

# TIMES EDITORIALS

## Let the Truth Prevail!

### Keep Lake Open

Stop hogging the lakes. Just because you happen to own a piece of property that dips down into the water, is it any reason why you should crab the pleasure of Mr. Downtown Tacoma and his friends who would like to ride around and see the lake scenery?

Water hogs already have put the crimp into any hope of lake boulevards around American and Gravelly lakes, just because they don't like the idea of a road between their cottages and the shining pebbles.

And now come a few property owners of Steila-oom lake wanting to close up 600 feet of the lake boulevard on the east side.

It's about time for us to wake up and look ahead a little.

Seattle has spent thousands of dollars in laying out the beautiful boulevards which skirt her lakes; so that one of the brightest spots in the tourist's visit to that city is a whiz along the shores of Lake Washington.

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### Serious for Ferd

About the most uncomfortable monarch in Europe at the present writing is King Ferdinand of Bulgaria. Russia's Caucasian army is advancing relentlessly on Constantinople, driving the Turks before it like sheep. Revolution is brewing in the Turkish capital and all reports indicate that the Turks have had enough.

A huge, fresh and magnificently equipped Russian army is at Bulgaria's door in Bessarabia. The allies have close to 400,000 men at, or near, Salonika.

Roumania is straining like a hound on the leash to get at the Bulgars. Bulgaria is surrounded by a ring of steel. The further the German forces advance toward Paris, at the fearful price they are paying for their victories, the less likelihood there is that they can afford to detach an army to come to Bulgaria's aid, no matter how great the need.

Even now Austria is hurrying men to the west front to aid in this latest great Teuton offensive.

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### Slavery for Debt

A ruling of considerable import has been rendered by the supreme court of Arizona in sustaining an Arizona law permitting the infliction of a day's jail imprisonment for each dollar of an unpaid fine.

It was the contention of the plaintiffs that this was equivalent to imprisonment for debt and therefore illegal.

The court upheld the right of the state to impose such penalty.

### No Quitter, Anyhow

There's one thing can be said for Francisco Villa—that little Casabanca didn't have a thing on him when it came to standing on the burning deck whence all but him had fled.

Diaz, Huerta, and several ex and would-be rulers of Mexico, whose names we have forgotten long ago, hiked out of Mexico as promptly as possible after the bubble burst.

Not so Pancho. He has been in easy striking distance of the United States, where a couple of wives and a reputed handsome fortune await him, ever since Carranza put a fancy price on his bodiless head.

He might have flitted across the line about any time he wanted to. But, instead, he stuck like a cockle-burr in a Kansas farmer's beard.

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### Burn It Down

The state fire warden's office has sent out a notice urging all property owners to take advantage of good burning weather in March, April and May, and thus rid the ground early in the season of all inflammable material.

This advice should be generally followed. In addition to ridding our forests of a great menace during the dry season, the plan has many other good advantages.

One good Tacoma rural developer that we know of already has done considerable such burning, and today he has a gang of men at work doing some more of it. We refer to Frank C. Ross.

He reports that dead ferns and other rubbish will burn at this season of the year after a few hours of sunshine as readily as during July or August.

The fire if used now won't take the life out of the soil, won't run in green timber, won't catch in dry-rotted logs and won't kill off green grass.

It won't fill the atmosphere with smoke at a time when the country is full of tourists.

And a person does not have to take out a permit at this time of the year.

Surely reasons enough why the burning should be done now instead of later.

How about it, Mr. Man on the Land?

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SOFT SNAPS



ABSENT TREATMENT

M. McDermott brakeman on the Cairo division, has been for the past three months in Prairie, Texas, for his wife's health.

The Harrisburg (Ill.) Chronicle.

HE HAD HOPES



Jones—Excuse me, sir, but you appear to be following me. Is there anything you want.

McPherson—Weel, I'm just trying to find where you live, and introduce myself like. I'm McPherson, the new undertaker.

Jones—Great Scott! I'm pleased to meet you, I'm sure. But there's nobody dead at my place.

McPherson—Nae, nae, but I just heerd yer cough, an' I hae hopes!

## THE WEEKLY WHEEZE

EVERY SATURDAY

DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU JOYFUL TILL MONDAY.

EDITORIAL

The weather in these parts has been as usual in the immediate past. There are very few changes to report. In some parts of the country it has snowed, but in other parts it hasn't; so very little can be said about it. But you never can tell about the weather, and almost any time we may have a blizzard or an easy spring freshet or something like that to write about. And when it does happen readers of the Wheeze can rest assured the editor will tell all about it.

