

EDITORIAL PAGE---Let the Truth Prevail!

America's Liquor Bill Is \$2,250,000,000; Consider That Amount

Take half the corn crop, add to it the cotton crop and the wheat crop in the United States and the total value is what is spent for liquor in the United States in one year. The yearly saloon bill is \$2,250,000,000.

This much is drunk up, and of it no tangible value remains. The same amount spent in public buildings would make the country permanently beautiful; the same as to parks in cities or the improvement of slums. But when this much is spent in liquor, while the temporary effect is supposed to be the production of a physical exhilaration which passes for happiness the sum total is a larger measure of unhappiness expressed in terms of physical reaction, bad health, damage to usefulness, wreckage of domestic relations and all the well known wretchedness caused to other people.

There is no economic defense for liquor. If it is to be defended at all it must be on the basis of the

value of the temporary exhilaration produced by alcohol and this defense would hold equally well for the use of cocaine, morphine, heroin or any other drug.

If the amount spent for liquor in a year in the United States were used for educating the rising generation, the result would be three times as much education as is now given. At least we spend only one-third as much for education in a year, namely \$750,000,000, as we do for liquor. This carries some of our children—approximately 19,000,000 of them—through the elementary schools; and another 1,374,000 through the secondary, or high schools, public and private; while only 216,000 get into colleges and universities.

Perhaps it was such a thought as this which led to four states taking the action which day after tomorrow will place them in the dry column.

Should Be Looked Into

Los Angeles, Cal., is the hub of the fast-growing moving picture industry. More than one-half of the motion picture films of the world are made by concerns operating studios in or about Los Angeles. These studios employ thousands of girls. Youth and beauty are, of course, pre-requisites, in average cases.

Now the pastor of one of Los Angeles' greatest churches charges that the conditions surrounding these studios are most immoral; that many of them are, in effect, merely agencies for the betrayal of stage-struck young women. A bitter fight is slated, for the film manufacturers deny the minister's charges in toto. The whole country will watch with intense interest the progress of the Los Angeles campaign to purge the movies.

Enormous as it already is, the film industry is, in its infancy. This is a motion picture age and the production of the silent drama bids fair to become one of the greatest commercial enterprises of the entire United States, as it is now of Los Angeles. It would be a pity indeed were it to be built upon a foundation of shame and immorality.

Waking Us Up to the War

What did the sailing of the peace ship, Oscar II, mean to most of us? It made us think, didn't it? War, somebody says, has become "a habit." Thousands of excellent people now accept it without comment. They wake to their day's tasks without giving a single thought to the wretchedness which the day is bringing to Europe.

It is an account of just such indifference that war continues to be the heritage of civilization. We are living through the most extraordinary and the most frightful period in the history of the world. Unless we all realize this, every day of our lives, unless it impresses each one of us so painfully that we hand on a warning against war to our children, then they, in their time, will repeat Europe's experience. The sailing of the peace ship has reawakened thousands to take an acute interest in the war. Thus it has already accomplished a valuable service.

THE FEAR OF DEATH IS MORE TO BE DREADED THAN DEATH ITSELF.

—PUBLIUS SYRUS.

HONK! HONK!

"Now Ma," cautioned Pa, "don't force too much on your guests at dinner."
"What then?" sniffed Ma.
"Make it a sociability run—not an endurance contest." — Louisville Courier-Journal.

RATS!

(From the Celina, O. Democrat.)
He captured a rat under a barrel—one, as he supposed, but there were two. While he was dispatching one the other got scared and ran up Jim's pants leg. It was no mean trick to dislodge the enemy.

I have a friend who never buys her Christmas junk too soon; she says, "I wish the stores would sell their stuff till Christmas noon!"
She's that same girl I told you of, who used to have a beau. She kept putting off the wedding till the poor man had to blow. — C. B. D.

Louise Goldsmith, a pretty Flatbrookville, N. J., school teacher, has resigned her job because it is too lonesome.
CORRECT!
"Why is a cigar like a play?"
"Because if it is bad it won't draw and if it's good, you want a box."

HOW MUCH LONGER?

Editor The Times:
How many more "accidents" are the people of Tacoma going to stand for, due to automobiles carelessly driven by boys of 16, or less, by inexperienced girls, and by drunken adults of both sexes? Doesn't the city ordinance cover this?
Twice this week the "accidents" happened where boys of 16, or "nearly 16," were driving cars; one the son of a judge, the other a preacher's son! Their fathers are culpable in both cases. Neither lad is old enough to pilot cars with safety on a large city's streets. Both lads would be better in after years with less gadding about and joy-riding at their "tender" age.
Yours for safety,
WM. F. SCOTT.

Personal and Social

Mr. and Mrs. Murphy of Prospect hill, will entertain members of the Aurora club at dinner tonight.

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Phelps are visiting friends in Portland for a few days.

Mr. and Mrs. John W. Linck entertained last evening at a holiday dancing party for their daughter Catharine. A buffet supper was served.

New Year's party will be given tomorrow afternoon at the Y. W. C. A. for the girls associated in the little clubs of the Y. W. C. A.

