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Taft Sows the Wind

At an Iowa town bearing the ominous name of Waterloo, Mr. Taft unburdened himself of what is doubtless his true message to the country. In briefest terms it amounted to this:

LET BIG BUSINESS ALONE, OR YOU WILL HAVE A PANIC AND A LOT OF YOU WILL STARVE TO DEATH.

To be more specific, he dealt with four aspects of big business—railroads, trusts, tariff and currency—to this effect:

As to the railroads, we have solved the problem of reasonable and equitable rates by means of the interstate commerce commission. It's no use to bother the railroads any more—they're all right.

As to trusts, we have that splendid decision of the supreme court. The oil and tobacco trusts are now but memories. If any more real bad ones are discovered they will promptly be squelched in the same way.

As to the tariff, we've got some men at work finding out if it is too high. If so, it will be very greatly lowered in a way that will not disturb business or interfere with anybody's profits.

As to currency, we need the Aldrich Central bank worse than they used to need pistols in Texas. It has been recommended by a number of estimable gentlemen who certainly ought to know what they are talking about. Take it, and currency will be out of the way, same as railroads, trusts and tariff.

If this settlement of vexed questions is accepted, capital will employ labor and all will be well; if it is rejected, capital will refuse to do business, panic will ensue, and the president will doubtless say of the situation, as he did once before in somewhat similar circumstances:

"God knows—I don't."

There never was a president of the United States so utterly at sea as William Howard Taft. There never was a president with so poor a grasp of fundamental economics, nor with so little understanding of the temper and spirit of his times. In threatening the people with panic and starvation unless they heed the bidding of the masters, he is inviting something worse than panic.

He is courting revolution!

Put It Down

At Verdon, Neb., Taft's train passed two other trains, that were flood-bound. Says the Associated Press:

"On one of these was a theatrical troupe which included about fifty chorus girls. As the president's train moved by, the girls stuck their heads out of the window and threw kisses at the chief executive, who waved a greeting in return. Several of the girls were on the ground, and one, picking up her skirts, ran for some distance up the tracks, calling to the president to throw her his traveling cap as a souvenir."

We want to know how long this thing is going to continue. We want to know what Archie de Butt was doing during the excitement. We want to know what sort of a "greeting" Bill returned for those kisses. We want to know where the judicial dignity of this nation was while Bill was returning greetings with those chorus girls. We want to know if the administration can't railroad across this nation without chorus girls, picking up their skirts, stage skirts or outdoor skirts, and streaking it after the train. Time has come when Bill must be protected from the raging chorus girl. It is too, too much to expect him to enlighten us on vital national issues after being chased by chorus girls with their skirts arranged for leaping from tie to tie, howling for mementoes in the shape of parts of his clothing. This thing has got to be stopped. It has got to be stopped now.

Then We'll All Be Angels

Pittsburg now has the lowest death rate in its history. The undertakers are feeling the pinch. They give a queer reason for the fact: "High cost of living."

"People eat less all the time, increasing the state of their health. Poor people, especially, are compelled to adopt scientific practice instead of following habit."

The future looks brilliant, doesn't it? Prices going higher all the time; we eat less and less; finally, we shall be unable to eat anything. Result: life everlasting.

In point of fact, we shall simply evolve into terrestrial angels. But where the dickens shall we get our harps? We can't buy 'em. The harp trust will boost prices out of sight, won't it?

Net Results and the Moral

Canada killed reciprocity, while Taft himself killed revision of the woolen schedule and the farmers' free list bills.

Here's the net result: Standpat tariff taxes, high cost of living still going higher, and an ever-widening smile on the face of the trusts.

Moral: 'Rah for Bob LaPollette!



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EDITED BY JOSEPH WICE

VOL. I.

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What has become of the old-fashioned girl who made a scrap book so as to have something good to read on rainy days.

School opened at Possum Hollow Monday with nine boys, seventeen girls, three dogs and a watermelon.

Job was a patient man, but then he never had to try to match a piece of dress goods for his wife.

