

# TIMES EDITORIALS

## Let the Truth Prevail!

### Carranza a Failure

No matter how optimistic we may be, or with how roseate a brush we would paint the situation in Mexico, the fact all along has stuck uncomfortably out that Carranza has failed to restore order in the southern republic. Today's developments make the fact fairly painful.

It looks as if the lawless guerilla warfare in that country would continue indefinitely, or until some new leader arises who is strong enough, personally, politically and financially, to weld the guerilla bands into a cohesive mass, which will mean another bloody revolution.

Financial and trade conditions are unusually depressed, according to reliable reports, instead of being on the up-grade, as would be the case if the Mexican people had confidence in the permanency of Carranza's reign.

It is doubtful if the reported revolution to be headed by Felix Diaz will amount to much. Diaz is looked upon with suspicion by all hands. But, sooner or later, the man of the hour will show up. Then, bang!

Carranza is a weakling. A weakling cannot be made into a warrior by Uncle Sam or any one else.

### Digging Health

Cleanup time is coming.

Folk will start limbering up their bodies by raking up and digging up the garden plot.

There is health in getting close to the soil for the earth is a powerful, electrically charged magnet.

By contact with it people can derive a form of energy that really does "tone up" the human system.

Children like to run barefoot in squishy mud because as they say "it feels good." The reason it feels good is because their bare feet are absorbing the earth's magnetism.

In other words contact with Mother Earth brings about an actual recharging of our physical batteries. Thus one of the simplest ways to keep well is to get out into the garden as soon as the weather permits and begin to dig up health.

Combined with the contact with Mother Earth there are the physical benefits that come from the exertion, most folk call it "fun," of spading and cultivating a garden patch.

Twenty minutes morning and evening in the backyard garden will give the busy City Man just the sort of exercise his system needs after a winter spent in sitting at an office desk or close to a steam radiator in the evening.

### JOY IN EDEN

Adam was a lucky boy while living there in Eden. The climate wasn't hot as Troy, nor yet as cold as Sweden. He never had to go to work at seven in the morning, and germs did not around him lurk, nor bite him without warning.

He didn't have to sit and spoon a year to win a maiden. He fell asleep one afternoon, his mind with



nothing laden, and when he awoke, his bride was there, attending to the oven, a sprig of willow in her hair, her eyes all bright and lovin'.

She didn't talk about his past, nor say, "Why, you've been drinking!" She just remarked, "Well, kid, at last the soup is done, I'm thinking!" Of course she had to talk of style. "It seems the proper caper," she said, "to wear a pleasant smile, according to the paper. It doesn't button up the back, nor cost a wad of money, but still it brightens up the shack. Now, don't you think so, Honey?"

When Adam to the circus went, or took a little outing, he never had to pay a cent, and no unseemly shouting was wafted from the flat below whenever he was reading. He never saw a vaudeville show, nor paid a fine for speeding!

I think that Adam was a dub to give up such fine pickins and go to living in a club, and working like the dickens.

—CHARLES B. DRISCOLL.

### THE TACOMA TIMES

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### Will Swallow This

Here's a reformer who is edging his way to a warm spot in our heart because he's for a diet that most of us can buy and many of us can raise with spade and hoe.

Mr. Eugene Housel Grubb, "Potato King" of Colorado, calls attention to the fact that there is a great increase in the disease arterio sclerosis coincident with the decline in consumption of potatoes from 3 1/2 bushels per capita to 2 bushels. This dread disease, says "King" Grubb, is due to lack of alkalinity in the blood. Eat potatoes!

Too much tobacco—arterio sclerosis, says the professional medic. Too few potatoes—arterio sclerosis, says "King" Grubb.

Suffering humanity will turn to Grubb. We never knew a man to give up his tobacco to avoid arterio or any other sclerosis. We know many men who will take a potato recommendation to their bosom.

More power to Grubb! We understand that he already has much potatoes.

### The Difference

A level-headed western business man put this question to Theodore H. Price:

"If Germany can't invade England with only the English channel to cross, why should we worry unless the Atlantic dries up?"

Mr. Price says it was a "poser," and, further, that it reflects the sentiment of the public generally.

The answer, Mr. Price and gentlemen, is that England has a navy so much larger than that of Germany that the English channel is several times wider, patrolled by that navy, than the Atlantic would be patrolled by our own.

It is not the English channel which protects England by any means or manner.

### Post-War Trade

The inner circle of the British cabinet is said to be determined upon prohibition of imports from Germany after the war.

Before the war, Germany's balance of trade against the British was something like \$200,000,000, and she has been getting along without that for 18 months.

