

PHONES Business Office Main 735, A1735
Circulation Dept. Main 735, A1735
Editorial Dept. Main 794, A1735
OFFICE—708 COMMERCE ST.

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.

Monotonous

Mrs. Sinclair says Upton is an "essential monogamist!" I'm mourning alone in my attic o'er my sad and dissatisfied life, there comes to me nothing ecstatic—I'm nothing but Bill's only wife. Oh I've answered his telephone, wavy, lest the "other woman" might call, but it's only my friends, or Aunt Mary, or some business trifle, that's all. I have sifted his whole correspondence; this result, like the rest, has been all; so I pine in a dismal despondence, there isn't a line that could thrill. Bill's never called out of the city, nor is one minute late for a meal, I am sure the most callous would pity, if they could but know how I feel! He stays in the house every evening and never seems anxious to roam. Unless he's adept at deceiving, he actually loves to be home. I know what becomes of his money, excepting, of course, what I spend; and he calls me his Sweetheart and Honey, just as though I were his Lady Friend. He never seems weary of working to further the least of my will, but spite of all prying and lurking, I can't get a scandal on Bill. If he would cut a few capers and give me a wild, jealous rage, I might get my name in the papers, I might even go on the stage. No wonder I'm losing ambition, no wonder I'm railing at fate; I can't breathe a ghost of suspicion, I haven't a wrong to relate. I am losing all wifely affection when I muse on the romance I've missed with a husband who shows no defection, who's simply a monogamist!

Rise of the Woman Farmer

The woman farmer has evolved to the convention stage. She is sufficiently numerous to select delegates to a representative assembly of her class, and to discuss ways and means for bettering her condition. She will come to order at Denver in October and proceed to "resolute."
Now, this is interesting. It marks the rise of a new social type, a new economic factor. It is another and a most significant step in woman's progress toward complete equality with man.
What will woman do with the farm? She will probably make it smaller. She will naturally diversify her products instead of staking everything on a single crop, for she is less of a gambler than man. She will go strong on chickens and other kinds of fowl, for these need no tending, which is in her line. More than likely she will develop home-made preserves into a commercial product.
Anyhow, wherever she brings up, the woman farmer has begun her career.

Speaking of a Normal World

We hear more or less talk about business stagnation. It isn't normal. There never were so many people needing so many things as today, and never was the world so well equipped to serve the world's needs.
We hear more or less complaint of hunger in many lands. It isn't normal. The good old earth is rich enough to give everybody a square meal.
We hear talk, too, of social unrest and possible political revolution. Now that is normal. And it is healthful, too. This would be a mighty poor, incompetent world if, when it has troubles arising merely from the abnormal adjustment of natural abundance, it could nowhere command the genius to set things straight.
Don't worry don't lose faith. Just take this comfort to your heart: Everybody is of more consequence than anybody, and, in the end, it is everybody's interest that is going to prevail.

A Matter of Punctuation

Secretary Fisher was confronted in Alaska by banners and badges bearing the legend:
"LET US MINE OUR OWN COAL."
Fine, but needing to be punctuated, as follows:
"Let U. S. Mine OUR OWN Coal."
We've got the men, we've got the ships, we've got the money, too! And, fortunately, we've got the coal and the consumers. So trot out your pick and shovel, Uncle Sam, and get busy!

OBSERVATIONS

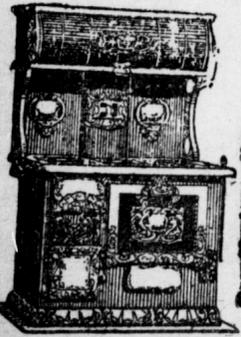
BERLIN theaters are being boycotted because the police regulate the size of the women's hats.
AKRON PRESS man sees "just one way to water." But there's Uncle Kitch Pixley out at Mogadore with several barrels of cider.
OHIO tax commission increases valuations on Ohio traction lines by \$5 millions. What a lot of perjury that represents!
KEMP, poet to the Sinclair family, is described as long-eared and thin as a goat. Sort of Kansas jackrabbit build.
U. S. Steel colicky? Or is it just thirsty for some Roosevelt ready relief?
FIFTEEN thousand tons of steel went into auto tire rims last year.
An elephant at highest speed goes 17 feet per second, an ostrich 160 feet.

