

EDITORIALS

The Odor of Pork

Senators Phelan, Smoot, Alden Smith and others make up a galaxy that recently held the U. S. senate floor with speeches for a government expenditure of \$220,000 on a ship channel in San Diego bay and their remarks are thus summed up:

"San Diego has never had what it was entitled to." Fact is, San Diego has never been entitled to a cent. But it is this miserable notion that a town or a community is "entitled" to something from the national purse that curses with the odor of unsalted raw hog even every worthy government enterprise of the nature of river or harbor improvement.

San Diego harbor, with the legitimate improvements by the city, can accommodate all the San Diego commerce that comes her way.

The nation may need San Diego bay for naval and other government purposes. It if does, it should spend the necessary money for these things because the people of the whole nation are entitled to it, and not because, in cutting up the "pork", San Diego is politically or geographically deserving of a slice of the rind.

John In Full Regalia

Something unknown but surely tremendous has cherked up good old Uncle Rockefeller. He is appearing, these days, on his Pocantico Hills preserve dressed like this:

Black frock coat, with tight-fitting striped trousers; derby hat of latest style; bright neck-tie; baby-blue scarf around throat; light bamboo cane.

Every day cheery things happen to John that would cause us to seek relief from over-exuberance of spirits in striped pants and a red necktie, notably the daily exhibitions of loyalty given by the Octopus to the business of octopusing, but this sort of cheer must be real ordinary to Uncle John and there must be something real phenomenal in his sudden resort to sun-flower effects.

The thought suggests itself that, usually, when a man of John's age and domestic instincts goes in for a derby hat, a rah-rah can, gay necktie and barber pole trousers, the little god, Cupid, has been monkeying with his sensitive heart-strings. Can it be that Uncle John is going a-sparking?

Remarkable Russia

Russia, spurred to undreamed of energy by the war, has almost completed one of the greatest engineering feats of the age.

Its double track railroad from Petrograd to Ekaterina, 700 miles long and stretching through a swamp, almost uninhabited and very inaccessible country, is open to traffic.

Thus, at last, Russia has an open port 12 months in the year, for the Gulf Stream, sweeping into the Arctic off the coast of Lapland, spends itself there and keeps the waters of Catherine Harbor perpetually ice free. Besides being an all year port Ekaterina is 600 miles nearer the Atlantic than the principal port on the White sea, Archangel.

Everything points to the fact that Russia will be, after the war, one of America's most important customers if, in fact, not the most important of all the old world nations. A great part of this war trade will find an entrance through the new port.

Worse Than Dante Dreamed

The gorges where the Austrians and Italians are battling so desperately at present are the region which Dante described in his hideous phantasm as the mouth of Inferno.

As awful as was Dante's word-picture of the jaws of hell, if he could look on the scene today, he would probably conclude that he mixed his colors entirely too tamely.

The horrors of the fighting in this region "seamed with gorges cleft by an avalanche" are said to cause Verdun to look like a sham battle.

A Chicagoan Who's Agin \$\$

Mayor Thompson of Chicago, gets this out of his system:

"Under pernicious democratic rule . . . we are capitalizing the hatred, the misery, the suffering, the mortal agony and all the train of pitiful incidents of the dreadful carnage in Europe. Death in Europe spells dollars in America."

Golly! We bet he has been down to the packing houses.

The Confessions of a Wife

A TELEPHONE TRIANGLE
I do not know how the wires got crossed. I've read of such things in story books, but I never believed they were true.

I lay there on my bed of pain and heard a cooling voice say: "But Dicky boy would tell me last night that you loved me, don't you feel the same today?"

"Why, of course, I feel the same, honey," came in Dick's clear cool tones, "but you know I can't say it over the phone. I'll tell it to you tonight, however, in no uncertain terms."

"Oh, darling," came the words in a murmur, "you're the very sweetest Dicky boy in all the great, big world."

Even while I was listening to hear what Dicky would say to that, my mind flew back to the time when we were first married and he was so peevish when I called him "Dicky." He seemed to like it now, however. For he said, "Say it again, honey. I know it isn't true, but I like it just the same."

"Of course, it is true," was the answer from the other end of the wire. "Is there another man in all the world would be as sweet to me as my Dicky boy is, and doesn't everyone say that you are a monument of patience with that sick wife of ours?"