The farewell baseball game of the season in Moredock's pasture Thursday afternoon was called in the seventh inning because Pete Scroggins, the umpire, had to go home and help with the milking.

Do you remember the old time male quartet that went around singing "Larboard Watch" late at night?

Miss Topsy Turvine strained her neck Thursday attending the millinery opening.

Some men's idea of economy is to quit taking the paper or magazine their wives like the best.

Miss Myrtle Clevis, whose essay

on "High Ideals" thrilled the audience at Plum Center last June, went to work Monday peeling tomatoes at the canning factory.

Abner Henthorn stuck a soybean in a hornet's nest day before yesterday to see whether there was anything in it or not. On account of the affirmative response Ab is still in bed.

Nearly every unmarried man under forty thinks there are at least half a dozen girls would have him if he'd ask them.

Bulwer Cowles says it's astonishing what strong cigars some fellows can smoke when they get to town.

After Slim Gullion got done growling about the high prices he had to pay for schoolbooks for his two children, he went down to the grocery and bought \$2 worth of Polar Cat plug tobacco.

Titus Wadd will not let his son Henry go back to college this fall. He says that about all Henry did after he came home last June was to roll his trousers half way up to his knees and call the neighbors "guys" and "mokes."

Miss Myrtle Hatrick will teach at Possum Hollow this year. She was selected because her hair came nearest to matching the color

of the wall paper in the schoolhouse.

Tybald Newcomb says there were 4,957 chiggers got on him while he was attending the pioneer meeting at Plum Point schoolhouse Saturday. He thinks the other three got lost in the grass and couldn't find their way out.

Hez Gookins calls his wife the queen of spades because she made all the garden this year.

AND HARD CIDER.
This is the time of year when comes
The autumnal equinox,
Also fall hats, late county fairs
And newest styles in socks.

There was a heated argument at Lank Plunkett's store last night as to whether Mona Lisa was a new vaudeville star or the name of a hotel in Terre Haute.

In every small town there are some women who do not seem to have much to do except to sit on the front porch and make remarks about persons who pass by.

After not being able to decide whether to buy Escrow Davis has finally concluded to get a general purpose slouch hat for winter wear.

Observations

Los Angeles proposes to buy out the electric light companies for \$6,000,000 and add light, heat and power to its peerless water system. Public service for public benefit by public enterprise is a growing idea, all right. Let 'er grow!

Rockefeller likes to talk about his "business start"; perhaps to divert attention from his business finish, which is much more serious for the public.

So Ballinger won't sue Pinchot for libel, after all. In trying to forget, and hoping the public will do likewise, the one-time secretary of the Interior is showing a lot of horse sense.

Three recent "was-ers," now "has-beens": Theodore Roosevelt, Porfirio Diaz, Wilfred Laurier. And yet the sun rises and sets, the breezes blow, and the stars wheel in their courses!

Attorney-General Wickersham says: "If I continue in office to the end of President Taft's term I will send some of the trust magnates to prison." Wonder if there will be any of the big contributors to the Taft campaign fund among them?

N. Y. workman was fined \$10 for drinking soup out of a plate in a restaurant. "Disorderly conduct" was the charge. Worse things have happened in Newport society—and no convictions.

Boston fishermen caught a three-year-old deer in their net off the harbor the other day. Claim they hadn't been celebrating the Maine election returns, either.

Chicago Tribune sends interviewers behind Taft to see what people really think of him. Michigan verdict: "Perhaps—if he gets tariff reductions in next congress, Illinois: "Dead duck." Kansas: "No good."

Newest thing from the fashion faddists is a chain-mail gown for pretty women. Nothing new about that. Pretty women have had a chain of males along ever since the world began.

They're going to raise 'possums for commerce on 200,000 acres of land owned in Australia. Wonder if 'possum an' 'aters will taste as good bought from the butchers as when you used to take the dogs and chase 'em.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

As a Camera Lady on the "Daily Sneez" Miss Dillpickles Becomes Tangled Up in a Romance of the Frivolous Rich.



