

The Tacoma Times

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The Library Bill

Suppose some user of the Tacoma library who wanted to read all the books there are in the world on the subject, let us say, of ancient Babylonian mythology, went down to Olympia and tried to put a bill through the legislature ordering the librarian to buy all such books.

There might be thousands of them, some of them might be rare and expensive, the librarian's fund might be small, he might not think the books suitable for a public library of this size and might consider himself the best judge of the local situation, anyhow. What do you suppose he would say about that bill?

Some other citizen might not like the present library staff. He might prefer to be served exclusively by men over 45, by Grand Army veterans, by Chinese scholars, by bald-headed men, by red-haired girls, or by some other type. And he'd go to Olympia with a bill. What do you suppose the library board and Librarian Kaiser would say?

When you come right down to it, isn't EVERY citizen of Tacoma today being treated by Librarian Kaiser and members of the library board just exactly as the library authorities in the two above-mentioned cases would be treated by the two supposititious citizens with grievances?

The library authorities are lobbying in Olympia for a bill that would command our city council each year to set aside .75 mill of the tax levy for library purposes. This in face of the fact that the city is restricted by charter from levying more than 15 mills for all purposes combined, and that six mills of the total goes for interest payments and other fixed inescapable charges!

In a huff, because they did not receive the money to which they felt entitled in the last budget, library authorities show their poor sportsmanship by running off to Olympia to try to break down still further the small fragment of home rule power still left to municipalities.

No paper in Tacoma has more earnestly championed the cause of the library than has The Times. But this legislature effort to take the control of one more Tacoma-owned and Tacoma-sustained institutions from the hands of Tacomans we can only class with the "nut" bills of which every session produces a crop.

The magnates who hoped to grow richer by "developing" Mexico might try "developing" the late Danish West Indies.

The World-Federation

In commenting on President Wilson's world-league speech in this column some days ago Dr. Frank Dyer quoted from "Locksley Hall." Alfred Tennyson wrote that poem 64 years ago, and ever since we began reading poetry it has been a favorite of ours.

"For I dipt into the future, far as human eye could see,
Saw the vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be;
"Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained aghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;
"Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle flags were furled
In the parliament of man, the federation of the world."

Literature furnishes no nobler utterance. What President Wilson proposed in his address to the senate a week ago Monday is nothing more nor less than this "federation of the world."

Between Tennyson and Wilson numberless poets and statesmen and lovers of humanity have given expression in one form or another to this same beautiful aspiration.

The president's address takes high rank among these utterances.

It contains more practical suggestion than any of them for so far as the president can do it commits America to the policy of joining such a federation provided it can be worked out on lines that are satisfactory to this country.

But even the president's address leaves much to be decided so far as the practical application of the theory of a world federation is concerned.

This lack should not detract from the full credit that is due for sounding this high note at a time when most of the civilized nations are at death grips in the most devastating war in history.

It is well that there is at the head of the greatest nation at peace, a statesman with the idealism and the courage required to do what President Wilson has done.

In its more concrete aspects, the address was a direct challenge to those Americans who still hold to the belief that this country can continue to enjoy all the privileges of living in the world of nations and share none of the burdens and responsibilities.

It is too early to know what the full effect of the president's action will be upon the peoples of the nations at war.

That the president was aiming at them rather than at their leaders is apparent from many expressions in his statement.

One thing is certain, the president has let it be known that as the chosen representative of the greatest democracy he will not lend his aid to the establishment of peace and its preservation unless it is based upon justice to the long suffering common people of the fighting nations.

It is more than a gentle hint to European monarchs that this democracy has nothing in common with their lust for aggression and power at the expense of the men and women whom they are pleased to consider their subjects.

We pity the sheriff at Kendallville, Ind. Six prisoners escaped in his auto, and he can't recollect the license number.

Foolish Man!

"Charley the Hermit" is dead. Far Rockaway knew him as the man who had not spoken a word for 37 years, all because a girl in Germany, to whom he was sending his money to bring her here, proved untrue to him and married his brother, with his parents' blessing.

Foolish Charley!
Quite a shock, of course, to find your sweetheart, your brother, your father and your mother untrue to you—convinced in cheating you. But that, and the loss of the \$1500, was not sufficient excuse for Charley's throwing aside his life and living a hermit on the sand beaches of Long Island.

No human treachery should drive a man to this course—or to suicide, or opium, or any other of the means by which men and women seek to end or dull their sorrows.

Sorrows don't last unless you feed them.

