

The Tacoma Times

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Our Nation On Trial

The branch of German war strategy that is actively carried on by American pacifists, doughfaces and copperheads is now back in the second line of entrenchments. These elements could not keep the United States from defending its rights and its existence against the brutal Prussian fist, so they are now trying to make our part in the war a mere farce. In and out of congress they are lined up to prevent the sending of any American troops to the battle line, and every other move that would have a punch in it.

Before we yield an inch to any backfire and sneaking treachery of that kind we ought to take a good square slant at what it means. THIS NATION IS NOW ON TRIAL BEFORE THE WORLD. ALL EYES ARE TRAINED ON US.

Two years and a half of tame submission to humiliating insults and to repeated blows in the face that no other nation would endure have convinced most of mankind that we are too weak or too sodden in money grabbing to resent anything.

They think we are a lot of cowardly speculators and dollar hunters without patriotism, without cohesion and without efficiency. If we crawl under the bed now and allow other men to do our stunt and take our risk and make our sacrifice, all men around the world will say that this idea of America is exactly and literally right.

In all history that stain will be fixed on us. That is what America will mean in all the languages of all the earth.

At the time of the supreme struggle for liberty and democracy America skulked. All the other free peoples stood up like men and did their part. But America skulked.

You would have to rewrite the national anthem. It would have to read: Oh say can you see by the dawn's early light America, the skulker, that fled from the fight.

You would have to rewrite all your histories. In your schools if you tried to tell children of Valley Forge and Yorktown the words would choke you.

But that isn't all. It is just the beginning. The only safety for a man or a nation is to be on the level, stand up straight and fear no duty whatever it may be. God hates cowards and punishes them.

What will be coming to us if we run away from our job is perfectly plain. We shall be left open to the attacks as much as to the scorn of the world. We shall be the nation of a hundred enemies and not a friend. We shall advertise to anybody that covets our fat wealth that we can't fight, can't unite, have neither nerve, spirit, sense, vision nor capacity, and as surely as we live some nation that needs our money will act on that invitation to trouble.

But even that isn't all. We have a perfectly just cause. We are a nation of men and not of degenerates. We can stand on our feet and do our part as well as any other men can do theirs. We fight for a great principle, vital to progress, vital to all mankind.

To shirk any part of our duty to that principle is to declare that we do not believe in it, that all we ever said about it was a bluff and that we are the world's premium gang of liars.

None of that. We will not drag in the dirt the world's hope to be free. The whole course of mankind for centuries to come, whether up to general freedom and happiness or back in the old prison house depends upon this war. The end of the war depends upon us. This nation hasn't any record in side-stepping and isn't going to make one now.

On Feb. 18, 1915, Germany declared a food blockade on England, to be maintained by the submarining of every ship that approached the British isles. It was three weeks later that Great Britain declared her blockade, "to starve out Germany." This is history, not censored newspaper report.

Mount Ararat

Great Ararat, which shoulders its way some 17,000 feet up into the Armenian sky, and looks down on the lands of the "Tsar, the Sultan, and the Shah," although so truly the rallying point, as it were, for the Armenian people, is quite unknown to the native Armenian by this name. The people who actually dwell within sight of its great snow-capped dome, who look out towards it over the plain from Erivan, some 30 miles away to the north, or from the frontier mountain slopes away to the south, call it by a variety of names. If they are Armenians they call it "Massis"; if Turks, "Agrib Daghi"; and if Persians, "Koh-i-Nuh," or the "Mountain of Noah."

There are really, of course, two mountains, or, rather, there is one vast mass out of which rise two peaks, "their bases confluent at a height of 8800 feet, their summits about seven miles apart." Little Ararat, upon whose slopes it is that the territories of the three kingdoms actually meet, is some 4000 feet lower than its big brother; but none the less, with its 12,840 feet, it is "none so little."

The great bulk of the two mountains is curiously isolated. It rises on the north and east out of the plain of Aras, here some 2500 to 3000 feet above the sea, and on the southwest sinks to the plateau of Bayezid. It is only on the northwest that it is connected with any other mountains, and on this side a huge ridge, some 7000 feet high, links it up with a range of mountains running westward, and finally merging into the great range of the Bingol Daghi or Northeastern Taurus.

