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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

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The Only Way

"It is the only way, it is all I can do." That's the way Fletcher Johnson, whose wife is on trial for her life in a Tacoma court, sizes up the situation. And this in the face of Mrs. Johnson's direct testimony that she had not played a fair game with her husband.

Since Mrs. Johnson came to trial for the murder of the man, whom evidence shows had wrecked the Johnson home, Fletcher Johnson has been at his wife's side. When men and women jammed the court room to hear the veil torn from the erring wife's soul, Johnson was there to aid her. When she returned to him, after publicly telling on the stand her intimacy with the dead man, her husband reached out his arms and endeavored to cheer her up.

When she fainted after the ordeal, the husband was there to support her and urge her through the hour of trouble.

AND YET THIS FLETCHER JOHNSON SAYS, "IT IS ALL I CAN DO."

Many men who have heard Mrs. Johnson's testimony have made sundry intimations as to what they would do had a woman treated them as did Mrs. Johnson her husband. But still this fellow Johnson says, "It is the only way."

And who is there to tell Johnson that there is some other way? What does a man know about such things who has never been through the fire? Before a man sees come into his home the little miracle of God's goodness in the shape of a tiny baby, he may think that he knows things. Then he decides that the A B C's of life are still before him.

Don't try to make a hero out of Johnson. That would spoil it all. Just cheer up about it and take it for granted that many another man in Johnson's place would do the same thing. Maybe you say you wouldn't, but then maybe you would. You never can tell until you've been tested. You'd have a good excuse not to? Well maybe, maybe—but remember Johnson doesn't say, "look at what I'm doing for that woman." He just says, "It's the only way, it is all I can do." In fact, Johnson seems to be rather humble about it. He doesn't realize he's doing a BIG thing, but the bigness of it has humbled him to the extent that he wishes he could do more.

So don't go about intimating that Johnson is foolish. He has children, same as you have. He has a wife, she's in trouble and she played him false. But Johnson thinks it's his duty to stand by her; says it's the only way. If you think you know a better way for Johnson to act, don't tell him about it because your way would sound foolish in comparison with his.

Team Work

Three men on bases. The crack batter up. Two strikes and two balls called. Last half of the ninth. A run would tie. Two runs would mean the pennant. The pitcher delivered, the batsman swung, there was the familiar sounding whack, and the ball sped low, and cannon-shot-like, toward the center field fence.

But the fielder was there. He made good. He whipped to second baseman, who snapped to the home plate, and the runner was out.

Three out! Game ended! Team work! When two horses are hitched to a wagon, if the double-tree is not at right-angles with the tongue, one of the horses is lagging, and the other is doing more than his share.

The husband who lets his wife build the fires is lagging. The wife who lets her husband cook breakfast has let her end of the double-tree get almost into the spokes of the wheel.

The daughter who lets her mother wash the dishes is a drone, and does no good in that team. The nine would get along better without her.

The boy who lets his father bring in the wood is probably a cigaret smoker, but whether he is or not, he certainly is not worth a darn.

Let all save together, enjoy together, work together—that's team work!

OBSERVATIONS

THE fact that Maurice Langhorne is attorney for the Weyerhaeuser timber trust and that he was pulled out of the congressional race last year by his employers and that he is being allowed to stay in this year is not helping his chances for election any.

VERA FITCH now says she has tried suicide in order to be reincarnated into a world where men are unknown. Nice young girls often feel that way, in New York city.

LARGE, live elephant walked in on the Missouri republican Editors' convention, and they didn't even ask him to sit down. There's insurgency for you!

IT IS common street talk these days that Tacoma is full of blind pigs. If this is true, what is the use of paying a city license inspector \$100 a month, or commissioner of public safety \$300 and a prosecuting attorney \$250 a month to enforce the law?

WISCONSIN taught Taft something. Insurgent congressmen are to have only such campaign speakers as they demand from the national committee. It is not thought that there'll be much trouble to fill all the demands for Cannon, Ballinger and Hitchcock.

