

# EDITORIALS

## We Review a Brochure

We have just received a very fine booklet entitled "A Proposed Waste of \$11,000,000 to Build a Government Armor Plant." The authors are Charles M. Schwab and Eugene G. Grace, chairman and president, respectively, of the Bethlehem Steel Co., and two of the greatest American patriots we ever heard of.

The prime motif of this literary effort is to get the house to vote down the senate's bill to build a government armor plant and thus avoid skinning by the Bethlehem Steel Co.

The plot of the story runs wholly to patriotism, with a fine, golden thread of romance running through it. It seems that, 20 or more years ago, private armor plants were built at request of the U. S. navy department. By reading behind the lines of Chapter I, you easily discover that good little old Bethlehem had only just got started at thus accommodating the U. S., when the villain, in the shape of The Great Horned Octopus, alias Combine, enters to turn pure patriotism into pure gougerly.

Through several chapters the fair maiden—Bethlehem—and her infant armor plant and the Great Horned Octopus live together in peace and plenty. The maiden keeps the house clean, raises a neat garden of profits giganticus in the back yard and nurses the infant, while the Great Horned One returns every night with a nice load of navy department hides, admirals' hides, experts' hides and just plain hides, all very valuable.

Suddenly this scene of domestic bliss is rent to smithereens by Ben Tillman's bill to set up a government armor plant. The fair maiden now discovers that her armor infant is a poor anemic, unprofitable kid and offers to raise plenty of such at any price the government fixes. "But do not rob me of me che-ild!" she shrieks.

The booklet is somewhat unsatisfactory in not clearly stating what's become of The Great Horned Octopus. Maybe he has deserted his family; and maybe authors Schwab and Grace will issue a sequel. However, the booklet is a dandy, as a whole. It will remind many of our readers of what the con said to Davy Crockett that time Davy got a bead on it with his trusty rifle.

If there is any such thing as an American Cross of Honor, right here and now, we want to nominate one Arthur Gershon of New York, for the shiniest one in the lot. He has invented a method of deodorizing gasoline.

## Denver Invents Another Puzzle

Denver's municipal election tomorrow presents what looks like something new. Three charter amendments, all designed to abolish commission government and give certain factions of "outs" a chance to get "in," are to be voted upon. Seldom if ever are voters asked to decide between the form of government in force and more than ONE other form.

In the Denver election the citizens will have to vote on THREE amendments and unless they vote AGAINST the two they do not favor as well as FOR the one they do, they will not be voting their full strength.

Likewise those who favor retaining commission government—and it has been tried but three years and at that under a majority of commissioners who opposed it before its adoption—must vote against all three proposed amendments to express their desire.

Those who fought for commission government in 1913 and still want to retain it seem, according to the mathematics of the situation, to have all the best of it.

Let's take, for example, a precinct in which there are 400 voters. If 100 voters in this imaginary precinct vote FOR amendment No. 1, they must also vote against Nos. 2 and 3. If another 100 vote FOR No. 2 they will also vote against Nos. 1 and 3. And if another 100 vote FOR No. 3 they will also vote against Nos. 1 and 2. Thus each amendment will have 100 votes in its favor and 200 votes against it before the 400 voters who favor retaining commission government vote at all.

AND THOSE 700 WHO ARE AGAINST VOTING TO MAKE DENVER THE FIRST OF MORE THAN 200 CITIES WHICH HAVE ADOPTED COMMISSION GOVERNMENT TO REJECT IT WILL VOTE AGAINST ALL THREE AMENDMENTS.

The score will then show that every amendment has lost 3 to 1. Of course this is theoretical.

Only by some one of the three factions which have their own pet idea of what form of government they would prefer to the present voting a clear majority can the fundamental law of the city be changed. At least 201 voters in our imaginary precinct would have to vote for the same amendment.

And the mere fact that there are three distinct initiated amendments indicates that there is no unity of thought on the governmental change.

It is about time for a final showdown on the Brandeis appointment. Square-deal folks are getting something more than impatient. The judiciary committee of the U. S. senate is reported to be deadlocked or nine for, and eight against, Mr. Brandeis.

Good enough! One is a fairly comfortable majority, under the circumstances, and amply sufficient to put the proposition up to the full senate.

There should be no further delay. A straight party vote will put Mr. Brandeis in office by a majority of 16. If there are any democratic senators training with "the interests," their constituents are entitled to know it now, so that they may set a few political eggs in time for the fall hatching.

## FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS



## Outbursts Of Everett True



## Confessions of a Wife

I'VE GOT TO FIGHT IT OUT WITHOUT DICK'S HELP. Dick came in last night about seven. I had a table beautifully set and drawn up to my bed. My head was raised a little. This could be done without much trouble or pain, as I am in a cast and strapped to a peculiar contrivance which allows me to be moved, like the log that I am, provided anyone has enough strength to move me. The doctors are going to take the cast off tomorrow and decide if there has been the slightest improvement.