Ararat, therefore, from its very position, would be likely to seize hold of the imagination of men, and there has grown up around its vast bulk a store of legend and tradition which is truly remarkable in extent and detail. The great mass of this lore concerns, as might be expected, the tradition that the top of Ararat was the resting place of the Ark. . . .

On the 27th of September, 1829, one Dr. Johann Jakob Parrot climbed Ararat, reached the "secret top" and set his feet at last on the "dome of eternal ice." Since then many people have climbed it. Many, too, have sought to describe the mountain; to convey some impression of the solitary grandeur of the great peak, wreathed about by day, as it always is, with ever-changing clouds, or as it is seen at night, when the clouds have vanished in the cooling air, and the mountain stands out ruggedly against the steel-blue darkness of the eastern sky.—Christian Science Monitor.

Prohibition, political freedom, popular government, free Finland, free Jews, free Siberia and now absolute freedom of religion! Hail, great Russia!

Villa announces that he is "an incorruptible neutral," as between Uncle Sam and Germany. It's a strong pull at old Carranza's whiskers.

Anyhow, that Washington pacifist parade marched part way up the hill and down again.

What People Are Doing

Mrs. J. E. Brokaw and Mrs. A. K. Stebbins will entertain at bridge and a program Saturday afternoon in the Woman's clubhouse in benefit of the clubhouse.

Rev. J. E. Crowther of Seattle will lecture Friday night at the First Methodist church on "Thru the Dark Continent With a Missionary's Camera." It will be given in benefit of the Tacoma Settlement House.

The Fine Arts club is giving a soiree tonight at the home of Mrs. F. A. Leach and Miss Ethel Leach on North Stevens street.

An elaborate concert as a benefit for Miss Eunice Prosser, the Tacoma violinist who is making a name for herself in New York studying under David Harnes, will be given under the direction of the Aurora and the Cosmopolitan clubs Friday evening, May 11. Miss Prosser was presented to the music lovers of New York late in March. The two clubs hope to raise enough money to help her finish the season.

Mrs. Roger E. Chase will entertain Friday afternoon for her mother, Mrs. J. E. Taggart of Vermont. Mrs. Taggart is visiting her daughter for the first time since her marriage five years ago.

A rummage sale will be held Friday and Saturday in the First & Bachrach building at 13th and Broadway, proceeds to go towards the Woman's clubhouse.

Marriage licenses were issued in Tacoma Wednesday to William Conklin and Marion E. Smith, both of Tacoma; Fred H. Williams and Frances Kidd, both of Tacoma; Joseph Lyon and Ethel Savage, both of Tacoma; W. W. Hinz and Annabel Lee Meek, both of Tacoma; Heinie Menth, Tacoma, and Lena Lacey, Roseburg, Ore.

Mrs. C. D. Bell of South Tacoma has just heard from her son Dwight, who went to Honolulu recently with Kee Neff. "The young men landed in the islands on a

CONFESSIONS of a WIFE

TO LET US OTHERS DECIDE FOR YOU IS WEAKNESS. The men must have dawked, little book, for all I was the first out of the bath house. There was only one life-saver on duty, as it was late in the afternoon and there were very few bathers. I sat down on the sand and for a moment my mind went blank. It seemed so strange that this should come to me. Suddenly I remembered what a newspaper writer had told me once of a man who was stricken with tuberculosis, a man who presumably had splendid health and much wealth. "He seemed so surprised that this should come to him," remarked the newspaper man. "I cannot understand why of all men he should be stricken with this terrible scourge."

This little conversation, long ago forgotten, came to me as I thought. "Why should I be singled out to play a part in a domestic tragedy? Is this the kind of thing that came to Eleanor Fairlow and to Alice and the others? Am I, Margie Waverly, who has always been so arrogantly virtuous, just like the others? Did they give encouragement unconsciously as I have done? Was it wrong for me, married to Dick, to accept the comfort and content that the letters and companionship of another man gave me?"

Was I weaker than other women? Were there other women in the world so fine and strong who, when neglected by their husbands and confronted with the knowledge that other women were enjoying the caresses and love that should be theirs, would still have the firmness of character to repulse what seemed to them a perfectly sincere proffer of friendship from another man?