IF you hear a thumping, bone-breaking noise in the east, it's Mark Hanna's ghost. Cleveland republican legislative nominees have resolved not to vote for Dik for U. S. senator. And Charlie's the only candidate, too!

UNCLE SAM should listen to the report that cholera is killing 80 per day at Naples.

NOW that the Realty building is up 21 stories possibly the knockers in town who have been whining that "you can't do it in Tacoma" will take a back seat and let the boosters boost the Imperial building to 24 stories.

WHAT a nice social swath Brig. Gen. Clarence Edwards is cutting in Peking! Never heard of our Clarence cutting anything else, but he's sure some pumpkins in society engagements.

POPULAR freedom swept Oregon clean on Saturday, save as to a few corners which are really very dirty yet.

MAYOR FAWCETT says don't spend \$100,000 building a garbage burner, but haul the refuse on the land for fertilizer. Good! But what about the sewage which is making the waterfront unfit for habitation and wasting a lot of valuable fertilizer, as it goes out the Fifteenth street sewer?

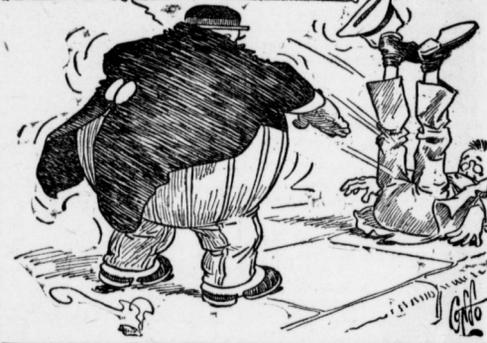
THE OLD PROVERB

"I see the census will enumerate the head of cattle in the United States. Will it also include the poultry?" "Nope. You see, they can't count their chickens before they're hatched."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



I'VE HEARD NOTHING BUT MACHINE, EMERGENCY BRAKES, INNER TUBES AND GASOLINE FOR FIVE BLOCKS!! SIT DOWN AND TALK TO YOURSELF!!



WIT of our TOTS

Amelia is an observant little miss. But she is at that age when children imagine people are hollow.

She watched a very portly man going by the house one day, and, pointing at him, exclaimed: "Oh, he must eat an awful lot every meal to keep that shape filled out!"

One of the class had recited "Woodman, Spare That Tree," and the teacher asked Alice why the poet desired that the woodman spare the tree.

"Maybe he was a treetotaler," ventured Alice.

"The reason chickens don't swim and that ducks do," explained Aunt Hester, "is that the ducks have web feet."

"What did you see out in the hayfield?" was asked a little city girl in the country.

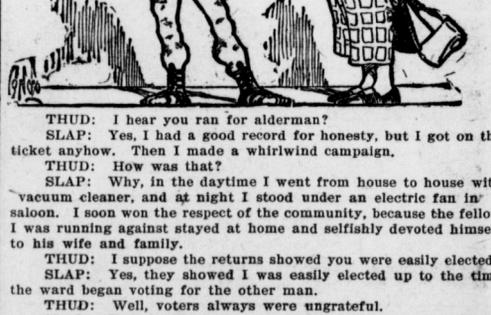
"They were reaping grasshoppers, but most of them got away," replied the child.

"Tell us a fairy story, papa," cried the children, as they clamored on his knee.

"But, dears, I don't know any fairy stories," protested Mr. Gilkinson.

"Oh, yes, you do," cried William, the second oldest. "Tell what you told mamma when you came home late last night. She says it was a fairy story."

Two Minute Vaudeville



THUD: I hear you ran for alderman?

SLAP: Yes, I had a good record for honesty, but I got on the ticket anyhow. Then I made a whirlwind campaign.

THUD: How was that?