"We'll leave my wife out of it, Coralie," said Dick in a choked voice.

"I wish I could, dear boy. I wish I could," came in the tender tones of the woman's voice, supplemented by a kind of groan from Dick, "but I'm going to make you happy in spite of it. And now, please, say it to me before I ring off."

"But, my dear girl, you would not have me say things over the 'phone would you? I'll say it to-night when I see you."

"All right, Dicky boy, I'll just say it to myself—and good-bye until tonight."

"Good-bye, little girl," said Dick, and I heard a click, click, which evidently meant that they had both "rung off," as a madly indifferent voice came to me with "number please."

I too hung up the 'phone and I must have fainted as my dear little nurse, who had gone out of the room, as she always does when I pick up the 'phone, came hurrying to me with, "What is the matter, Mrs. Waverly. Shall I telephone for Mr. Waverly to come home immediately?"

I managed to say, "No, dear," and then turned my face to the wall.

All the time my heart was saying, "It is just as you thought it would be. Dick has to take his happiness in spite of you."

For the moment everyone's affairs and troubles but my own were forgotten.

I wonder, little book, how many other women have faced this situation as I was doing—where they had to look into the future and see that their husbands were trying to "be happy in spite of them." Very few I think who could see no way of making it easier for either themselves or their husbands because they were in my condition. I am selfish enough almost to wish were insane, for then I would not know.

Oh, little book, I am almost ready to think that knowledge of any kind only means unhappiness. We always hunger to know. We are like Faust and are ready to sell our souls for knowledge as he did for youth, but it never satisfies. Knowledge of any kind is not food for aching hearts, thirsty souls or teeming brains. It is only the whet for the appetite that continually cries for more. I shall never be satisfied until I know where Coralie is.

I want to know if her face matches her rippling laugh, and if her eyes bear out the tender tones of her voice.

Do you know, little book, this time I am not even jealous. I just want to step out of it all and let Dick be happy "in spite of it." (Continued Tomorrow.)

lyze closely your feelings and determine which unhappiness would be the greatest; then act accordingly.

Q—I am a young girl of 18. I cannot swim and am afraid to attempt to learn. My friends have never succeeded in getting me to go in a rowboat or a canoe. I have had a couple of mishaps on the water, and although not very serious, I have been afraid of the water ever since.

A woman who also fears the water told me that she considered this a warlike and that she never goes on the water. She advised me not to do so either. I love to go launch riding when it is smooth, so Miss Grey, do you think I should stay away from the water?
BLUE EYES.
A—I do not believe in good or bad omens. Any person who goes on the water takes a chance, but not more so than those who travel in trains or autos. If you really fear the water, you should learn how to swim. There is not a particle of danger if you have a good instructor, and thousands of lives have been saved by the art of swimming.

A corner for motor users, motor distributors and gas bugs generally.

AUTOS

EDITED BY GAS O'LEAN

What They Tell Friend Gas o'Lean

Dr. A. B. McLean, of Pe Ell, Wash., is the latest proud possessor of a Paige. He dropped up to Tacoma for a visit with a practically new car of another make and his lamps fell on the new Paige. It was curtains for the old bus and now the "cits" of the south city are feasting their eyes on the doctor's new creation.

Harold Davies, of the Paige agency, plans to leave shortly for California where he will drive a new Paige to the Sound. He smiled in thinking of the trip and it was later learned that the return trip would not be made alone. It is said a young woman of known charms plans on coming north about the same time that Davies does, possible in the same car, as it is said, her parents own it.

J. F. Hickey of the Hickey Motor Car Co., says the White is too darned popular to do him any good. He says the factory in Cleveland is working three 8-hour shifts and finishing the cars in tents.

Hickey claims practically the entire output of the plant is sold in the east and the middle west. Even the foreign orders have all been canceled and little attention is paid to special orders.

Hickey has three runabouts in the mall, but has no idea when they will reach Tacoma.

McDonald & Goodwin, agents for the Mitchell and Pullman cars, are two dealers who sprung big browns when the rains started this week. They have about 50 prospects, but "what can a poor man do?" so ask they, if the rain keeps everybody in the house.

One thing that automobiles will do and that is break down. Although the agents about the city are cranking the poor weather, repair men have little to say and all are wearing broad smiles on their faces.

