

Story About a Tooth

Ray Cox, a 13-year-old Ohio boy, shot himself through the nose while trying to shoot out an aching tooth, and the newspaper wits are making fun about it. Sounds silly, too, doesn't it? But, hold on, Mr. Man! you were just as silly when a boy.

Do you remember that time when you had the whole Second Class, Primary Grade, following you about in envy of that loose "milk tooth" that was jumping about in your jaw? Of course you do. Why, doggone it, you were so proud over that tooth which the other boys didn't have that you fairly strutted home from school and you counted that boy blessed above his fellows whom you "let feel how loose it was."

Silly? Why, on the way home, Tommy Smith persuaded you that the painless way to pull a tooth was to tie one end of a string to the tooth and the other end to a stone and let Tommy Smith give the stone a good throw. Remember how that stone raised you on your toes with a yell, and came untied and left you with that tooth just dancing the can-can in your face? 'Course you do.

And when you got home holding your jaw with both hands, Sister Mary convinced you that the only painless way to draw a "milk tooth" was to tie one end of a string to it and t'other end to a door knob, and let Sister Mary slam the door when you weren't looking. And you know mighty well that you looked, and when the jerk came, and that tooth still stuck, you opened your face with roars so that you couldn't look at anything.

Silly? Why, it wasn't an hour later before Brother Willie came in and convinced you to believe that the only way to painlessly pull a "milk tooth" was to tie one end of a string to it, t'other end to a brick, and let Brother Willie drop the brick into the well without your knowledge. Remember how the heaven and the earth smacked together when that string snapped and that tooth went to putting in extra licks? 'Course you do! And you kicked little Willie, kicked little Willie plenty and promiscuous, and mother came out, grabbed you by the arm and started for that awful place, the dentist's, where you knew a strong man with horrible pliers stood yearning for sore teeth to come along. And lo! on the way, that tooth dropped out, and you fain would gambol like a lambkin that had escaped the slaughter.

Silly? Why, man, you were twice as silly as that Ohio boy, for it is a fact that one can get rid of a tooth by firing a rifle bullet against it, while the schemes you once tried were all based on credulity. Age gives us wisdom only as we progress through failure and suffering.

Alas! a whole lot of us are even yet trying to get rid of what hurts us by tying an old piece of string to it and letting others do the rest.

Woodrow Guilty, All Right

Col. Henri Watterson repudiates Woodrow Wilson. Col. Harvey pulls down the Wilson banner from Harper's Weekly. Col. Melville Stone fills the Associated Press with accounts of other colonels, majors, sergeants and privates who suddenly don't like Woodrow. It looks like "insurgency," and Big Business chortles over the idea that Wilson boom is petering out, for Big Business truly, honestly, secretly fears Woodrow Wilson most of all.

Br'r Watterson puts the charge against Wilson in these words: "I have little room to doubt that Wilson is not a man who makes common cause with his political associates, or is deeply sensible of his political obligations."

Now, we haven't even "the little room to doubt" that makes Watterson fold his tent and refuse the nomination to Wilson. On the contrary, we are convinced that Woodrow Wilson is the very fellow to refuse to "make common cause with his political associates" as against the common cause of the common people. We don't believe that Woodrow has a particle of sense of "political obligations," or needs any.

Nor can we work up any tears because of Woodrow's alleged shortcomings in these respects. On the contrary, we love him for his kicking of "political associates" and admire him because he seems to have no sense of political obligation to anyone, save the plain people, meaning us and about 90,000,000 others. Just now the democratic party seems to be a'illin' with that old-time trouble, colonel's colic. Too many colonels in her midst. Cols. Watterson and Harvey and Hearst and others are taking up matters where Cols. Brice, Oliver Payne, Whitney and McLean left off, trying to lead a great party named democratic around by the nose.

Not Corruption, Just Investment

"No evidence of corruption," says the U. S. senate sub-committee, in the case of Senator Stephenson; notwithstanding that the office cost Stephenson a sum "way up toward \$200,000. The evidence simply showed the high cost of a senatorship, and the case leaves in our mouths that bad-tasting question—Why are rich men willing to pay such vast sums for a chance to make the laws for us?

OBSERVATIONS

COUNCILMAN BUTTFIELD of North Plainfield, N. J., wants workmen excluded from living in his town. Says it costs \$26 a year to school a child, and workmen average three children per family. If Buttfeld studies economics hard enough, he'll likely get around to solving the problem by killing off the children.

AGRICULTURAL department has classified 245 different kinds of cheese beside Limburger, which is in a class by itself.

WE gather from Mr. Woodrow Wilson's estimate that Cousin Bill Taft is honest and patriotic but almighty stupid.

