

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, July 16, 1902. Published by the Tacoma Times Publishing Co. every evening except Sunday. Rates—By mail, 10 cents a month; \$2 a year; by carrier in city, 25 cents a month. Telephone, all departments, Main 12. Office, Times Building 819 Pacific avenue.

Telephone Girls Tricked

The Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Co. proved in Tacoma exactly what the Seattle operators who refused to call off their strike claimed. It proved itself faithless.

Tacoma girls voted to return to work in accordance with the mediation agreement. They voted to end the strike. But when they returned to the telephone headquarters, the manager informed them they could not get their old jobs back, but would be considered as new applicants. They would have to take their turn for a vacancy.

This is a plain breach of faith. The government of the United States has virtually been made a laughing stock in this affair. Secretary of Labor Wilson and a mediation board worked for days to get some kind of agreement settled upon, which was finally heralded a tri-party affair, binding the company and the operators' union, with the government as the third party of interest.

And the first result of this mediation agreement is to permit the company to slap the face of the girls who belong to the union which the company agreed to recognize.

Is the United States government going to stand for that?

Kultur for the German-Irish

Welcome to our midst the Irische Blatter. Blatter is the appropriate English for it, but, in Berlin, you put a dish or a couple of fly-specks over the "a" and it means "Leaves."

The Irische Blatter is the new Berlin publication just given birth to by the Berlin German-Irish Society, its parents in particular being Professor Eduard Meyer, the well-known British lion tail-twister; Dr. Karl Goldsmith, one of the Krupp war profiteers; Professor Schiemann, the kaiser's favorite diagnostician of world-politics, and others who love all the possible German there may be in the Irish.

The purpose of the Irische Blatter is to encourage Irishmen of Great Britain and America to rebel and riot, thus aiding their dear German friends' war proceedings, and we repeat that we greet the birth of the Irische Blatter with cheerful acclaim; it's because of this excerpt from the Blatter's editorial columns:

"The German-Irish Society will devote its energies to reopening Ireland to the world, and especially to Germany."

You see, it's the German trying to fool the Irishman. There are tombstones in most all of our cemeteries representing fatal failures of such propaganda. What true Irishman will do to a crowd bent on handing Ireland over to Germany, especially, will be plenty.

Reserve corps officers are hot because regulars refer to them as "preserves." Steady, boys! Those regulars may be howling and praying for the "preserves" some day.

Just as Tammany is considering a wide-open Great White Way, along comes the fuel dictator and says lights out at 11 p. m. They're bound to make that way a pretty tough place for a fellow with conscientious scruples, before they get thru tinkering with it.

Maybe being under fire of the German guns will be valuable experience to those congressmen, when they come to run for re-election.

BYNG! By Bert Bralley

Oh I've just got to sing of Sir Julian Byng, The name has a ring irresistible. What joy it must bring to his country and king To think that the hero, Sir Julian Byng, Has proved that the tail of the lion, by jing, Is something that's wholly untwistable! And think how old Hindenburg's heart it must wring When binged on the bean by Sir Julian Byng.

When Sir Julian Byng was all ready to spring He sprang with a zing undeniable; And the Germans took wing, dropping every old thing, In the rush of the troops of Sir Julian Byng Who showed in one gorgeous, splendidous fling That Hindenburg's line was quite friable; They broke it with ease like a thin piece of string, When ordered to charge by Sir Julian Byng!

Oh glory shall cling to Sir Julian Byng The poets shall sing him in history In verses that swing they will tell what a sting There was to the charge of Sir Julian Byng While Hindenburg's language was bistery; So jingle the cymbals and let the bells ring This Great single bingle of Julian Byng!

21 more days to buy a Christmas Present



Society

Thanksgiving was a day of marriages in Tacoma. Wednesday 27 licenses were issued by the Pierce county auditor, a record number for one day.