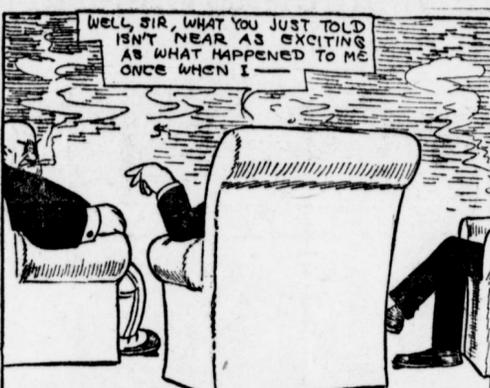
Time will heal the deepest of wounds.

How much better it would have been had Charley, instead of condemning himself to a living death, dismissed the matter with a contemptuous shrug, dropped his family and his false fiancée for the scoundrels that they were, and decided that he wouldn't let them wreck his life because they weren't worth wrecking it for!

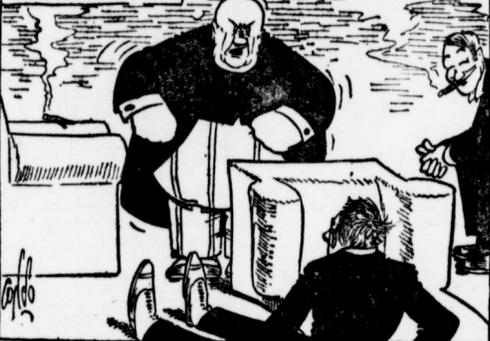
It's simply foolish to avenge a wrong by punishing yourself.

Justice without wisdom is impossible.—Froude.

The Outbursts of Everett True. BY CONDO.



WELL, SIR, WHAT YOU JUST TOLD ISN'T NEAR AS EXCITING AS WHAT HAPPENED TO ME ONCE WHEN I—



I HAVE NOTICED THAT NOBODY CAN TELL A STORY OF ANY KIND WITHOUT YOU CHIMING IN WITH ONE ABOUT HOW YOU HAD THE SAME EXPERIENCE AND A LOT MORE THAT SPROUTS UP IN YOUR IMAGINATION!!!

WHAT PEOPLE ARE DOING

The Homesteaders' Dramatic Club at its last meeting elected officers as follows: President, E. E. Shade; vice president, Florence Smith; treasurer, Dagne; secretary, H. E. Kennedy. Rehearsals for a play will be begun soon. Congratulations were tendered to former Secretary L. F. Carpenter and his wife on the arrival of a son Jan. 28.

The Custer Red, White and Blue club will meet with Mrs. Lydia Kean in the Edwards apartments, 6th and M. Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. A colonial entertainment will be a feature of the occasion.

The Ladies' Aid society of the German Lutheran church will meet Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock at the home of Mrs. Naek, 311 1/2 So. 34th st.

A musical and literary concert will be given in Grace M. E. church tomorrow evening at 8 o'clock.

Danforth W. C. T. U. will meet at 2 o'clock Friday afternoon at the home of Mrs. S. Beardsley, 5811 oSuth K street. Mrs. Ella Hudson, county superintendent of red letter days and social meetings, will conduct the meeting.

Manufacture of alcohol from wood wastes has been proved by the forest products laboratory at Madison, Wis., to be not only chemically possible, but commercially profitable.

CONFESSIONS of a WIFE

YOU MUST SEE A WRONG TO REALIZE IT
"Margie," said Paula, "I wish I did not have to tell you what happened that memorable night in Philadelphia. In the next few hours I changed from a foolishly trusting girl to a saddened woman who believed in nothing, had confidence in no one."

"We lingered at table and Earnest repeated, 'What sacrifice would you—could you make for me, you baby child?' His hand closed over mine regardless of anyone in the dining room that might be looking our way.

"I answered the convulsive pressure and said, 'I would and will make any sacrifice for the man I love.'
"God help me, Margie, I thought I meant it, for notwithstanding all the lust I had seen masquerading as love since I had been alone in the world I still dreamed that my love and my lover were of divinity itself.

"Before we could say more, Ruth Dayton brought a critis from one of the afternoon papers over to our table and in a few minutes I excused myself and went up to my room.

"As it does to all right-thinking young girls, a declaration of love meant to me marriage only, and I began to plan for it while I was getting ready for bed.

"Oh, mother mine, I wish you could know that your little girl is perfectly happy tonight," I said softly to myself. Margie, I almost seemed to feel the silent benediction of my mother's hands upon my brow—and caught her oft-repeated 'Good night and God bless you.'

