

The Tacoma Times



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\$3 A Day For Fighters

"The minimum cash pay of soldiers and sailors should be not less than \$3 per day during the war." The sentence is quoted from a telegram sent to President Wilson Saturday by E. W. Scripps, founder of a string of newspapers stretching across the continent, of which The Times is one.

Why not? Three dollars is a fair wage. It would give the unmarried recruit a sun to recompense him, when he returned to civil life, for the time and advancement in his occupation he had lost while away. It would make it possible for the married man to leave his loved ones and yet feel that they were to suffer no privation because of his going to answer his country's call.

A heavy burden on the country? Possibly, and yet not unbearably heavy by any means. This is the richest nation the sun ever shone on, and it can afford to pay a decent wage for fighters as well as for congressmen and diplomats and other servants. At that, the cost Mr. Scripps proposes would be but \$3,000,000 a day in wages for the army of a million that is now to be raised. As national finance is figured in these 20th century days, \$3,000,000 a day is no impossible sum.

But in making the suggestion, Mr. Scripps couples it up with a definite proposal for raising the \$3,000,000 a day and much more that would be needed for other war purposes. That is to tax the great incomes of the country to a degree never before attempted. Conscript everything above \$100,000 a year, he suggests; increase other income and inheritance taxes greatly. In short, make the wealthy of the nation pay the enlisted man's \$3 a day and all the other expenses of the war.

The proposal is fair and sane. Congress should enact it into law. The Times is particularly proud that the suggestion for this drastic program should come from its founder. If put into effect it would cut Mr. Scripps' own income to a fraction of its present size. We know that he would truly rejoice to have his personal revenues diverted to this patriotic end, and we hope that the other millionaires of the land will come forward and join in making the necessary legislation certain.

Bully For Senator Lodge

The person by the name Bannwart who called Cabot Lodge a coward and was knocked down by a blow from the senator's fist got what was coming to him. That was no way to address a Cabot from Massachusetts, "the home of the bean and the cod, where the Cabots talk to the Lowells and the Lowells talk to God." Persons by the name Bannwart who come from goodness knows where probably have no business talking to the Cabots anyway, and even if they had they ought to know enough to take the subject up through an intermediary just as the Cabots themselves do when they desire to address the deity.

Even in the senate where the highest privilege prevails no senator presumes to address the senator from Massachusetts without invoking the mediation of the chair. How, then, did a Bannwart out in the lobby, holding no commission from any state and accredited to the Cabots from no family from Massachusetts or elsewhere, figure that he could get in? Clearly, it was an impertinence at best, and to get in with the kind of remark that he did was the merest madness. Even the Lodge in the Massachusetts senate could scarcely have restrained his arm, the Cabot never.

The senator and the country would be richer if the national legislature had more Lodges as ready as he to knock down Bannwarts or any other kind of warts who assailed their honor or that of the nation. Henry Cabot Lodge has always been ready to guard both and Americans honor him for it.—Kansas City Star.

Von Reventlow, that wild Berlin editor, calls us "The great bluff factory across the Atlantic." We hereby challenge Von to a duel with ink at two paces, and it's no bluff either. Name your seconds or shut up! Ours are Teddy Roosevelt and David Starr Jordan. S'blood! No, ink!

Bob Sheds Tears

Rev. Bob Fitzsimmons, ex-prize fighter, on his first appearance as an evangelist, at San Jose, Cal., wept like a child.

Much tears are a new stunt in evangelization, and we rather expect Bob to reap a large harvest of several varieties of grain. Bob could hardly hope to compete with Rev. Billy Sunday in yowling and near-cussing because he hasn't the lungs of a baseballist and he'd be sure to overstep the bounds of Billy's refined blasphemy and deliver downright swearing, in moments when carried away by his theme. Billy has really pre-empted the field of scaring 'em into heaven and Bob's plan of flooding 'em in ought to work.

When folks can enjoy a perfectly happy time at a movie show, teeming with family horrors and other human bitterness and misfortune, any policy that brings the tears must be accredited with some pull. Rev. Bob Fitzsimmons must be able-bodied in tears and he frankly admits that his misadventure inspires him. San Jose seems disposed to float up the main aisle to the sinners' bench, anyway.

