

Business Office Main 735, A1733
Circulation Dept. Main 735, A1733
Editorial Dept. Main 794, A1733
OFFICE—768 COMMERCE STREET

EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

Entered at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter.
TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATION
PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE
TACOMA TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY

Pick Out a Game

Foregoing was the title of an article not long since published which gave advice purely of an athletic nature.

The game mentioned was one that young, old and middle-aged may play to the great betterment of their physical makeup.

PICK OUT A GAME.

Yes, indeed, pick out a game that you can play all your life.

The greatest and most entertaining of athletic sports should be supplementary and valuable chiefly as a physical strengthener to the great game of life that we all play.

Certainly pick out an athletic game you can play for life—BUT before you bother too much with such things pick out the great and vital game, the winning or losing of which means everything in life to you and yours.

The game of tennis selected as the pastime which might be indulged in for life was brought forward because it is one of the requirements of which cause it to be enjoyable and of physical benefit to those of any age.

The man who won the tennis championship after feasting forty years had selected a game highly enjoyable to him and one that found him still able to overcome competition when the flush of youth had departed.

Maybe you're just starting out on some game in life? The tennis player sometimes "mixes" things. That is, he changes his pace, desists from driving balls hard, to popping them over his opponents' head.

You are now starting out in a game of life. Maybe you're mixing things a bit. Can you keep it up all your life and win out?

Maybe you're mixing in a little gambling that will grow if you don't watch out. Maybe it's a little drinking that is sending you to work of a morning somewhat wobbly.

Maybe you've been tempted and yielded for a few cents or dollars when the till was left alone and no one watching.

Just as the tennis player "mixes" things to vary the progress of his game, so does the man in life's game mix things. This mixing of things is all entailed in the GAME you are playing.

If things enter your life that will develop into a wave of violence to send you down before the onslaughts of youth you are not playing the right sort of a game.

ARE YOU PLAYING A GAME THAT YOU CAN PLAY FOR LIFE?

"Vampire Men Make Vampire Women"

Do you know why the wiles of the world are so full of the story of how Mme. Lina Cavallieri, the singing-woman, "worked" Bob Chanler for his fortune?

It's because it's real news when a woman "betrays" an innocent man. In all times, in all climes, it has been the accepted course of things that women give all of themselves in these affairs, while men give only so much of their lives as they wish to throw away in a "good time" on the side. It hasn't been an even bargain.

Even the modern respectable society girl is taught that her future depends on her tact in getting well married. But Lina was only a flower-girl in Rome. As one of that class, she was given but one idea: That her future depended on her ability to attract the notice of men. She knew that she must sell her beauty.

Lina was more clever than most girls who must needs start life on the streets. She landed high.

It's rough on Bob, hearty, likable fellow that he is. But it's a salutary lesson for the lords of creation thus to see a woman "duped" and "ruin" a man.

Such a beautiful and thorough turning of the tables is poetic justice.

OBSERVATIONS

FASCINATORS of the old style are coming again this fall, says a fashion item. Fine! they'll be good to stuff in the hatpin holes in a feller's neck.

LONGFELLOWS poem to Florence Nightingale starts off: "Lo! in that house of misery a lady with a lamp I see." Some of 'em lays for them with ramps, some with rolling pins, some merely with a jaw hung on ball-bearings. All depends on the lady, Henry.

REV. BUSTARD, Rockefeller's pastor, is going to preach a sermon for the Cleveland league ball team. But it'll take preaching, prayer and a whole flock of base hits to keep the Naps out of sixth place in the race.

ST. LOUIS council is considering an ordinance requiring every drinking citizen to take out a license. New way to get correct census figures in St. Louis?

NICK NICHOLS was kicked so hard by his mule that a San Francisco judge wouldn't lock him up for abusing her. Told Nick to go out where Maud could get another kick at him. Some judges give justice to the mules, anyhow.

WASHINGTON'S nice little milk trust had just announced a raise in price beyond the reach of the poor, on the ground that cows weren't giving milk, when a prosecuting attorney said a few kind words and the cows went to spouting the lactal most gloriously.

OKLAHOMA NEWS man is so hot after the clairvoyants that they can't even tell at their very best "sittings" whether they'll be in jail or the Gulf of Mexico tomorrow.

LOOKS like a good bit of nerve, doesn't it, to put an old wooden shack of a boiler house in the midst of a big plant, fill the thing with shavings and put a red hot boiler in the middle of it; then get out and yell for the city to spend \$125,000 to build and \$30,000 to \$50,000 a year extra to operate a fireboat to stand there and keep the mill from burning down.

FAILING to cajole the commission into a "settlement" of differences, the street car company rushed to court with another injunction suit on that Cliff avenue deal. All right, let the courts settle it. And maybe some day a court will decide that the city council can say just how many cars shall run, and then won't there be fun in Tacoma?

