He had no particular business there, but was just salamandering around. Suddenly footsteps approaching smote his ears. He bowed his back and slipped noiselessly under an old desk. The footsteps passed.

Bill, in extricating himself from the desk, accidentally fell into a drawer. It was empty but for a half-pint glass bottle in which he espied some jovial looking liquid. The label declared it "Jamaica Rum."
It is rumored that Bill was still in the drawer at midnight.

AN AFFABLE EDITOR
At the ripe age of eighty-eight Mr. William Lanson Coley, a native and life time resident of Westport, passed away on Sunday evening. This removal of one of our most honored citizens calls for cordial recognition.—Westport (Conn.) Herald.

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Lincoln's Own Words On War and Peace

In letter to J. L. Conkling, Aug. 26, 1862, Abraham Lincoln wrote:

"I hope it (Peace) will come soon and come to stay; and so come as to be worth the keeping in all future time. It will then have been proved that among free men there can be no successful appeal from the ballot to the bullet, and that they who take such appeal are sure to lose their case and pay the cost."

From second inaugural address, Washington, March 3, 1865:

"Both (parties to the war) read the same Bible and pray to the same God; and each invokes His aid against the other. The prayers of each could not be answered."

"The Almighty has His own purposes. 'Woe unto the world because of offenses! for it must needs be that offenses come; but woe to that man by whom the offense cometh.' Fondly do we hope— fervently do we pray—that this mighty scourge of war may speedily pass away."

Address at Harrisburg, Pa., Feb. 22, 1861 (while on way to inauguration at Washington) (referring to the Quakers):

"Allusion has been made to the peaceful principles upon which the great commonwealth was originally settled. Allow me to add my meed of praise to those peaceful principles. I hope no one of the Friends who originally settled here, or who lived here since that time, or who lives here now has been or is a more devoted lover of peace, harmony and concord than my humble self."

"While I have been proud to see today the finest military array I think that I have ever seen, allow me to say in regard to those men that they give hope of what may be done when war is inevitable. But at the same time allow me to express the hope that the shedding of blood may never be needed. It shall be my purpose to preserve the peace of this country in so far as it can possibly be done consistently with the maintenance of the institutions of this country."

Address, Feb. 22, 1861, to legislature at Harrisburg, Pa.:
"While I am sincerely gratified to see the manifestation upon your streets of your military force here I desire to repeat that I do most sincerely hope we shall have no use for them; that it will never become their duty to shed blood."

"Just Between Ourselves"

I do the very best I know how—the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end.

If the end brings me out all right, what is said against me won't amount to anything.

If the end brings me out wrong, ten angels swearing I was right would make no difference.—Abraham Lincoln.

BY ADMAN.

Now that I've got that off my chest I feel better.

I am all het up—I called on Frank Hart yesterday afternoon and after quite a talk he suddenly turned on me quick-like and slips me this—

"If you go out and talk like that about my store I'll give you \$500 a month."

When I came to—friendly faces bent over me whilst I murmured, "My heart, my Hart!"

Herman Jacobs, manager of the Eastern Outfitting Co., likes me all right. He said he'd be glad to see me any time—as Jim North says, "Isn't that snice?"

Jimmy Dege is going up to Broadway by way of the Provident bldg. This move is only until May 1st.

My friends Timmons, manager of Pantages theater, is seriously thinking of taking physical culture exercises.

He proposes enlisting local Greeks and making good citizens therefrom.

Tim promised me a box seat if I'd mention this.

Be careful how you approach him on this matter because he's rather sensitive about it.

Bob Evans thinks I'm going to give him a box of cigars.

Anticipation is quite often better than realization. In this case I lay great stress on the former.

I haven't had an invitation to lunch for several days—

I wonder what is the matter or what the matter is—or vice versa.

THE ONLY CHANCE

"Mister, can you tell me where I can get a dog license?"
"Do you want one for your dog, madam?"
"Of course. Who did you think I wanted to get one for?"

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