Anyhow, "he kept us out of war" as long as he could.

The American Flag

(Joseph Rodman Drake.)

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there!
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streaks of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,
She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land.

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high!
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born stories burn,
And, as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home,
By angels hallowed to valor given,
The stars have in the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us!

The Great American Home!



ANSWERS By CYNTHIA GREY

Q.—Will you please tell me which state was admitted to the Union last, and also what year? I think it was Arizona in 1913, but some think it was Utah.

JUST 12.

A.—Arizona was the last state admitted. It became a state Feb. 14, 1912.

Q.—I have been told that when the owner of a house gives his renter thirty days notice to vacate, the renter does not have to pay rent for that time. Will you kindly let me know if that is true?

FAV.

A.—A landlord may collect rent from his tenant up to the time he vacates even though he has been served with a notice to vacate.

Dear Miss Grey: Let me state in the first place that although I have met many a boy during the 16 years of my life I have never kissed one, and conceive the practice of doing so disgusting and silly, to say the least. But the words of the young man who blandly states that he holds in disrespect the girl whom he has induced to surrender her good sense, fills me with righteous indignation. By what code of ethics can he who kisses deem himself higher and in position to disrespect the one whom he

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.

has kissed? Surely one is foolish to the same extent as the other. And why, may I ask, cannot a girl, reversing the situation, declare that she disrespects the boy who is weak and unmanly enough to kiss her? It is nothing in the world but old double standard, reflected in the minds of the young.

A WOULD-BE SUFFRAGETTE.

Q.—We are two girls who were taught by our mother never to accept a kindness without making a return. Our mother died several years ago and now our father is soon to be married to a friend we care much for. We girls earn

good pay and we plan to leave home for a time in order to give father and his wife a chance alone. Later, if they desire it, we can return. Father leaves it to our judgment, seeming to think whatever we do is right. Our relatives and friends think it is terrible for us to give up our home to someone else. They say father should not let us do it, while we ourselves are only thinking of his happiness. What would you advise us to do?

TWO SISTERS.

A.—It does not seem that your father's happiness depends on your leaving home, even for a short time. He will probably take his bride for a short trip and when they return they will be glad to find you at the house. You can then adjust your individual duties as the happiness of all seems to require. If your spirit of co-operation will give your new mother more happiness than unnecessary sacrifice on your part.

Q.—I can't control my nerves any more. Everything at the office annoys me, and even the Victrola at home. What can I do for this?

W. G.

A.—Consult a physician and take his advice as well as his medicine. You may need more sleep and rest, or you may need more outdoor exercise. Or there may be some conditions at home or at the office which worry you. Correct them if you can.

Q.—I am planning to give a simple "shower" for a young woman soon to be married. Please give me a few suggestions about presenting the gifts and some other features of entertainment and refreshments?

L. K.

A.—Hang a large Japanese umbrella from a light fixture and attach the gift bundles to the umbrella by varicolored ribbons. The bride, or all company, may be required to guess what each parcel contains and what kind of weather it will signify. The umbrella in this case indicates "showers" of many varieties. Offer prizes for the best guesses.

If you serve tea and sandwiches you can gather your guests about the dining table and pile the gifts in the center. Each guest may be required to make a speech to the bride as she presents her gift.

Q.—Three years ago I married a man I thought I loved. Two years before that a sweetheart of mine had gone away to make his fortune. He asked me to wait for him; but I did not think he meant it. He has now returned, having done extremely well, and finds me married. I am all broken up over it. My husband and I do not get along very well, but I do not want him to know that I do not love him as I should. Miss Grey, do you think it is a sin to live with one man when your heart belongs to another? MARY.

