

EDITORIALS

A Senator's View

(Editorial in Oregon Daily Journal, Portland, Ore., May 9, 1916.)

Senator Miles Poindexter of Washington discusses water power legislation on this page.

It is a clear statement of an issue by an honest republican senator whose uncorrupted service should win for him a renomination and re-election. In the great struggle going on at Washington between plutocracy on the one side and the people on the other, the issue is not whether the candidate is a republican or democrat, but whether he is a "kept" man or the people's man.

Senator Poindexter is in a position to know a great deal about what is going on. He says the water power grabbers are fighting every inch of the ground. He says monopolization of the nation's water power means control, not only of the people's luxuries and conveniences, but control of their food, their heat, their power, their light and, without exaggeration, almost their very life itself. The senator declares that he will continue to vote against any measure to barter away forever to private parties this control over the necessities of life.

In the Shields bill, which has passed the senate, Senator Poindexter says the federal government reserves no right of control over power rights in navigable streams except in certain cases and to a very moderate extent. This is the testimony of all who are on the side of the people in the struggle, and it can only be by the action of the house or the veto of the president that the power brigadiers will be prevented from carrying the measure through.

The cry of the power barons is that more liberal legislation is needed to secure "development". Why do they not "develop" the water power they have already grabbed? Why do they not "develop" Chelan falls, which they own in the state of Washington? Why do they not "develop" their Priest Rapids holdings on the Columbia river?

Potomac falls at the national capital is privately controlled. Philadelphia and Baltimore, with the dense populations surrounding them, offer a limitless market.

But Potomac falls is not developed. Why? Senator Poindexter explains. The transportation and coal companies which have seized the Potomac falls, are protecting their coal holdings.

Let Us Face the Truth

"It is to the middle aged woman that girls go for counsel. Where better could they go?"

The quotation comes from a book of advice to girls. It is one of our most popular platitudes. Disagreeing with such things is a thankless task, and so, if there were a grain of truth in the assertion, it might continue to pass unchallenged.

But it is false, and because we like to believe it, it is most harmful. An uninformed young girl will confide the secrets of her heart to her chum, she will even spread out her intimate perplexities to some nice young man—in fact this is quite the modern style of "confidence"—but she will not go to any woman old enough to be her teacher, aunt or mother for information more important than new embroidery stitches and salad recipes.

This antagonism between the young and the old woman can be explained—but that is another story and a long one.

The present paragraphs are timely because the informality, the lack of restraint in modern summer park amusements will be responsible for many a broken heart next winter. Only the matrons of maternity homes for unwed mothers know how tragic is the ending of many a picnic or vacation flirtation.

They know that the girl goes to the middle aged woman not for counsel but for refuge.

They know that the girl who does not want advice, who will not seek advice, who will not have advice should be taught certain scientific facts as soon as she is old enough to understand them.

Girls should be given every word of information about sex hygiene which will contribute to their protection. They should be warned of the risks which are always around them.

And most of all, they should be made to assume their own responsibility for their own chastity.

Our civilization is not much to boast of so long as girls can plead "My mother never told me."

The Elephant

That ain't a eleyphant! Sure it is! Aw! It looks more like a half-inflated observation balloon!



Well, just the same it's an elephant; see the ivory tusks? The elephant is a very immense piece of animal—even bigger than an aggregation.

The arrow points to a giant flea to show the relative size of the elephant and the flea.

The elephant is a very slow thinker. It takes him a long time to make up his mind, but the elephant has nothing on congress.

Once upon a time the elephant used to have a corner on the ivory market, but he lost out on account of competition. Ivory can be found in large quantities all over now. The elephant doesn't conceal his ivory, but ivory nowadays is hidden under derbys.

The elephant used to be the big attraction in circuses until they found a prize fighting elephant.

The elephant carries a trunk because a valise isn't big enough to take care of his wardrobe.

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.