But, suppose that Great Britain imposes such prohibition upon other nations to which she can dictate, after the war.

No wonder the Germans fight hard, with the idea that militarism isn't the sole issue.

### 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.

#### ON JUSTICE.

Say Ed.:—I notice in your paper that a man got 15 years in the pen for stealing a pair of silk stockings from a Nisqually teacher. The Times seems to be the only paper that dares roast the higher ups, but if the above item is correct wouldn't it make a dog sick?

If poor Lo could have put up money enough and had some one to work it for him, he would have received about a 10-day sentence in jail. So long.

#### THE OLD KICKER.

Hush ye little ones and lowly, tread ye softly now and slowly. Must ye speak, then speak in whispers; don't ye even dare to snore. We are tired of your knocking, and your writing and your talking, so be careful, do be careful, there's a man behind the door! He has eyesight like an eagle; he is versed in matters legal. He's profoundly rich in wisdom and he knows what he's about. He's a self-approved cor-

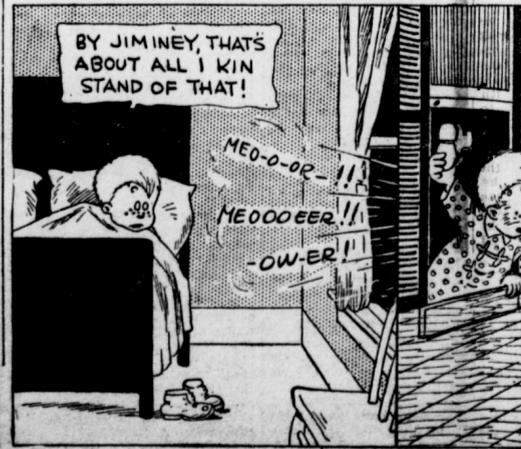
rector; he's a silver-tongued pro-lector, so be careful, for he'll get you if you don't watch out. Is there anything from Plato, Bacon, Socrates or Cato, that must needs an explanation, drop this mighty man a note. He will help you safely thro it, and he's more than pleased to do it. Why, he's full of all the wisdom that the stone age prophets wrote. Never say our country's heroes, ever whisky drank or beeroes. They were 'nough gods, my children, and were 'nough not a bit. Are their halos slightly tarnished? Shine 'em up and keep 'em varnished, you will soon become proficient if you keep a-doing it. And ye dull and cravelling trinions, never air your own opinions, till this master mind has pondered. turned the subject inside out, should he not approval ouble, hold your tongue and don't you grumble, for he'll get you and he'll pinch you if you don't watch out!

F. W. ERICKSON.

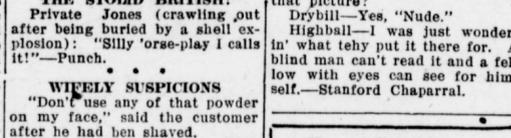
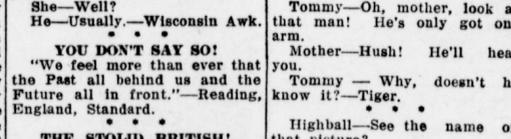
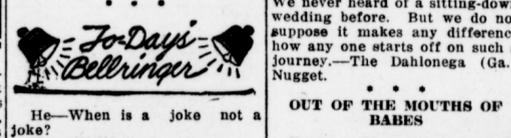
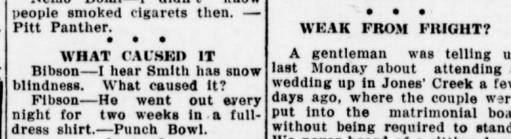
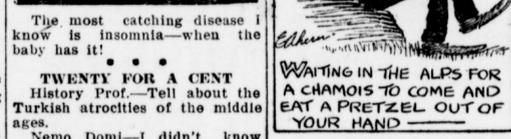
TURN TO THE CLASSIFIED WANT ADS ON PAGE 7 FOR RESULTS. SEE PAGE SEVEN.

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(We Bet Slim's Scared of the Dark!)



### OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



**Eatonville-Tacoma Stage**  
11th St., Opp. Postoffice  
Leave Tacoma, 8 a. m., 4 p. m.  
Leave Eatonville, 8 a. m., 2:30 p. m.

### ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Q.—A boy friend of mine is ill in the hospital. Do you think it would be all right for me to go and see him?  
GIRL OF 16.

A.—It is proper if your mother or some friend accompanies you

Dear Cynthia Grey: In answer to "Bungalow's" the man from Manila who works like a Turk and thinks like one also: The little faults and evils he finds in others is merely reflection of himself. If they weren't in him, he couldn't see them. His brain stopped growing the day he left the U. S. A.

