

# EDITORIALS

THE TACOMA 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.

## Will YOU Help?

Are you a renter? Has your landlord raised your rent? Has he threatened to do so? Do you want to keep him from raising your rent? Do you believe some Tacoma landlords are profiteering? Yes? Well then, here is your chance to enlist in the movement to bring profiteering landlords to their senses. This is a nation-wide undertaking, embracing all people preyed upon by profiteering landlords. The plan is to appeal to congress for relief—a 100 per cent excess profits tax. Congress will do that if it is convinced the American people want it. You can help by signing the petition below and send or bring it to the Editor The Times, who will forward it on to the congressman from your district.

Hon. Albert Johnson, Representative, 3d Wash. District, House of Congress:

As a citizen of Tacoma and a rent payer, I believe that congressional action is necessary to curb for the period of the war the landlords who are profiteering in rents.

I urge you to work for the passage of legislation, either as an amendment to the new finance bill, or otherwise, of an act which will declare all rents in excess of the rents charged for the year ending Sept. 30, 1917, plus five per cent allowance for increased costs, to be EXCESS PROFITS, upon which shall be levied a tax of ONE HUNDRED PER CENT.

I shall watch with a great deal of interest your action in this matter.

Very respectfully yours,

(Sign) .....

(Address) .....

## Must Drive to Win

That victory follows the decisive attack and never comes with even the most courageous defense, Gen. Foch points out as the first principle of modern warfare. In other words American and allied forces must assume the offensive before the kaiser is beaten into submission. We must carry the war home to the Germans, into the very heart of the German empire—ON TO BERLIN!

Merely warding off blows isn't enough. We must whip the Huns now or fight this war all over again in the near future.

We believe the nations leagued against kaiserism are approaching the day when "They shall not pass!" will no longer be the battlecry. America can hasten the day when the word will pass all along that line "over there"—ON TO BERLIN!

For the United States must be "over there" in overwhelming forces before Gen. Foch's "prepared bludgeon" can drive the Germans back across the Rhine and carry the war to the kaiser's doorstep, where it rightly belongs.

If New Jersey will just mobilize her summer crop we bet the U-boat menace will soon disappear from our shores.

## Hands Must Be Clean

Members of the American Labor Commission in Paris at a general labor conference voted against the plan of a few French socialists to meet with German workmen in a neutral country to talk over peace plans.

"Never will American workers meet the Germans until the latter abandon the cause of imperialism and militarism," declared James Wilson of the U. S. commission, adding: "Till then Americans will fight to the last dollar and the last drop of blood."

In other words, the German people shall come to a peace meeting with clean hands, and as long as kaiserism is their god their hands are stained with savagery, inhumanity and gross injustice.

American labor will never clasp such a hand! We're in favor of Kitchin sitting in the parlor while some one else cooks up the new war revenue laws.

## For the Kiddies

A Tacoma father writes in to explain his Thrift Stamp program, which is like this: "I have two children who in about five years will be starting in high school. Then they'll need more money than now. I'm beginning to save that extra money now by investing in one Thrift Stamp for each every day. That will make \$75 a year for each child in 1923, besides which all the money they earn and save is added to what mother and I call their high school thrift fund."

In the above there is a big, solid chunk of good advice for all parents who are wondering how they'll give their children a full dose of education.

The "big five" packers of Chicago don't care who makes the laws, if you will only let them make the meat prices.

## The Political Pot

(From Tacoma Labor Advocate.) The political pot is beginning to boil at a merry rate. Several aspirants for legislative honors are gum-shoeing about, fixing their little fences, and their friends are busy spreading healthy rumors about them.

Among those who have always enjoyed the votes of working men, but who have with charming persistency organized labor at every opportunity, and ALWAYS EVERLASTINGLY fought for corporate interests, is Jesse Jones of South Tacoma. And now, it is understood, he will again be a candidate for the state senate. And this in a district where organized labor is supreme in the political field.

We content ourselves at this time with mere mention of his possible candidacy.

If he shies his little caustic into the political ring, we shall dig up his record of consistent and persistent hostility to organized labor while in the state legislature, and then if you, Mr. Union Man, want to vote for him, it is your sweet privilege. Organized labor in this state will be a MILLION times better off if men with unfriendly attitudes of Jesse Jones are kept out of the lawmaking body.