SLAP: Why, in the daytime I went from house to house with vacuum cleaner, and at night I stood under an electric fan in a saloon. I soon won the respect of the community, because the fellow I was running against stayed at home and selfishly devoted himself to his wife and family.

THUD: I suppose the returns showed you were easily elected?

SLAP: Yes, they showed I was easily elected up to the time the ward began voting for the other man.

THUD: Well, voters always were ungrateful.

SLAP: Uh-huh; that's what the fellow said who got elected.

me with a caterpillar."

"That's right. A caterpillar would have more sense than to wear one. How many of those could you cut out of a pillow slip?"

"I'll come to you in a moment, young man, and thrash you for your impertinence."

"Why, maw, you couldn't catch me with that on if you had hold of me. I guess that's a fall suit, ain't it?"

"Yes; certainly."

"Does it hurt when you fall with it?"

"Oh, do go on, you little plague, I wish to read this very interesting article describing: "How to Trip Down Stairs in a Hobble Skirt on a Banana Peel."

"Maw—"

"Pie-ase do!"

"All right, maw. But—"

"Not another question."

"How do you get it on, maw? Does the dressmaker sew you up in it, or do you crawl in through the neck?"

But by this time she was in tears and Edwin went out and told the other boys that his maw was confined to the house, unable to put one foot before the other.

Scott's Studio, Fidelity Bldg.

The Young Mother and the Fat Hog

This is not a fable—simply straight goods. There happens, however, to be a moral.

One time a little mother, who was only 25, began to feel tired all the time. Her appetite had failed her for weeks before the tired feeling came. Her three littl girls, once a joy of her life, now became a burden to her. It was "mamma," "mamma," all day long. She had never noticed these appeals until the tired feeling came. The little mother also had red spots on her cheeks and a slight dry cough. One day when dragging herself around, forcing her weary body to work, she felt a slight sharp pain in her chest, her head grew dizzy, and suddenly her mouth filled with blood.

The hemorrhage was not severe, but it left her very weak. The doctor she had consulted for her cough and tired feeling had said: "You are all run down; you need a tonic." For a fee he prescribed bitters made of alcohol, water and gentian. This gave her false strength for a while, for it checked out her little reserve. When the hemorrhage occurred she and all her neighbors knew she had consumption, and the doctor should have known it and told her months before.

Now she wrote to the state board of health. "I am told," she said, "that consumption in its early stages can be cured by outdoor life, continued rest, and plenty of plain, good food. I do not want to die. I want to live and raise my children to make them good citizens. Where can I go to get well?"

The reply was: "Your great Christian country has not yet risen to the mighty economy of saving lives of little mothers from consumption. At present the only place in your county where you can go is a grave. However, the county will care for your children in an orphan asylum after you are dead, and then in a few years a special officer will be paid to find a home for them. But save your life—never."

That is a cranky idea, saving lives, for a member of a certain board of supervisors said so. Besides, said he, "It isn't business, the county can't afford it." Supervisors, of course, are usually taxpayers, and elected by taxpayers, but all of them have not yet been convinced that it is cheaper in the end to prevent pauperism and orphanage than to build institutions to care for paupers and orphans. So the little mother died of a preventable and curable disease. The home was broken up and the children were taken to the orphan asylum.

ON THE OTHER HAND, HOWEVER, A big fat hog one morning found he had a pain in his belly. He squealed loudly and the farmer came out of his house to see what was the matter.

"He's got the hog cholera," said the hired man. So the farmer telegraphed to Secretary Wilson of the United States agriculture department (who said the other day he had 3,000 experts in animal and plant diseases), and the reply was: "Cert. I'll send you a man right away."

Sure enough, the man came. He said he was a D. V. S., and he was, too. He had a government syringe and a bottle of government medicine in his hand bag, and he went for the hog. It got well.

It wasn't cranky for the government to do this, and it could afford the expense, for the hog could be turned into ham, sausage, lard and bacon.

