

THE "SEVEN AGES OF EVERETT TRUE"

NO. 3.—ON THE BALL LOT.



CHINA BOYS

WLOS WLO IN AMERICA

Gay husbands don't need to be watched from morning till night—but from night till morning.

LOONY LIMERICKS

(DRAWING BY)



A chap with a receding face, Put up all his coin on a race. His nag threw a shoe; What was there to do? But trudge along home in disgrace?

Maud Lillian Berri, the famous stage beauty who was recently married in California, tells this story: A woman went to her grocer one day and after giving an extensive order asked for 20 pounds of brown sugar. The grocer, anxious to be affable, remarked that she must have liked the sugar since she came back for such a big order. "Oh, no," replied the housekeeper, "only we can't afford to go to the seashore this year and this sugar contains so much sand it makes the children think they are there."

SHADY GUESTS
(Shady Grove Correspondent of Magazine, Ark., Gazette.)
There is a scarcity of spoons in Dog Town since one of our cream suppers last week. We can have no more cream suppers till the spoons come back.

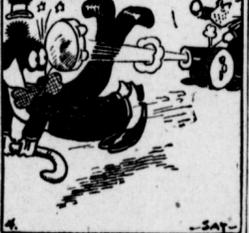
POPULAR
"People always ask me to call on them again—when I call once."
"Who are you?"
"I'm the gas company's collector."

CHANGE AT POSTOFFICE
(From Hogwallow Correspondent of the Troy, Kansas, Chief.)
Atlas Peck has been notified that he will soon have to give up his present position at the postoffice, as he is on the spot where the stove will have to set.

Europe is said to be carefully watching United States steps in Mexico. In all probability with the impression they are goose steps.—Chicago Herald.

MONKEYSHINE
"EVER DO ANY MISSIONARY WORK THERE?" ASKS THE NEW BOSS, PLEASANTLY.
"LIKE WHAT A SILLY QUESTION."

"OH, YES," SAYS DE DARKEY, "AN WAS COOK FO A CANNIBAL TRIBE."
BOOM!



ANSWERS....

By Cynthia Grey

Q.—Will you please be so kind as to give your views upon the question of the end of the world being so near? I know that for years it has been prophesied at different times by different people, but some of these had nothing upon which to base the claims of their theories. At the present time, many of the churches of this city are discussing this subject and their literature is spread all over the country. It is remarkable to see the amount of people who are expecting the end of all worldly things in the near future and are planning their earthly affairs accordingly. What do you think about it? MRS. H. D.

A.—I think if everyone would live today prepared to die tomorrow they wouldn't have to worry about the end of the world, which none of us know anything about. The financial preparations of which you speak is my idea of misdirected energy.

Q.—Laborer: Is life worth living? That all depends. Sometimes it is, and sometimes it isn't. The question is, what makes it worth while, and what makes it cheap? If you can discover that, from your experiences and those of others, then your life will be your own to make.

We set up our own standards, or our theories of optimism or pessimism, as the case may be, and then raise a howl because they don't fit. If you see so little in living, why don't you call a halt on yourself, and ask yourself, what are you, and what is it you want to do, to be, or to have? Did you ever figure it out that your own self, that is in you, almost as a separate personality from your experiences perhaps, is after all, all there is in you, and is the same identical self that is in every form of life? And unless you let that self become real to you, you neither find yourself, nor enable others to find you? But to find yourself, believe me, you can't be by yourself all the time, but only long enough to realize that you have a self in common with all life. Self which knows nothing outside of narrow limits is ignorant selfishness. Self which admits also of an infinity is something entirely different, and demands all one's common sense, faith, energy and enthusiasm to achieve and realize.

And why worry about educational opportunities? Life is education, and what you get at universities is very often far from that. It all depends on the person. Real life is no soft soap, no ring-around-the-rosy affair. If that is what you look for, you miss the best education and life. For life is more, let us hope, than the air we breathe and the death that follows. It is all of this, and a courage besides, that believes, and dares, through failure and success, until it finds its true self, that intangible self we have in common. Some call it God, but that shouldn't scare you. ANON.

Dear Miss Grey: It seems that nearly all the letters you receive are from "Unhappy," "Discontented," and such; but I am going to write a different kind, for I am one of the very happiest women in Tacoma.