Many of the grooms were soldiers stationed at Camp Lewis. The list of those procuring licenses included: Louis Wether of L. Catherine H. Castle of Tacoma; John R. Ohneck and Mattie McTeer of Eatonville; Austin M. Drinkwater of San Jose, Cal., and Frances Marie Butler of Sebastopol; Ross Smith of San Francisco and Nora Shaw of Bremerton; Fred Wallace Kelly of New York city and Dorothy Albaugh of La Crosse, Wis.; D. R. Buchanan of Seattle and Georgia Taylor of Astoria, Ore.; Joseph A. J. Cole of Riverside, Cal., and Ethel Miller of Lodi, Cal.; Fred Bartell of Newmons Grove, Neb., and Agnes Madsen of Portland; John Pruy of Elizabeth, Ky., and Orin Shipp of Portland; George S. Weivoda of Missoula and Anna Morizean of Ronan, Mont.; Myron L. Carr of Great Falls, Mont., and Mildred Muscek of Tacoma; A. J. Urquhart of Lind, Wash., and Geraldine Flynn of San Francisco; Basil K. Woods of Berkeley, and Alice Phelps of Nevada City, Cal.;

Walter W. Miller and Marguerite A. Covert of Tonino; Ward McKenney and Dorothy K. Brandt of San Francisco; Andrew Bush and Pauline Medgard of Seattle; Michael Angona and Mary E. Hodson of Los Angeles; Phillip M. Lutton and Edith L. Martin of Long Beach, Cal.; A. C. Smith of Seattle and Florence McCorkie of Grand Rapids, Mich.; Clarence D. Lockhead of Portland and Mary A. Padden of Tacoma; John A. Watson and Elizabeth Shielking of Tacoma; Bryan Boyle and Annie Gallagher of Tacoma; J. C. McCain and Ruby Stronider of Tacoma; Daniel J. Coman and Mary Frances Fox of Portland; Robert S. Dodds and Loretta M. Brophy of Tacoma; Elmer A. Hughes and Maud Mayhew of Tacoma.

The Day Nursery Sewing club will hold a Christmas sale Saturday at 913 Broadway.

Ferrit F. Gault is commissioned as first lieutenant in artillery at Fort Snelling and Henry B. Caldwell, another Tacoman, first lieutenant at Fort Sheridan.

Phi Kappa Psi of Tacoma and Camp Lewis held a rousing reunion at the Woman's clubhouse Wednesday night. Those present were: John A. Rea of Cornell university, who acted as toastmaster; Capt. Albert Rolling and Corp. W. A. Kottelwell, of the University of Iowa; Dellard Salley, of the University of Washington; B. M. Cherrington and Lieut. H. S. Taylor, of the University of Nebraska; H. A. Dunn, of Swathmore college; Lieut. S. R. Pfund, J. A. Armstead, N. Smith, of the University of California; W. F. Thompson of Wittenberg college; L. R. Cooness, W. L. McCormick and J. T. E. Lyle, of the University of Wisconsin; A. H. Barnhisel, of Stanford university; F.

THE CLINGING VINE

An Editorial For Women

BY CYNTHIA GREY.

"The clinging vine type of girl is extinct. War has changed girls entirely. The world has been so aroused to action that the luxury-loving butterfly girl who lived with no particular plan, no definite purpose in life, has disappeared. The idle life is gone. She who continued the old life would not be much of a girl."

Surely Miss Laura A. Knott, who is quoted, is qualified to speak. She is considered "an expert in young ladies." For 17 years she has been principal of Bradford academy, one of the old and famous girls' schools of the United States.

Miss Knott must have seen many fashions in girls come and go. There was once the summer girl who never took life seriously, even in winter. Then came the athletic girl, who bought her coats and hats in men's shops. The true society type flourished next, affecting an utterly silly indifference to the useful side of life. The reaction to this appea life seriously, even in winter. Then suffrage caught up girls in search of adventure. Next dancing and skating became the sole interests of all fair maids.