It was a ghastly dinner, little book—that first meal Dick had eaten with me since my accident. I don't think he realized until this time how horrible it all is. He could not eat my nice dinner of beefsteak, broiled just as he liked it, and even after Alice and I had taken so much pains with it all. You see, little book, Alice and I have grown somewhat accustomed to my helplessness. I wonder if those ancient martyrs in time became accustomed to the rack.

But to Dick this intimate exhibition of it was all new and horrible. I was sorry I had planned this dinner—but I had become so tired of eating alone. However, I know now that I must take my meals in private until I am able to eat them like a civilized being.

Of course, I was simply miserable before the dinner was half over, but I managed to keep up. Dick had on what one might call his "society manner." I had never seen it before in my life, and, please God, may I never see it again!

It had been a hard day for me and I had counted so much on this visit. From one extreme to another my thoughts had wandered, trying to find a solution of this terrible problem that faces Dick and me. At last I was sure we could fall into an easy sort of friendship that both of us would find inexpressibly tender and enjoyable.

I could and did imagine Dick coming in with an air somewhere between that of a most business-like physician and a very gentle, sympathizing clergyman.

I imagined he would relate to me what was going on in his business and perhaps tell me Jim Edie's last joke. I, on the other hand, would be bright and cheerful. I would insist that I was

getting better; I would tell him the plot of the latest novel I had been reading, and at last, when he was ready to go, he would bend down and kiss me—more than once—and tell me that he wanted to spend many evenings like this one.

The scheme failed utterly, as almost all such schemes do. Dick sat there beside the table and miserably tried to make a pretense of eating, while I saw my pretty air castles fall in ruins. I began to feel that I had forced him into an entirely false position. A man cannot make a pretense of social interest when he is tragically unhappy. Only a woman, little book, can laugh while her heart is being seared as with white-hot irons.

He could see me, lying there in bed, neither calmly nor philosophically. I saw I had increased the load he was carrying until he began to doubt his ability to bear it. At last, he could stand it no longer, and burst out: "It seems, Margie, as though we had made a kind of mess of things of it all, doesn't it?"

"We," little book, I could not understand that "we." Although I might growl and condemn myself, it seemed to me for the moment that as Dick should see me I ought to be pretty nearly all right. I had not made a mess of things. Of course I could not help this physical disability—that was fate—and I but a hopeless puppet who must accept whatever came when destiny pulled the strings.

Then, little book, a strange thing happened. Dick got up hastily and I felt him condemn me. Almost roughly he drew my face to him. "How beautiful you are, Margie. In that pinky lace thing you are the most exquisitely sweet woman I have ever seen. I feel as though I had never seen you before"—and then he drew himself up and in a totally different tone of voice said, "You must excuse me, dear. I am tired and moody. I must go to bed."

A second time he hesitated and then he bent down close to me and he whispered, "Don't ask me to visit you again like this"—and was gone. (To Be Continued.)

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

## German Raider at Sea?

NEW YORK, May 8.—Two German submarines and a commerce raider are believed to have escaped from Kiel and to be searching the Atlantic today. It is reported the submarines have been ordered to torpedo the Cunard liner Orduna, carrying a tremendous cargo of munitions and 300 passengers. Cunard officials denied having such information. The Orduna has not been heard of since she sailed, May 2.

## In New Flyer Airman Saves 2 Canoeists

SEATTLE, May 8.—Flight Lieut. T. T. Maroney, N. G. W., just after the chistening of his new flying boat Sunday morning, made use of it for the rescue of two men whose canoe had overturned on Lake Union, 200 yards out from the hangar. The machine was run out from its shelter when the accident occurred and without raising it from the water Lieut. Maroney directed it to the two men struggling in the lake. The older, C. A. Goddard, refused to trust the aeroplane and waited for a rowboat, but his son, Harold F. Goddard, climbed on the boat's pointed nose and rode to safety.

## 20 OFFER SKIN TO SAVE CHILD

Dr. A. G. Nace's appeal for volunteers to give skin to Leif Satoris, who was badly burned last February, was answered by 20 people yesterday at St. Joseph's hospital.

## Personal and Social

Mr. and Mrs. Will S. Taylor announce the engagement of their daughter, Ida Marie, to William Vaughn Tanner, of Olympia.

Mrs. F. W. Grae will entertain the Larchmont guild Wednesday.

Mrs. William J. Fisher, 423 North G street, will hold an open meeting for members of the Wite-nemote club tomorrow afternoon at 1 o'clock.

Mrs. Elwell Hoyt invites all mothers to bring their sewing to her home, 1732 North Prospect street, Wednesday at a meeting under the auspices of the Lowell Child Study club.

The Degree of Pocahontas will give a card party Wednesday in Odd Fellows' temple.