"I had almost passed from these sweetest of waking dreams, in which the two people I loved—my dead mother and my living sweetheart—were all mixed up into my usual dreamless sleep when I heard the occupant of the other room come in.

"For some reason I felt every nerve alert and wide awake in a moment. The man closed the outside door softly and evidently walked over to the connecting door between our rooms. He listened a moment—a moment in which I could feel my heart beat furiously—and then there came a discreet tapping.

"It was so faint that only for its continuation I might have thought my foolish fears were making me give a sinister meaning to a perfectly innocent, though to me unexplainable, noise.
"Then, as I again heard the tapping—a little louder this time—I took courage and slowly tiptoed to the door. Then I drew a long silent breath for the bolt was shot into place just as Ruth had left it.
"But my heart stopped again as I heard the bolt slip on the other side of the door and saw the knob slowly turn.
"What if my bolt did not hold," I thought. Thank God it did, and I heard a smothered, whispered exclamation that sounded very profane.
"Again came the tapping—much louder and more insistent this time. I imagined all sorts of terrible things—all the horrible accounts of hotel robberies and murders I had ever read came into my head and then the blessed thought that Ruth was just across the hall came to me and sent the blood racing back to my heart.
"I tried to think whether I should reach for the telephone and call the office or open my outside door and try and awaken Ruth. Like all women I tried to make a scene of this kind—hated to have my name coupled with the sensational story that I knew would be impossible to keep out of the papers if I made a public fuss.
"All at once it came to me that by this time Earnest must be in his room, for it was nearly three o'clock. 'I'll call him on the phone,' I said to myself and he will settle this thing immediately.
"The tapping had become loudly impatient by this time, but I knew my door bolt was shot. I did not tremble as I did at first as consciously I started for the telephone at the other side of the room. My mind was made up. I knew I had only to call Earnest and everything would be settled.
"I reached the phone, but just as I was about to take the receiver off the hook, I heard my name—yes, unmistakably, my name—called softly from the other side of the door.
"Paula."

(To Be Continued.)

SECRETS WOMAN KEEPS--2

By Winona Wilcox

Some women are born independent, a few achieve independence and many have independence thrust upon them. But no woman dotes on the condition.

Every woman would like to throw all her burdens on some strong man, forever and forever. But this is a secret which women seldom discuss with any man, lest it prove her inferior to him, or lazy, or selfish, or a too willing burden. And for certain of these reasons she seldom confesses her true inclination to any other woman either.

Whether a woman marries and points out some man's path for him; or remains single and becomes a business success and economically independent; or, as a divorcee, holds marriage an intolerable experiment, every woman admits, in her heart, that she is really a beggar maid, and whether lovely or not, that she is very much in need of a certain ruling King Cophetua.

Coquetry, however, prompts even the silliest of women to affect a swaggering show of independence, or of indifference to man. The pretty doll who would starve in a week if left to her own efficiency, makes a charming bluff of her ability to twist a man around her little finger, and the prettier she is and the more helpless, the greater delight does her pretense of authority over him delight the man.

The most exasperating nagger is often unfortunately persistent, but not because she actually delights in ruling her mate. She proceeds from a stern sense of her sad and disagreeable but unescapable duty to make an unwilling spouse pursue the right way—HER WAY! But in her secret heart she would just love to slump and to be easy, and she

thinks it a dreadful misfortune because she can't.

And the most capable of women, those who are convinced of the equality of the sexes, those who believe in the comradeship and partnership of man and woman, arrive at a time, if they marry happily, when they are obliged to depend, and when they delight in finding handy the protection, comfort and strength of the superior male. But they don't tell him so.

The normal woman wants to be petted and spoiled. The women who kill this need from their souls, or are deprived of it by fate or intention, have a horrid price to pay.

They misunderstand man, misinterpret him, consider him selfish, brutal, stupid. They lose patience with him, condemn him, despise him.

They forget that man makes one-half of the human race, and that when they shut him from their lives, or refuse to regard him even as an interesting volume, then they are deliberately closing the intelligence to one-half of the big truths of existence. Thereafter, they will see life only in shadows, out of focus and blurred.

They grow cruel, bitter and narrow. And all of the time they want to be just normal, devoted, old-fashioned subordinate but protected wives and mothers.

"Across the night and through the day,
O'er all the world she followed him."

If woman would frankly own up to her extraordinary need to be made much of, and to be taken care of, it would appear that divorce court records might shrink considerably.