Articles given in the midst of a crowd in beachcombs.—Arabian

## Store Up Winter Health in Summer, Advises America's Prettiest Girl

The "Beach Dip," Posed by Frances Jordan. BY FRANCES JORDAN. Selected in a Government Competition as AMERICA'S PRETTIEST GIRL.



Swimming has been described as the best form of exercise because it brings into play every muscle of the body.

To get the full joy of a swim, a bit of exercise on the beach to "limber up" before going into the water and to get the lungs and heart pumping thoroly is the best fun I know.

When I get into my swimming trunks and run out on the sands I prepare for my salt dip by what I call the "beach dip."

I simply stand at "attention," heels together, shoulders back, chin level, and arms straight at sides.

To get rhythm I count or sing aloud, as follows:

Count 1—I raise my arms and bring them up straight before me, level with the shoulders, palms together.

Count 2—I drop quickly to a stooping posture (see picture), balancing on my toes.

Count 3—I rise to the first position.

This exercise is ideal for reducing the hips, strengthening the calves of the leg, the muscles of the foot, and keeping the waist supple. Repeat five times.

## Confessions of a Wife!

MARGIE PICKS UP THE THREADS AGAIN.

There was a note of astonishment in the next tones that brought me to my senses. Barclay still was saying, "Why not, and then as if he remembered he continued, "please forgive me, Mrs. Waverly. I did not mean to make you unhappy."

Then I thot to myself, "why should I not dance? I have distinctly said to myself and all my friends that I am not going to change my manner of living even if forevermore life itself must be not only strange but lonely.

"Come on over here, Donna, and play," I called. "Mr. Still wants me to dance a little." Jim stopped abruptly before I had time to reply. I was playing, but Donna, dear Donna, altho I could see she was a little surprised, came with alacrity and whispered as she sat down at the piano, "Bark is a splendid dancer and I am crazy to see how you hit it off together."

We certainly hit it off together all right. I have rarely danced with a more graceful and easy partner.

Jim stopped dancing soon after we commenced and he and Lola still sat over to the piano, where they held a low-toned conversation with Donna.

She played on and on and in the dreamy rhythm of the music I forgot everything but the cadence of the music and the answering cadence of my dancing feet.

Finally Jim called out, "Will you please Mrs. Hostess stop your twinkling toes long enough to let me bid you good night?"

"Are you going already Jim?" I asked.

"I see little book, I had been wishing he would ask me to dance, but not for all the worlds in the universe would I have let him know this."

"Don't stop yet," begged Barclay still, "the gods have tossed me this golden opportunity. Be kind and play with it and me for a little while longer. It is one of those fragile baubles that is broken forever, the moment we drop it for something else."

This did not sound like Dick's sentiment, even if it was spoken in Dick's voice, and I said laughingly, "You are either a poet or a playwright."

"Dear lady, I am neither. I am, however, a man and you are a woman and that is the poet's rhythm and the dramatist's entrance."

Jim moved away from the piano and I stopped dancing abruptly and renewed my duties as Mrs. Hostess.

After they all had gone home, for they all went with Jim, I wondered why I had not asked him to dance with me. I would have simply said, "What is the matter with you, Jim? come along and let me see if we have forgotten how well we dance together," had Dick been alive.

"It is different and so is everyone else," I said to myself petulantly, and then all at once I knew the reason why I was different. I was no longer Margie Waverly, wife—I was Margie Waverly, widow, and immediately I began to see that in a way I had entered into a new life—one that I had never known before.

(To be continued.)

Serve abroad or serve at home. Buy War Savings Stamps.

comes off after cooking in a very economical and easy way.

To remove the skins of tomatoes, dip them into a pan of BOILING water, then chill. The skins can then be easily removed.

If you boil your vegetables, never throw away the water in which they were cooked. It contains valuable material. Use it as the basis of a soup.

Radishes, red or white, when a little too old to be eaten raw, may be cooked like turnips and served.

Beet tops are one of the most delicious of greens.

George W. Wickersham, former attorney general of the United States, says: "Business as usual means waste as usual."

Week of Monday, June 17.