Miss Ethel Compton of Tacoma was bridesmaid on Christmas day at the marriage of Miss Grace E. Mulroney to Eldon Roy Lankford of Spokane. The wedding took place at John F. Janssen's farm, "The Meadows," and was a very pretty affair.

SOCIETY WOMAN A NURSE IN BALKANS



Mrs. Walter Farwell
She is the Chicago society woman, war-nurse and journalist who is daily endangering her life in the Balkans rather than desert her hospital work among the stricken Serbs. Mrs. Farwell is the wife of a Chicago business man and the daughter of Gen. Robert Williams of Washington, D. C. She abandoned society several years ago to live abroad and studying art.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

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I have heard that soldiers mortally wounded on the field of battle have gone stumbling on for hours not realizing any pain or hurt.

Little book, I think this is what happened to me after I had read that letter. I remember thinking "I must give this letter to Dick, immediately," and without any emotional hysteria I walked from the bathroom into the bedroom where Dick was still dressing.

I remember being vaguely annoyed because Dick was swearing at his tie as usual.

I laid the letter down before him quietly and said:
"I think, Dick, this letter will give you the information you seek about Eleanor Fairlow."

Dick looked at me instead of the sheet of paper I had placed before him.
"What's the matter, Margie, are you ill?"
"I am perfectly well," I answered.

It was only then that he picked up the letter; the moment he saw the writing I heard him exclaim under his breath:
"God—it's come at last."

I began mechanically to take off my walking shoes and stockings and was putting on my pale green satin slippers when it seemed to me the whole room was filled with the crackling paper. I looked up. Dick's hands were trembling, so that he evidently could not read. Again an ejaculation of profanity assailed my ears.

"Don't swear, Dick"—even to myself the words sounded queer and to Dick they seemed to be the last straw for he simply opened his mouth and cursed everything and everybody—I picked up my clothes and left the room.

"Where are you going?" he demanded in a rather frightened tone of voice.

"I am going to finish dressing for Mollie's wedding. You know we must be there by eight o'clock sharp."

I closed the door as Dick adjured, "D— all weddings."

As I looked at myself in the glass I was rather frightened at my appearance and said to myself:
"I think I had better use a little rouge," but when I put it on it made me look so horribly made up, that I washed it off again, and contented myself with rubbing my cheeks hard, bringing a faint tinge of color.

I put on my necklace of pale green beads of which I had always been so proud and then took

it off again as I remembered that Dick had given it to me at the time the woman tried to blackmail him because he said I was so clever in helping him out of the scrape.
But even the thought that while Dick was innocent of sin with that woman he began his liaison with Eleanor on that train did not move me greatly—noticing how becoming the beads were with my pale green chiffon and silver embroidery, I put them back, just as Dick's white drawn face peered through the door.
"What are you going to do, Margie?" he asked in a stifled voice.
"I am going to Mollie's wedding. I am afraid we are late now," I answered.
(continued Tomorrow)

N. W. Grocery Co.

1302-4 Commerce St.

RETAIL DEPARTMENT

Store open until 10 P. M. Friday evening, Dec. 31. Closed all day Saturday, New Year's day.

Fancy Full Cream Cheese, per lb.	17c
Good Creamery Butter, per pound, Friday only	27c
Picnic Hams, per lb. Friday only	9c
Large sweet Oranges, regular price 45c; Friday only	35c
10 lbs Sweet Potatoes	25c
12 pounds Onions for	25c
Strictly Fresh Ranch Eggs, per doz.	35c
Yakima Potatoes, per 100 lbs. Friday only	\$1.20
Home Grown Potatoes, per 100 pounds, Friday only	\$1.00

COFFEE DEPT.

Our 35c M. & J. Blend, Friday only	30c
Our 20c Java Blend, Friday only	25c
Our 17c XXXX Blend, Friday only	15c
Our 20c Unsweetened Bkfst. Cocoa, Friday only	17c

QUESTIONS THEY WRITE TO CYNTHIA GREY--HER ANSWERS

Dear Miss Grey:—The letter of "A Mother" concerning the "Confessions of a Wife" has made me feel I should give my experience.

I am past 60 and my business in life has taken me into many homes. Closet doors have many times swung far enough ajar for me to glimpse the "skeleton." There are some Dicks than people like "A Mother" think; many times it is Mrs. Dick, though not as often as Dick himself.

Margie is right to bide her time, and not to fly into temper and "face him to it." It will be a far more effective lesson to Dick to have him expose himself, and while she waits she can get her own peace, get her own ship steady on the waves.

I knew intimately three just such cases as this of Dick and Margie. One of the men had a Margie who bided her time in patience and was able to save him to his better self, for surely every one has that. As yet, Dick has yielded to his weaker self. The Dick I knew came out of it all, through the course Margie took, a real man, helping many another to avoid the shoals that so nearly made shipwreck of him, and I know no happier couple than they are and they have celebrated their 30th wedding anniversary.