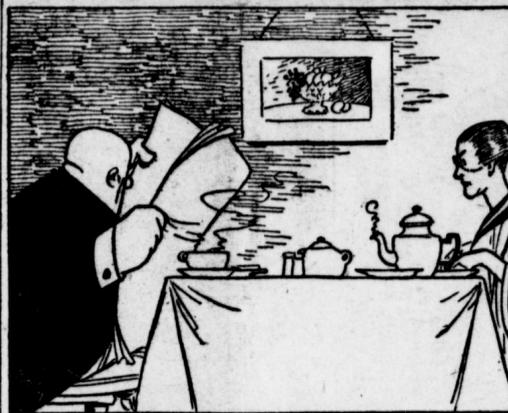
Editor The Times: The question, could you support a family of five, two adults and three children on \$7.50 a week. Answer, yes. It is scarcely possible to put down a hard and fast rule as most every housewife has her own pet scheme for saving. The family here is well fed and get their meals regular and get on the table in good shape. I am not going to say that you will get cake, pie and bread

cooked meat just to be heated up; no, she must attend to the ways of her household and devote her time to it.

There must be no slipshod methods because if a man has to keep out of debt, everything has to be looked after down to the smallest detail. I could scarcely put down the menu, but \$10 is put aside every month and here is how it is spent: Groceries and meat\$26.00 Rent 10.00 Insurance 1.50 Milk 2.50 Light75 Times25

Total\$41.00 Never above; it is sometimes less, so I say YES it can be done. WORKING WOMAN.

Outbursts Of, Everett True



The Confessions of a Wife

PAT DECLARES HIS INTENTIONS

It has come, the very thing I told you about yesterday, little book, and it has come sooner than I expected.

Yesterday my little nurse asked for a holiday, which I was only too glad to give.

Annie promised to spend the day with me, and Mollie brought a nurse from the hospital to fix me for the night.

I was almost sure that Alice was going out with Pat, but I did not ask any questions.

Do you know, little book, that one of the greatest abuses of friendship is the assumption that because you call a person your friend you have the right to interfere with his rules of conduct and to inquire into his actions?

What a friend tells you is yours as a gift of friendship; that for which you beg, and which is given to you almost always reluctantly, is not friendship's gift but something which is asked often will surely break the tie.

I expect, little book, if one should know all the confessions I have told you one would think perhaps that I was very censorious of my friends and a rather disagreeable person to have around. But you know I never censure my friends either to themselves or to others, only to you, dear confidante, do I say just what I think about everything and everyone, including myself.

No one has ever heard me speak ill of another, simply because I do not believe I can judge what is good and what is ill in another.

As "the most interesting man" said so many times, "it is all mixed up," and to me there is nothing quite so mixed as that which we call good and evil. Where one begins and the other ends none can readily tell.

I am moved to these observations, dear little book, by this love affair of Pat and Alice.

Is it necessary for Alice to tell him of her past?

Will Pat feel called upon to lay bare his past to her?

If she does not tell him, will she ever forget and will she always be in fear that some time someone may tell him? Must she always suffer for the mistake she made?

It would not be fair, would it, little book? And yet I am wondering if Pat is big enough to say to her, "I have no interest in your past except to know, as I do know, that whatever experiences you have had, they have made you more lovable, more sympathetic. All that I can ask is that you will let me share your future—that you can honestly tell me you love me."

Sometimes I think, little book, I have some quality of divination, for when Alice came in to see me this morning she put this little bit of Pat's writing into my hand with the query, "Dear, dear Mrs. Waverly, what shall I do? What must I do?"

There was no formal beginning. Pat's note began:

"You wish to tell me all, I do not care to know. The things that have made up your life. Before some blessed Fate hurled me into it.

Thank God you're human, and were it possible, I'd take your hand and say I love you more than I did yesterday.

Were your life laid before me like a book, its pages open wide for me to read each line, I'll turn away nor deign another look.

Beyond the place where it was written. That you cared for me. Think you I care for ancient history?

For whom you loved, or what you used to do? Al! that I ask is can you answer me?

That you love me just half as much as I love you." Goodness! little book, think of love-making Pat a poet?

Can it make Alice an "honest woman." (Continued Tomorrow.)