He made a ridiculous figure, but the figure of his income—500,000 bucks a year—isn't so ridiculous.

When I woke up this morning the joke was on him. He wept still felt awful sorry for poor, disgraced rich Lancelot Scadsborough. Think of him having to carry frozen-faced Gladys Van Svelte with a couple of millions of her own. It's more like a bank merger than a marriage. What Lancelot needs is some poor but warm-hearted girl that wouldn't love him for his wealth alone, although the wealth would come in somewhat handy.

At the office of the "Daily Sneez" a tip came in from some of Lancelot's loyal friends that they had put something over on him at the polo club. There'd been a farewell bachelor dinner and they had lassoed Lancelot and painted half his face black and tied him out in the paddock. I rushed out to get a picture of him if I could.

He was still lashed to a tree and when he saw me coming with my camera he nearly fainted. He wasn't near such a cut-up when

THE LAY OF THE GASTRONOME

BY BERTON BRALEY
They've kept me on "dyspeptic's food"
Until my palate's paralyzed,
Much "sanitary tea" they've brewed
And fed me crackers sterilized,
But now the diet rules are off
At dining I enthuse again,
At predigested grub I scoff,
I'm eating what I choose again.
Say, it was awful, while the bunch
Were putting roasts and steaks away
I had to eat a "healthfood" lunch
And stow my "ba riev flakes" away.
But now I savor the bill of fare
And order chops and stews again.
For anything I like I dare
I'm eating what I choose again.
Lobster and crabs and other fish
Bring back to me a thrill once more
Although in tasting such a dish
I'm likely to be ill once more.
Yet waiters, chefs and such-like folk
Will now receive their dues again—
My dietary bonds are broke!
I'm eating what I choose again!

A NEW EXPERIENCE
"And did you enjoy your trip to the country, Miss Citibred?"
"Yes, indeed. What do you think I saw? A lot of qualls, and they were raw."

MOST ANYTHING

A PRAYER BEFORE DAWN.
O may my eyes be turned to see
Beyond the boundaries of night,
The first pink morning ecstasy
As darkness turns to light.

And as the adoring sun shall rise
Sure and serene to its high goal,
So may my hope flame up blue
skies
A pathway for my Soul.

And as a bird whose anthem
breaks
Across the dawn on eager wings,
May my heart be a voice that
wakes
From night to soar and sing.

May no man look upon my face
And fall to find a glory there,
That lightens up with fragrant
grace
The corners of despair.

May no man walk a little way
Beside me through the dust
and heat
And fail to find the common day
A human thing and sweet.

And when the twilight hour is
here
Still may its deepening shadows
be
All golden with a human cheer
The glad day brought to me.

Which would you rather do,
hear a cough drop or a gum ball?
Some men commit suicide
and others just sleep in folding beds.

A New York judge prefers to
have married men on a jury. They
are probably not so impatient to
get home.

People may not watch you as
you go up, but they're all looking
when you land.

As father went to spank the
boy, the youngster said: "Father,
these are your pants—have you
no sentiment?" "Thank you, my
son, for the reminder. Take them
off."

Nothing makes a man swell up
so much as when he passes a
crowd of children and just catches
the voice of his own youngster
saying: "There goes my father,
kids!"

FAME.
Why do the papers talk of him,
And run his picture every day?
Perhaps he made a breakfast food
Out of alfalfa hay.

Or maybe he has left his wife,
To earn her living selling soap.
A poet who has paid his bills,
Or some new white man's hope.

But it is pleasanter to think
He is a gem of purest gold,
Some kindly man who ne'er repeats
The thing his baby told.

OUR DAILY BIRTH-DAY PARTY.