FRISCO society is to paralyze N. Y. society with an oriental ball at which Mrs. Templeton Crocker will wear mauve trousers, her ma pink trousers, Jennie Crocker green trousers and the rest of society trousers to match its complexion. If those oriental trousers tackle the oriental "turkey trot" dance, it'll be worth fine and imprisonment to break into that ball.

BRYAN is North Dakota democrats' second choice. It's the blooming second choice that keep the situation all scrambled up.

WICKERSHAM announces that the objections to Hook's appointment as U. S. supreme judge are groundless. Hook feels the same way, which ought to be sufficient endorsement for Bill Taft. One corporation lawyer more or less on that bench won't give us a Harlan. If it would, you can bet that Taft would duck it.

SAN JOSE jury has decided that a stableful of jackasses is not a disturber of the peace of society. If you ever heard San Jose society girl manual labor a piano, you'd know why that jury was charitable toward jackasses.

COATES CO., the thread-makers, declared a dividend of 35 per cent in 1911.

THE MARKETS

Washington creamery butter, not expect to have much Eastern come down in price yesterday, butter until some time in March. Eastern butter is just as scarce Eggs also took a drop of 1 cent as it was yesterday. Jobbers do yesterday.

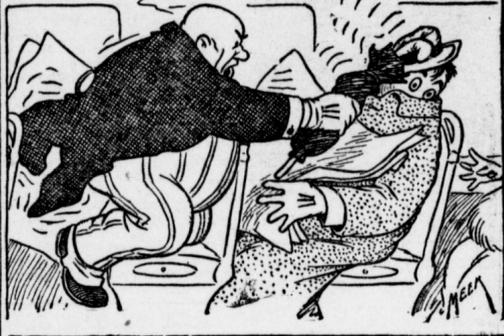
PRICES PAID PRODUCER.

Apples—\$1.50 @ 2 a box. Lemons—\$3 @ 3.75. Cranberries—10 @ 12c. Oranges—\$2 @ 2.75. Potatoes—\$1.80 @ 1.50. Sweet Potatoes—\$3 @ 3.50 cwt. Beans—3 @ 4c. Turnips—\$1 sack. Lettuce—\$1.25 crate. Cabbage—1 1/2 @ 1 1/2 c. Spinach 1 1-2c. Chicken—14c. Beef—10c. Pork—9 @ 10c. Onions—\$1.25 @ 1.50. Oysters—\$7.50 per sack. Clams—\$2.50 a sack. Crabs—\$1 @ 1.75 doz. Butter Washington Creamery—\$4 @ 35c. Eastern—\$1 @ 82c. Eggs. Washington Ranch—20c.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



YOU'VE BEEN TRYING TO SHAVE MY NECK WITH THAT PAPER OF YOURS FOR THE LAST HALF-HOUR!! NOW QUIT IT!!

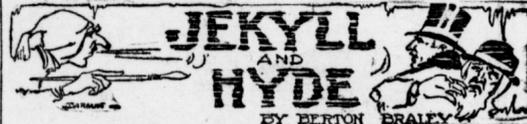


JUDICIAL ADVICE

"I hope you won't be hard on me, Judge," he said. "You see, I was under the influence of liquor when I done it." "You seem to have been under the influence of something equally bad when you studied grammar. During the spare moments that you are going to have, permit yourself to indulge in judicious study of the construction of simple sentences. Here is one to begin with—sixty days."

HIS OWN PROVISION

The committee had called to suggest government by commission to Nero, and that eminent ruler listened attentively and smiled approvingly. "It looks good to me," he said, "providing, of course, I am the commission." Whereupon the committee laughed diplomatically and withdrew. —Cleveland Plain Dealer.



Mr. Jack Frost is a nice chap to know, When you've got a warm house to abide in, And it's jolly, no doubt, to go out in the snow When you have a warm cutter to ride in. But down in the slums when his hand's on the pants He isn't a blessing—he's only a bane.

Mr. Jack Frost's a society swell, To the rich he is joyous and cheerful, But down where the shivering ghetto-folks dwell His visage is bitter and fearful. When empty the coal bin and empty the purse His laugh is a snarl and his glance is a curse.

When plenty is yours and your body well fed Mr. Jack Frost is your crony, But when you are down, why the snob cuts you dead With a glance that is icy and stony! He blesses and blights with the very same breath, To Wealth he is Life—and to Poverty, Death!

LITTLE IRRITATIONS OF LIFE



Most Anything

HEARD AT THE RUSH HOUR. "Move a little faster, please! 'Way up in the car! Come on, there, don't block the door, Whod'y'a think you are?"

"All aboard, take this car north! Let 'em off there, you! And forget that fresh talk, boob, Gimme something new."

"You want a West-side car, you say? Just listen to the gink; Why don't you stop and think?"

