

# THE TIMES

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## EDITORIALS

That of all the points of good breeding I most require and insist on deference. I like that every chair be a throne and hold a scepter. I prefer a tendency to staidness, to an excess of fellowship. The incommunicable objects of nature and the metaphysical isolation of man teach us independence. Let us not be too much acquainted. We would have a man enter his house through a hall filled with heroic and sacred sculptures, that he might not want the hint of tranquility and self-poise. We would meet each morning as if from foreign countries, and spending the day together, should depart at night, as into foreign countries. In all things I would have the island of a man in me. Let us sit apart as the gods, talking from peak to peak all and Olympus.—Emerson.

### OPEN DOOR? HUH!

Gents, here's the limit, the limit whittled to a point and the point broken off.

At Umatilla, in Oregon, Mrs. E. E. Starcher—get it, Starcher—didn't like the way her husband, her very own husband, performed as mayor of that town. She told him she could run the town better than he did. He smiled, cunningly and self-satisfied, as men sometimes smile who know they are all right.

She said she would run for mayor against him. He smiled again, the confident, superior smile smiled by men who thoroughly know politics.

Mrs. Starcher did run for mayor against him. They've just counted the votes, and Starcher is starchy. It keeps the mayoralty in the family, 'tis true, but just think of the long, long nights of listening miserably that Starcher is likely to undergo!

The door of political equality is being opened to woman. Nay, verily, the whole front of the house is being torn out!

Why wouldn't it be a nice little winter junket for Roosevelt to take Hughes down to South America and show him the real River of Doubt?—New York Morning Telegraph.

The International Institute of Agriculture warns the world of a wheat shortage and possible famine; but the consumers of patented breakfast-foods show no signs of alarm.—New York Sun.

### FEAR LOSING ITS GRIP

A young Danish woman, delicately reared, was married to the captain of a deep-water sailing vessel and went to sea with him the same day.

The voyage was to the West Indies. On the way the ship ran into a hurricane, was slowly battered to bits by the seas, and after a terrific fight was wrecked on a rocky shore.

The young bride was thrown into the breakers, went through astounding adventures beyond anything in a sea-novel, and got to shore on an island, where she and her husband walked 19 miles to find a human habitation.

When the happy young couple returned to civilization the bride was asked if she had had enough of the sea.

"Why, no," she said in an astonished way. "When my husband ships again, I go with him."

Well, it does seem to be a fact, doesn't it? Fear is losing something of its grip on human life. The old-time KING OF TERRORS ISN'T QUITE SO MUCH OF A KING as he used to be. It is most strange, it is mysterious, it is bewildering if you like, but people do seem to be looking through wider and calmer eyes upon vicissitudes and peril.

With millions and millions of men performing every day the most daring, wonderful, BREATHTAKING DEEDS OF VALOR, or going through conditions of cold, wet, mud, slush, misery, pain and suffering that would have seemed impossible, courage is revealed as infinitely commoner, and fear as infinitely less fearful.

Novels of adventure make no hit now. The limits of all the imagination can conceive of danger, hardship, and achievement have been left behind by the realities. Why invent for us fictional heroes? Everybody is a hero, give him a chance.

But if courage is so much commoner than he had believed it, don't you think it is the SAME WITH ALL OTHER GOOD QUALITIES? KINDNESS, LOVE, MERCY, GOOD WILL—as a matter of fact, isn't human nature infinitely better and finer than most of us have judged it to be?

A chance to reveal itself. That seems to be about all it requires.

### THE HALF JITNEY

The director of the mint says that to help along economical buying we need a new coin of the value of 2½ cents.

We certainly do, and ought to have it. Also, we need one of a value of 12½ cents. At present if we buy one of anything that sells two for a quarter we pay 15 cents for it.

This nation is welded to the dollar as a unit of value and will never have anything else. Yet the fact is, the fathers would have done us a big service if they had taken for the American standard a coin worth 20 cents instead of one worth 100.

Small money units are always the best. They tend in a subtle way to make folk more careful about spending their substance. Fifteen francs sounds about like \$15 but is only one-fifth as much.

Travelers long ago notice that countries that had the smaller units of money were the cheaper to live in.

Belgium, with a franc worth 20 cents was always a cheaper place than Holland, next door, with a guilder worth 40. Bring on your new half jitney and half quarter.

Seventeen collectors are saving bricks from the old house in East Eleventh street where Colonel Roosevelt was born. No doubt he will want them all for his 1920 campaign.—New York Morning Telegraph.

The "farmer vote" has come into its own, and one of the first results is the promptness with which the idea of a grain embargo is abandoned at Washington.—Chicago Herald.