"Are you going to be like 'daughter' and not go near the water, Margie?" asked Malcolm as he stood beside me.

Truly he was good to look at as he stood there, his swimming suit revealing his legs and arms tanned the color of bronze. "I am waiting for Dick," I said.

"That's it, Margie, you have all your married life just been waiting for Dick. Why wait for him now? Look out there—the cool water beckons, come! I'll take you 'way out there beyond the breakers where it is calm and cool—where the water will have your soul as well as your body—come!"

"No Malcolm, I must wait for Dick." For just one moment I saw an uncertain look in Malcolm Stuart's eyes. For just one moment he lost his air of confidence in the future—in me. And then he answered, "Yes, wait for Dick for the last time, dear. After tomorrow there will be no waiting for you or me, for we will be together."

He ran lightly down the sands and his form silhouetted against the sky still had the lines of youth. I saw him finally dive under a gigantic breaker and then discovered his head bobbing up beyond.

Presently Dick stood beside me—Dick, grown a little heavier, a little flabbier than I had ever noticed before. His arms and legs were white, for Dick had had no time this summer to accumulate a coat of tan.

"Aren't you going in?" was his question.

"I was waiting for you," I said.

"Stuart come out yet?"

"Yes, he is out there beyond the float. I think he is going to swim around the pier. It is his favorite stunt."

"Well, he has nothing to do but keep himself in condition," said Dick with a sigh.

"How is the business going, Dick?" I asked.

"All right, as far as I can see. But I don't like a waiting game. There is too much at stake. Sometimes, Margie, I can see how men, harassed by business cares, end it all."

"Dick, don't lose your courage now."

"I won't—that was a silly thing to say and I didn't mean it. Well, come on, Margie."

I took his hand and we went to meet the breakers together. But before I got beyond my depth, I said, "You go and take your swim, Dick. I don't feel quite up to the fatigue of it today."

"All right, Margie." Then, little book, Dick did a most surprising thing. He put his arms about me out there in the water up to our armpits and held me for a moment tight.

Then he struck out with a laugh almost as carefree, it seemed to me, as that of the Dick in the years gone by. I saw him, too, dive into a great breaker. I watched him a few minutes and started in shore.

Presently I saw signs of excitement on the sands and turned to see what was going on. I saw a head bobbing about near the float. I looked anxiously around, and far out I caught a glimpse of frantic arms signaling above the waves for help.

(To Be Continued.)

ANSWERS BY CYNTHIA GREY

Dear Miss Grey: "A Reader" asks why the working class is always asked or forced to do all the fighting in time of war, and adds that this is a "war of commercialism."

If "A Reader" had followed with really sincere attention the origin, course and conduct of this war, he would have learned that the sons of the rich and titled families in England were the first to volunteer, and that these were to a great extent exterminated before conscription was adopted. He probably does not know that in France universal military service obtains, and that all rich and poor, bourgeois and proletarian, fight side by side.

He might have noted that the young volunteers who went from America to fight in the ranks of the British and French armies and to serve as ambulance workers, aviators, etc., were at least largely from the "A Reader" would probably term the "capitalist class." Many of these have fallen (among them the glorious young poet, Allan Seegar), for what they believed to be the cause of world-freedom.

"Commercialism" is the very smallest issue in this particular war. It is purely a war initiated by the ruling caste of Germany to strengthen its dominance over that country and to extend the same throughout the world. To this end, that ruling caste has risked and lost German trade supremacy—so little was "commercialism" the consideration.

The preachers, judges, lawyers, etc., who, according to "A Reader" ought to be the first to go to war, are generally past the age-limit, but

Saturday and found jobs and got to work the following Monday. Neff under the commissioner of public works and Ball as a linotype operator on the Advertiser.

Owing to the death of one of its members the card party which was to have been given by the Ladies' auxiliary to the B. of L. E. Friday afternoon has been postponed.

The Sherman Woman's Relief Corps will give a card party in the Armory at 2 p. m. Friday. Refreshments.

their sons will assuredly be found in the front ranks. "A Reader" since he is a reader, cannot but have noticed the names of sons of five prominent Tacoma men who have just enlisted—are certainly among the first.

I think that even the working class, of which I am a member, should try to cultivate a SENSE OF JUSTICE.