I am of a rather quiet disposition and the boys near my age never cared to keep company with me, although I always received the respect of boys of all classes. When I reached the age of 16 I used to feel blue at times, and wondered if it was worth while to keep good, as the girls who acted loud never lacked having beaux.

By the time I was 17 older men began to care for me. I didn't realize they cared for me really; but I am glad to have known those men who appreciated me so much for leading a clean life. Three years ago, I met a man 12 years my senior whom I cared for very much. He was jolly, fond of pleasure, and had seen a great deal of life. He had also gone with girls of all classes. People said we could never get along together as he had gone so much and I so little. I am 22 now. We have been married two years and I am soon to be a mother.

Some say, "but think of all the other kind of girls he has gone with, I wouldn't like that." I am not jealous; but proud to know that he chose me from among all the other girls he had known. He wanted a wife who was clean, one who would have dinner ready for him when he came home instead of being at a "movie," and above all, one he could trust with other men. Don't think by that we stay at home all the time, for we don't, as we attend dances, parties, theaters and other amusements; by we are never so happy as when we spend our evenings at home together.

You girls who are dissatisfied now, have patience a little longer, and you will be rewarded. There are plenty of men who will appreciate the clean life you are leading. The extremely popular girls now will still be single without many friends and unhappy when you are married with a happy home. I don't mean to insinuate that all girls who have beaux are not good, for some of the best girls I have ever known have a number of boy friends for company.

The "fast" girls enjoy life perhaps between the ages of 15 and 20. The men don't want those kind of girls for their wives, yet they are willing to help lead them on to ruin. Such is the way of many men. The clean girls will perhaps marry between the ages of 18 and 25. Think then of the happy years to come. Are not the many happy years of married life far greater than the few years the popular girls enjoy? THE HAPPIEST WOMAN IN TACOMA.

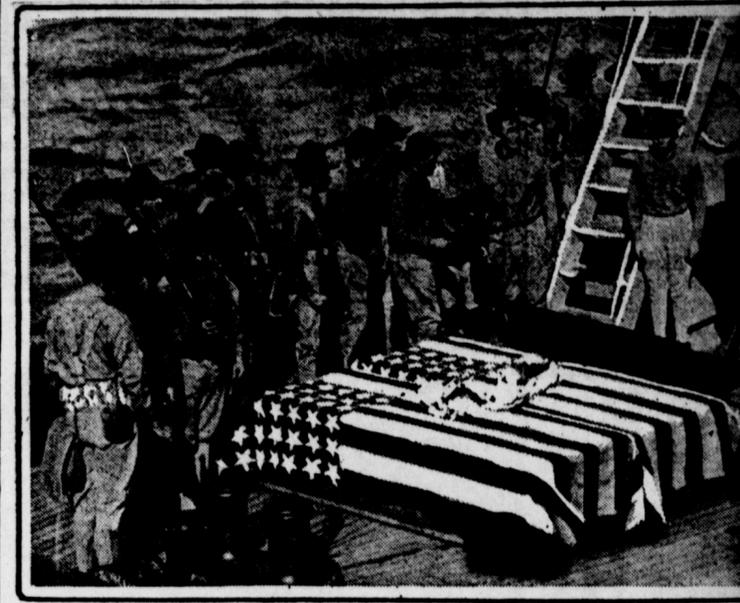
Q.—Is it proper for a girl to kiss a young man with whom she has been keeping company steadily for four months? I L.

A.—It is not. A girl is not supposed to kiss a man unless she is engaged to him. The man who asks a girl for "steady company" is not entitled to the privileges of the man who asks a girl to marry him. To assume that he has them is very like obtaining money under false pretenses, and the girl who grants them is liable to find out some day that she has been imposed upon.

This is just one more of those follies belonging to the "steady company" system against which girls have been repeatedly warned in this column.

A reader has been kind enough to copy the poem, "The Shooting of Dan McGrew," and send it to me. If Fred will send self-addressed and stamped envelope, the copy will be mailed to him. CYNTHIA GREY.

"F-4" Victims Given Military Funeral



Remains of the men who perished in the U. S. submarine "F-4" in Honolulu harbor last spring when the diver settled on the bottom in 300 feet of water, never to rise until recovered by apparatus recently. The bodies, many of which could not be identified, were borne to San Francisco on the U. S. S. Supply, and from there sent to their final resting places.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

(Copyright, 1915, by Newspaper Enterprise Association.)