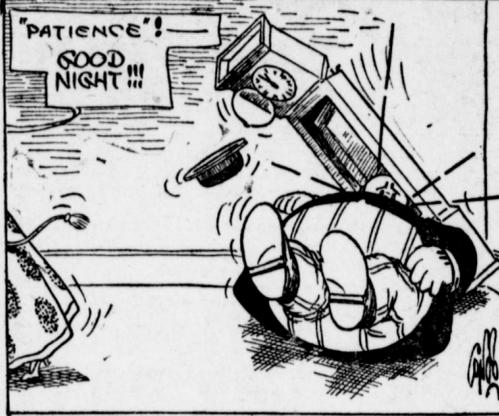
### ANOTHER T. R. DISCOVERY

Roosevelt has issued a magazine explanation of why the election went against Hughes. The crux of his explanation is that the people believed in this:

"Hughes—war, widows, wastage."  
"Wilson—peace, prosperity, progress."

It's as big a discovery by Teddy as he made that time when he noted that long-eared, three-legged catfish in the River of Doubt.

## The Outbursts of Everett True. BY CONDO.



## ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Address this department: Cynthia Grey, care The Times, Tacoma.

If a private reply is desired, enclose stamped envelope.

If you do not want letter published, say so and your wishes will be respected.

Miss Grey may be reached by telephone, Main 12, or may be seen personally at The Times office on Wednesdays only, 11 a. m. to 4 p. m.

Q.—Can you tell me why people call the man dressed up in stars and stripes Uncle Sam?

ONE OF YOUR READERS. A.—The name Uncle Sam is an extension of the letters U. S. (United States) printed or stamped on the government property. It was first used in Troy, N. Y., in 1812, when certain goods purchased for the government and branded U. S., were officially inspected by Samuel Wilson, whose nickname was "Uncle Sam." The coincidence of the initials suggested the application of this nickname to the government.

Dear Miss Grey: May I take the opposite side of the question as presented by "Justice" in The Times?

The autoist is not alone to blame for people wanting more traffic regulations; the public instead of looking the right way are often gazing into space. It needs the co-operation of both factions.

I wonder why he slams the jitneys so hard? If he will go down to the police court he will find that the jitneys are the least offenders. The traffic officers are, I am sure, trying to do the best they can. They haven't eyes all over their heads and it is impossible for them to see everything at once.

The statement "Justice" makes in regard to the speed of the jitneys is absurd as a good share of them are Fords and 45 per miles is going some. He had better get his glasses and his watch out next time. "Justice" has an axe to grind. What is it? Give the jitney boys a chance. Don't knock. P. A. W.

My Dear Miss Grey: I often thought of writing to you, but never have. However, I want to say a few words now.

Any man who is bold and heartless enough to leave a loving, trusting wife for another woman is bold enough to have kept the other woman out of his life, only that it was his wish to have her, and no doubt made her feel all her happiness was through him.

My husband left home 11 years ago, saying he was in love with another woman, but three years later he wrote me that he had never seen a

minute's happiness since he left, and wished to return, which was denied him.

No difference the heart-aches and deep, deep sorrows to one whose love is sacred and serious, it is heavenly to have such a grief in comparison with nagging or other disagreeableness by either husband or wife living together after love is dead.

MARIAN. A.—Glad to give your opinion space.

Q.—Will you kindly suggest two things I can give my two sisters for Christmas? They are 17 and 19 years of age. Thank you. CECIL.

A.—Some ideas for a \$5 list are:

Black satin, silver or gold dancing slippers, electric iron, Japanese tea cloth and napkins, piece of Sheffield plate, leather box, amber glass bowl, open work ring, shirt, waist box, handbag, scented bottles, rug for bedroom, corduroy boudoir gown, box of silk hosiery, sewing chair.

These for a \$3 list: Auto hose with leather soles to pull over the shoes, white washable gloves with chamouis cuffs or gauntlets, party bag, bridge box, large veil, set of knitting and crochet needles, brushed wool skating cap and scarf, tea ball, fine stationery, electric curler, set of shade pulls, bonnet mirror, silk stockings.

For a \$1 list try these: Powder box, violet vase, silver bodkins, growing bulbs in dish, sock, hat pin, box of fine soap, ivory tray, fancy basket, calendar, salts bottle, tea caddy.

Q.—I am a young girl and am very fond of a boy who is employed in one of the downtown theaters. I would like to have him meet my parents but as he works in the afternoon and evening it seems quite impossible. Every time I go to the theater where he works he wishes to take me to dinner, but I always make some excuse, as I think my parents would not like to have me go to dinner with anyone of whom they are not acquainted. Please advise me what to do as I would like to keep this boy's friendship. PEARL.

