

THE TIMES



Member of the Scripps Northwest League of Newspapers, the Newspaper Enterprise Association and the United Press Association. Entered at the postoffice, Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter. Published by the Tacoma Times Publishing Co. every evening except Sunday. Rates—By mail, 50 cents a month; \$2 a year; by carrier in city, 25 cents a month. Telephone, all departments, Main 12. Offices, Times Building 519 Pacific avenue.

WOMEN LEARNING TO BE PRO-WOMAN CYNTHIA GREY'S CORNER IN THE TIMES

(Editorial by Cynthia Grey)

Labor, Capital and Patriotism

Undoubtedly the war is working great changes in all of us. It has exploded us out of our rut. We are not thinking as we used to think. We see old things in a new light. We find flaws in old opinions that not long ago we strenuously defended. Men we thought we knew show traits of character we never suspected. Doubtless they see a change in us.

The world itself seems smaller. The map of Europe takes on a new and lively interest. It is humanized. It is now more than mountains and valleys and rivers and cities and lakes. It is men and women and children.

National boundaries move back and forth with the armies. School geographies show us only what was. The daily newspaper map tells us what is.

It's all very wonderful, thrillingly interesting. None of us fully understands it all. And it's no easy trick to keep one's reason on straight. But those who want to understand must not jump too quickly to conclusions.

Let's take on example of hair-trigger reasoning. A recent issue of The Shoe and Leather Reporter makes this comment:

"America will come out of the most stupendous war of history still rich in material possessions, but with a new soul. It is true that this is a rich man's war, but not in the sense intended by the corners of the phrase. Men of wealth, prominence and position are sending their sons to the front, subscribing millions to the Liberty Loans, paying unheard-of taxes, and in thousands of instances are working long hours each day for the government without pay."

Now if we stop there, most of us can agree with that statement, including many of us who in the past have pictured many of those very men of wealth and prominence as selfish, sordid-dollar-chasers and exploiters of labor. But we see now something new in them—at least new to some of us. And we admire it.

But the editor who wrote that editorial didn't stop there. He attempted to show us the other side of the shield, and followed up with this criticism of labor:

"In glaring contrast to the action of the business men is the attitude of organized labor, which is taking advantage of the exigency and exacting its pound of flesh. While capital is co-operating with the government to keep prices down, labor is demanding and receiving repeated advances in wages. The hopefulness of the situation lies in the fact that labor is only following the example of predatory capital, and sooner or later will profit by the better example now being set."

It is true many capitalists and employers have shown a splendid spirit in giving gladly their services to the government without compensation.

But they could afford it. Labor might have done the same, but couldn't afford it. And we know of no instance where the demands or organized labor—or even the repeated demands—for increased wages, has kept pace with the increased cost of living.

It was inevitable that wages should go up. They had to go. But even when they did go up the purchasing power of labor was no greater than it was before. When they got more dollars they didn't get more bread, meat, potatoes, shoes, clothing or coal.

In trying to hold food prices down—and other prices as well—no attempt was made by the government to get them down and hold them down to what they were before the war. When prices were fixed they were fixed higher than they had been before the war.

If prices won't stand still, wages can't. If prices go up, wages must go up. And unless wages go up as fast as prices do, labor won't be as well off as it was before.

So it hasn't been any selfish grab on labor's part. Labor demanded no pound of flesh. Its spirit has been quite as fine as that of the men of wealth who give freely their time and pay willingly their hitherto unheard-of taxes.

This is especially true of organized labor. The officials of the American Federation of Labor, under the leadership of Sammel Gompers, have gone the limit in backing up the government in its conduct of the war.

And all who seek the truth will find that there is glory for both sides of the industrial shield, and that no class enjoys a monopoly of patriotism.

The Red Cross of Akra

If there are any Red Cross medals awarded we hope one will go to the women of Akra, N. D.

