

# TIMES EDITORIALS

## Let the Truth Prevail!

### Following the Lead

Many of the independent oil producers say they're going to follow the Standard Oil Co.'s lead in tooting prices sky-high, and they frankly admit that they'll do it because there's the "business opportunity" to do it.

One goucher upon another's heels doth tread, so fast they follow, as Mr. Shakespeare would have put it had he owned an automobile.

Of course, it makes little difference to you whether an octopus or an independent takes your pocket book, as a "business opportunity", but it must be said, in sympathy for him, that the independent has to lower prices when the Standard does, no matter how miserable a "business opportunity" it may be for him.

As an example of business morality the Standard certainly does give the world a corking fine object lesson.

### Not the Soft Answer

It is related that a pious Welsh lady, watching an officer drilling a bunch of recruits, reprimanded him cuttingly for his language to his men.

Removing his hat courteously, the wretch replied: "Damn your eyes, Madam! Mind your own business!"

War isn't a Sunday school picnic and woman's part in it might well be confined to sewing shirts as Sister Susie does. But if they must, and will, rub elbows with war, even at its outer edges, the women of Europe should expect to be shocked. With tens of thousands of men dying every day at the front, the drill masters of the recruits, and, in fact, the recruits themselves, are not going to strain at a few well intended cuss-words if it helps them to acquire proficiency which might save the only scalp they have. And who ever heard of breaking in a rookie without swearing a little? The good women of England had better be praying for their officers, rather than engaged in reprimanding them over trifles. They need a lot of prayers.

### Jones and Poindexter

For a study in contrasts, observe our senators, Poindexter and Jones.

On the Shields bill, a vicious measure designed to help the power trust grab the remaining available water power sites, Poindexter is a leader in the opposition.

Jones not only favors the passage of the bill, but makes lobbyists for Stone & Webster and other special power interests very welcome in his office.

On the great international issue which clouds our whole national life at this time Jones is running about demanding "unanimous consent" and all the other technicalities his petty mind can conceive to embarrass the president, his only motive apparently being some fancied partisan advantage.

Poindexter in the meantime is standing staunchly for a preservation of the national honor regardless of party or personalities.

### Happy On Farms

Twenty thousand acres of land in Western Kansas have been purchased by prominent negro leaders, and an option secured upon an equal area adjoining, for the purpose of establishing a negro colony of farmers.

Kansas already has a negro colony founded thirty years ago. It is a colony of ALL farmers, who own their own land. Some of them have really fine homes and automobiles. It is said that they are more progressive, more frugal and better farmers than many of the whites in adjoining communities; therefore, it is plain that they are also better citizens.

The negroes are essentially and naturally farmers. In tilling the soil they add to the nation's wealth, help pay the cost of government, bear their part of the burden of taxation every good citizen should bear. They should be happy.

### Going Without Sleep

No one wants to be called a sleepyhead!

But just why some people, especially some young men, think it "smart" to do without sleep is not explainable.

Of course, they can run on a flat tire for a while and not feel the jars of realize any injury to the body-machine, but at the same time they are not at their best, mentally or physically, and the breakdown is only a little way ahead of them.

Some who advocate little sleep go so far as to cite

a number of noted men who have done a great work on a few hours of sleep daily, notably Edison who thinks four hours a night enough for anybody. But many a man who has tried to play Edison's game of "much work with little sleep" has ended in a sanitarium.

The body has a number of ways of restoring spent energy and repairing waste tissue, but nothing has yet been discovered to take the place of sleep.

Try robbing yourself of sleep and nature will get even with you sooner or later.

### Just to Remind You-

Man invents conveniences faster than woman can learn to use them. Peasant women in many parts of Europe make their backs ache over tubs set on the ground just because their grandmothers, for generations washed the family linen at those river banks.

Inventing that extraordinary household convenience, the vacuum sweeper, was an easy job compared to inducing women to use it.

And it's just the same with the parcel post. Uncle Sam permits us to put it to dozens of uses, but most women think about it only at Christmas.

You will never want to send a ton of wood by mail, probably, but just to remind you to send your discarded clothes to the charities by parcel post, or that package to the dressmakers, or a box of delicacies to the washwoman's sick husband or child—here's a good story:

A student in the department of chemistry at the University of Washington received a ton of wood through the parcels post a week or so ago. Jones, the student, had the large shipment of wood, intended for thesis work in tanning extraction, cut up in 50 pound lots, and entrusted to Uncle Sam's care. The wood was of a particular species of larch and yellow pine from Sumpter, Ore.