Thru all the changing styles in girls, the clinging vine still lived on. Now comes the war, making it fashionable for girls to appear very busy. It is perfectly astonishing how busy some girls can look—and never get anything done.

Since Eve started to make a skirt of leaves and then decided an apron was big enough, woman has had a cute way of starting things and never finishing them. And man, admiring all the pretty processes, forgets to notice there never are any results.

There are homes conducted on this principle—most unstable and unhappy homes.

Now war, the great reality, demands that woman ACHIEVE for purpose. It is not enough for a girl to sport a gorgeous knitting bag, nor that she count her stitches in a street car. How many sponges, how many socks has she FINISHED? Bradford girls knit between the courses of their dinner, and one girl there has knit 11 sweaters.

It is not enough that the housewife TALK about helping Hoover. Is she ACTUALLY OBSERVING meatless and wheatless days? Is she saving fats and sugar by small and painful economies?

It is not enough to have "a particular plan" or "a definite purpose." War forces woman to GET RESULTS, to arrive, independently, by her own exertions, and without man's notice, applause or approval.

When a woman can work so, she has really ceased to be a clinging vine. But how the sprouts struggle for existence! The old root dies hard.

B. Gault, of Cornell college; Lieut. Wilfred Lewis, of the University of Illinois; L. F. Gault, of the University of Kansas.

Tacoma branch, Collegiate Alumnae, announces in its current bulletin the following new members: Miss Lois K. Hartman, Miss L. Foreman, Miss Elizabeth Drummond, Miss Eneola McIntyre, Mrs. Charles Spear, Mrs. E. K. Reynolds, Miss Ethel Radford, Miss Helen Oldfield, Miss Sylvia Miller, Miss Anna O. Miller, Mrs. Wallace Macpherson, Mrs. J. P. KKane, Miss Allie Laird, Miss Zaldia Bonney, Miss Helen M. Pinkerton, Miss Inez Cook, Miss Mildred Pope.

The drama section of the Collegiate Alumnae will hold its next meeting on Monday at the home of Miss Nessenon, 1707 North Prospect. Subject, "Plays of Pinero"; leader, Miss Emma Hopkins.

A hardtime dance will be given Thursday at Lincoln dancing academy.

Secretary Wilson Is Back on Job Today

PORTLAND, Ore., Nov. 29.—Secretary of Labor Wilson was sufficiently recovered from his recent illness today to resume his duties as chairman of the president's special mediation board.

Outbursts of Everett True

BY CONDO.



Painless Parker--Outlaw

His Confessions

CHAPTER II

Wherever you hear Painless Parker toasted by his brother dentists or by those who have fallen for their "bunk," you will hear the word "unethical." There's the indictment in a nutshell. "Ethical" is obeying the simple rules of moral conduct that the dictionary definition amounts to. So, I'm accused of failing to live up to the moral code. These dental societies here have drawn up a schedule of minimum fees which are to be charged for work done by their members. According to the rules it is "unethical" to charge below these fixed prices. There are some funny items in this fee schedule. Take it down the line the "ethical" dentists are banded together to charge from five to ten times what the actual work costs. They are leagued to charge for instance \$10 per tooth for bridge-work, the material for which does not cost more than 30 cents to \$1.50 at the outside limit. For a single gold crown, to quote another example, the "ethical" men charge all the way from \$10 to \$40. The material need costs from 30 cents to \$1.50. These are just samples of the "ethical" way of holding the gun to the public, and I shall explain more at length later in this series. But just now I want to emphasize this one point: I am "unethical" because I don't and won't charge these burglar prices. My definition of "ethical" is just like the other fellow's. My practice, however, seems to be radically different. I believe it is "unethical" (un-moral) to charge a patient ten times what the job is worth. I don't care how many dentists band together in all sorts of associations, adopt rules and pass resolutions condemning the man who will not "combine in restraint of trade" are just as guilty as the "manufacturers of great wealth" that Uncle Sam sends to prison. "Ethical" Does your Dental Society's constitution have some of humor enough to realize how ridiculous he is when he makes this claim for himself? I'm going to write a very frank history of my own career first as an "ethical" and later as an "unethical" dentist. And I shall tell some ludicrous things about the "ethical" ways of the amalgamated tooth-plumbers. (To Be Continued.)