In this little country town, near the Canadian border, all the women and girls enlisted in Red Cross work. And the first thing they knew they had knitted into Sammy socks all the yarn. They sent a delegate to Grand Forks and then to Fargo for yarn and could get none.

Did they throw up their hands and quit? Not those women of Akra!

They sent this message along the roads of Pembina county:

"Shear a sheep for Red Cross." Hundreds of farmers did that.

They brought the wool in to the women of Akra who carded, wove and spun black and white wool into just the right shade of "army gray" yarn.

It was no small job, but the women of Akra have yarn for all winter.

Wisconsin's governor may appoint a U. S. senator to succeed Husting, and the whole nation will be interested in seeing whether he picks out a mate or a checkmate to La Follette. It's some responsibility for a governor who wants the job for himself, later on.

Theoretically, Woman Is a Good Soldier



(Special to The Times.)

BOSTON, Mass., Nov. 10.—Attention, sweet girl graduate! Mrs. Housewife, lend your ear for a moment.

Professional woman, business girl, mother of the race! Are you eligible for military service? Are you ready to volunteer if Uncle Sam should decide to use you in a soldier's uniform?

Can you lift 1,000 pounds on your knees? Can you scale a wall 12 feet high? Can you hike 25 miles without fatigue?

Good Soldiers? These and similar questions crop up, suggested by the statement of Dr. Dudley A. Sargent of Cambridge, Mass., president of the Sargent School of Physical Education, that "pound for pound the average normal woman in good health can endure more pain, discomfort and fatigue, and can expend more muscular energy, than the average man of similar condition."

There is only one logical question to follow such a declaration: "Would women make good soldiers?"

"There seems to be no reason why, from the standpoint of physical endurance, woman should not make as good a soldier as a man," said Dr. Sargent. "They are more capable of withstanding hardship, cold, fatigue and discomfort."

Very Bad. "But do not misunderstand me," he added emphatically. "I do not say that it would be a good thing to put women in the field as soldiers. It would be a VERY BAD THING, for we can use them better in other ways."

"As far as their physical qualifications go, they would no doubt make as good soldiers as men. Hand-to-hand fighting is out of date; other kinds of strength are needed in trench warfare, and women could meet these requirements as well as the male sex."

If it were advisable that they should. The Russians have certain military units of women, and, if the papers are to be believed, they have done well.

Lifts 1,000 Pounds. "Granted that the reports of Mme. Botchkorevka and her 'Legion of Death' are true," Dr. Sargent was asked, "are they not impairing their strength, and unfitting themselves to be wives and mothers by their work as fighting soldiers?"

"Not necessarily," he replied.



"SHE IS MORE OF A SAVAGE," SAYS THE DOCTOR.

"The girls in our gymnasium perform feats that would tax the strength of men, but they do not impair their physical strength. We had one girl who could lift 1,000 pounds on her knees—she was extraordinarily strong in the legs and ankles. "All this is not the same as saying that women are actually stronger than men. That is not true. Remember that I said, 'pound for pound.' The average woman weighs 25 pounds less than the average man, and is some five inches shorter. Woman has more endurance proportionately to her size and weight, as you can observe in any dance hall. You won't see a girl who doesn't expect to dance every dance; while the men like to rest between whiles."

ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Dear Miss Grey: My wife and I are both from a foreign country. If I take out my naturalization papers will that make my wife an American citizen, or must she take out papers for herself? A. M. B.

When you become a citizen your wife becomes one also, without taking out separate papers. Your children, also, who are less than 21 years old now, will never need to take out papers.

Dear Miss Grey: In a store window which I pass every day they have the flag of Great Britain above the flag of the

United States. The children living near have told the policeman about it, and he said he would have it changed, but nothing has been done. How can we have the Stars and Stripes put on top? AMERICAN.