A.—Why can't he come to the house in the morning for half an hour before he goes to work? This would be sufficient time for your parents to meet him and get an idea whether he is the sort of young man they wish you to be acquainted with. It doesn't take very long for an older, experienced person to size up a younger one.

If the young man really wishes to continue your friendship and he understands the reason you hesitate to accompany him to dinner, he will surely make the effort to meet your mother and father and gain their consent.

### PANTAGES

"THE BETTIN GIBBETTS" LONDON BELL RINGERS "GLORIA'S ROMANCE"—No. 6 With Billie Burke. AND FOUR OTHER ACTS

## Home--Investment In Respectability

By Winona Wilcox

With potatoes at 55 cents a peck and round steak at 25 cents a pound only optimists are fortified to marry. And if all young men had the reading habit perhaps there would be no optimists left.

Literary fashions set by men who write novels have lately included much frank confession of the fickleness of man's affection and the failure of matrimony to satisfy his emotional requirements. And just at present the feminists and the suffragists are not leaving many criticisms of man for future generations to make.

Man has certainly had an opportunity to learn the worst about himself in the last ten years. That he still considers himself eligible to go to his own wedding is probably due to his not having much time to acquire all this disagreeable information.

And so he keeps right on drifting into marriage as irresponsibly as his father did in that glad day when potatoes were only 50 cents a bushel.

Marriage is the one investment which a man makes without estimating his profits beforehand. Sometimes it looks as if it would never pay any dividends.

But it always does—though not necessarily in happiness. Sometimes it pays in power and pride, which have ever been love's rivals.

A home is a visible evidence of a man's place in his community. It is a proof of success. It is a man's finest contribution to his time. Cities boast that they are cities of homes.

Temperamental men who are emotionally a bit unbalanced, have often been kept from deserting their families because they had a certain investment in respectability called a home and not at all because they felt any special moral obligation to wife and children.

Matrimony also has other rewards, irrespective of love, when its influence is constructive. If marriage makes a man ambitious it is good. Not infrequently a thrifty exacting wife who does not prove very pleasant to live with has spurred a husband neverthe-

less to extraordinary achievements in business. It is, however, through his children that marriage comes to mean most to the average man. There is no comparison to be found by the man who loses the experience of acknowledged fatherhood. This does not mean much to young men. To the old pride of family is one of the chief consolations in life.

For in the end when a man may fairly judge of the spectacle of life as he has seen it, it is never the passing emotions or the fleeting pleasures of any day which he values most. It is the slow growing joys which prove permanent and which make him decide whether matrimony has been worth while or not.

## Society and Personal

The drama section of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will meet Monday, Dec. 18, at 3:30 p. m., at the home of Mrs. George H. Jackson, 1010 North 9th street. Subject "Tolstol;" leader Mrs. A. M. Lohman.

The civic and social service section of the Association of Collegiate Alumnae will meet at 8 o'clock Dec. 15, at the Women's Clubhouse, for the study of "What Tacoma Has and What Tacoma Needs." The subject of "Recreation" will be taken up.

Dr. C. W. Nash, president of the Washington state normal school, will give an illustrated lecture, "The Passion of Our Lord," at Our Savior's Lutheran church at 7:30 Sunday evening, Dec. 17.

Miss Florence Shafer and William F. Kincaid were married Friday afternoon at the home of the bride's parents, East E street. The ceremony was performed by Rev. A. D. Shaw. The couple stood under draped American flags. Relatives and intimate friends were present.

Elaborate preparations are under way in Our Savior's Lutheran church and Sunday school and Young People's societies, for the Christmas holidays. The choir, under direction of Miss Eva Baronhill, will give Cant's oratorio "The Holy City." The Christmas tree festival for the Sunday school will be held Dec. 26th at p. m. A large church festival will be held Dec. 19th, with a banquet at 6 p. m., and services following at 7:30. A program of music and speeches will be given.

The first concert of the fourteenth season will be given by the Orpheus club at the First Christian church Wednesday evening at 8:15.