A.—For the life of me I cannot figure how your heart belongs to the other man. Had you believed in him and loved him truly you would not have married another. And had this man really meant what he said he would not have left you five years without a word to encourage you in your waiting. So that dream is all over for both of you. The fact that the man has been successful has its influence. Had he failed, neither of you would have thought of the prom-

CONFESSIONS of a WIFE

YOUTH AND AGE CANNOT BE DENIED

"It is a sad thing, Margie," said Paula, "that we cannot take our youthful courage, our youthful optimism, with us through life. I went to see a play the other day translated from the German of Herman Bahr, called 'The Poor Fool.' Although the average newspaper critic did not like it, to me it meant much. 'One brother had lived all his life a regime of the greatest self-denial. He had piled up riches, had built up a great business and he was dying. The other brother had lived his life to the fullest and was now lapsing into mental chaos which would eventually mean death in life. 'Each thought the other a fool and the play ended with the eternal question, why? 'One had never known the joy of living, the irresponsibility of the young, the optimism and enthusiasm of youth. The other had carried all these too far into age. He had consistently denied the maturity that experience must bring. Each had tried to stop the great law—in fact, the only law—of change. 'One denied youth, the other age, and so each had missed the best of life. 'I am telling this to you, Margie, because when you write my story many may think I was too careless, too carefree for a girl who was dependent upon her own resources. But you must remember, Margie, I was not brought up to face responsibility. I had no idea of the value of money. Although I had come very near to the borderland of hunger in that first few weeks, yet fate always stepped in and helped me out of every tight place. 'I had now more money, more appropriate clothes, more tools, more experience by which to conquer success. A restlessness, however, made it seem almost impossible for me to act again. I wanted to try something else. I told this to Alma, and she said, 'How much money have you, Alma? 'Two hundred dollars. 'Why that is riches beyond compare! Why don't you look about a bit and see what you would like to do. 'I'll tell you, I'm going over to Washington next week to see a president of the United States inaugurated. Come on over there with me. You can share my room and we can get our coffee and toast together. It won't cost you much and you can make up your mind in peace far away from the echoes of the theater. 'I'll do it, I answered with alacrity. 'Tom is being sent over by his paper too,' said Alma with a slight blush. 'Wouldn't it be nice if we could persuade Jeff Perrygreen to come over while we are there? 'I'm afraid we could not do much work or deciding about work,' I said, but I confess to you, Margie, I was delighted with the idea. 'Much to the surprise of the manager of the company, Earnest Lawton and the entire cast, I acquiesced with great pleasure in allowing Earnest's wife to play the part of Elga for the last three days of the week, and I fixed up my wardrobe and other affairs and prepared to depart for pastures new. 'I cannot leave Earnest Lawton, Margie, without telling you that years afterward when he was dead and his pretty wife ill and almost penniless I had the great pleasure of helping that pretty daughter of his to a position on the stage. 'Now, don't look surprised! I had learned long before that time that the stage is just as safe as any other place for a girl, provided the girl is the safe kind.' (To Be Continued.)

THE GIRL YOU MARRY



It costs 35 cents for a manieure—tip optional. And so, she says, she positively will not plant a tomato vine nor pull a weed this summer. Let the cost of living worry Mother and Uncle Sam—it's the high price of polished nails that grips her! Swell talk, you think. And you worship those shell pink finger tips, don't you, son? But seriously, however are you going to keep them in repair year after year?

REMEMBER THEY COST MOST IN WHAT THEY DON'T, CAN'T AND WON'T DO.

Whenever you're tempted to overlook the ordinary or garden variety of girls, better meditate on the upkeep of the manieured variety.

ie made so long ago. So your duty is wholly to your husband. Forget the might-have-beens and devote your time to making yourself and your husband happy under present conditions.

Dear Miss Grey: I have often admired your good judgment in answering letters through The Times. But I thoroughly disagree with the answer you gave "Lonely Heart." A well known maxim of law is: "There is no wrong without a remedy. And since a poor or unfortunate person can get no remedy through our laws, I have found the best thing is to give the bully a dose of the medicine he mixed for you and turn the light of publicity upon his cruel acts. That

will effectively silence them, otherwise, they will follow you and throw mud on you as long as they can reach you. For a trifle wrong that a child may do, they will pounce upon it like blood hounds. Arrest them and send them to the slave pens for the best part of their years. Why shield a seasoned criminal? A HUMANITARIAN.

Q.—What difference is there between a full-blooded horse and a thoroughbred? A. F.

A.—The terms are synonymous.

Q.—Will you please let me know what day Sept. 24, 1907, fell on? L. B. A.—Sept. 24, 1907, fell on a Tuesday.

The Outbursts of Everett True. BY CONDO.