### IN THE EDITOR'S MAIL

Short letters from Times readers, of general interest and without personal malice, will be printed. Write about anything or anybody you wish, but do not have malice as your motive. Many letters are not printed because they are too long. Keep 'em short.

#### AID FOR JOBLESS

Editor The Times: I have noticed quite a few letters from your readers so I thought I would take a hand at writing one. I hope you don't throw it into the waste basket before you read it. So here goes.

I notice in the last four months of the newspapers, have printed articles about that wave of prosperity that is supposed to be sweeping this country. If prosperity is sweeping this country why are there so many men out of employment? I notice by the papers that the bread lines back east are as long this winter as any other winter.

Why, even here in Tacoma, the Associated Charities and other institutions have been feeding hundreds of hungry men and boys. Now the church started a hotel for the unemployed—giving them free lodging and enough food to keep body and soul together. And what does the city do? Why it goes right after these poor men and threatens to arrest them if they don't move.

#### TODAY'S BEAUTY TALK

You can make a delightful shampoo with very little effort and for a very trifling cost if you get from your druggist a package of canthox and dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. Your shampoo is now ready. Just pour a little at a time on the scalp and rub briskly. This creates an abundance of thick, white lather that thoroughly dissolves and removes all dandruff, excess oil and dirt. After rinsing, the hair dries quickly, with a fluffiness that makes it seem heavier than it is, and takes on a rich luster and softness that makes arranging it a pleasure.

#### WANT STREET LIGHTS

Twenty-seven property owners in the vicinity of 11th and K, south, have petitioned for street lights to prevent burglaries and holdups which have occurred recently in their community.

#### HOPE IT WAS CLEAR

If it rains this evening the social will be held on next Thursday evening.—The Battle Creek (Mich.) Inquirer.

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### OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



### Gabird Gab



IN VAIN WE CALL OLD NOTIONS FUDGE, AND BEND OUR CONSCIENCE TO OUR DEALING; THE TEN COMMANDMENTS WILL NOT BUDGE, AND STEALING WILL CONTINUE STEALING.—Lowell.

In the cases of certain congressmen a little free garden seed covers a multitude of sins!

#### WHO SAYS THE "IDLE RICH" DON'T WORK?

Mrs. Harry Payne Whitney has given a commission to Robert Henri to paint her portrait. She is also sitting for a portrait by Prince Pierre Troubetzkoy. A smaller one of her is being painted by Troy Kinney. Prince Paul Troubetzkoy, sculptor, has just completed a statuette of Mrs. Whitney.—News Item.

#### For Days' Bellringer

Sir Herbert von Herkomer, the well known artist who died recently, used to tell an amusing story of a London art dealer. This man had two beautiful reproductions of the painting, "The Approaching Storm."

One of the pictures he placed in the show window; but it did not sell. At length, in order to draw attention to the picture, he put a card on it, on which he printed the words, "The Approaching Storm," especially suitable for a wedding present."

#### LURING HIM ON

There is a good looking old widower southeast of here about 20 miles who's awful anxious to come to see one of our beautiful widows. Come on, old duck, from what I can hear she won't sic the dogs on you. Yes, come clean.—The Benton (Ark.) Democrat.

#### HOPE IT WAS CLEAR

If it rains this evening the social will be held on next Thursday evening.—The Battle Creek (Mich.) Inquirer.



She—Willard, ever since we've been married you've never seemed the same. What did I ever do to you?

He—You married me.

#### WHAT WAS IN THE CELLAR?

Olathe has an Englishman who reads the London papers faithfully. When it began to thunder last Thursday afternoon he ducked into a Zeppelin-proof cellar and stayed there for 24 hours.—Olathe Register.

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# ANSWERS

BY CYNTHIA GREY

A young man, an American, who has spent the last six years in Manila, recently returned to his native land to find a new order of things. He is shocked at the boldness of women and writes to Miss Grey for an explanation. He asks: "Are men going at a premium, or are women so cheap that the latter are compelled to take the aggressive?"

Readers, what do you think about it? Are women unconsciously getting a corner on the matrimonial market?

Miss Grey does not feel that she has the right to render a verdict for all of the American women, so she is putting it up to you squarely.

Following is the young man's letter: My Dear Miss Grey: Since coming to the Sound, some months ago, I have taken pleasure in reading your contributions to The Times.

A recent article, however, hits me in a sore spot. Perhaps you can set me right on a few points. I am a young man 28 years of age; have spent the past six years in Manila, working like a Turk, that I might some day have a home in the grand old U. S. A.

I came, brimful of enthusiasm and eager to live where the people are white. I have some money, a position that pays \$160 a month, and have been fortunate in meeting many young people of the right stamp. The men of this set arranged a party, shortly after my arrival, for the purpose of showing me the town.