"THE UNWELCOME VISITOR"

HERBERT LLOYD

FANNIE SIMPSON & EARL DEAN

SOL BERNIS

TERESE GIBSON GIRLS

WALTER & BENTLEY

"A SON OF DEMOCRACY"

Chatty News Items About Tacoma Organizations and Tacoma People.

# Society

Edited by Miss Jeanne Geiger. Telephone Main 12.

## Tacoma Bride Who Was Married Saturday



—Peterson Photo.

Mrs. Ingwold M. Berg, formerly Miss Beulah Bealy, whose marriage to Ingwold M. Berg of Tacoma was quietly solemnized Saturday morning at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. Hattie Bealy, 2237 East 24th st., as described in Saturday's Times.

## Miss Clarke Will Go to Alaska for Rest

Miss Constance Clark, who is in charge of the Hostess House at Camp Lewis, is planning to leave in a very short time for Alaska on a short pleasure trip. Miss Clarke will be accompanied by her mother.

## Portland Girl Bride of Camp Officer

The marriage of Miss Mary Stuart Smith of Portland to Lieut. Curtis P. Bailey, U. S. A., of Camp Lewis, took place Thursday evening at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. Jay Smith, in Portland.

Mr. and Mrs. Bailey will make their home in Tacoma as long as Lieut. Bailey's battery remains at Camp Lewis.

## Clubhouse Canteen Serves Many Men

Hundreds of boys were served at the canteen at the Soldiers and Sailors club house on Saturday. The women in charge Saturday were Mrs. Arthur Merrill, Mrs. E. F. Beckwith, Mrs. McCreery and Mrs. Jones.

The boys all enjoyed the kinds of "cakes and pies like mother used to make" and declared there was no place like it.

The loyalty of Tacoma women was shown in the rows and shelves of cakes, pies and all the other good things that the soldier craves.

The canteen is going to be kept open on Saturdays and the committee in charge asks that all Tacoma women assist in making the boys happy.

## Sandwich Women to Hold All-Day Meeting

An all-day meeting of the Sandwich club will be held Wednesday at the summer home of Mrs. A. Draper Cooke.

The club will hold its annual picnic this evening at Pt. Defiance.

## Noted Artist Guest at National Park

Among the guests at Longmire Springs Thursday and Friday were Mr. and Mrs. Walter Scott Perry and two sons, Fairfield and Morton Perry.

Mr. Perry is director of Pratt Institute, Brooklyn, New York, and Mrs. Perry is a distinguished artist.

Since December Mrs. Perry has produced a number of canvases, paintings of the California landscape, which have met with great enthusiasm of California art lovers.

While at the national park Mrs. Perry plans to make some paintings of the beautiful scenes about the park.

## Lincoln High Teacher Goes to Astoria

Miss Lyle E. Ford, one of the popular teachers at Lincoln, will leave in a few days for Astoria, Ore., where she will organize a Y. W. C. A. and Patriotic league.

## Entertains in Honor of Miss Alexander

Miss Helen Foster, the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Walker Foster, entertained at a charmingly appointed luncheon Saturday, in honor of Miss Dorothy Alexander, who has just returned home from the east for the summer. Following the luncheon, the girls enjoyed a theater party at the Orpheum.

## Pennsylvania Girl Here for Summer

Mr. and Mrs. Hugh Adams, 2802 No. 22nd st., have as their guest for the summer, Mr. Adams' sister, Miss Ella Adams, of Phillipsburg, Pa.

## Will Visit With Parents in Missouri

Miss Helen Harris, who for the past year has been librarian at the Lincoln High school, will leave this week for her home in Sedalia, Mo., to spend the summer.

## Miss Mildred Hill Back From Normal

Miss Mildred Hill has returned from the summer from Ellensburg, where she has been attending the Normal school, and will spend the summer with her mother, Mrs. Elizabeth Hill, 505 No. 2nd.

## Collegiate Alumnae to Give Picnic

The annual picnic of the Collegiate Alumnae will be held tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. S. Greig, 4209 North Mason ave. Tomorrow's picnic will be the last regular meeting of the year.

## Matinee Dance at Clubhouse a Success

The matinee dance at the Soldiers and Sailors clubhouse Saturday afternoon was a huge success. Dancing began at 2:30 and continued until 5.