There's a happy birthday party
down in Possum Trot, Ga., today;

Miss Martha Berry is the guest of honor. The "mountain whites" about about Possum Trot, for whom Miss Berry has done so much, and to whom she is the "Sunday Lady," are the celebrators. Miss Berry early in life left the fashionable world to which she was born and gave of her time and her funds to make the life of the poor, illiterate children of the Southern mountain districts better worth living. Before she went to them they merely existed. And right here is a good time to add: If any amateur philanthropist feels that he or she would like to aid in Miss Berry's work they are at liberty to send money, clothing or books to Miss Berry at Rome, Ga.

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TODAY IN HISTORY

October 7, 1862, six days after he had been taxed by President

Abraham Lincoln with being over-cautious, George B. McClellan issued what he called General Orders No. 163, in which he referred to emancipation, deprecated in the army heated political discussions and reminded his men that the remedy for political errors is at the polls. This order not only widened the growing gulf between McClellan and the president but it made such a fuss that when George came to write the story of his own campaign he very carefully omitted any allusion to this history-making bulletin.

New Idea for Testing the Ears of Backward School Children



Because many school children cannot hear well and because this deficiency makes them appear stupid in their classes, Prof. McClellan, a Trenton, N. J., school principal, got busy to determine their defects by inventing an ear testing machine. It is a great success and by its means children who formerly appeared stupid are enabled to have their ears treated and cured, so that they may keep pace with their fellow pupils. Children often, through indifference or shame, would not admit their defects. The merit of the invention is that their ears are tested without the little subject suspecting it. The machine consists of a metal box, containing a tiny bell. Stethoscope tubes reach the child's ears and a tiny hammer strikes the bell at varying degrees of sound. The test consists in learning at what strength the tinkle of the bell is audible. Pupils are tested at the rate of one a minute.

Our Girls More Buxom



My! my! Listen to this! Tacoma woman are growing bigger than New York women.

Who says so? S-s-h. Not so loud. If the women heard her name mentioned they might become real angry and probably call her a mean old cat, and other things. She's—come closer—she's the buyer for one of Tacoma's largest stores, catering to the very fashionable trade.

The buyer has just returned from New York, where she had an opportunity to observe the difference between the women. **MORE BUXOM NOW** "New York women are large, but Tacoma women are much larger. Today the average customer weighs from 100 to 165. She buys a 38 suit. We are selling more 38 suits now than we used to. The 36 a few years ago was the prevailing size. The proportions of these suits are bust 38, waist 27, hips 42 to 43.

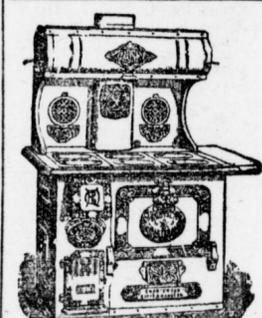
A number of our customers are wearing 38 size suits who think they have 36. And a number who think they are wearing 38's have 40's. Tacoma women are from two to three sizes larger around the hips than New York women. The reason? Well, that is a secret.

How Society Women Ward Off Wrinkles

Wrinkles are not strangers to one, but when you acquire such disfigurements you know how to lose them in a hurry. One not in the secret wonders how those of strenuous social duties and late hours can so completely ward off the usual marks of care and dissipation. No one need wear wrinkles in public, not those horrid rings beneath the eyes, after learning what plain, ordinary saxolite will do. When any of those hateful marks appear, send to the drug store for an ounce of powdered saxolite and a half pint of witch hazel. Mix the two, bathe the face in the solution and—that's the whole secret. Nothing works so miraculously. The chin is inclined to double; this trouble, too, may be kept in check in the same way. Advt.

off their hips yet. The large bust and hip sizes are due to their corsets." The buyer entered into a technical description of the effect of long corsets, straight lined suits, and other secrets of correct grooming that a mere man reporter failed to understand. This valuable information will have to be obtained by the women readers first hand.

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DREAMSTICKS

WHY DON'T TABLE LEGS HAVE KNEES?
OH, AN EASIER ONE!
WHEN A FELLOW HERDS SHEEP, HE'S A SHEPHERD—IF HE HERDS COWS, IS HE A COWARD?
THE JOKE JUG
LEFT BY MISS TAKE.