WOMAN'S STATUES MASCULINE STYLE



The field of sculpture is an unusual one for women, but Belle Kinney, whose work is well known in the south, has compelled New York also to recognize her genius. Her studio at 61 Fifth Avenue has become a center of interest to the art world of the big city. Miss Kinney has her own ideas about sculpture. Her work has always been styled rugged and masculine, rather than feminine. She has made many statues in honor of leaders of the Confederacy.

Confessions of a Wife

MARGIE MUST BE SHOWN I couldn't help being amused at Dick, he acted so much like a small boy who had determined not to play in my yard, but I was a little angry too when he turned to Jim and asked: "Won't you have a cocktail, Jim?" "No," answered Jim, shortly. "Well, I'm going to have one." "Oh Dick!" I gasped, for the doctor had expressly said no alcohol on account of his heart. "Don't be a blooming ass, old chap," said Jim cheerfully, "just because Margie doesn't want to play the way you do with the book concern is no reason why you should attempt suicide before our eyes." "Oh, all right, have it your own way, but I don't think one little cocktail would hurt me." I wanted to say that I knew one little cocktail would hurt anyone, but I knew it would be putting oil in fire, as Dick thought my objection to any kind of alcoholic liquor was a personal jab at himself, and so I kept still. I am learning to keep still, little book, when I know it will not do me any good to speak. The dinner came and we ate almost in silence, much to the embarrassment of Jim, who tried his best to keep up conversation. I could see, however, that Dick's cross mood was wearing off somewhat as he ate and I could not help smiling as I thought how many times Annie had said to me: "If your man comes home cross, Miss Margaret, don't say a word until you've got his stomach full. When his digestion is working good, he is sleepy and calm like a cow, altho, he might be a raging bull before." Jim asked me where I had been and I told him about my clever little "sales-person," and Dick said gruffly: "She had better take any man she can get before she loses her good looks, for most men know that a clever wife or one that thinks she is clever is a nuisance. Jab No 1 at me. I let it pass, but I could see Jim squirm. Poor, poor Dick, he hates to be crossed as much as his mother does. And he will never get over the idea that any wife is the same sort of foolish woman that his mother is. He never understood Jack's wife Mary, and her wonderful business ability, and altho I made him save his first money, he still thinks that he did it all and that I would have spent it all if he had not been there to restrain me. It will take him a long while to learn to give any woman credit for business ability. Of course you remember, little book, the terrible quarrel we had when I first declined to put all the money I had saved into stock in the book concern. I could see I was in for just about such another battle when it came to talking about voting my own stock. Dick ate his dinner rapidly and waited impatiently while I drank my coffee. I confess I did not hurry, little book. It made me furious that he should be so sure that I would do just what he wanted me to do without any reason except that I wanted it. This I might do in personal matters that would make him happy, but when it came to things concerning my own business, I must have a reason. Beside there was a great principle involved. I must know where I stood before I allowed anyone to vote my stock. I had hardly set my cup down when Dick arose from the table abruptly. "Come on, Jim, I expect we've got to go over that whole matter with Margie," he said. "And of all things deliver me from explaining business to women. But we've got to have things ready for the meeting tomorrow. If I'd have known that Margie was going to be from Missouri I would have kept her home from that shrouded shopping tour and found her." (To Be Continued.)

Who'll Pay the Cost?

Whether Tacoma's Olympia should bear most of the cost of the pipe line between here and Olympia was the question before the public service commission Wednesday in the hearing of the proposed increase in rates asked by the Tacoma Gas Co.