

EDITORIAL PAGE---Let the Truth Prevail!

How the Passing of John Barleycorn Impressed a San Franciscan

A journalist friend of ours from wet, care-free San Francisco happened to spend New Year's eve in Seattle. He made it a point to see as much of what went on in the downtown district as possible. He expected to see a wild orgy during the final hours of the saloon regime. In fact, he anticipated the scene would outdo even some of the most abandoned occasions he had witnessed in "the Paris of America."

On Saturday this journalist wrote his impressions of what he saw for The Seattle Star, and for other papers the country over. He describes what happened so aptly and it tallies so exactly with what Tacoma experienced that we cannot resist reproducing his article. Here it is:

"The saloon will never come back in Seattle. Even the wettest of the wet admit that today. Last night demonstrated that prohibition was no fluke in Washington. It represents the preponderance of sentiment."

"Real drunks were exceedingly few on the streets. Old Bacchus couldn't stage a real jamboree, such as was expected, even as a curtain-closer. Seattle wrung him out as they rang in the new. **FAKE DRUNKS THERE WERE, HOWEVER, BY THE HUNDREDS.** That was one of the curious bits of psychology of the night. Youngsters just beginning to shave did their best to simulate a jag and got away with it in poor shape, mostly. Of course, they had to demonstrate what hardened reprobates and stiff drinkers they were. And they had their last audience."

"It was like keeping up appearances of illness a reasonable time after a fellow gets his mother to

send a compulsory absence notice to the school teacher—as we did when we were kids.

"If there's anything more tragic than a grown-up boy trying to act drunk, it is the girl who simulates intoxication. I saw one standing at the corner of Second and Marion. Every one near her, except the distracted boy she was with, knew she was faking. She was trying to hurt him by acting in a way she considered 'tough.' He pleaded with her and tried to get her away from the crowd. She was flirting outrageously with other lads roving through the jam. Occasionally she staggered and giggled. Finally she broke away from the horrified youth, joining a party of friends who had hailed her. **AND INSTANTLY SHE WAS SOBER.** Today her distracted admirer's telephone will ring, and there'll be a date for a 'making up' scene. As likely as not, she'll explain that she wasn't tipsy at all and she'll be telling the truth."

"The boys and girls who felt called upon to demonstrate what 'good sports' they are, and who might never get another chance if they didn't grab this one, made up the bulk of the mild 'disorderlies.'"

"As a 'wild climax' to the passing of the old order, New Year's eve was a frost. Every one seemed to be waiting for every one else to start something devilish. And the starters were very few. Perhaps the snow had something to do with it. You can't show much speed when you have cold feet, literally. On the 2 o'clock 'all-night' Ballard car, which last year was wrecked by belated roysterers going home to roost, there were just three 'drunks' last night, according to the astonished conductor. Yep, Seattle and Washington are **DRY FOR GOOD.**"

How to Keep One New Year Resolution

There's one new leaf which everybody turns over every New Year day. It reads, "I WILL SAVE so much of my salary every week." Thousands figure—but few ever get that bank account started.

There are the young men and women earning their first money—wives who by economy can shave down their household expenses—housemaids—middle aged women, old men on small but regular salaries—many whom experience has warned to be thrifty—who would like to keep this good New Year resolution—if they could **JUST MANAGE TO GET THAT SAVINGS ACCOUNT OPENED.**

But the marble and bronze elegance of a bank appalls them. Or they shy at offering only \$1 to a clerk who is accustomed, they think, to handle piles of gold pieces. Or they blunder into a national bank and are distressed and confused because their account is refused. The interior of a bank is a fearful mystery to many persons.

It is to help just such folk that Uncle Sam established his **POSTAL SAVINGS SYSTEM** a few years ago. His bank is in the post office building—which belongs to everybody and where everybody is at home. His depositors are of all ages over ten years. He will sell ten-cent postal savings cards, and ten-cent postal savings stamps, and when nine stamps are affixed to the card, he will open an account with the holder and exchange it for a \$1 savings certificate. And he will pay depositors 2 per cent interest on accounts left with him for one year.

