

EDITORIALS

The Meanest Thief!

The meanest thief in the world is the man who steals what he does not need. The man of wealth who evades the just tax upon his income steals from every less fortunate man, woman and child in the country. He steals the revenue which they must pay, unconsciously perhaps, but none the less surely, into the public treasury through tariff duties and excise taxes.

The rich tax thief does not do his own stealing. In smug complacency he swears that his return is true "to the best of his knowledge and belief." But in his heart of hearts he knows that it is not true. He knows that his lawyers and his clerks have seen to it that the return is the smallest which can hope to pass muster before the United States treasury department. He knows that they have not only falsified the return, but that it has been done cleverly, since that is what they are paid for.

He rests secure, knowing that his theft is safe from the eyes of the world, and that only by sheer accident can the truth be discovered by Uncle Sam's agents. His books are ready for their examination, carefully prepared to correspond exactly to the sworn return. Only his business associates, men of his own class, know his true income, and he is protected even from shame before their eyes because they will never know the amount of income to which he swore.

Does he know that he is a thief? Perhaps not, for generations of loose civic morality in America have recognized tax-dodging almost as a VIRTUE never as a VICE.

But in time to come, perhaps almost at once, the tax dodger, particularly if already surfeited with the world's luxuries, will be branded by public opinion as the MEANEST THIEF of all.

City Hall to Get Needed Clean-up

Since the election last week the air has been filled with rumors of forthcoming changes at the city hall.

Of the reported substitutions that have been verified by the commissioners, practically all will sound good to the Tacoman who voted for efficient government and wants to see it materialize.

The elimination of Attorney Stiles and the replacing of two superintendents in the public works department by H. J. McGregor are especially meritorious.

As long as the new administration sticks to a policy of replacing inefficient or mediocre men with high-class men—and especially when enough jobs are eliminated to make a net saving in the payroll at the same time—the town will shout banzai.

A Nice Opening, Anyway

The vote for Ford in Michigan and Nebraska primaries and the report of speakers who took part in the anti-preparedness tour would seem to indicate a considerable demand in the middle west for a new party, an out-and-out peace party, with a ticket headed by Ford.

There's no law against it. Indeed, it would be a good thing to secure popular expression, certainly and definitely, upon the great question of the times. Under conditions which now seem likely to prevail, the rabid pacifists will get no chance to express themselves. We rather expect to see Mr. Ford urgently pressed to father a peace party by a contribution of the usual sinews.

Charge Against Schools Falls Flat

The Rotary club committee appointed some weeks ago to investigate charges that the Tacoma school system, as now organized, tends to hold back bright pupils to the speed of their less brainy classmates, brings in a report that this is not so. That there perhaps had been such a fault apparent some years ago is admitted, but now retardation is reported to effect less than 10 per cent of the students.

This verifies the opinion of the average Tacoman that after all our school system is one of the best managed of all our local governmental units.

Now Will Wn. Take Notice?

Judge Richard S. Tuthill, of a circuit court of Illinois, has rendered a decision that Frances Bacon is the author of the works of William Shakespeare.

We guess that will hold Mr. Shakespeare for a little while.

Outbursts Of Everett True



ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Q.—Although I have been here nearly two years, I never heard of the advice you give through the Times until a few days ago when my brother called my attention to it, and advised me to write to you.

Before my husband's death, two years ago, I had no idea that the attention paid me by one of the members of the church of which my husband and I were members, was anything but admiration for the active part I took in church affairs. A number of times he told me how sorry he was that he could do so little, but wife's suspicion and terrible disposition prevented him, still I never thought that he loved me.

About two months after my husband's death he told me that now, since I was free, he could tell me of his love, and I consented to become his wife we could go away where no one would know us. He was willing to give up his business, his friends, wife and child—yes, everything, for me. I admitted that I loved him, but on account of his wife and child, refused to go.

He did not know then that my husband had insurance large enough to take care of me and the children. Shortly after I accepted my brother's invitation to come to Tacoma and live with him, I may also state that my brother is financially able to take care of me and the children, should my husband not have left me anything. I have all the comforts of a home. My children love my brother nearly as much as they did their own father.

Once a week, sometimes twice a week, I receive letters from this man in the East begging me to leave and come to him. A short time ago he informed me that he had told his wife of his love for me, and as a consequence she intends to start divorce proceedings.

Not having anyone else to go to, I told my brother everything and asked his advice. I expected him to lose his temper and upbraid me, but he did nothing of the kind. His answer was "Sister, you know I am what you church people call an infidel, still I have always, when undecided, followed that wee small voice within—do the same and you will never go wrong."

My brother is still kind to me and the children, but there is a look of reproach in his eyes that I cannot stand.

I know for a fact that this man and his wife don't love each other. If I didn't, I wouldn't ask you for information or advice. I love him enough to take what my friends, yes even my brother would say. Still I tremble with fear that some day if I should become his wife his love for me would cool.

I will cut your answer out and mail it to him.

UNDECIDED.