M. V. M.

Dear Miss Grey: Would a word on the way to cook rice fit for the kings among men—American men—be welcome to your column in these days of greasing grilling guns with the fats and oils that starving babies need?

It is no wonder that the pasty, starchy, mushy mess served on the average table is spurned and snubbed—coked as it is in a double boiler after all the milky goodness is washed out of it. But shaken a moment in a fine sieve under the faucet, dropped by the spoonful into salted boiling water, kept boiling about 20 minutes, stirred slightly to keep from sticking, each kernel is a unit, flaky and filmy and relished as a vegetable or with cream as a dessert. Hot milk may be added, or milk or cream added to the rice while hot.

Sincerely,

A.—I am glad someone has come to the rescue of the much abused grain of rice.

Dear Miss Grey: Considering the one-sidedness of some of the letters appearing in your column I think your answers on the whole very credible. Your answer to unhappy wife interests me. I think your correspondent is away off when she tells that her husband is wrapped up in every girl he sees on the street, for I have often heard men talk among themselves about the so-called classy girls and their comments are anything but flattering. Perhaps wife is so wrapped up in herself that she thinks hubby ought to turn around and look at her alone every time a good looking girl comes in sight. She feels like leaving him—Well I don't know men if she can find one so short-sighted that he can't see good looks and appearance in any woman except the one he has married. I wonder does she

Three Days More to See

THAT POWERFUL PICTURE OF LIFE'S OTHER SIDE.

"Hell Morgan's Girl"

The gripping story of a beautiful Barbary Coast girl. Passionate, primitive, with a craving for the lights, love, admiration, yet she possessed a clean soul which was awakened by the great 'Frisco earthquake and those days of red horror that followed.



Victor Moore in a Great Comedy George Rosner at the Organ

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For Once 'We Women' Were Ready, Says Winona Wilcox

BY WINONA WILCOX

Let it be said to the everlasting credit of American women that once, at least, they were "Ready."

"Young man," said a waggish male relative to a patient bridegroom waiting at the foot of the stairs, "You have begun a life-long wait."

And, figurative speaking, the young man has been standing with his hat in his hand ever since, calling patiently, "Aren't you ready?"

The day President Wilson read his war message to congress, a million women—twice the number of men the president asked for—were pledged for service to the country through their various organizations.

Thousands of them were organized on a war basis, listed and catalogued with street and telephone number available, and the exact variety of service or equipment they could offer indicated.

At Columbia university alone there are over 7,000 women graduates and resident students thus catalogued. And that list includes not only women who can give part time to cook or sew; but skilled workers willing to give all their time. Among them are woman physicians and nurses, woman ambulance drivers and dispatch carriers, motor cyclists and wireless operators, typists and gardeners and camp cooks.

Then too the list includes offers of motor boats and automobiles, garden plots and small farms, as well as typewriters and sewing machines which the owners, women all of them, have been ready for weeks to put at the service of the country in case they are needed. And this mobilization of forces is typical of hundreds of similar organizations all over the country.

One organization of women is going to specialize on truck gardening to swell the food supply; another has formed a canteen, and practically all who are enrolling women for services are putting their members in touch with ways and means of securing the special training that will make them useful in case of need.

This time, then, when the call comes the reply that will float across the country from coast to coast will be, not "Coming in a Minute," but the voices of a million women with the cheerful answer "READY!"

GUARD RECRUITING TO BE CONTINUED

(United Press Leased Wire.) WASHINGTON, D. C., April 12.—Recruiting of the national guard up to 100 a company, and probably later to 150, will continue, the war department said today in answer to inquiries as to whether recruiting had ceased.

INSURANCE FOR SOLDIERS, PLAN

(United Press Leased Wire.) LANSING, Mich., April 12.—The state senate has adopted an amendment to the \$5,000,000 pre-purchase bill, providing that the state shall insure each of its soldiers for \$1,000 in case of death or total disability and for \$500 in case of any other capacity.

New Hampshire legislature votes in favor of a dry state.

SIMPLE WAY TO END DANDRUFF

There is one sure way that has never failed to remove dandruff at once, and that is to dissolve it, then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, common liquid arvon from any drug store (this is all you will need), apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have. You will find all itching and digging of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be fluffy, lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.