WANT AD

FOR EXCHANGE—Will teach the fox trot to young man or lady for 6 bushels of potatoes, one side of bacon and half a barrel of apples.—Steve Burke.

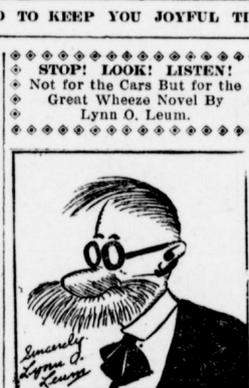
Jim Frisbie has tried every way on earth to get the heart, hand and 45 acres of Miss Amanda Fish and now he's started a mustache. We don't know just what this means—either he's too discouraged to shave or is trying to change his face as a last resort.

In a recent issue we printed an ad saying that Dave Bales' night lunch was the place to go for steaks, chops, egg sandwiches, Charlotte rouches and other delicacies in season. As Mr. Bales hasn't paid for the ad we take these statements back.—It ain't the place to go.—Ed.)

The Village Art society has started a movement to put new cast iron hitching posts along Broadway in place of the old wooden ones. It looks as if this would start a fight with the Village Society for Dumb Animals which asks, "How could the poor horses gnaw iron hitching posts?"

A poem by D'Los Sutherland made a trip to Chicago and back last week.

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!  
Not for the Cars But for the  
Great Wheeze Novel By  
Lynn O. Leum.



NOTICE

REGISTRATION BOOKS CLOSE

MARCH 14, 1916.

The books for the registration of voters for the General Municipal Elections to be held on the 4th and 18th of April, 1916, will close at midnight on March 14, 1916.

W. D. NICKKUS,  
City Clerk.

March 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 13, 1916.

OUR LETTER BOX

Dear Editor—Did you know that a string of garlics is very strong, but it couldn't be used for tying bundles? —George Stone.

Dear Editor—Could you think of anything nerver than a young man sitting down in a street car flirting with a girl hanging in front of him on a strap?—Louis Bean.

Dear Editor—Don't you pity the poor Eskimos because they never hear any grand opera?—Mrs. S. Morley Jackson. (No, we envy them.—Ed.)

Elmer Squires came back from Kansas City Tuesday and gave the right time to the station agent. He set his watch by the clock in the biggest jewelry store in the metropolis.

WARNING!

The man or woman who falls or refuses to examine the prices on our stock of groceries willfully throws their money away.

Open Saturday, Feb. 19.

PACIFIC GROCETERIA

1816 Pacific Ave.

CONKLIN'S PENS

WALTER BERG STATIONERY CO.

Develop—Print—Enlarging

COAL

Renton for the Range.

Wingate for the Furnace.

Griffin Transfer

Main 589



## ANSWERS

BY CYNTHIA GREY

Dear Miss Grey: I had just closed my typewriter for the night when I picked up The Times and read the letter that the young man from Manila wrote.

Surely your patience must become exhausted at times when you are looking over these lovelorn letters from foolish women, getting them ready for the paper, when you see how foolish women can be.

I am a woman 26 years old, and I have at times thought that there was not a sensible man in the United States, or anywhere else in the whole universe. I always had a horror of men, until I learned that women could be what we term in plain words crazy, and I now each day wish I could be a man.

I have traveled extensively and I will say that the most sensible thing I have seen or read of in my travels is this article or letter in your columns from "Bungalow," and much as I dislike the men I would like to meet and talk with this one.

That article he wrote will be a great help to more than one woman or girl. Why cannot all girls starting the wrong life take this letter in the spirit in which it is written? In time every young girl who has kept her good name will meet the right man. No matter how poor she is, a good, true man will think just as much of her. But when a poor girl's good name is gone, all she has in the world is gone. Then the man that could love her and would make her a good husband is ashamed of her, for he does not want to blush for her past. How I wish all poor girls could understand that poverty is no disgrace.

This young man has tried to make the women see themselves as they are.

The girls, as well as the women, always turn down the good, honest men because perhaps they may not be quite so handsome as the high school dandy, and there is where they fail. A girl who is loyal to her friend will help him to save, and instead of trying to get him to spend all his hard-earned money on her, will entertain him at her mother's house, for there she can entertain him in the way any sensible man would have her do. Any man who will not meet a girl's mother is not a man at all, and a sensible girl would refuse his company at any time.

TACOMA GIRL.