T. E. Powers and J. McArdie of the A Street Garage Repair Shop and Weaver & Hood on Broadway are so blooming busy they don't get time to mop off the grease during the day.

Some unknown motorist dropped into the Broadway Tire Store Sunday and bought a set of Michelin Mastio and cement tire medicine before starting on a tour. He ran onto a flock of glass and while mending his

Fresh Stock of BLACKSTONE and KNIGHT TIRES Just Received.

Are you 'tire-ly satisfied with the Tires you are using?

THE TACOMA TIRE STORE 750 St. Helens Ave. Main 2620 Tacoma, Washington

Expert Vulcanizing Accessories Phone Main 1878

THE BROADWAY TIRE STORE H. A. White, Manager Pierce Co. Dist. Michelin Tires 762 Broadway, Tacoma

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puncture, a brother motorist hit the same glass.

The first brother loaned the second brother some of the Michelin dope and before the second brother had mended his puncture, a third brother came along and suffered the same mishap. And soon there were other brothers, so H. A. White, agent for the Michelins, said, for yesterday he sold 12 sets of the repair "dope" and all of the purchasers mentioned having met the "Good Samaritan" on the road.

So successful has been the used car sale which has been in progress in the Commerce street section of Little & Kennedy Co.'s plant, that the proprietors have decided to continue it a few days longer.

More than 15 cars were sold last week. Several motorcycles were included in the sales. There are still four of these left and the management says they will be sold at an exceptional low price in order to dispose of them quickly.

Floyd Logan's place looked busy, despite the rain.

Fighting one's way through the crowd a busy young man's head was raised from his books by the inquiry as to whether or not the place was as busy as it looked.

"Very busy," the young man said.

His word was taken and the place was left with nothing but Maxwell talk filling the air.

About all L. N. Nicolls has time these days to do is put juice in the piled up batch of batteries that is filling his storage shop on Broadway.

Recent increases in the price of gasoline, which apparently reached their limit about two months ago, have really been a very good thing for the motor truck user, according to local agents of the Thomas B. Jeffery Co. American truck manufacturers of the better class have this year made a special effort to reduce the operating costs of their trucks by improving their efficiency, reducing weight and simplifying design. And the effort has proved singularly successful in the case of the Jeffery and other high-class manufactured motor trucks.

The Ford agency sold exactly 100 machines during May. George Davis said that he believed this mark would be doubled during June.

Lou Schabel is running around like the proverbial hen with the missing head. He has a car of Saxons somewhere in the Tacoma yards and hasn't been able to spot it yet.

Everybody is clamoring for a Saxon and he can't appease the insistent demand for this popu-

lar car. Schabel says the "King 8" is attracting its full share of attention and he hopes to close several deals within the near future.

ANOTHER PIONEER IS CALLED AWAY Mrs. Sarah A. McMullen, 75, a resident of this county since 1883, died yesterday at the family home, 918 So. K st. The funeral will be held Friday morning from St. Leo's church.

LEGAL NOTICES IN THE MATTER OF THE ASSESSMENT AND ASSESSMENT ROLL FOR THE COST AND EXPENSE OF THE IMPROVEMENT IN LOCAL IMPROVEMENT DISTRICT NO. 4336 IN THE CITY OF TACOMA.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: Notice is hereby given that there was filed in my office on the 31st day of May, 1916, the assessment roll for the payment of the cost and expense of the above designated local improvement, being the assessment roll for Local Improvement District No. 4336, showing the amount assessed against each lot and parcel of land in said local improvement district, and the payment of the cost and expense of said improvement, in pursuance of Ordinance No. 249 of the City of Tacoma, entitled:

"An ordinance providing for the improvement of the alley between Steele and Prospect Street from North 14th Street to North 15th Street."

And that said assessment roll is open for inspection by all persons interested therein.

And notice is further given that the Council of the City of Tacoma, at a meeting held on the 21st day of June, 1916, at 10 o'clock A. M., as the date for hearing upon said roll before the Council of the City of Tacoma, may desire to object to said assessment roll and require to make their objections in writing and file the same with me at or prior to 5:30 A. M., on the date above mentioned, and that on said date or at such time as the hearing may be continued to the Council of the City of Tacoma, of equalization for the purpose of considering said assessment roll, and will consider all objections made thereto, or any part thereof, and will correct, revise, raise, lower, change or modify said roll or any part thereof, or set aside said roll and order said assessment to be made de novo as it shall appear to be just and equitable, and then proceed to confirm the same by ordinance.