Probably the storekeeper does not know that the flag of this country must always be placed above other flags when flying on United States territory. Speak to the policeman again, or tell the proprietor of the store kindly that he has made a mistake. If you prefer you may ask a member of any patriotic society or a soldier to speak to him.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 17 and have been keeping company with a young man whom I like very much. He has enlisted and will leave soon. Should I let him write to me? Should I tell my parents about it? GEORGIA.

There should be no reason why the young man may not write to you. You must, of course, tell your parents about the correspondence. If they object, you will not write.

Dear Miss Grey: Please advise me how I can get rid of an oily nose. It looks so bad that I have to rub it with a handkerchief every hour to take the oil out. What is the cause of this? LAURA.

An oily skin is usually caused from an over-indulgence in food containing a large amount of fat. Put a few drops of camphor in the water you rinse your face in. Also avoid using any greasy creams or skin food. Rub the nose a number of times daily with a good chamolis skin.

Dear Miss Grey: Is there any way to can chicken at home so it will keep? FARMER'S WIFE.

Yes. Cut chicken first into suitable pieces, boil until tender and pack in glass jars surrounded by boiling water. The meat jelly, or "aspic," in which they have been cooked is then seasoned to taste and poured over the pieces, boiling hot, until the jar is filled to the brim, and the jars sealed while hot. The addition of the aspic, which is melted when the cans are sealed, but which solidifies on cooling, not only assists in preserving the meat, but improves its flavor.

Dear Miss Grey: Do letters going within the city limits require 3 cents postage? INQUIRER.

No. Only letters mailed to be sent outside of the city require the 3-cent postage.

Society

Jefferson P. T. A. will meet at 3 o'clock Tuesday afternoon at the school, to hear a patriotic program.

Marriage licenses were issued yesterday to Jurus Debolt of Auburn and Pearl Jones of Enumclaw; to C. E. Matthew of Tacoma and Maude S. Fenley of Seattle; to Joseph Sorenson and Sigrid Niba of Astoria, Ore.; to Fred Ross and Nellie Hoptowel of Enumclaw; to Wallace M. Mackey and Ruth M. Kaufman of San Diego, Cal.

The South Tacoma Red Cross Knitting club will meet Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Erickson, South Birmingham and 54th streets. Mrs. Reed will be the assisting hostess. A program of music will be given and an invitation is extended to all women interested in the work of the Red Cross.

The South Tacoma Red Cross auxiliary met Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Whitmore on South Alder street. Thirty women were present and a great deal of work was completed. Talks were given by Mrs. W. W. Seymour, Mrs. James Dempsey and Mrs. T. J. Handforth of the Red Cross headquarters.

The Immanuel Lutheran Ladies' Aid society meets Wednesday at the church parlors, North 14th and Stevens, with Mrs. N. Sand as hostess.

The First Norwegian Lutheran aid meets Thursday with Mrs. Martensen, 6252 Puget Sound ave.

The monthly meeting of the Tacoma Dahlia society will be held at the Commercial club at 8 o'clock Monday evening.

Eureka card club will give a card party at Odd Fellows' hall Thursday night. Mrs. Mary M. Hall is to be hostess.

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The Outbursts of Everett True. BY CONDA



Some women are always anti-everything—except themselves. They just naturally cling to last century's "woman against woman" theory, according to which every maid and matron considers every other woman a sex rival, and therefore to be hated.

Fortunately, the anti-everythings cannot stall their sex on its upward progress. They cannot stop a process in the evolution of woman, such as the "woman FOR woman" movement which began about a decade ago.

A most conspicuous example of how it is working out comes from Washington. Seventy-five women attorneys of the capital have pledged their aid to arrested women unable to pay for legal advice.

"For the sake of companionship," these lawyers say, "many women fell into the ways of sin without really meaning to go wrong. When they find no one willing to help them regain their feet, they go deeper thru siberian desperation. It is our purpose to help these people. WE WOMEN BELIEVE WE ARE THE ONES TO DO IT."

Hundreds of thousands of the finest women of the country have been converted to the same belief and are working along the same line. Most of them belong to some purposeful organization.