Q.—I have been going with a girl whose character I have always thought of the best. Lately I have heard insinuations that she is not what I think she is, but I have no proof. I do not like to part company with her, as she has always treated me right. Would you advise me to continue our friendship or to keep away from her?

L. T.

A.—You would do injury to your own character as a man if you should abandon your friend because of insinuations. If ever a girl needs a true friend it is when the tongues of gossip are busy. Even if there were a slight ground for the stories, it is your duty and privilege to help the girl to correct her errors.

Q.—In a short time my father is to be married again. What shall I call my stepmother?

ELLA.

A.—Call her by the name which will please her best. The sweetest tribute you can pay the woman who assumes the position of mother to a daughter not her own by blood is to call her by the name of "Mother."

Q.—Will you oblige by answering through your columns if King George the V, who is now king of England, was the prince of Wales before he was crowned king? X. Y. Z.

A.—Yes. The oldest son of the king of England is always given the title of prince of Wales and succeeds his father to the English throne.

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

ALICE IN THE WITNESS CHAIR

"When I was called to the witness chair I did not know that I would soon be passing through the most awful ordeal of my life. "With devilish ingenuity the prosecution never brought Harvey's name into the proceedings at all. It merely asked me if I had had certain goods charged to the account of Harvey.

"Yes, but—

"That will do, take the witness," quickly said the opposing counsel.

"Even the judges looked a bit surprised, but my dear employer's lawyer got up and began to ask questions.

"He brought out my whole story and at times I am almost sure even Harvey's father winced.

"Did you expect to marry this man when at his request you charged the furnishings of the apartment to him?"

"I object your honor. We have only the defendant's word as to the request."

"Objection sustained," said the court.

"Then my lawyer put the question in another form.

"Had the complainant's son ever asked you specifically to be his wife?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you bought the furnishings of this apartment because you expected to marry him shortly?"

"Yes, sir."

"He wanted you to rent it?"

"Yes, sir. He was with me when we rented it and told me to charge the goods I obtained at his father's store to him."

"Did he ever go with you?"

"Yes, sir, he went with me the first time and told the clerk I was a professional decorator who was fitting up some rooms for him and that anything I had charged to him was all right."

"Have you seen him since you left the apartment?"

"No, sir."

"Do you know where he is now?"

"No, sir, I answered, and then I fainted.

"After I recovered the judge asked me if I felt able to go on, and although I thought I would die before the session was over, I said yes, because I felt I must get the ordeal over as soon as possible.

"Did you know that the goods were being charged to Harvey \_\_\_\_\_, Sr., account?"

"No, sir, Harvey told me that he had told his father that he was bored to death with his mother and the girls of society and that he was going to set up a bachelor apartment of his own."

"There was a slight titter in the court room which the judge promptly stopped by the bringing down of his gavel sharply.

"When did you realize that you possibly might not be going to marry the young man?"

"The first night he came to see the house he told me that both his father and mother insisted he should marry—"

"Do you know, little book, I was glad Alice told that girl's name out in court, and I hope the significance of it got under her skin."

"Again there was a titter," continued Alice, "and I felt I was a cat, but I could not help it, Mrs. Waverly. I could not help it."

"I am glad you did not," I answered heartily with unholly glee.

"Did he tell you then that he thought he could never marry you?"

"No, sir; he said that he would marry only me if he had to stay single until both his father and mother died."

"There was a gasp from his mother and a snort from his father at this.

"Did he come to the apartment after this?"

"Yes; almost daily."

"Until when?"

"The thirteenth of June this year."

"Did you quarrel with him?"

"No, sir; when he left me on the evening of the twelfth he told me I was the only person in the world he loved."

"Your first intimation of his departure, then, was when you read it in the newspapers?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did you do then?"

"As soon as I could get myself together I walked out of the flat and got a position with Mrs. \_\_\_\_\_."

"That will do; call the next witness."

"Harvey's father absolutely denied that Harvey had ever had any conversation with him about the flat.

"Where is our son now?" he was asked.

"Somewhere in South Africa looking after a large investment of mine," he answered.

"Well, to make a long story short, Mrs. Waverly, they managed to make me look like an adventuress and a thief. The jury found me guilty, and I was sentenced to a year in the reformatory, but at my dear employer's urgent request I was paroled to her, and now comes the question upon which I want to ask your advice.

(Continued Monday.)

### FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(If Freckles Asks Plenty of Questions He'll Learn a Lot!)