Prosperity is about to be with us. As long as Europe holds millions of men in the trenches and out of the industries, there will be as much work for most of us as we can do. While this work lasts, there is a chance to save for a future time when work will be harder to get. Those who find it difficult to acquire the banking habit will find it easy to learn the postal savings system of **UNCLE SAM, BANKER.**

U. S. Healthiest Place On Earth

The latest returns of the census bureau, just published, show the United States to be the healthiest res for 1914 the death rate in this country is now place on the face of the earth. According to the fig 13.6 per 1000 of estimated population—**THE LOWEST DEATH RATE ON RECORD.**

To make it even clearer, the report shows that there were only 10 deaths in 1914 where there were 11 a decade ago. This result is gathered only from statistics from registration districts. Unfortunately all communities do not register accurately the vital statistics, but 25 states and the District of Columbia do. From these sources and from 32 cities in states that do not keep complete statistics the census bureau's death rate returns were gathered.

Incomplete as the returns are it drives home two points: First, the all important need of nationwide registration of health and birth and death statistics. Second, the need, now greater than ever of the fight to prevent disease. Already it is showing results in the saving of lives—**AND NOW THAT IT IS PROVED GOOD, KEEP UP THE FIGHT!**

Not One For T. R.?

As to candidates, it is interesting to notice that of 751 opinions obtained by the Literary Digest from republican editors, senators and representatives, 249 favor the nomination of Elihu Root, 152 Justice Hughes, 108 Senator Borah, 77 Senator Cummins, 16 Gov. Hiram Johnson.—Exchange.

And there you are! A lot of republican pencil pushers and so-called leaders misrepresenting the rank and file of republicans to whom they sell papers and whom they are supposed to serve. According to them you'd think the rank and file are for Root and Hughes and Borah and Cummins and no others and **NOT ONE FOR THEODORE ROOSEVELT!** Put it to a vote, fellers, put it to a vote!

QUESTIONS THEY WRITE TO CYNTHIA GREY--HER ANSWERS

Her Mail Runs the Gamut of Human Emotions; Love, Pathos, Happiness, Tragedy and Tears.

Dear Miss Grey: I am a young man still in my 20's. My parents were strong Lutherans and brought me up as such. It was necessary for me to leave school and home to go to work before completing a high school course, and my work being continuous (seven days per week) kept me from attending church for a number of years, yet I did not forget the thoughts and ideas impressed upon my mind.

Since I went to work I have been thrown into personal contact with men and women of every class, race, creed and color. From the fanatically religious to the atheist, from the capitalist to the dollar-a-day miner, from the minister of the gospel to the denizens of the underworld. All these I have known personally; have learned their joys, their sorrows, and the circumstances around them.

In short, I have probably seen a little more of life than most men of my years, and now, Miss Grey, after having become acquainted with life and conditions as they are today I find I am bumping into a solid stone wall.

Of late, I have had the opportunity to attend church and have taken advantage of the same; but somehow, for some reason or another, everything seems to have changed entirely since I was a boy. Possibly it is my point of view or probably I did not interpret the Bible the same at that time.

I see and hear things expounded by ministers of the gospel, and accepted by apparently intelligent and well educated people that stand in bold contradiction to natural laws and scientific facts. They seem to be dealing in beliefs and superstitions that were exploded by cold, calculating science years ago. Students in schools and colleges are taught the natural laws that govern the universe and all life in it, which may be proved step by step as a simple problem in mathematics, yet even a prominent clergyman of this city stated that these facts must be ignored when they conflict with the Holy Bible.

I see conditions around us that make it physically impossible to obey the Ten Commandments and live while the pulpit condemns certain men and women for being in certain conditions over which they have absolutely no control.

Now, Miss Grey, there is something fascinating and inspiring about going to church, and singing those grand old hymns. There is something compelling about them that makes one almost tread the air; but must we abandon all scientific progress and education that stands in the way, or should one forget the ideas impregnated in the mind from childhood on, and regard the Bible merely as superstition?

I am personally acquainted with a number of clergymen in this city and have had long talks with them, but they either cannot or will not give a satisfactory answer. I would appreciate any open discussion in your column on the subject, also your opinion.

R. H. E. E.

A.—Religious arguments or discussions are like political discussions: they never get a person anywhere. We have had several such arguments, and my conclusion is that it is a waste of time and space.