Our Easy Payment Plan

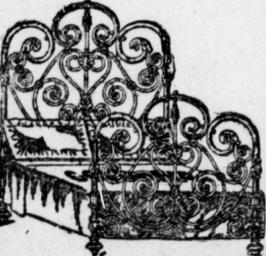
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MOST ANYTHING



DON'T CHEER FELLERS THE THING IS GOING OUT
STAND BACK, DON'T CROWD.

Men are never as good as their wives think them—nor as bad.

Lots of men never hitch their wagon to a star, but they hitch it in front of a place where it is very easy to acquire a collection of stars.

Lots of statesmen go to Washington on the same principle that a man fills his pocket with sponges and tumbles into a beer vat.

Faith and Works are the real Gold Dust Twins.

Most people prefer to be plain-spoken than plain-looking.

VERY LIKE.

That little lamb that Mary had, Were he alive today, Would wear his little tootsies out A-dodging Schedule K.

If you can't come back it's some satisfaction at least to have been there once.

OVER THE CRADLE.

A little lad is sneezing In a little trundle bed, While fairies troop about him With dreams for his curly head; The little face is tear-stained, But under his glad eyes Are visions of a pathway That wanders up the skies.

His feet among the roses Go dancing in wild glee, He runs among the clover All bright and glad and free; The stars are for his pillow In golden glory spread— The winds are singing to him— The little curly-head.

A woman bends above him And breathes a fragrant prayer That leaves a holy beauty, Spread like a halo there, "O, little lad, sweet pathways Are luring where thou art; But never such a haven As in my mother-heart."

"O, little child from dreaming Run home again to me, Here is the love that needs you, And here your rest shall be; My arms grow lonely, empty, Creep back into your nest, And let my soul grow peaceful With your fingers at my breast"

A well-known American banker says that most newsboys ought to be in the penitentiary. This would make nice company for numerous bankers.

It is a fine thing to practice what you preach, but it's a little better to practice without preaching.

Some people's ears make a fierce picture frame.

Time has the long-distance record for flying.

There'll be some ruction some day when a woman's jury is sworn in at the same hour a bargain counter sale starts at the department store.

Figures don't lie until they become associated with padding.

Trouble never breaks into a house if he hears laughter inside.

Fool the children while you can, for they'll soon grow up and know you for a mere man.

Gollath was not the first man or the last to be laid low by a sling.

Love's head is in the clouds, but its feet are on the earth, the one thing that mingles the divine and human.

Water ought to be able to run uphill when it wants to get away from a bull frog chorus.

"We can only be young once." Nature is at least that fair with us.

It is just as worthless to die on third base as on first. The boy who reaches the plate counts.

The men who claim that the law of supply and demand regu-

TIMES AND METHODS

By BERTON BRADLEY

The old ways might be good ways in their time, They'd be little understood ways now and here, And the old ways oft were great ways—yes, sublime. But they wouldn't be the straight ways now, I fear. So there's no use weeping sadly o'er what's fled. (They did some things very badly, you recall) And the new ways are the best ways, after all!

There is something in the glory of the past, But there also is the story of its shame, And of many a galling fetter held fast Which we've stricken off to better play the game; Oh, the old ways were the grand ways, it is true, But I think our "modern brand" ways meet the call, And the old ways might seem "pest" ways now to you, For the new ways are the best ways, after all.

lates prices are a great deal more anxious to corner the supply and then the demand.

Mark Twain once said, "In the first place God made idiots. That was for practice. Then he made school boards." That is one case where second place wins first prize.

WHY IS IT THAT A PRESIDENT

WILL KICK OUT A GOOD FORESTER



WILL BACK GEAR CANNON IN HOUSE



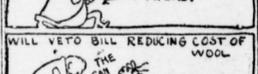
WILL SUE GOVERNOR FOR PAY TO EXPLORE THE OILS



WILL DENY VOLKOW-DICK LETTER



WILL FILL GOVT PAYROLL WITH "LAME-DUCKS"



WILL VETO BILL REDUCING COST OF WOOL



WILL VETO ARIZONA STATEHOOD



WILL DENOUNCE RECALL OF JUDGES



WILL TAKE A LITTLE RECREATION



THEY WILL MAKE A FEW SPEECHES



BUT NEVERTHELESS



1912



THE EXCEPTION.

"Show me a man who isn't always skulking behind a woman's skirts!" demanded the militant suffragette.

"How about the fellow who sings in the chorus?" inquired a coarse brute in the rear of the hall.

SHORT SHAVINGS

There is an argumentative man in this town. You can get a debate out of him on anything. You can even get a debate out of him when that is the very thing you are trying to dodge. Oh, he is the disputative person.