I was informed that the girls would be "gay and good spenders." They were, indeed. The gayest of the lot, I later discovered, was a respectable married lady, making a hit by spending her husband's pay check; but her little girl suffered the ridicule of her playmates because she was not properly clothed.

My objection to having the ladies do the spending won for me the distinction of being a "live member."

Why are many young ladies so man crazy? Why do most periodicals contain the confessions of some ninny or an article on "How to Win a Husband"? Why is the same idea carried out on the stage?

Are men going at a premium, or are women so cheap that the latter are compelled to take the aggressive? If so, one had better buy a Japanese Geisha girl. There would be at least the satisfaction of knowing that she might be returned, at a discount, if not as represented.

Is it the outgrowth of woman's fight for suffrage, a sign of advancement, degeneration or just a fad? Who started it? This is leap year, I know, but I am not jesting. Neither would I infer that all young ladies in town are throwing themselves at my head. They are not.

I am disgusted, not conceded. Nor do I criticize you, Miss Grey. You may be writing to satisfy a popular demand. At any rate, your answers are clever and to the point.

In a recent issue "Lucille" wishes to call up a young man who has no time for her. "A Reader" bullies her mother that she may keep the old folks awake until daylight, while she entertains a prospective husband.

These people do not ask for my opinion, but their attitude proves the theory. "Win a husband" may be a popular slogan, but it is a revolting one. If the wife must do the winning, so much the worse for the husband; he is not worth keeping. First thing we know, it will be, "Good-morning! Have you a little husband in your home?"

Yes, I am going to be married; that is, I think I am. Was I congratulated? Emphatically NO.

My friends declare me to be a "fool and a sucker." Say I am "too decent a guy to get married." Just fancy; too decent to marry!

Isn't it rich? My own fiancée remarked that her girl chum was lucky enough to get a man, but doubted if "she could hold him."

What are we coming to? Miss Grey, I want to live for all that there is in life, and my idea of entertaining a wife is not sitting at home evenings, reading the market reports to her. Nor am I the tightwad who would put strychnine in the baby's milk because it needed a pair of shoes that cost \$3.

It is a grand thing to have faith in one's kind, but to know that they trust you absolutely is better still; and rather than marry one who might doubt my sincerity, I would forego the joy of being responsible for the happiness of that person.

How am I to inspire that confidence, or will you please tell me how I may become accustomed to the new order of things? "BUNGALOW."

### Confessions of a Wife

MY PRETTY NURSE'S STORY Last night I was wakened all and almost engrossed in my own thoughts I became aware that my little nurse was tossing about.

She is so small I hardly see how she has the strength to care so efficiently for me. I have grown to love her. She has a fine mind as well as sympathy and understanding.

For the last few days I have noticed she has seemed downcast and tonight I could not help seeing she had been crying.

"What is the matter, my dear?" I asked. "Nothing."

"You mean nothing that you can tell me." "Why, are you ill?" "Oh, Mrs. Waverly, I am so happy."

"That seems to be the condition of most of us within these walls," was my comment as I reached out and drew her down beside me on the bed.

"Now tell me all about it." "But you must sleep. The doctor will scold me roundly."

"The doctor need never know." "But I have to put your wakefulness on the chart."

"Yes, but you do not have to say you took my mind off my troubles by telling of your own."

Her hand trembled.—At last she said, "Oh I must ask someone's advice—I must. You see Mrs. Waverly, I am all alone in the world. My father died before I was born and my mother just as I entered training. I have no brothers or sisters and my cousins think I have disgraced them beyond hope of redemption."

Suddenly she seemed up; beat up my pillows and made me perfectly comfortable, then seated herself in a chair.

"It was just after I had finished training that for my first experience as a really truly nurse I had a case very much like yours except it was a young man whose leg was splintered and broken on the football field. I was extremely proud for the patient was the son of one of the richest men in the eastern city where I was graduated.

"Harvey's leg was broken above the knee, and it was set,

reset and plated just as yours has been only that the cast was put on from above the hip down. Poor fellow, he suffered the agonies that one such as you Mrs. Waverly can know and sympathize with. He was a handsome youth and at times through pure pity I wanted to stoop and kiss the forehead which was dampened with the sweat of agony.

"I don't know when I first grew to love him but I remember one night of waking stark and cold with the knowledge that I had given my heart to him.

"I succeeded, however, in keeping it from him until one day a boy friend of his made some slighting remark about the fun a man might have with a pretty nurse.

"Tom," said Harvey, "although I am in a pretty bad condition to fight, another remark of that kind, and I'll get up and punch your blooming head down into your shoulder blades."