Dated at City Hall, May 31, 1916. W. D. NICKELUS, City Clerk.

LOCAL Improvement District No. 4336—Notice is hereby given that in pursuance of Ordinance No. 1122 of the City of Tacoma, a roll has been placed in my hands for the collection of the 2nd annual installment of the assessment levied for laying a twelve inch (12") wooden water main on Park Avenue from 76th Street to South 88th Street; on South 88th Street from Park Avenue to Thompson Avenue, and on South 84th Street from Park Avenue to South "D" Street; and eight inch (8") wooden water main on South 78th Street from Park Avenue to South "D" Street and on South 84th Street from Park Avenue to South "D" Street; also a six inch (6") wooden water main on the following named streets: "G" Street, "E" Street, and "B" Street, and Winnetka Street from South 78th Street to South 88th Street; on "E" Street and "D" Street from South 78th Street to South 88th Street; on South 88th Street and South 84th Street from Thompson Avenue to the west line of Lorain Addition; on "D" Street from South 84th Street to South 88th Street; on South 84th Street from Thompson Avenue and Yakima Avenue from South 88th Street to South 88th Street; "G" Street and "E" Street from the north line of Cavender's Addition to Fern Hill to South 84th Street; South "E" Street and South "D" Street from South 82nd Street to South 88th Street; South "D" Street from Park Avenue to "D" Street.

\$465 F. O. B. Tacoma

and keep her healthy, and yourself, too.

Lou Schabel 752 Broadway Phone Main 1478 for a demonstration.

ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Q—Do you think it is right for a girl who is engaged to be married to accept invitations from other young men when her fiancé is out of the city?
ALYS.

A.—It is right provided she has an agreement to that effect with the man she is engaged to, and the young man who invites her out knows that she is to be married. Some young men object to going with an engaged girl, and are indignant if they are deceived.

Q.—Supposing I were writing to a relative and wished to sign my husband's name as well as mine, which would be the proper way to sign it: Alice and George, or George and Alice?
GRATEFUL.

A.—When speaking of another party and yourself, it's courtesy to mention the other person's name first.

Q.—I am making painted studies of soap bubbles and I would like to know why they burst, and if there is any-

thing I can use to make them stick together longer.

A.—A soap bubble is made up of millions of tiny molecules of water which hold together so long as the pressure inside the bubble and outside are the same. But the balance or equilibrium is so delicate that the molecules separate and the bubble breaks at the least disturbance. For instance, as the warm breath which fills the bubble cools, the equilibrium of the bubble is destroyed. Glycerine added to the suds will make strong bubbles.

Q.—I am engaged to a young fellow and think the world of him and he seems to think an awful lot of me, but for about three months he has been acting kind of funny. He seems to think he is the only one to be pleased. He never asks me to go to any of the large shows or any place that will cost money; but will take me to a couple of dime shows once or twice a week. He never takes me to have any

refreshments, but when he leaves me he goes and gets something for himself, and the same way about the large shows, or anything that should happen to come. He will go once or twice to see it.

I am not working and can't go to see any of these things and I certainly would not ask any fellow, I don't care who he is, to take me. I suppose if I were to speak to him about these things he would say, "Why girls, I'm saving my money to get married; you know I am not earning a large salary." Now I think he is selfish, don't you? Oh, Miss Grey, I think so much of him, and yet these things hurt me so badly that I am never happy. I wouldn't mind if he would stay at home once in awhile too. I don't expect him to take me to everything. Some people have told me that you write and answer your own letters, so if I did write I would receive no answer; but I believe in you, so please answer this at once.
WAITING.

A.—Selfishness is your fiancé's middle name. Even though you do think a great deal of him, you would be very short-sighted to marry him, because the divorce courts have proved over and over again that no love is strong enough to endure or survive wanton neglect. You are probably one of the girls who will be unhappy if you don't marry and just as unhappy if you do. It's up to you to ana-

lyze closely your feelings and determine which unhappiness would be the greatest; then act accordingly.