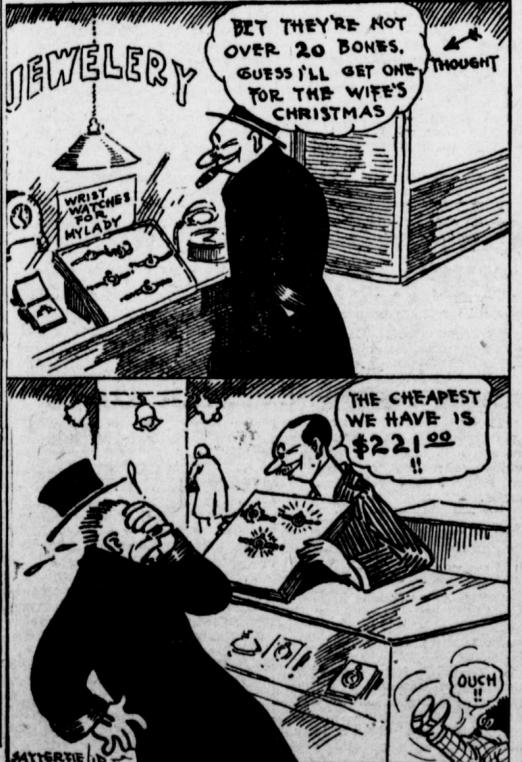
Mary Stuart Altruistic society will be entertained at Pythian temple Tuesday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All friends are invited.

JIM HAM'S HUNCH SUDDENLY ALTERED WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 11.—After announcing he would introduce a resolution today calling for seizure and sale of all foodstuffs by the government, Senator James Hamilton Lewis, Illinois, asked a return of all copies he had issued to the press.

Work is expected to begin soon on re-dredging the city waterway south from 11th street bridge. The city has appropriated \$5,000 and the government will spend approximately \$10,000.

DESTROYER SUNK; HIT BY TRANSPORT (United Press Leased Wire.) BERLIN, via Sayville wireless, Dec. 11.—German newspapers say that the French destroyer Yatacan, sunk by collision with a British transport, is the fifth French destroyer lost in this way during the war.

## WHAT WOULD YOU SAY TO YOURSELF IF



## A TIP FROM FATIMA!



**RUNS NEW YORK'S LODGING HOUSE** Stuart A. Rice, formerly of Tacoma, now manager of the municipal lodging house of New York city, will speak Friday night at 8 o'clock at the First Congregational church.

## Margie Lives Years In Just a Few Hours

Just as I finished recording my decision of returning to Dick to "start a kindergarten," Malcolm Stuart was announced and I went down to dine with him.

All at once I found I was very hungry and I remembered I had eaten nothing since yesterday at noon before I met Pat and Alice at the station.

Little book, I have lived years since then—so many, many years since yesterday that I rather expected to see myself wrinkled and gray. When I looked into my dressing table mirror I was very much surprised that I could still smile.

"Here comes the Little Lady Salvia again," said Malcolm Stuart as I stepped out of the elevator. "Do you know, Margie, you are a constant surprise to me. This morning out there on the pier you were like a pale wreath of unhappiness, your eyes the somber pools of agony, your mouth the stiffened line of despair.

"Tonight you come with all the glorious color that I love in your eyes and on your upturned smiling lips. Surely, fair lady, you must have been acting then or you are simulating that which you are not now."

"Think what you will, gentle sir," I returned, dropping a faint courtesy, "but a woman is not very apt to act when she imagines she is about to solve the great secret—to embark on the great adventure."

"Then it was premeditated and not a sudden impulse. Shame on you, Margie. Where is your courage?"

"This morning it had gone flying away where I could not reach it, but I think tonight it has come back to nestle in my heart. I was acting neither then nor now. This morning the world seemed something to lose at any cost; tonight it seems something to hold at whatever price."

"Margie," he said, as I began to eat my melon with splendid and appreciative appetite, "I think it is harder to hold our possessions than it is to compass our desires. Most of us do not realize we must hoard with closest care everything we wish to keep. Sometimes I think that is the reason why some of us find anticipation greater than realization. We bring every gift of imagination to enhance our anticipations. We overturn our lives, our world, to make them come true, and then we sit back and accept the realization in a kind of apathetic calm that takes all the joy out of it."

"But you, my dear little lady, in the unexpectedness of your welcome make anticipation very cold and strange. I feel tonight as I sit here and look at you across this softly lighted, flower-bedecked table as though I had been having a bad dream, that no woman could possibly want to die at 11 o'clock in the morning and in the evening enjoy artichoke Solandaise with the gusto you are now."

"You have not realized the full capacity of human motive yet, Mr. Stuart."

"Is that an intimation that I must call you Mrs. Waverly?" he interrupted.

"No, all my friends call me Margie and I can hardly refuse the savior of my life the privilege of calling me by any name he wishes, can I?"

"Thank you, dear Little Lady Salvia," he said fervently. "What would you think of me, I wonder, if I told you the name I wish to call you I have never voiced even to myself?"

"Goodness, is it as terrible as that?" I asked.

"Quite," was his laconic and most enigmatic reply. (To Be Continued.)

TURN TO WANT ADS