Stand, Croft Hotel, 1519 Pacific Ave. MOOSE AUTO STAGE Tacoma and Yelm. Lakeview, Hillhurst, Greendale, Roy, McKenna, M. T. MILES, Beginning May 15, leaves Tacoma 11 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., Sundays 8 a. m.; leaves Yelm 8:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m., Saturday nights 6:45.

TACOMA-OLYMPIA STAGE Via Dupont Leaves Donnelly Hotel, Tacoma, at 6 a. m., 11 a. m. and 4 p. m. Leaves Kneeland Hotel, Olympia, at 8 a. m., 1 p. m. and 6:30 p. m. Phone: Main 762. Subject to change without notice.

HOW WOULD BLINDED SOLDIER RAISE HAND?



JOHN'S "BLINDED SOLDIER"

NEW YORK, May 29.—"If your sight were suddenly destroyed by a bullet, would you instinctively raise your hand, palm inward or palm outward? This is one of the subjects discussed among New York artists, surgeons, army folk and war relief workers, just now.

The picture F. C. Yohn has drawn and donated to the B. F. B. Permanent Blind Relief War Fund started the discussion. The drawing is being shown at the Fund's headquarters, 590 Fifth av., New York.

Mr. Yohn's picture shows the blinded soldier with his hand raised palm outward—to express complete helplessness and supplicate Divine aid.

Certain of the uninitiated, on the other hand, question whether, on the actual battlefield, suddenly blinded soldiers do not raise their hands to their eyes palm inward, following the universal human instinct to cover wounds with the inward-turned palm.

Here's what Yohn says about it: "In conceiving the figure of a soldier, suddenly blinded in battle, I tried, in pose and arrangement, to convey the single clear insistent idea of appeal. I drew the recently discussed hand as I did because I felt that, in an overpowering human calamity of this kind, there can be only one appeal—the appeal for divine aid."

'Aristocrats of the Labor World' Called Deception by Roads!

President of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen and Engineers. I have before me as I write one of the more than a million attempts of the railroads to prejudice the public mind against certain railroad employees in their present efforts to secure a reduction in their hours of service. It is printed in bold type; inglorious red and sombre black. It is entitled "The Aristocrats of the Labor World." Perhaps you have seen it.

It purports to show the monthly earnings of engineers and firemen employed on western railroads, concealing the fact that the statement is based on the month of October, 1913, a month in which approximately 10 per cent of the entire year's business was done; a year surpassing all its predecessors in traffic handled; a period during which the demands upon the men were greater than ever before.

It states the number of men who earned large amounts during this exceptional month, including therein all of the highly paid passenger men. No mention is made of the fact that in the present demands of engineers, firemen, conductors and brakemen for an eight-hour day men engaged in passenger service are EXPRESSLY EXEMPTED therefrom.

To give emphasis to the assumed unreasonableness of the freight men's demands for an eight-hour day, it names 17 engineers and their earnings for the year ending June 30, 1914, EVERY ONE OF WHOM IS IN PASSENGER SERVICE.

There being no legal restrictions on length of continuous service of employes on Canadian railways, 18 and 20 hours a day are often exacted, with consequent increased compensation. All these engineers and firemen are included in producing these high earnings. The reader is not presumed to know that NO CANADIAN RAILROADS ARE INCLUDED in the present eight-hour movement.

Let us take some of these freight men who did work during the month of October, 1913, and whose earnings are included in this statement, but whose names are not published for the edification of the public:

E. J. Hayden, engineer, Great Northern. Earned \$212.95, worked 395 hours, an equivalent of 49.3 days of eight hours each. His wages equaled 53.9 cents per hour, or \$4.31 per eight-hour day.

L. N. Snyder, engineer, Rock Island. Earned \$176.45, worked 405 hours, an equivalent of 50.6 days of eight hours each. His wages equaled 43.6 cents per hour or \$3.49 per day of eight hours.

G. McElmurry, fireman, Chicago and Northwestern. Earned \$135.29, worked 412.7 hours, an equivalent of 51.6 days of eight hours. His wages equaled 32.8 cents per hour, or \$2.62 per day of eight hours.

Pages could be filled with examples like the foregoing. If employes in other industries would work like this, they would be called slaves or serfs. Railroads work their engineers and firemen in this manner, and then to discredit them in the minds of the public, have slyly referred to them as "aristocrats of the labor world."