Another of the cases the man had not as yet really gone wrong. He was in the rapids, fast going over the falls, and his wife's hand could have saved him, but she did as "A Mother" and others say Margie should do, which was the fatal last push over. Our Christ said: "He that is forgiven much loveth much."

It is wrong in our philosophies of life in showing a trait to class it as a man-trait or a woman-trait. Instead of saying, the "men," or the "women," it should be "some men" or "some women."

"Eva" scores the women for dress. Two-thirds of the women dress sensibly. Why should the follies of the one-third be made as characteristic of all women?
To say that men are after the thrills and will not settle down in the content of love is not true. It is true of some men and in a certain class it is true of most of the men; but it is a libel to say it is a characteristic of men.

A dear old couple near me who have lived together in happy content for 67 years say there is something infinitely better and more satisfying than the thrills—an understood comradeship, the peace of content in each other. Their lives have not been sunny ones, either, but unusually stormy and tempestuous.

Their tender concern of each other is beautiful to see. No, "A Mother," it is not best to always "have it out at once." I know a mother who saved her daughter by the course Margie is taking with Dick, the man she loves. "Love suffereth long and is kind."
People said this mother was handling her mother with gloves and should give her "what's what" instead. The girl, who is a lovely woman now, said to me the other day: "It was mamma's watchful waiting that saved me. I came to suspicion that she knew all and to see that all her loving tact was revealing to me the sure destruction I was heading for. Any other way would have made me stubborn."
As I read the letters to Miss Grey, I see how each writer writes out his experience—"Miss Eichen" out of hers, "A Mother" out of hers and now I am writing out of mine.
I felt a sympathy for "A Son." No doubt he has a lovely mother, his comrade and friend, and naturally he would judge all mothers by his own and resent the idea that anyone should refuse to live with her.
I am training my son to be a good husband and I tell him it is wrong for a man to ask his wife to live with his people; some other way can usually be provided.
My mother-in-law lived with me 16 years, and I never had a more congenial person about me. We had too much self-respect for sharp words or quarrels, yet the fact was, neither of us had a home where we could work out our individual ideas of a home; we had to compromise so much. My children have

to fight tendencies and traits they need not have had to, but for the nerve strain I had to endure previous to their birth.
Some complain about the story "Confessions of a Wife" getting along so slowly—"getting nowhere," as some impatient one puts it. It is the half teaspoonful doses that we get of it each day that makes it seem slow. Think of reading a great book in that way. Yet each day's portion contains a definite point if one reads with seeing eyes instead of haste to see how it is coming out. It is a good story for those who need it and it will do good. — PAST SIXTY.

Q.—I am a young man 22 years old, worried and unhappy, because I haven't learned a way to make my living without being dependent on my parents, and it seems that I can't decide on what to do. I am not lazy, for I have done some very hard work.

I believe that each person is naturally suited to some certain following, and ought to find out what it is, if possible, and then do their very best.
Now, do you believe in phrenology as a way of deciding? Some friends have advised me to try that method. I would be very much pleased to receive an answer. — UNDECIDED.

A.—The writers knowledge of phrenology is limited. A number of intelligent people believe there is much truth in this teaching. If you have taken all the ways and by-ways in an effort to find your calling, and have failed, and feel that you might derive benefit from this source, it can do you no harm to consult, not a fake, but a professor of this art. You must be careful, however, as it is difficult to distinguish one from the other.

Latest Hairdressing Styles



This charming coiffure is the very latest hairdressing for stout women who are the proud possessors of a "good head of hair."
The cornat twist has come into vogue for stout women, especially—for most of them find the flat-to-the-head way of wearing the hair slightly passe.
The hair should be waved and twisted before the braid is arranged.
(Watch for more hair dressing articles in The Times.)

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1144-46 Pacific Ave.

Free Delivery to All Parts of the City.

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5 lbs. Head Rice	25c
4 cans Fancy Tomatoes	25c
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Reg. 15c can Hominy, 2 for	15c
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Reg. 35c can Ground Chocolate	25c
Reg. 25c cans K. C. Baking Powder	18c
25c Snider's Catsup	18c
10 bars Soap	25c
7 bars Naphtha Soap	25c

EXTRA SPECIAL FOR NEW YEAR'S

Leg Pig Pork Roast, about 7 lbs. each, per lb.	15c
Shoulder Pig Pork, about 8 lbs., per lb.	10c
Good Bacon, per lb.	10c
Breakfast Bacon, per lb.	15c

This market carries an extra fine line of Oysters, Fish, Crabs, etc.

HERBST CLOTHES SHOP OPEN TOMORROW UNTIL 9 P. M.

Come up and see the \$25 Overcoats \$15

We Wish a Very Happy New Year to Everybody

Guarante'd \$25 Suits

Come up and see the \$25 Sack Suits \$15

and \$25 Overcoats

Come up and see the \$25 Full Dress Suits and Tuxedos \$15

Come up and see the \$25 Cutaways \$15

Every Garment GUARANTEED in Every Respect.

HERBST CLOTHES

2nd Floor—National Realty Bldg. TAKE ELEVATOR—SAVE \$10