PIERCE county democrats, after noting they have only about half a county ticket have discovered that the political machine that put that filling fee in the primary bid hit the democratic party about as hard as it did the other minority parties. An effort will be made this year to wipe the filling fee out of the law, so candidates will not have to buy the office to start with.

A MOTHER'S LETTERS TO HER UNBORN SON

Once in a long time a book appears revealing something beautiful and true in human nature, touching a true and common cord binding all mankind. This happened the other day in the publication of "Letters to My Son," written by a woman whose name is withheld.

The Times has secured the right to publish six extracts from this book. The first one will appear on the woman's page tomorrow. There is nothing sensational about these letters—but very much that is beautiful and unusual. They are delicate, spiritual, often whimsical little talks written down by an expectant mother for the beloved boy yet to be borne. They reveal the fine and noble longings of a woman's soul, the hopes and fears and aspirations every mother must feel.

You'll be sorry if you miss these spiritual idyls of motherhood, beginning tomorrow in the Times.

"Our Cafeteria Table Manners Are Sure on the Blink," So Says Miss Cynthia Grey

- DON'T Eat with a knife. Butter whole slice of bread. Stick fork end-wise into mouth. Hold knife and fork in both fists with arms resting on table. Hold ear of corn in both hands. Leave teaspoon in cup. Tuck napkin under chin. Use toothpick in public. Drink from saucer. Put crackers in soup.



Why you must tuck your napkin under your chin?

When Daniel Webster first went away from home, he lived at a boarding house. Everybody liked Daniel, but he had some bad table manners. For instance, when talking, he'd rest his hands on the table, with a knife in one fist and a fork in the other.

The landlady knew that just some little thing like that would be a hindrance to him, but Daniel was so sensitive that she couldn't bear to correct him personally, so she arranged with another boarder to commit the same offense, and she openly corrected the other fellow.

Teaspoon in Cup. Maybe the leaving of the teaspoon in the cup seems a little thing to make a fuss about, but do you know that all little rules of etiquette are founded upon convenience or kindness? And what do you suppose was the origin of the rule that the teaspoon must not be left in the cup?

Don't Use Knife. With all the jokes and "Don't's" about putting your knife into your mouth, it would seem that everybody in the world had heard it about 3,000 times. But nevertheless and however, you don't need to go to Skamakawa to see that one committed.

When you were a kid and came running in from play and asked "ma" for a "piece," she gave you a big slice of bread clear across the loaf, with butter and sugar on it. You grabbed the whole slab and ran back to play, eating that slice of bread like a picaninny with a quarter of a watermelon.

Don't Butter Whole Slice. But, say, aren't you grown up now? All the particular folks say that bread should be broken off a bit—not bite—at a time and buttered as eaten. Grown-up people don't, or shouldn't, eat from the whole buttered slice.

When you were a kid you wore a big, too. But is that any reason why you must tuck your napkin under your chin?

side, not the end, of the fork? There's danger, you know, of stabbing yourself if you shove the fork straight into your mouth.

Did you ever see anybody eat corn from the ear, holding the ear with both hands? Well, that isn't "proper." The ear should be broken in two and held with only one hand.

And then, once in a while, somebody rests the elbow on the table and drinks from the cup held in the hand. Musn't do it; it's "bad form."

And the Toothpick. And the toothpick—if all the people who offend with that little spitter were to be imprisoned, every house in Tacoma would have to be turned into a jail to hold them all. But it isn't "nice" to use a toothpick in the presence of others unless the napkin is held before the mouth.

After all this lecture don't you feel like the kid who asked, "What can I do?"

Society

Mrs. R. W. Taynton of 913 North Sixth street will entertain the Equal Franchises club at her home Wednesday afternoon.

The hostess for one of the series of social parties to be given in the hall of St. Patrick's church tomorrow night will be Mrs. Anna Murphy.

Miss Barge and Mrs. Parson, national field secretary and Alaska secretary of the home missionary board of the Methodist church, will be tendered a farewell reception Thursday at the home of Mrs. E. R. Rogers, 3302 North Seventh street.

The first fall meeting of the Bible Study club will be held Thursday afternoon at St. Luke's parish house.

The leading social event involving the younger set of the city this week will be the wedding of Miss Dale Papp to Mr. Lloyd Thompson of Seattle, which will be solemnized Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's aunt, Mrs. Huggins, 902 South Almsworth. A reception will follow the wedding for which more than 200 invitations have been issued.

James McCormack of McCormack Brothers has returned after an extended trip to Europe.