I don't wonder that Mollie is all at sea about her beaux. I don't think I have ever known three men from whom it would be so hard to choose.

Yesterday she stopped here with Chadwick Hatton, who, as soon as his wife died hurried back to Mollie.

"Isn't it strange, Margie," she said to me as we slipped out in the dining room to make some tea, "that I have to begin all over again with Chadwick when only a year ago I was so crazy about him?"

"No dear—that is the wonderful thing about youth. It is quite as easy to fall out of love as to fall in. The very hardest thing is to stay in love."

There is one thing, Margie, I have taught me, and that is the foolishness of thinking that "the light that was never on land or sea would be with lovers forever."

"Oh my dear, I wish I could feel for Chadwick again what I felt for him that day—it was the most glorious and the most tragic I have ever known. And here is the queer thing about it. Chadwick seems to be just as much in love with me as ever, and after what I told him he must think it very strange that I do not respond to his love-making with much enthusiasm. Margie, sometimes I think men are much more sentimental than women."

I think they are, my dear. You see, marriage is woman's business, and we go about entering into it in a more or less unconscious business-like way. Love is woman's vocation, it's man's avocation, which is another way of saying, "Love is of man's life a thing apart—it's woman's whole existence." Mollie smiled. She is always quick to understand.

"But I am afraid," she said, "that you and Byron are quite as far apart in the meaning of your epigrams as you are in the times in which you live."

"Yes, Byron lived in that wonderful man-made world time when woman was 'but the minister of love.'"

"My goodness," interrupted Mollie, didn't they put it beautifully in those times, 'the minister of love.' You and I know that means in the last analysis, 'the minister of man's pleasure.'"

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

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"And don't you see, Mollie," I said eagerly, "that bears out my contention, man is more sentimental than woman. He has wrapped his 'ministers of love' about with all sorts of sentimental attributes that are sometimes those of the angels and sometimes those that are only fit for the other place, but these attributes are only those that minister to his pleasure."

"We, my dear Mollie, are living in an uncomfortable age. We are neither the unthinking plaything that we used to be and we haven't attained the status in the minds of men—that to which we aspire, and for which we are fitted."

"The women of the next few generations will also be in the same state of unrest that we are in. We know we can't stay, as men would have us, 'a minister of love.' We must progress just as they are progressing. Some day we will get where there will be no more misunderstanding. Mollie looked at me rather quizzically.

"Don't you think, my dear Margie, that in the future men and women will have love as they do now?"

"As long as time shall last, my dear, will desire be the great moving power of the universe. But we will know it for just what it is, a power as relentless and unstemable as the ocean tides and as changeable."

"All of which is splendid for these women of the future, but it doesn't help me to decide which of those three men, any one of which is almost too good for little Mollie—I want to marry."

"Don't be in a hurry dear, perhaps something will turn up that, like your first episode with Chadwick, will take you off your feet."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

Whom Will Molly Marry

SHOULDN'T MARRY BOSS
Editor The Times: Have been much interested in "Confessions of a Wife." I don't think a stenographer should fall in love with her boss, and as Mollie has been a stenographer for both Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Hatton, I don't think she ought to marry either of them.

Besides, if Mollie married either Mr. Sullivan or Mr. Hatton it would break up their brotherly love for each other and cause lots of trouble, unhappiness and sorrow.

I think Mollie ought to marry Jim Edie. He is a good man, loves her, is her brother's best friend and will make a splendid husband, judging by his kindness to Aunt Mary during her illness. Also because he is jolly and able to give her a comfortable competence. MRS. O. G.

LITTLE GIRL FAVORS PAT
Editor The Times: I am 12 years of age and am a constant reader of "The Confessions of a Wife."

I think Mollie will marry Pat Sullivan, or at least I hope she will, because he loves her with all his heart, and it would be very hard for him to give her up. He would make a very good husband for Mollie, because he is very honest, upright and good natured. While he is not considered wealthy, he could provide a good home for her.

Mollie certainly had a chance to find out Pat's disposition through

her work on the paper for which they both worked. When Pat asked her to marry him she gave him good reason to believe she would, though not realizing it at the time.

When she found that she had kissed him back willingly she felt very guilty, indeed.