The girls are neither man crazy nor cheap; merely trying to pick out a harmonious life companion, but the picking is bum.

Men are at a premium, but they are throwing ginks and hoobs away with vast cakes. Sometimes these disguise and happen to pawn themselves off for men, but as soon as found out they are ditched, as, he must know, living is high these days.

He wants to inspire confidence and get all out of life there is in it. If he will follow this recipe he will get it.

We have only a certain amount of time to put in on this earth, the more of it we spend looking for good, the less we will have for faultfinding and evil. We get just what we look for in this life. Eliminate all evil thoughts and you will choke and starve the devil to death. IKE.

Dear Miss Grey: In reading "Bungalow's" letter it seems he is looking for the kind of a wife he or any other man would like to grace his home. I'm wondering if he expects to find a woman like that among those he terms "good spenders."

If he does, I'm sure he will be very much mistaken, just as I should be if I were looking for a husband who cared for nothing but carousing with a crowd who cheapens not only themselves, but those with whom they associate.

If he would look around he would find plenty of nice girls. They may not be "good spenders," but are in most cases "good savers," for they know how hard it is to earn the money which means their livelihood. What they cannot afford, they leave alone.

I know, for I belong to that class. We may look plain and uninteresting, but we, too, have our dreams of neat little home filled with cheerfulness and love; of someone whom we can care for and of someone who will care for us.

Beware, "Bungalow"—those "good spenders" will finally get you if you don't watch out. SINCERE.

Q.—Will you please give me some names for a yacht or sailboat?  
A. T. G.

A.—"The Gar," "Luania," "Wastina," "The Pirate."

Miss Grey maintains office hours each Wednesday from 11 a. m. to 4 p. m. when she is pleased to meet any Times reader. On other days she replies to questions only by mail or through her column.

### Confessions of a Wife

THE CONSEQUENCES CAME THICK AND FAST

"Of course, Mrs. Waverly," continued my little nurse, "after Harvey's father went away I just sat down and cried, and then I got up and washed all traces of hurt and grief from my face, for I was sure that Harvey would come to see me the moment he knew his father had found out about the apartment. But he did not come all day, and the next morning I read in the society column, 'Mr. Harvey —, jr., left for Paris and London yesterday, sailing at 1 o'clock.'"

"Miss Mabel — was at the dock with his family to bid him bon voyage, and it is said that as soon as he is hurried business trip is over their engagement will be announced."

"My world had turned upside down and I seemed dropping off of it. I had the physical feeling of falling through space. "I must have fainted, for when I began to remember again I was on the floor next to the couch and my head was bleeding where I had hit it against the sharp edge of the sofa frame."

"Upon one thing I was determined: I would not — could not stay in the apartment, and yet I did not know what to do with it. "Finally I made up my mind to just walk out and leave it. You can see how unbusinesslike I was — I might have known that something would happen. But I was nearly crazy, for all my faith in everything and everybody was lost."

"I did not want to go back to the hospital, and so I answered an advertisement for a half secretary and half nurse to a business woman who was just convalescing from a nervous breakdown. "By good fortune I got the position, the woman telling me that she liked my looks and would take me immediately."

"I had been with her a month JMrs. Waverly, she is one of God's good women; she is like myself—

when one day I was called downstairs by the maid, who in a most peculiar tone said, "There are two men who want to see you downstairs."

"Ask them what is their business," I said, as my heart began to beat faster.

"The maid came back and said, 'They will not give their business. Said it was a personal matter.' "How do they look?" I asked, for a wild hope had come to me that one of them might be Harvey."

"The girl hesitated a moment and then said, 'I don't think they are gentlemen, Miss. They spoke very gruff-like. Just made me think that if you didn't come they would come after you.'"

"I went down stairs wondering what could be the matter, and when I got into the room one of them said, 'You are under arrest, young woman,' but I managed to say, 'What for?'"

"For obtaining goods under false pretenses."

"But I did not do that."

"Come, come, can't you say something more original than that, Miss, that's what they all say."

"But I have no goods that I have not paid for."

"How about the little dove cote you furnished in C street? Ah, that makes you wiggle. Old Harvey — says he don't know you, and that he never authorized you to get the goods."

"Old Harvey —, I ejaculated. "Yes, the big department store man."

"I never had anything charged to him in my life—and then I suddenly remembered that Harvey's name and his father's were just alike."

"This account had evidently been transferred to his father's name for the purpose of making me trouble."

"Come along, young lady," said the other man impatiently."

(Continued Tomorrow.)

BY BLOSSER