But there is an instance in which he made an argument in two words and in saying these two words completely refuted his argument. Pretty hard to do, eh? Well, here's how he did it.

After a long argument with a friend, the latter said: "You always take exception to everything one says to you."

Two school stories, and that will be about all the educational persiflage today.

The teacher was quizzing the second grade. The class acted as if half asleep and pupil after pupil tripped upon easy ones. So the teacher tried to make them still easier just to see if there was anything the class knew.

"On what day does Easter fall?" she asked one girl suddenly.

The girl, startled out of a day dream, looked at her foolishly. "Past—Friday," whispered a mischievous classmate. "Easter falls on Friday," confidently announced the pupil.

That woke the class up.

This is about a girl who didn't make a mistake in her answer.

The question was, "Which is the largest river in South America?"

Now this girl didn't remember which was the largest river in South America. But she did remember that one of the girls in the room wore a sailor hat that had the name of the largest river in South America printed on the band in large bold letters. The teacher thought the girl would never answer, but while she hesitated her eyes roved along the rows of hats hanging on pegs at the side of the room until it rested on the hat. Then in clarion tones she answered: "Amazon."

Not knowing the facts in the case, the teacher thinks this was a triumph of concentration of the mind.

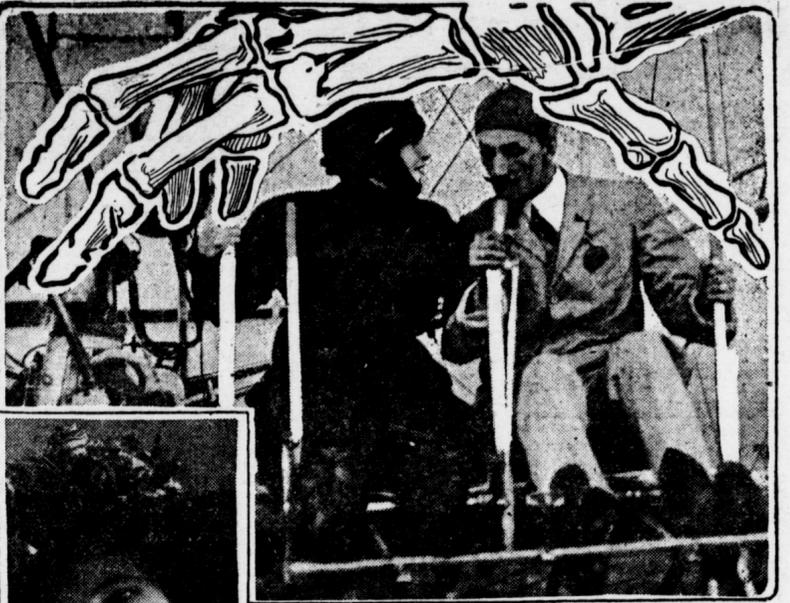
OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

Mrs. Annie Besant, president of the Theosophical society, and who celebrated her 64th birthday, is the last of the three first and greatest Theosophists of the world. She was born in London and for a short time was the wife of a British preacher, from whom she was divorced because of her atheist leaning. With Mme. H. P. Blavatsky and Col. Henry Steel Olcott, Mrs. Besant worked for many years, lecturing, writing for the Theosophical cause. She has been pronounced one of the three greatest figures of the nineteenth century produced, and the world's finest orator.

TODAY IN HISTORY

Oct. 2, 1861, just 50 years ago today, it was demonstrated that necessity is a hard taskmaster. Jefferson Davis, president of the confederacy, was at Manassas to confer with his generals, Beauregard, Smith and Joe Johnston, all of whom were agreed that it would take from 50,000 to 60,000 men to wage an offensive campaign against the union forces in and around Washington. "I haven't that many to give you" was Davis' reply and it was so conclusive that it outweighed all the books in West Point could teach.

"I Tempt Death in the Clouds Aloft --for My Boy" Says Mrs. Johnstone



MRS. RALPH JOHNSTONE AND HER INSTRUCTOR.



Editor's Note — Mrs. Ralph Johnstone, the widow of the intrepid aviator who was killed at Denver last year, has taken up aviation to earn money with which to educate her boy. She is taking lessons daily on Long Island and will soon be an accomplished aviator. Mrs. Johnstone has written her own story for the Times.