If Mollie hadn't loved Pat she would not have thought returning his caress. RUTH PAUL.



PHONE YOUR WANT AD

Main 12

THE TACOMA TIMES

MEMBER OF THE SCRIPPS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association.

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PHONE: All departments, Main 12.

OLD NICK NIMBLE

NICK AND DANDER BEAT FIRE DEPARTMENT!



No. 1.—Dander, my trained elephant, is an intelligent brute! Once while resting in the woods, I was awakened by Dander trumpeting.



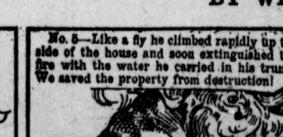
No. 2.—I leaped on his neck and we made off! Smoke was in the air—something was burning! Dander seemed to know just what he was doing!



No. 3.—Facing a well, Dander removed the pump while I looked on and filled his trunk full of water! Then we continued our journey.



No. 4.—When we reached the burning house, I placed some suction hoses on Dander's feet. These enabled the beast to scale the wall!



No. 5.—Like a fly he climbed rapidly up the side of the house and soon extinguished the fire with the water he carried in his trunk! We saved the property from destruction!

TRAVEL INFORMATION

Leave	Destination	Time
11:10 a. m.	Spokane Limited—No. Yakima, Pasco, Spokane	8:15 a. m.
1:40 a. m.	Portland Night Exp.—Via Stellacom	8:00 a. m.
2:10 a. m.	Seattle from Portland via Stellacom	1:55 a. m.
3:00 a. m.	Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul	
4:00 a. m.	Chicago	11:55 a. m.
5:00 a. m.	Grays Harbor Line—Via Polaris	7:00 a. m.
5:15 a. m.	Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma	12:55 p. m.
5:45 a. m.	Seattle Local—Seattle and Intermediate	8:50 a. m.
6:10 a. m.	Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Stellacom	12:55 p. m.
6:15 a. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Yelm and So. Tacoma	9:25 a. m.
6:30 p. m.	Grays Har. Local—Via So. Pasco, Dupont, Olympia	8:00 p. m.
6:45 p. m.	Mesa Val. Lim.—Billings, Kan. City, St. Paul	6:00 p. m.
6:50 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via Ft. Defiance	6:00 p. m.
6:55 p. m.	Portland, Carbonado, Buckley, Kanasket	11:55 a. m.
7:00 p. m.	Portland Special via Stellacom	12:55 p. m.
7:10 p. m.	Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Stellacom, Olympia	12:55 p. m.
7:30 p. m.	No. Coast Lim.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago	6:00 p. m.
7:30 p. m.	Seattle—From Grays Har. via So. Tacoma	6:00 p. m.
7:50 p. m.	Seattle—From Portland via Stellacom	6:55 p. m.
8:00 p. m.	GRAYS HARBOR	
12:45 p. m.	Portland Local—Portland and Intermediate	10:00 a. m.
1:30 p. m.	International Lim.—Seattle, Everett, Vancouver	8:00 a. m.
1:45 p. m.	Portland—Overshore Line Express	6:00 a. m.
1:55 p. m.	Portland Limited—Centralia, Chehalis, Port Angeles	6:00 a. m.
2:45 p. m.	Oriental Lim.—Spokane, Havre, St. Paul, Chicago	10:00 a. m.
3:45 p. m.	Southeast Express—Great Falls, Billings, Kansas City	10:00 a. m.
10:05 p. m.	Vancouver Owl—Vancouver and Intermediate	12:30 p. m.
	O.—W. & N. CO.	
	(Union Depot)	
12:45 p. m.	Portland and Grays Harbor Owl	4:00 a. m.
1:45 p. m.	Seattle Local	12:40 p. m.
12:00 a. m.	Portland, east and south	1:35 a. m.
1:45 p. m.	Shasta Limited, Seattle	12:45 p. m.
1:40 p. m.	Seattle Local	11:55 a. m.
8:35 a. m.	Glacier Limited	8:40 a. m.
8:50 p. m.	Pacific Valley Express	12:15 p. m.
	CHICAGO, MILWAUKEE	
8:45 a. m.	Grays Har. Special—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Roy	8:00 p. m.
8:55 a. m.	Olympia—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul	6:00 p. m.
8:00 p. m.	Chicago—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul	6:00 p. m.