The conductor mopped his sweaty brow. "And balance on his toes, 'Sometimes thees runs as fierce,' he said, 'But that's the way it goes.'"

"If ever I get off this car I'm going to find a job On some deserted island Where there is no street car mob."

HAD SEEN THEM.

Teacher—Now can anyone tell me where the stars come from? "Please, ma'am," answered the tiniest of the class, "they come from the sidewalk."

"All life originally came from a microscopic dot," claim the scientists. There are still a lot of people who haven't risen above the period.

A New York man left his wife a handsome estate provided she did not take the advice of her relatives "in financial or other affairs." It's a clutch that man had a mother-in-law. The Tampico, Mexico, oil fields produced 100,000 barrels of oil daily. But that's nothing compared to the amount of "salve" a few good politicians can produce in the same length of time.

There was a man and he struck a match On the wall in a powder mill, And now the mill and match he struck And the man are very still.

A cannon's report has been heard at a distance of 146 miles. But that wasn't our own Joe Cannon. When he made a report to the house the whole United States heard it.

Cigars are part of an Italian soldier's daily rations. They ought to be able to smoke out an enemy all right.

SPEAKING OF SMOKE.

You can have your gold-tipped Meerschaum And your polished Calabash, I'll take my little clay ducine Which cost five cents in cash.

THE FAISE ALARM.

Often in the silly night a creaking door gives us a fright.

THE TRUANT.

I tried to run away from things, I wandered far and wide, Myself was at my side. It was no go—where'er I went

UPLIFT STUFF.

Bunch your boosts, boy, Don't get in the habit of loafing in your own shadow. Memory gives man an altar. Love never suspends dividends. Courtesy is an invitation to others to be nice to you. The man who is sure of his opinion seldom fights for it. No man's destiny comes to him full grown.

Prominent women assert that the trouble is that marriages take place before the parties are well enough acquainted with each other. But a longer acquaintance would make marriage impossible nine cases out of ten.

Some men don't keep up with the times any better than an encyclopedia.

Farmers don't have the fun they used to have in the days when the automobile was afraid of a crumpled-horn cow.

Slavery was supposed to have been abolished 40 years ago, but folks can still buy books on the installment plan.

A man always feels a bit superior when some homeless pup follows him home. And well he may.

Self preservation is a law of nature, and many people know what to preserve themselves in.

No man believes in compensations when he spills a bag of apples on the street car.

Red Cross Ball Blue makes the laundress happy, makes clothes whiter than snow. If you wish beautiful, clear white clothes, use Red Cross Ball Blue. At all grocers.

Shur On Eye Glasses are Best. HAYES 4th Floor Fidelity Bldg.

Will Taft Turn Sloan Loose On Arizona Again? Why State Cries Recall of Judges

PRESCOTT, Ariz., Jan. 27.—The war is not over in Arizona. The people have won their constitution, secured statehood and elected a progressive government. But there still remains that menace—the federal judge, who can, by a stroke of the pen, wipe out half the benefits of this constitution, and in spite of their dear-bought victories keep the people in bondage to Big Business. Big Business long ago laid its wires and got the promise that THEIR kind of a man should be appointed. It is common knowledge in Arizona that Richard Sloan, the present governor, is slated for this judgeship by President Taft. Sloan has the "railroad mind" and the "mining mind."



"INJUNCTION DICK" SLOAN

campaign. It is a move to get some kind of control by the people. Sloan served as a district federal judge in Arizona from 1889 to 1909, with the exception of three years when he practiced law in Prescott and was attorney for the Santa Fe railroad.

Federal Judge Sloan was so well thought of that a provisioned private car was at his disposal when he wished to go on a week-end hunting or fishing trip. He became known among working men as "Injunction Dick."

Here are two samples of Judge Sloan's work on the bench: Near Prescott are the \$100,000,000 properties of the United Verde Mining Co., owned by former United States Senator W. A. Clark, taxed at \$40,000, by the way. This company wanted a certain man appointed district attorney. Their lawyer got caught bribing a county supervisor to vote for this man. The United Verde lawyer was arrested. The supervisor confessed having given \$500. Judge Sloan dismissed the case on a technicality. The grand jury then indicted the lawyer and Sloan dismissed the case on another technicality.

The court records of Mohave county will show (if they have not been destroyed) that in 1907 a Pullman porter on the Santa Fe train brutally assaulted a woman passenger. She was saved by the train crew. A jury found the negro guilty, and Judge Sloan in a scathing opinion sent the negro to the penitentiary for 14 years at hard labor, the maximum. The woman brought suit against

the Pullman company for \$25,000 damages. The company offered to settle for \$2500, but the woman refused. The Pullman and Santa Fe lawyers secured a new trial for the negro.