Anybody, even a fool, can see it would be cranky for the state to save the life of a little mother, and it could not afford it, either.

WHAT WAS VENUS DOING ANYWAY?

(A Deep, Dark Mystery in Four Chapters.)



CHAPTER II.

Have you figured out yet what Venus of Milo was doing when she lost those two arms of hers? We are impatiently awaiting your answer. We want Times readers to help us solve this problem. But solve it we will!

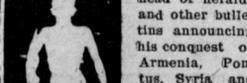
The picture above is the guess of an artist. Yes, he says she was doing that with her arms. We don't know just what that is, but we let it go.

Anyway we don't think she was doing that when the steam roller came along and amputated those arms. Do you?

But one of our readers has given us a first class idea about it and tomorrow we will print it. (Continued tomorrow.)

TODAY IN HISTORY

Sept. 30, B. C., 61, Pompey made his triumphal entry into Rome at the head of heralds and other bulletins announcing his conquest of Armenia, Pontus, Syria and Palestine, including 1,000 towns and 324 kings and princes, not to mention sundry silver plate and other souvenirs. Many of the trophies were solid silver; nor indeed was Pompey in for a dull finish. Marrying Caesar's daughter Julia, he formed with Caesar and Crassus the first triumvirate, but became embroiled in political controversies with his father-in-law and fled to refuge in Egypt.



WESTWARD THEY COME

A recent accession to the business people of Tacoma are Dr. J. A. and Mrs. E. L. Caswell, who come from Lowell, Mass. They have opened offices at 1109 1/2 C st. and will do business under the name of Caswell Optical Co. Fifteen years residence in Lowell, Mass., developed the largest business of its kind in the city, and Dr. Caswell had the distinction of acting as eye specialist for the private schools and the Boston Northern railway.

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LETTERS TO MY SON Delicate, Whimsical, Spiritual Idyls of Motherhood—The Self-Interpretations of a Woman's Soul Addressed to Her Unborn Man-Child, by a Woman Whose Name is Withheld. (Extracts from the book entitled "Letters to My Son," published and copyrighted, 1910, by Houghton-Mifflin Co., Boston, Mass.)

Sometimes, knowing what the dangers are that beset a child from the moment that his brain begins to work and his mind to observe, I have suffered very great fear for you. I know how other lives as splendid and as well-begun as yours, had been wrecked through lack of knowledge and wise guidance in their growing-time.

My first instinct was to keep you ignorant, at any cost, but my second told me that there could be no growth or development in a life lived in a glass case, and I knew that I would rather have you suffer a thousand times than reach the end of your life untried, unproved and undeveloped.

From the moment your mind intelligently asks the reason why, I want no unquestioning obedience. Come to me or to Oliver, and we will talk it over. There are some who may not understand. So many people seem to think that refusing to see life as it is a mark of spirituality, and that wanting to know is merely an improper curiosity. That may be so for them, but it is not so for the surgeon, the scientist, the philosopher; and it will not be so for you, beloved, for you are going to be a man, and a fine, splendid man—not a skulker behind the skirts of inexperience.

And I would tell you that there are great things coming to you with your manhood, and that you must keep your body clean and wholesome for them. Any act or thought that is secret and carries with it fear of detection is not good; and for that reason I want you always to go out when your mind is perturbed or your imagination is stirring. It is not that I want to talk morality—no man can make morality for another—it is just what I want you to have your chance to be whole and perfect when you come to choose intelligently your good and evil. If, when you were too small to un-

derstand, you had grasped the candle-flame and your little fingers had blistered and had grown together so that you were unable ever afterward to spread your hand out, or to grasp anything properly, the moment of anticipation would not pay for the pain and the perpetual handicap that indulgence had imposed upon you. And there are acts committed just as heedlessly, and with no willful thought of evil, which do not inflict the immediate pain of the candle-flame, but which might suddenly and in your prime disqualify you from all splendid activities in the race that is not finished till our very last breath is drawn.

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