A.—Whether or not this man and his wife love each other has nothing to do with it. They made a solemn promise to remain true to their marriage vows. When the man went out of his way to make love to you, he violated that promise, and you, a church member, striving to do what was right, stayed to hear him. There is something the matter with a man that is willing to sacrifice his child's welfare and happiness for anybody.

Your fear that his love for you too, might cool is not without grounds. He cannot possibly comprehend what it means to give up all the things he mentioned until they have been swept beyond his reach. Then if you did not meet his expectations, he would blame you for everything; yes, and cease to love you, too. No one could possibly advise you more wisely than has your brother—better heed the "wee small voice within."

THE WEEKLY WHEEZE

DESIGNED TO KEEP YOU JOYFUL TILL MONDAY.

The cribbage game in the back room of Manley's cigar store has been discontinued indefinitely. Bob Singer won all the money and then refused to play for 1, 0, U.'s and give the boys a chance to win some of it back. Oh! he is a sport, Bob, say we.

Choir practice at the East Branch church was postponed Wednesday night because only one member showed up and the choir couldn't practice a quartet piece without at least three more.

Ice cream, dill pickles, chocolate layer cake at Joe's Place.—Adv.

The Wilkes Stock company is producing "Romeo and Juliet," one of the best plays ever written by the well-known dramatist, William Shakespeare. It was at

first announced that Miss Araminta Busbee would play the part of Romeo, following the lead of Miss Sarah Bernhardt, another woman who once played the same part. But Miss Busbee decided she wouldn't after somebody showed her a picture of Romeo's costume.

Ned Drew says he believes in preparedness, so he has put his shotgun to soak in kerosene oil. He says he'll be ready if the worst comes to the worst.

There will be a fish dinner at Dave Bales next Saturday. Plenty of fish cakes for everybody.

ECONOMICAL DISHES
Pebble Consumme.
To a quart of pebbles add a gallon of water, boil for six hours. Strain it four or five

times. Place in ice box till it cools, then serve hot. A very delicious and delicate dish. — Gunpowder Blacouts.

An easy way to save money on food is to take a corkscrew and drill holes in the biscuits, then stuff the holes with gunpowder dressing, which is made of nitro-glycerine and gunpowder. Serve, then run. The family won't eat any meals for two or three weeks.

Short Cakes.
Mix up a batter of flour and water, then bake in little cakes. Will make an excellent short-cake, being short of eggs, sugar, butter, vanilla, icing and strawberries.

The boys of the Fern Hill school will hold a mud turtle race Tuesday. Entries will be received until 3 o'clock.

Confessions of a Wife

MORE DETAILS OF MOLLIE'S PLANS

When I asked Mollie the question, "What are you going to do, a peculiar change came over her face. I thought I had never seen her look so beautiful."

"I'm going to raise a family."

If I could I certainly should have risen to my feet.

"What?"

"Margie," said Mollie, with a laugh, "you seem to have resolved yourself into a supine interrogation point since you became an invalid. When you were erect you sometimes talked in periods."

"Now that is what I wrote you in my last letter. I have come home to resolve all my friends—my married women friends—into a club, of which every member pledges herself to do something outside of just being a wife to some man."

"But Mollie—"

"There you go again with your 'buts,' are you losing your vocabulary and your powers of speech as well as your powers of locomotion—Oh, Margie, forgive me, I didn't mean to hurt you. I only meant that for a joke. I wanted to see you smile in the old way. I wanted to see your eyes light up with the old enthusiasm and instead they fill with tears."

"That is all right, Mollie, you, with your perfect health, cannot understand perhaps that I was not feeling hurt because of what you said, but because I was not going to be able to help you in this wonderful scheme."

"Why not?" asked Mollie in her old-time quick manner.

"Because, honey, I am chained to this bed—I cannot raise a family much as I would like so to do."

"But you don't understand, dear," said Mollie quickly—"what I want to impress upon my friends is that each woman who is married is to do something—something she can do best and is most interested in outside of being a wife."

"I am most interested in babies. I think that every rich woman who is healthy should have at least five children, and I am going to start in the baby raising business immediately."

"Some of the ultra feminists in London are talking a great deal about birth control just now, which is all right if it means only the right of the child to be well born and not gross selfishness on the part of its potential parents. But I believe, Margie, that we women who have good incomes and good health should go extensively into baby farming in the best sense."

"Eliene and I should each have a family of five at least. You are out of it for the time being, but Margie you are a born mother and I hope that in the future you too will have a family."

"I think I can persuade Annie that she should have another baby at least."

I laughed—yes, little book, for almost the only time since I have been confined to my bed I laughed heartily. But the idea of Mollie making a vocation of a big family was irresistibly funny to me.

"You see, Margie, it is not just

the mere fact that we women who have means shall have big families, but what I want is to organize my friends and my friends' friends into some sort of a working league that will enable us to combat that awful theory that has gained so much credence in the world—men must work and women must wait—I want both men and women to work. I want each woman to have the right to do what she is best fitted for the same as man."