While your technical education has been neglected, you have learned many valuable lessons in the school of life—the only school that counts. That is the explanation of your change of views. Certainly you can obtain no satisfaction from a minister of the gospel. He is bound by a creed, and all creeds are narrow. Every Christian church has a creed, each a little different, yet all of them claim to be right.

Like you, I arrived at the parting of the ways. My conscience whispered to me that the church as it is conducted nowadays is more social than spiritual; that it is based upon mammon, dependent upon money, and that true religion must have no fetters. So I decided that I would take what good I found in all creeds and beliefs, as in the other things of life. I can take nothing for granted, can accept nothing that cannot be proved; therefore the calculations and self-evident truths of cold, computing science have a peculiar fascination for me.

Dear Miss Grey: I trust this subject has not as yet been exhausted. I have just one word to say. I wonder why all this hue and cry over the sterilization of a few insane and degenerate men? Who makes all this outcry? Not the body of American women, I'll venture to say, because if they were voice their sentiments a cry that would rend the heavens would be heard.

Perhaps in passing down Broadway during a lifetime, one would never pass a sterilized man. What about women? I believe I am telling the truth when I say that in ten minutes of any busy day one would pass many sterilized women. Not degenerate, not yet insane women, but the very flower of our American womanhood. You don't hear much outcry from the men about this state of affairs, do you? Why? Because they know too well that in nearly all the cases they themselves are responsible. Woman has never known this. She just simply thought she was delicate or had "female weakness," that old name that certainly covered a multitude of sins, but it won't hold water any longer.

If about three months after marriage or maybe a little longer, a man had to go to the hospital and be sterilized because he developed "male weakness" just because he got married, why there'd have been an investigation even in the Garden of Eden, instead of coming down these countless ages.

I contend this is due to ignorance. Boys and girls are born equally pure, and to the ages of 15 or a little later, are still so, but when every male associate, and even the boy's own father tells him it is time he went out upon the street and "embraced everything female," why what can you expect? I even knew a boy in our neighborhood who boasted of contracting a disease. This of course made a man of him. If this boy were trained to understand that such contact often left him in such a state that he would transmit blindness and cause his wife's partner to be sterilized, I am satisfied there would be much less of it.

My dear Miss Grey, I can tell you nowdays what is the matter. But be sure you get a good doctor and take your symptoms to him in time to end this awful thing. Let's be just as careful of our womanhood as we are of their "sacred functions" and their "sacred functions" and their "sacred functions."

"AND GOD BLESS THE MASTER OF THIS HOUSE, LIKEWISE THE MISTRESS TOO, AND ALL THE LITTLE CHILDREN THAT ROUND THE TABLE GO!"

gabird gab



Lots of cake known as "Sunshine Cake" oughta be served up on days that are cloudy, what?

YOUNG PARENTS, ATTENTION MEXICO, Mo. Jan. 3.—A prominent family here many years ago adopted this method of naming its numerous offspring: The first child, a boy, was born in 1881. He was named "Eighty-One." The second, they hoped would be a girl. It was. They named it, "It is." A boy followed and it was named "It." Another boy came and was called "Nothing."

Sir: I see by the papers that a New York professor calls whiskey both food and drink. Several times lately it has also been "lodgings" for our furnace man—when he's got a fighting jag on.

WE WISH WE COULD Sir: I read in your paper "Dodge Brothers Motor Car." Can't we Dodge sisters, too? She's a blame sight worse driver than brother.

A Brooklyn burglar has declared that his accuser kept his head under the bad clothes during the robbery—and therefore couldn't possibly identify him.

Mulcahy was safe in jail and his wife, Nora, was telling her neighbor about it. "And what be the charge agin him, mum?" asks Mrs. Flynn. "Hivins, woman!" replied Mrs. Mulcahy, "there be no charge—they keep him there free."

Sir: It is the general belief that Justice Hughes will say "no" when the Repeal bill is accepted the nomination next year. He has said "no" before. I suggest he get a safety razor and shave off his beard. Then the

COMES TO U. S. TO PLAY STAGE ROLE



MRS. BOBBIE HORNE

politicians can better see his "noes." R. M. B.

(From the Lane, W. Va., Recorder.)

People in this vicinity are warned against giving money to a stranger disguised as the Salvation Army.