What the movement needs now is the endorsement of the protected housewife, of the mother insulated by family affairs, of the society woman whose only club activities are conducted over bridge tables.

War has taught these women to co-operate. They work together zealously in conserving food, knitting socks for sailors, packing kits for soldiers, buying Liberty bonds for humanity's sake, and in other ways making themselves useful to the nation.

They will cheerfully knit a dozen social sets together, they will co-operate to the point of sacrifice to reclaim the wounded bodies of their brothers.

But what will they do to reclaim the souls of their fallen sisters?

This question should be put to some of the most respectable women in some of the best protected social circles, because, nine times out of ten, they are the persons who thrust erring girls "outside the gate"—for the organized business women to rescue.

"We women believe we are the ones to do it," say Washington's women lawyers undertaking the job. And safe to say, they are mostly feminists and not anti-anything (except, perhaps, man).

The greatest triumph of feminism, up-to-date, is not the snatching of suffrage from unwilling males, nor is it the reconciliation of rival club presidents in their country's cause.

It is the development of a human tie between woman and woman, a tie as new to history as radium, and almost as valuable in its promise of miraculous service to the race.

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

ARE WE TRUE TO OURSELVES? "That's a rather good sentence," said Dick, as I finished the paragraph about women not being able to accept fealty with a string tied to it. "Do you know, dear, that this woman's philosophy makes me think of yours?"

"Of course, and do you know the reason why, Dick?" "No, I can't say that I do?"

"It is because the philosophy of all women who live and think and experience is the same. We want truth and loyalty without strings, just as you do. It is humanity's great desire, a desire seldom attained."

"Well, what does the 'woman outside' say?" Dick asked as he sat for a moment silent, evidently digesting my idea.

"She says, 'And what is the answer to it all?' I asked the man. And the letter continues:

"Why, dearest, you already have had the answer," he returned. "The whole thing is over and I do not even wish to see her again."

"Mrs. Margie, it may be that I was jealous, but it seemed to me that he was a little too anxious not to see her. I felt that he was not so sure that it was all over as he wished to make me sure that the obsession was ended."

"I cannot tell you how I felt. For the first time in all the two years that had seemed to mean so much to both of us, I did not at all relish being mother confessor. The maternal side of my love for him languished and my heart choked me so that I could not speak as I quietly covered up the hurt. And then as I gazed thru blurred eyes at the appealing smile on the face of the man opposite me, I suddenly found that it had no power to move me."

"Mrs. Margie, I think that was the greatest pain I have ever known. I did not for a moment realize that something beautiful had gone out of my life—that something that I thought quite necessary to my happiness had died and that I must bury it decently and quietly from all human eyes, even the ingenious ones which were looking at me from across the table in consternation."

"Sweetheart, sweetheart, don't you understand, can't I make you understand, that I really care for you and for no other woman in all the world? Why, the very fact that I had to come to you with this story confirms my own feelings in the matter. I know now better than I ever did before that you are everything to me. I want you always, dear. I need you."

"I rely upon you, my dear, as the Christians of old were said to hang on the Everlasting Arms. Speak to me, sweetheart. Tell me you understand and that in the near future you will go away with me far from all this unsatisfactory unrest and this life of struggle and hurry."

"I could hardly believe my ears, Mrs. Margie, and as I write it to you, I wonder if my story is unusual or have many other women had this same kind of experience. Can a man hold a woman in his heart; can he single out one set of emotions which are for her alone while playing at love with many others?"

"As I write, that old song comes to me which Rosina Vokes used to sing about the sailor who had a sweetheart in every port, but whose heart was true to Pol—the wife he had left at home."

"However much we try to show ourselves absolutely true to another person, we never can do it because we are never absolutely true to ourselves. Perhaps if the man had never told me about the American Beauty rose I would have gone away with him. I will never know if under those circumstances I would have been strong enough to resist not him alone, but also my love for him."

(To Be Continued.)

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