Many of the new men from Honolulu, who are now stationed at Camp Murray, were present and more than enjoyed the hospitality of Tacoma girls and women.

## Girls of Club Have Good Time at Lake

The girls of the B. V. Q. club enjoyed a jolly picnic at American lake Friday. They went out about 3 o'clock, returning about 9 in the evening.

They spent the afternoon in the water and about the lake and sat down to a picnic supper about 6 o'clock.

Among those present on the picnic were: The Misses Dick Dempsey, Dorothy DuBuisson, Charlotte Caldwell, Helen Foster, Helen Geller, Alice Watson, Jane and Susanne Thompson, Ruth Gardner, Mary Crosby, Barbara Ballou, Anne Kittleson, Dorothy Alexander and Marjorie Simson.

Chaperoning the girls were Mrs. Archie Edwards, Miss Dorothy Davis and Miss Helen Keen.

## Help Entertain Men at Camp "Y. M."

The usual Saturday night party at the Y. M. C. A. was given under the direction of Dr. Edgar C. Wheeler of Y. M. C. A. No. 5.

A group of young Tacoma girls chaperoned by Mrs. E. R. York assisted in entertaining the men.

It was the first time in Tacoma for many of the men and the first time for many more.

## Comes to Visit Son in the 91st

Mrs. Carpenter of Butte, Mont., arrived in Tacoma Saturday evening for a short visit with her son, C. M. Carpenter, who is now stationed at Camp Lewis and expects to leave with the 91st division.

## Poverty's Arctic Waters May Bring on Disaster

By Cynthia Grey.

To be young together, to be poor together is only a great adventure for two who are in love.

But none who navigate the Seven Seas of Matrimony can escape some portion of peril.

And the "slaves of poverty and love" no sooner get under way than they feel the chill of arctic waters.

It is not the lack of money which spoils the fair promise of many a wedding expedition, it is the monotony of existence which poverty entails.

A humdrum life is worse than a life of hardship.

There may be a thrill in hardship, and heroism in endurance, and the joy of some great sacrifice for the sake of the beloved.

"I love thee to the level of everyday's most quiet need, by sun or candle-light," is the working philosophy of congenial spouses.

But in spite of their courage and devotion, too much drudgery will kill beauty and too much familiarity will destroy sentiment.

One of the curses of poverty is constant propinquity—husband and wife can seldom get away from each other.

Tired and irritable wives sometimes discuss divorce when all they need is a vacation, and a temporary separation from the pitiful little huts of the daily grind.

The dreadful cold of poverty cannot freeze the affections of those who are rightly mated. But even these would better not take out their clearance papers for a life-long voyage together without an ante-nuptial agreement about the financial risks of the proposed trip.

It is not sordid to talk over money matters before marriage.

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## Mount Tacoma Club Meets Tuesday Evening

The Mount Tacoma club will meet Tuesday evening at 8 o'clock at the Commercial club to hear the report of the delegates who went to Portland to meet the Mazama club. Everybody is invited.

## Tacomans Graduating From State University

The commencement exercises of the 1918 class of the University of Washington will be held today followed by an alumni reunion and banquet at 6:30 p. m.

A number of Tacomans will be graduated from the university at this time. Prof. E. S. Meany will present the flag of 576 stars in honor of graduates who are now in the army and navy.

President Henry Suzzallo will accept the flag in behalf of the university.

## Edmund Vance Cooke (A COMMENCEMENT SONG, AS SOME HONEST GRADS WOULD SING IT.)

My high school, tis from the I am about to flee,

And so I sing, School of my parents' pride,

School where I almost died, As soon as I'm outside,

Let freedom ring.

Thy themes of English lit, Caused me to throw a fit,

And bored me much, Geom. and other math,

Choked me with rage and wrath; For less love no man hath

Than I for such.

Almost old Caesar's Gaul, Hygiene and physiol,

Made me expire, Almost old lab. and chem,

So long I slaved at them, Won me a diadem

In heaven's choir.

My dear old high school prin, Forgive my gladsome grin,

From you I fly, For now I have my dip,

And I'm prepared to skip; Hark to my joyous yip!

Old high school-boys! Old high school-boys!

(Copyright, 1918.)

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