Third secret to be revealed in The Times tomorrow.

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.—Is it proper for a young man when walking with a young lady to excuse himself for the purpose of speaking to another young lady whom he has happened to see as he passed the concern in which she is working?
ELSS.

A.—It might be proper in some cases. If the young lady he chanced to see was an old friend and he had not known her address and was anxious to see her for this reason or other urgent reason, it might be proper to excuse himself and go to her. I think the propriety of the act would depend a great deal upon the young lady with whom he was walking. She might object strenuously to this action and she might be justified, if he left her side merely to pass the time of day with another acquaintance.

Q.—How can I wash white silk without it turning yellow? If it is washed with Ivory soap and water it turns yellow.
WAITING.

A.—Wash it in gasoline for the first few times. Then wash with Ivory soap and luke warm water. Roll in rough towel instead of hanging in the sun when drying it. Iron dry. Of course, after the waist gets old it will begin to look yellow.

Dear Miss Grey: Two or three boy chums of mine and myself (all young men under 20) were just remarking that it seemed impossible to find girls who are sensible and good and like a jolly good time. Now along comes "rebel" and says men don't want this kind of a girl. The trouble with most girls nowadays is, if they're good, they're so long-faced its no wonder that men don't seek for them for their companionship. While if they are the other kind, the majority of them would not be faithful to anyone. All they want a friend for is the money he will spend and the good times he will show them.

Has this world gotten into such a place where there are

HOW TO JUDGE A WOMAN BY HER HAIR

There is real common sense in just noticing whether the hair is well kept to judge of a woman's neatness, or good taste. If you are one of the few who try to make the most of your hair, remember that it is not advisable to wash the hair with any cleanser made for all purposes, but always use some good preparation made expressly for shampooing. You can enjoy the very best by getting some can-throx from your druggist, dissolve a teaspoonful in a cup of hot water. This makes a full cup of shampoo liquid, enough so it is easy to apply it to all the hair instead of just the top of the head. Dandruff, excess oil, and dirt are dissolved and entirely disappear. Your hair will be so fluffy that it will look much heavier than it is. Its lustre and softness will also delight you, while the stimulated scalp gains the health which insures hair growth.

the companionship of a good woman.

Here's hoping that sometime our paths may cross.
A LONELY MAN.

Q.—Can you advise me what books to read to make me express myself more correctly in writing? Thank you.
L. B.

A.—Why not take up a good course in rhetoric? If you cannot take day classes, join the night school class. This will be far better than trying to follow the work alone and spasmodically at home.

Q.—My troubles are that my wife goes to a public dance every other night and will not stop. We have two nice girls, 14 and 10, going to school, and they need their mother's care now more than ever. I don't like dancing and have to go to work at 4 a. m., so can't go out nights. We have a nice furnished home. Our girl is a fine pianist, but she is commencing to neglect her studies, because her mother goes out most every night and she wants to go, too. Now, the question is, do you think that a married woman of 38 (trying to look like 18) cares about dancing so much that she neglects her housework, can't get up in time to get her children's breakfast? I sure would like your valued opinion.

This has been going on for six years. I worked at night the first year and did not know. There would be an easy way out if it wasn't for the girls.

A DEVOTED FATHER.

A.—This mother is undoubtedly doing very wrong. It doesn't seem possible that a woman arrived at the years of discretion, with two upgrowing daughters looking to her for guidance, could continue to so thoroughly neglect her duty and opportunities.

This seems to me a clear case of recreation carried to an extreme. I suggest that you tell the mother that if she does not give more attention to her children and home, you will report the case to the juvenile court authorities. It is certain they would not countenance such persistent negligence.

Q.—Will you kindly tell me what is good for taking pimples from the face?
BILL.

A.—Bathing frequently is the best simple remover. Pimples are caused by a bad condition of the blood and clogging pores. The diet and the cleansing of the skin must be considered.

HA! DESIGNERS DISCOVER NEW WAY TO USE BLACK VELVET WITH SUMMER GOODS



Neither a tie nor a jabot. Their latest invention is a blouse decoration which is neither a jabot nor a tie. This new accessory permits the display of a yard or more of black velvet on a waist front. The band is applied with snappers.

Another style note in this illustration is the new straight and narrow shirt sleeves. The embroidery on the blouse is picked out in beads.

Black velvet makes the perfect contrast for almost every summer material, color, or complexion. Therefore designers are forever seeking new ways to use it.