THE TACOMA TIMES MEMBERS OF THE SCRIPPS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association. Entered at the postoffice, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter. Published by the Tacoma Times Pub. Co. Every Evening Except Sunday. Official paper of city of Tacoma. PHONE: All departments, Main 12. Read the Classified Ads on Page 7.

ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Q.—We are two boys 17 years old. We have invited two girls to a party. They were to let us know if they could go, but we have not heard from them. We ask your advice as to how to find out. We cannot write, for their parents open their letters, and we have no other way to get word.

T. AND H. A.—The only way to learn whether these parents will allow their daughters to attend the party is to go to the house and ask. You certainly do not expect respectable girls to go with you without the knowledge and consent of their parents? Moreover, there should be nothing in which these girls receive which their parents may not see.

Q.—I have known a young man for a few months who wants to marry me. I have not told my parents yet, for I know they will object to him for a son-in-law because he is a farmer and his parents are poor. My sisters are always making fun of him because he is nothing but a big, husky sun-burned farmer, one who would look out of place in a city ball room or a well cafe. I have three sisters married and living in the city, and their husbands are quite wealthy. I know they would be dreadfully shocked if I marry this "rube in the country" as they call him. I would not feel like taking him to any of their receptions or social entertainments, neither do I want to be shut out of their lives.

I don't know what to do. I wish you would advise me. We are poor and I am working to help support my mother; but she could live with any of my married sisters, although she says she will not live off of them. We are paying for our home on installments and she wants me to stay single for five more years until it is paid for.

I am 24 years old and think I have a right to a home of my own the same as the rest of them. I love this man, but I could give him up if it were the best thing to do. He understands how my sisters feel about him and has left it with me to decide.

Your advice will be greatly appreciated. J. E. M. A.—Yours is the supreme right to enter through the old, old door where you will be received as a woman for your womanhood. The custom of the age, circumstance, necessity has forced you, like numbers of other young women, to knock at the door of the business world, where you will be admitted only upon condition that you leave your womanhood without. There is no sentiment in the life that lies beyond that door, no love, no reverence, no homage; only business, law, figures and facts. It values only clear brains, physical strength, skilful hands, willing feet and ready wit.

Why should you hesitate to turn from it to follow your natural calling? If you are sure you

have found the one man, what else in the world matters? Your sisters and their husbands are a fair example of the people who have been civilized to death. When contemplating what sort of figures your farmer sweet heart would cut in an exclusive city club, why not picture your aristocratic brothers-in-law in the midst of a harvest field? After all which work is the most important? If there were no farms there would be no cities. Man seems to be doing everything these days but the one thing that must be the foundation work of all.

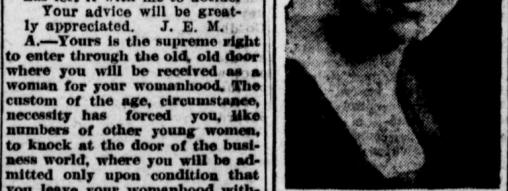
But as one of our famous authors of today says: "Someday this childish old world will grow weary of its games of war and wealth. Someday it will lose interest in its playthings—banks, and stocks, and markets. Someday it will lose faith in its fairies of fame, its glants of position and power. Then will the disconsolate, forlorn, old world turn to Mother Nature to learn from her that the only occupation that is of real and lasting worth is the one occupation in which all of Mother Nature's children have fellowship—the occupation of home building."

Q.—A few days ago I read a recipe for kumkat preserves. Can you tell me what kumkats are and where they may be obtained? A. D. M.

A.—The kumkat is a citrus fruit resembling a tiny orange, growing freely in California. It has been imported from China and Japan. The fruit partakes of the nature of the plum or apricot.

WOMAN BANKER TO MARRY SOCIALIST

Miss Anna Haldeman, president of the Girard State bank, Girard, Kan., an active business woman and socially prominent, is to marry Julius Emanuel, socialist writer. Miss Haldeman is a niece of Jane Addams, founder of Hull house, Chicago.



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