Mrs. N. Sand, 4815 North 13th street, will entertain the Immanuel Lutheran Ladies' Aid society Thursday.

The First Baptist Aid society will meet Thursday with Mrs. Webb in Puyallup.

Mrs. C. H. Kinneer, 602 Cushman ave., will entertain Tacoma chapter, O. E. S., Thursday night.

Mary E. Stuart Altruistic society will give a card party tomorrow night in the Pythian temple. Mrs. N. G. Dodson will be hostess.

Roosevelt P. T. A. will meet tomorrow at 3:15 o'clock in the school.

Grant P. T. A. will meet today at 3:15 p. m. in the school.

Puget Sound Homestead, No. 529, will give the last dance of the season Tuesday evening at Eagles' hall. St. Jean's orchestra will furnish the music.

## ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Q.—How can I remove blue stains on a Georgette crepe waist caused by perspiration? L. K.

A.—The stains, as well as those made by one color fading into another in washing, are most difficult to remove. Saturate the spot with methylated spirit and ammonia, rubbing briskly and having the goods laid upon a thick towel.

Q.—Kindly state the duties of a bridesmaid at a church or home wedding. Should the girl who catches the bride's bouquet keep it, or leave it at the house? GENEVIEVE.

A.—A young lady asked to serve as bridesmaid must answer very promptly; in all matters of dress she must yield absolute submission to the wishes of the bride elect and her mother. In the bridal procession she sometimes walks with an usher, in other cases the maids go down the aisle in pairs. This is arranged as the bride wishes. At the reception bridesmaids usually stand in a group near the bride and groom, ready to assist in social duties in whatever way presents itself.

If the bride throws her bouquet whole, of course the girl who catches it is entitled to keep it. Sometimes the bride divides the bouquet, giving portions of it to all her maids. Special significance attaches to catching the portion which she designates as the lucky part.

Q.—Can you tell me any way I can remove dark colored stains from my aluminum cooking utensils? K. Q.

A.—Put two or three table-spoons of common borax and one of kitchen ammonia into the stained utensil with water and boil for 10 or 15 minutes. Though your discolored aluminum ware is unsightly there is no danger in its use, as the impurities form no poisonous compound with the aluminum.

Q.—How should a person proceed to get a Carnegie medal for a hero? I, with three others, was saved from drowning by one man about a year ago. I have written to you before, but have never been answered. I hope you will answer this time. E. W.

A.—I answered this same question for another reader not over three months ago. It is not my intention to repeat. When readers are particularly anxious for an answer, self-addressed, stamped envelope should be enclosed. Applications for the Carnegie Hero Fund should be made by letter addressed to the manager, Oliver building, Pittsburg, Pa.

Q.—I am a girl 18 years old who has been studying stenography for six months.

but seem not to be able to operate the typewriter correctly; that is, I do not use all my fingers. Do you think I will make a success of it? ALMOST DISCOURAGED.

A.—If you take dictation accurately and learn to write neat, acceptable letters, you will succeed. Your speed will increase with practice, no matter how your work is produced. Many very good typists do not use the touch system. Even though their speed is not the greatest, they are acceptable operators in many offices. Accuracy and ability to spell and punctuate are put above speed at typing by many employers.

Q.—Will you kindly tell me where I can get a pattern or directions for an old-fashioned "log cabin" quilt? I have tried at all the art stores and was unable to find anything like it. EVA.

A.—Perhaps you will find some very handsome examples of this style of piece work at one of the homes for old ladies, and someone to tell you how to make one of the same kind.

## THIS FUTURE KING CARRIES 13 NAMES



PRINCE ALPHONSO

He looks like an American boy, a lad who could play a pretty hot game of baseball, but listen to his name—Infant Alphonse Pie Christian Edouard Francois Guillaume Charles Henri Eugene Fernand Antoine Venancio. He is the future king of Spain, and on May 10 will celebrate his ninth birthday in the royal palace at Madrid.

## The Old Home Paper



When Shakespeare proves a bally bore, and Nietzsche is but fodder, Jack London makes my headpiece swim, O. Henry starts to dodder, when skies are murky overhead, and underfoot it's sloppy, I hie me to the paper store and buy another copy. A copy of the old home sheet, 'The Rosebud Daily Bliester! I hug it to my bosom like a brother or a sister.

I hie me to a shady spot, forgetting wind and weather; I read the old home paper there for hours and hours together.

The people passing tap their domes and murmur, "squirrel dinner! He reads that ancient village rag as though it were a winner! He passes up the latest dope from presses hot and steaming and glues his goggles to that sheet, as though transfixed with dreaming!"

But these folks cannot know that I am walking with my people, in Rosebud, where I know each man, each paving stone and steeple. So let each passing cuckoo grin and cut his funny caper. For me, I have an hour of bliss—I read the old home paper. —CHARLES B. DRISCOLL.

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