Before Judge Sloan the case was called for trial again. It opened with a short consultation in low tones between judge, district attorney and attorneys for the Pullman and the Santa Fe.

The same Judge Sloan who had sentenced the negro, now discharged him, and he was whisked out of the territory by a waiting engine.

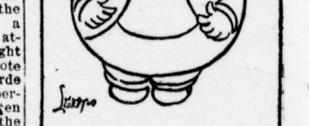
At the 1908 republican national convention Sloan voted against every progressive plank offered by insurgents—especially the presidential primary.

In 1909, to the astonishment of the people of Arizona, Taft made him governor of the territory, without a single open public endorsement.

In 1910 Sloan was publically ridiculing the constitution wanted by the people, and saying if it was adopted that the territorial assembly would have to be enlarged.

In 1911 he had to fight for two days in the republican party conference, reactionary as it was, for a platform endorsement of his administration and Taft's.

OUR PRECISE ARTIST



"Wanted: A job for an all round man."

The mutton-chop style of whisker is becoming obsolete and in a new generation children will have to invent new forms of amusement.

The rabbit is just wise enough to know that if he had a tail he'd be just forgetful enough to stick it in a trap.

About People

One of the most popular of the matrons in Greek official society at Athens is Mme. Coromila.

Such a spendthrift is John D. Archbold Standard Oil millionnaire. He gave the church of his native village a \$100 organ.

James Kennedy was sentenced to jail for one year in a New York court for stealing an umbrella on a rainy day.

Lincoln dissatisfied with the inactivity of the army of the Potomac, issued his general war order No. 1, fixing Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, as the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States. Of course, Washington's birthday was a holiday then, but the country where the soldiers were going had seceded and national holidays were not observed by the army.

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TODAY IN HISTORY

Jan. 27, 1862, just 50 years ago today, President Abraham Lincoln dissatisfied with the inactivity of the army of the Potomac, issued his general war order No. 1, fixing Washington's birthday, Feb. 22, as the day for a general movement of the land and naval forces of the United States. Of course, Washington's birthday was a holiday then, but the country where the soldiers were going had seceded and national holidays were not observed by the army.

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How I Got Back My Strength

(By A. WELLMAN.) "These are the worst symptoms of weakness," said Dr. Soakem, after I had told him of my condition. I had come to his office hoping to get something that would relieve me of the pain which took my pleasure out of my life. My back was weak and painful, my head ached, I was nervous and had no energy or ambition. The use of my arms was dropping my vitality, and I knew that I was getting worse every day.

Here is some medicine that will fix you up, said Dr. Soakem. This stimulant will give you energy and take away that tired, debilitated feeling of which you complain. The other is for your nerves; it will stupefy them so you can't feel any pain. You will find directions on the bottles, and after you have used all the medicines you can have the bottles refilled at the drug store.

Needless to say, I made many trips to the drug store getting those bottles refilled. But the medicine didn't do me up all right. The first thing it did was to put my stomach out of gear, and my food wouldn't digest properly. Even the smell of the dope was nauseating, and the horrible taste it left in my mouth was worse than most any pain.

The stimulant gave me energy for a while, but after I had taken it for a few days I had to double the dose to get the same effect, and it soon failed to do even that. The nerve medicine relieved all pain for a time; but, like the stimulant, it, too, lost its power. I found myself growing more nervous each day, and every dose called for another, as the pain came back each time.

I don't know where I would have ended if I had not discovered an advertisement of electro-Vita, so I decided to call at the office of the Electro-Vita Co. and have a talk with the consulting physician. I found the doctor only too willing to give me all the information desired. He showed me a large number of testimonials from people who had been cured by Electro-Vita, and all praised the treatment highly. Some were from men I had known for years. Here are a few of them:

"I have used Electro-Vita with excellent results in a case of prostatic trouble, complicated with weakness and losses. I consider my cure all the more remarkable because I am 62 years old and had been troubled in this way for 18 years. I tried all kinds of treatment and medicines during that long period, with no benefit whatever, the system remaining decrepit and weak until Electro-Vita brought new life and manhood."

Shur On Eye Glasses are Best. HAYES 4th Floor Fidelity Bldg.



GET THIS FREE BOOK

I would advise all sufferers to call or write for the free 90-page book, which tells how Electro-Vita cures and cost of treatment. This book contains pictures of well built robust men and women, illustrating the method of applying Electro-Vita. The free to those who use this coupon. Cut out the coupon now and mail it if you can't call. Consultation free. Office hours 9 a. m. to 6 p. m. Wednesday and Saturday evenings until 8; Sunday, 10 to 12.

The Electro-Vita Co., Dept. 3, 204 Mastic Bldg., Seattle, Wash. Please send me, prepaid, your free, 90-page, illustrated book. NAME STREET TOWN