"What just now am I fitted for, Mollie?" I asked humbly.

Mollie looked at me rather attentively, and then said, "Margie, why don't you write?"

"Write what?"

"There you go again with that everlasting 'what.' Write anything—I have it, publish your diary and keep writing more in it every day."

"But Mollie, I have already written in that little red book for years. Ever since before my mother died. To publish all that would not make me work now, besides I cannot just now see my way clear to giving not only my story, but yours, my dear Mollie,

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(Continued Tomorrow.)

Personal and Social

The Westminster guild of the First Presbyterian church will meet Monday at 2 p. m. at the home of Miss Mabel Wright, 324 South L street.

Oracles conclave, R. M. A., will be held May 5 at 2 p. m. at the home of Mrs. Clarence Pearson, 5433 South L st.

Hulda Dahl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Charles H. Dahl, 6209 Puget Sound ave., was married to Mr. P. S. Logan Wednesday in the bride's home. Rev. O. Hagaa officiated, while Paul Dahl and Lois Logan attended the couple. A large number of guests were present.

Nedra, a Greek play and ballet, will be staged in the Stadium the third week in June by Mrs. Tynnon Thayer. Capt. Horace Carter will instruct the athletic characters, while Miss Vera Tuttle will take the leading part. The first rehearsal was held today.

The Fern chapter guard will meet with Mrs. G. Dove McQuesten 3216 Grandview st. Monday at 2 o'clock.

The board of managers of the Children's Industrial Home will hold a regular business meeting Tuesday at 10 o'clock in the Y. W. C. A.

Mrs. A. B. Savage, 2119 North Prospect, will entertain the Women's league of the First Congregational church Monday afternoon.

Mr. and Mrs. James P. Wells will celebrate their 5th wedding anniversary May 3.

The Seventh Ward W. C. T. U. held a meeting last Tuesday at the home of Mrs. George Slyter, 2610 North 8th. C. E. Mueckler gave a short talk, outlining the principles of the non-partisan league. The meeting adjourned to meet with Mrs. Oscar Tuel in two weeks.

The Hartford union held a business meeting at the home of Mrs. Addie Thomas last Friday afternoon. There will be no meeting of the union this week on account of the county executive meeting.

The county executive meeting

to the world."

"Margie, you don't mean to tell me that in that little red book of yours reposes my love story?"

"Yes, Mollie."

"Why don't you read it?"

"I can't, dear, because a lot of other love stories are mixed up with it, but I will read you a little. 'Alice,' I called to my little nurse, 'bring me that box on the top shelf of my closet.'"

I took the key from the chain on my neck and opened the box. Mollie peered in curiously.

"Margie Waverly, you mean to tell me that you have written all those books?"

"Yes, one." I answered, as I picked out the one in which I had entered Mollie's love story.

I read some of it to her, and before I fairly commenced Mollie jumped up and clapped her hands.

"I know what you can do, Margie," she said; "you can write a story."

"That is what Pat wants me to do," I said. "Do you think any one would read it?"

"I certainly do if you would write it as you write in your diary."

"Well I have a true story that I think I'll try to write," I said. As I closed and locked your house, little book.

(Continued Tomorrow.)

will be held in the Trinity M. E. church Monday at 1:30 p. m. with the regular business session, which will be followed by a talk by the state president, Mrs. Hatfield Dunlap, Mrs. M. Alice Palmer and Dr. Joseph F. Griggs will speak.

Vida auxiliary, O. E. S., will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Eva Hamelin, 3702 South K st., at 2 p. m. next Friday. Mrs. Mary Hamelin will be assisting hostess. Take South Tacoma car and get off at K st.

A musical program will be given Saturday night at the opening program at the 25th anniversary celebration in Our Savior's Lutheran church, South J and 17th streets, Rev. O. J. Ordal, pastor. The festival Saturday evening is under the auspices of the Young People's societies, Concordia and Luther Guild.

John A. Logan circle entertained at cards Monday evening. The hostesses were Mrs. J. B. Berg, Mrs. Bessie Moyer, Mrs. Ella Howell and Mrs. A. Bush.

The social club of Logan circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., was entertained yesterday at dinner by Comrade Henry Morris and his daughter-in-law, Mabel Morris at the Morris home on South 7th st. A program of talks, music and readings was given.

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

A Worthy Ambition

To have money in the bank when illness comes; to be prepared for loss of employment; to be forearmed when misfortune comes; means financial independence. A savings account will start you on the way.

Tacoma Savings Bank & Trust Co.

Pacific Ave. at 11th. 4% on Savings.

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EARN MONEY AFTER SCHOOL

The Tacoma Times needs a few live boys to sell papers on downtown corners. It's an easy and sure way for a boy to make spending money. Some corners pay from fifty cents to two dollars a day! You will make 50 per cent profit on every paper you sell. Come down tomorrow night. See the wholesaler at The Times office, 9th and Commerce Streets.

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