Marriage licenses have been issued to F. J. Schulta of Tacoma and Blanche Norris of Krupp, Wash., William R. Day and Maggie Nason of Mukilteo reorganization, Oscar Engstrom of Tacoma and Anna Kenden of Seattle.

LETTERS TO TIMES READERS

Editor Times: Noticed your article in Wednesday's paper entitled "Deal Would Tie Hands of the People for All Time to Come" and wish to say that I and all my friends are decidedly opposed to the city making any such compromise with the T. R. & P. Co. as Manager Bean proposes. We want five-cent fare to all city limits whatever they may be now or hereafter and transfers to the traction line, but we believe that the city has the power to make the company grant these terms without making some agreement that will hamper the city for all time. If nothing else will do we can own the car lines as well as the phone system.

In conclusion, will say that what we especially want is to make use of the recall clause in the city charter and remove a certain party on the commission that is always voting on the side of the street car company and other corporations before he does the city some great irreparable damage by voting away some of the people's rights that perhaps can never be regained. If anybody will watch his vote in the paper they will see that he is always on the side of the corporations.

Wishing you the best of success in your fight for a clean city and a just government, I am, Yours for success, A SUBSCRIBER.

Dear Miss Grey: 1.—How should the hair be arranged when wearing a turban cap? 2.—What answer shall I give a young man who has proposed, when I do not care to marry him? 3.—I have a friend from whom I have become estranged. I still love him. Should I make advances? 4.—Do you think it is wise for Protestants and Catholics to marry? ELAINE.

A: 1.—Turban caps are no longer worn. 2.—You should have declined at once. 3.—If you were at fault. 4.—This is a question which only the one particularly interested can settle.

Dear Miss Grey: 1.—Should a man wait until his girl is through school before he proposes? 2.—Is a girl of eighteen old enough to have callers? A READER.

A: 1.—The best way to settle this is to consult her parents. 2.—If her mother is willing, I see no harm in an occasional call.

Dear Miss Grey: 1.—My hair is black. What color ribbons should I wear in it? 2.—I am 18 and keeping company with a young man. My parents approve of him. Is it all right to accept presents from him? SOMEONE.

A: 1.—Girls of your age seldom wear hair ribbons, except for evening dress. Then it is either a band of velvet ribbon or satin ribbon, in color to match the dress. 2.—Yes—flowers or books or candy.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Is 5 o'clock a proper hour for an informal church wedding? (2) Is it necessary for the bridegroom to make presents to the best man and bridesmaid? If so, what? (3) Is the engagement ring taken from the bride's finger and placed on her right hand just before he places the wedding-ring? L. O. T.

A.—(1) Yes. (2) Not necessary, but it is customary for the bridegroom to give some token to his best man, and the bride usually presents her maid with a gift. A scarf pin or cuff links for the best man, and a little brooch or bracelet for the maid. (3) The bride leaves her engagement ring at home, and it is afterwards worn on the third finger of the left hand as a guard to the wedding ring.

Dear Miss Grey: (1) Which would be more appropriate for picnic wear—flowered muslin or percale? (2) I am fifteen and wear my hair parted and rolled. Is it all right for me to wear it so? (3) Would a wine-colored dress look well braided in black, or would it be better to braid it in the same color? GRATEFUL OLGA.

A.—(1) Percale. (2) Yes. (3) Braiding in the same color would be much prettier.

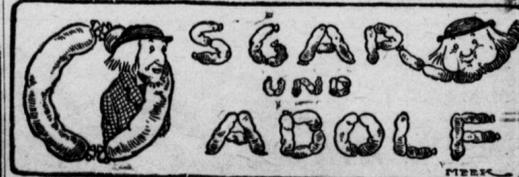
Dear Miss Grey: (1) What will take paint out of a light blue panama skirt? (2) What will be the leading colors for this winter? ANXIOUS.

A.—(1) Turpentine. (2) Black, blue and black and white.

Most Anything Two Minute Vaudeville



SLAP: So you've written a new play? I'm surprised. THUD: Yes, I'm proud to say I have. But why are you surprised? SLAP: Because they say it's a new play you wrote. What do you call it? THUD: The title is "Under the Apple Tree." SLAP: Oh, a sort of a windfall, eh. What is it, a comedy? THUD: It's a pastoral play—all the pastors denounce it. However, the main scene represents the garden of Eden. And in the garden we have real vegetables? SLAP: Does the property man furnish the vegetables? THUD: Oh, no; the audiences furnishes them. SLAP: It has to do with the fall of man, I suppose? THUD: Well, not exactly. Adam doesn't climb the apple tree. He sends Eve up, and then takes away the ladder. Then he elopes with the cook. SLAP: Why does he elope with the cook? THUD: Because that was the only way to keep her from leaving. But it all comes out right in the end. SLAP: How so? THUD: The limb breaks and Eve gets down out of the tree without the ladder after all. SLAP: In your version, Adam doesn't suffer a bit, eh? THUD: Sure he does—when Eve fell, wasn't his rib broken?