GOOD ADVICE FOLLOWED



Della—Father fussed yesterday because I was going shopping in these light clothes. Stella—What did you do? Della—Oh, rather than argue I obeyed him—I put on heavier earrings.

HENPECKED



"John, I bought you a bottle of that new hair restorer." "Thanks. It's very thoughtful of you to try to put back some of the hair you have robbed me of, Jane."

TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 6 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SIX.

Personal and Social

Mount Tacoma camp No. 708, W. O. W., will install the following officers at a meeting Monday, Jan. 10: A. D. Lacy, C. C. Page, W. L. Carns, A. L. Anderson, W. E. Mills, Albert Anderson, Joseph Kistie. A social will be held after the installation.

Tacoma chapter No. 126, O. E. S., will meet Friday evening in the Blue room of the Masonic temple.

Mrs. H. E. York will entertain members of the Query club this afternoon at her home on North Puget Sound av.

The Women's Missionary society of the United Presbyterian church will meet Wednesday afternoon, 2:15 o'clock, at the residence of Mrs. John Stewart, 4009 So. 7th st.

Mrs. Moore, No. 7th and L sts., will entertain chapter C, P. E. O., Saturday afternoon.

Mrs. A. F. Hammond, 623 So. Sheridan, will entertain members of the Edelweiss club Jan. 7.

Liberty Bell Altruistic club will meet at the home of Mrs. Martha Hughes, 3840 So. D sts., Thursday afternoon.

Mrs. James A. Hays will entertain members of the Tahoma club this afternoon.

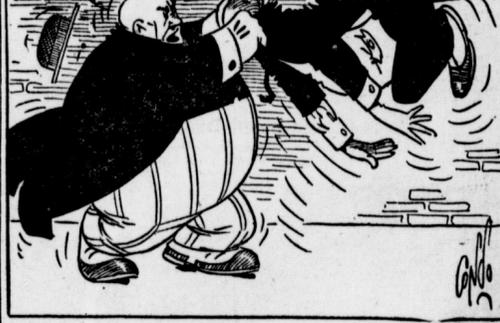
Julia Grant-Dent tent, Daughters of Veterans, will install officers tomorrow afternoon at 2 o'clock in the Armory.

Hilshoe club will meet Thursday afternoon with Mrs. Elick, 633 No. Prospect, at 2:15 o'clock.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



I JUDGE FROM THE PICTURES IN THE PAPERS THAT THIS IS MR. OILUM, COUNSEL FOR GRAB & CO.



MY NAME IS EVERETT TRUE. THE PLEASURE IS ALL MINE! WHENEVER I MEET A CORPORATION LAWYER I LIKE TO CLEAN HIM UP!

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

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"I am the happiest girl in the world, Margie," whispered Mollie as I went upstairs to help her change from her wedding to her traveling dress.

Nothing she could have said could have affected me as those words, for immediately that never to be forgotten night before my marriage unrolled itself before me—that night when Dick came at my call and we went motoring through the deserted streets under the dripping tree branches and darkness—Isn't it queer, little book, that everything joyous has always come to me in the rain—he smothered me in his arms and told me again and again that he loved me. I, too, at that time, was the happiest girl in the world.

I looked at Mollie in commiseration. How much she had to learn; how her heart would ache and her soul would grieve before she would come to understand that happiness was not of this earth. We poor mortals are so constituted that while we can have moments of ecstasy and bliss, hours of joy, days of pleasure, and perhaps months, when we relax into a kind of stupor we may call content, we can never be perfectly happy.—Why, little book, that means something that we can only imagine, and the awful part of it is that we wear our very souls out in longing for it.

I knew that when Mollie said she was the happiest girl in the world, that by that same token I was most miserable. We were as far apart as the poles, and yet we were separated only by a few years of wedded life.

"And you, dear Margie, have helped me to attain this happiness," she whispered. "You have little book, not crying over the tragedy that I had yet to face when I allowed myself to think of that letter, but of all the little hurts and the big griefs that would come to that happy girl whose arms were about me, before she would reach the place where I was standing.

Perhaps, little book, she will never come there. God grant she will never know that desert of lost illusions. Anyway, if one has delirious joy for even a short time, it may make life worth living even if one has paid for ever more.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

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SEATTLE BOUND

Final arrangements are being made for the Seattle Bound.