I keep up flying long enough. But we all have to make our livings. I have to. Not only that but I have the dearest, sweetest little fellow, just 10 years old, and it is for his sake more than anything else that I have decided to follow the track of his father. Maybe I could support him otherwise. I do not know. His father left us very little money and Ralph, Jr., must be clothed and fed and educated. I couldn't do that at any of the professions usually followed by women. I doubt that I could do it were I to return to the stage, which I left when I married. Ralph always told me that flying was the most dangerous business a mortal could get into. With but one exception he refused to allow me to go up with him. And he never would consent to our little boy's going. I wouldn't either. Down in my heart I often ques-

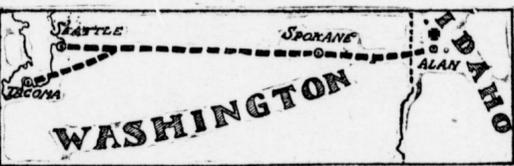
tion whether I did right in adopting this flying business. That is not caused by fear, but I wonder what my little boy will do when I meet the inevitable end of all aviators who cling to the game.

Only the other day the little fellow looked up in my face and said "Mamma, what would become of me if you should get killed like papa?" I told him that God would take care of me, and that he would watch over me all the more if my little boy would say a prayer for me every time I fly.

Bless his little heart, I know he prays all the time I am aloft that I may safely return to him.

Some time, and soon, both of us hope, I will have saved enough money to retire from the dangerous business, and then not all the gold in the world would tempt me to continue taking chances of making my boy an orphan. It is enough that aviation claim-

Crooked Race Track at Alan, Idaho, Running at Full Blast for 60 Days



The racetrack at Alan, Idaho, is just over the border from Spokane.

The crooked horse racing game is not dead yet in the state. For two months this fall a crooked race meeting is being held at a \$100,000 racing park at Alan, a town of 100 inhabitants in Idaho, just a few minutes' ride over the border from Spokane. The railroads out of Spokane have granted a special "excursion" rate of 25 cents for the round trip; this is for the convenience of the victims of the game.

Scores of touts are flourishing in Spokane, and in spite of the efforts of the Spokane police to suppress it, the infamous "Yellow Sheet" that is printed daily with "tips" on the Alan races finds ready circulation.

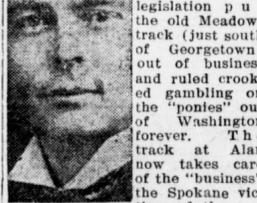
Nowhere in the country does the bookmaker ply his crooked game now but in Montana, where short meetings are held every summer in Butte and Anaconda, and on this infamous track at Alan, Idaho.

All of the "business" for the bookmakers at Alan comes from this state, it is freely admitted. The "big" bookmakers from Oakland and from Tampa, and even from the Eastern tracks (all of which have been legislated out of existence), have flocked to Alan to put up the last stand for racetrack gambling—and crooked gambling at that.

The Spokane police have arrested several tipsters and a crusade has been waged against known crooks who have been ruled off the race tracks in British Columbia, and who made a bee-line for Alan, hoping to cut into the big melon that gambling-crazed young men of Spokane and the smaller towns of the "Inland Empire" are daily contributing. The bookmakers are getting away with \$20,000 a day at the Alan track, it is estimated. And all of this "business" comes over from Washington on the "25-cent-round-trip" excursion that the railroads so kindly make possible.

THE LAST OF RACE TRACK GAMBLING IN STATE—THE MEADOWS

Ole Hanson, in 1909, a state representative from Seattle, caused a law to be passed that makes book-making on horse races a felony in this state. His legislation put the old Meadows track (just south of Georgetown) out of business and ruled crooked gambling on the "ponies" out of Washington forever. The track at Alan now takes care of the "business" the Spokane victims of the mania contribute.



Ole Hanson.

A Skin Tightener To Reduce Wrinkles

In beauty culture, as in the treatment of disease, the tendency nowadays is to seek the removal of causes, rather than to treat symptoms or effects. In the matter of wrinkles, for instance, we know that the lines or furrows are caused by the skin becoming loose in places, so it does not perfectly fit the flesh beneath. The skin then "wrinkles" or sags. Naturally the proper thing to do is to tighten the skin—make it fit—then there's no room for lines, wrinkles and folds, and so surplus skin to sag or bag.

The best known formula for the purpose is: Saxolite, 1 oz., in 1-2 pint witch hazel. Use as a wash lotion. The effect is truly remarkable, especially as results are immediate. Ask the druggist for the powdered saxolite, which dissolves more quickly than any other form. Advt.

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