"I was tired of waiting for you, Oscar, to pay me back dot seven tollars vot you borrowed. You remember, you promised to pay me gesterday, and now already id iss tomorrow." "Dot bromliss iss no good, Adolf. Ven I mate id, I hat strabismus of der digits." "Vot? How strabismus of der digits, please?" "I hat my fingers crossed." ONLY OUTWARDLY CALM "I undertsand that during the storm you whistled to keep your courage up." "Yes; but nevertheless I was all in a pucker."

JOSH WISE



"Th' cause o' Emma Hembrooder divorcin' Ezra Hembrooder has jest come out. He'd been swappin' her Mason fruit jars fer terbaccor on th' sly."

GOLDEN RULE OF HEALTH. Breathe through you nose. Run on your toes. Walk with a swing. Let your arms swing.

"Yes, my husband and I are trying to save money, and I am co-operating with him in economizing," said Mrs. Jones. "John has already given up two cigars a day."

FAMOUS DOCUMENTS OF HISTORY. "The White House," Washington, D. C., Nov. 3, 1908: "Wm. H. Taft, Cincinnati, O.:

"I need hardly say how heartily I congratulate you, and the country ever more

"THEODORE ROOSEVELT."

Mme. Curie has at last obtained perfectly pure radium. It is a white metal, sticks to iron, burns paper and decomposes water.

A MONTHFUL OF STORIES

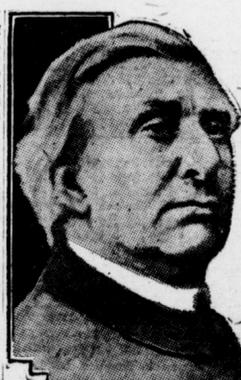
A STORY TOLD TO THE LITTLE TOT IN VERSE. By EDMUND VANCE COOKE.



HIS BEMETTING SIN. I shant be bad no more, I shant. I'm goin to be reel good. I heard a preacher-man and he said everybody could. If they just kep' a tryin' an' a tryin', day by day. An' if they didn't try, they'd go—some place, I mustn't say. Er—mother says I mustn't, an' so, of course, I shant. Don't see why preachers says it, though, if other fellers can't. But I'm goin to be reel good. I shant pull pussy's tail. Near to our nice old Ponto to a nasty old tin pall. Like I did once, 'cause Willie Johnson said I didn't dast. I'll like to lick that feller, but mu fightin' days is past. I'm just goin to be a martire an' shant be bad one speck. Ain't even goin to cry when mother makes me wash my neck. Most martire fellers wasn't much. Why, any circus man'll cuff them Hons 'round an' do it jus' as slick as Dan'l. Aunt Becky thinks it's somethin' great to live in sacks 'nd ashes. I think it's fun! An' hairy-cloth shirts! I bet they got the rashes. 'Nd wear them shirts to scratch 'em. Course that Jony feller inside that big old whale, all dark like down-in-our cellar. HE had a heap o' spunk, he had; but I tol' Aunty Beck. ANYHOW he didn't allus have to go an' wash his neck. That's goin' to be the worstest thing, an' orful hard, I know. But I'm dissolved to do it, if I do hate it so. It's funny hatey things is good; but I suppose it's true. An' things you like is mostly things I hadn't ought to do. An' water's cold, er ef it's het, it's het so much it hurts; An', 'sides, it wets yer collar all round yer inside shirts. An' runs all down yer back, an' then the soap gins in yer eyes. 'Cause the towel ain't where you want it—AN' THEN sometimes I cries. But I shant cry no more, though p'r'aps I'll want to, I expect— But when I'm GROWED—I ain't a'gon' to NEVER wash my neck! "Would anything happen to him if he forgot and was bad again?" asked the Little Tot. "Tomorrow," I said.

I IN THE PUBLIC EYE

The Rev. Dr. L. A. Lambert of the Roman Catholic diocese of Rochester, N. Y., is dying in a sanitarium in New Jersey. He has for many years edited the Freeman's Journal, a Catholic weekly, but is better known as one of the old school of religious controversialists. In the early eighties he made his famous replies to Bob Ingersoll, the noted agnostic, who was at that time in the midst of his attacks upon Christianity. Two years later a disciple of Ingersoll made a formal reply, which brought down upon his head the "Tactics of Infidels," by the Rev. Lambert. The "Tactics of Infidels" was distributed by the Y. M. C. A. Dr. Lambert has been a Catholic clergyman for over fifty years, being ordained into the priesthood in 1859. For the past two score years he has had charge of the Catholic parish at Scottsville, N. Y.



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