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YOU CAN HELP

At the Moose hall meeting last night and at the big armory meeting for Bob Hodge recently a collection was taken.

"The barrel has not rolled this way," said Chairman Hanby last night in his appeal for funds.

This shortness of the exchequer is in vivid contrast to the overflowing barrel of the Taft campaign committee and is leading the people to think hard on what it means.

Evidently the trusts are not unlimbering for the progressive cause as the standpatters would like to make it appear. Evidently, too, they are for the Taft campaign.

They are not taking up any collections to pay hall rent at the Taft meetings.

Bob Hodge has not got any \$13,000 to sling into a primary campaign and twice as much more for an election corruption fund.

There are indications, however, that the people would rather put up a few dollars each to elect the progressive ticket and save hundreds by reason of eliminating the graft of the political "highbinders" as Hodge calls them, afterward.

In the meantime the progressive committee is holding out the hat for the collection.

Do you want to help 'em?

JOHNSON

Albert Johnson and other standpatters will speak at Valhalla hall tonight. Albert seems to be taking himself seriously in the campaign. But probably he cannot help it. When a man begins the task of butting his head against a stone wall it probably does get serious after a while.

And certainly Albert is up against a stone wall. He is pretty big down at Hoquiam for all those mill owners taffy him to keep him boosting their little political games for them in his country daily, but when it comes to getting Tacoma voters to throw away a first class, up-to-date congressman like Stanton Warburton to take on the spokesman for the Hoquiam mills, it is hardly to be expected Tacoma boosters would grab at such a bait very hard.

Tacoma has been looking for a congressman for some years who would really represent the people here, and now they have got him there is every indication they will hang onto him to a man.

Why, even the democrats are going to vote for Warburton up here, so while it will probably be some consolation to Swan Samson and Emil Stenberg to have Albert speak at Valhalla hall, that is about all Albert can hope to get out of it.

"DRYS" CAMPAIGN FUND

Prohibitionists have not quite demonstrated how to run a national campaign without money, but pretty near it. The report of their national treasurer to Washington shows their total campaign fund for this campaign was \$20,035.33, and they have nearly \$2,000 of it left for the remaining days of the battle.

This sum is less than was gleaned by the larger parties from single individuals, but it is evident the trust magnates have not seen fit to include the cold water organization in their distribution of funds.

Politicians who "play the game" would not think much of less than \$500 a state on which to run a great presidential campaign.

The people are with Bob Hodge and they're with him strong. All the slime the chief and assistant muckers and the standpat sheets could gather to throw on Bob didn't work. Hodge's grand reception in Seattle yesterday and here last night is a fitting testimonial of the people's trust in the man. The people are onto the gang, the gang's method of fighting, the gang's motive for fighting dirty, and the gang can't work the people any more. After November 5th there won't be any more gang. It will be the People who shall rule and there won't be any affidavit-armed thugs running loose to lick a man.

The tortoise may be the slowest animal alive, but one was lively enough last night to overturn a lamp in a church in Denver, which set fire to the building.

Even the wide circulation of John L. Wilson's P.-I. couldn't gather a crowd big enough to entertain Standpat Hay and his standpat henchmen in Seattle last night. And at that, the audience was so belligerent and contrary to the fake doctrines offered by the outfit, that the chairman had to call for order several times.

The manikin of the standpat organ, Albert Johnson, is circulating "homey epigrams" along with a lot of good money to beat one of the best friends the people ever had in Washington. Needless to say, Congressman Warburton has his fight already won. There won't be much of a race—in fact there won't be any race at all. Johnson hasn't even gotten a start.



This Woman Won Pastor From Pulpit, and They Are Happy Together, and Unabashed

F. S. A. Jensen is a finisher of hardwood floors in Oakland, Cal. Only a few days ago he was Rev. F. S. A. Jensen, pastor of the Baptist church of Morgan Hill, near San Jose, Cal. He has given up a home, abandoned the ministry, and his pastorate for the love of Mrs. Lulu Smith, one of his flock. He seeks no justification, offers no excuse. He has broken one of the cardinal principles of Mosaic and secular law. He doesn't dodge or deny it. He talks little, and polishes floors while he waits for a year and three months to pass, until his divorce will be complete and he can marry Mrs. Smith, who has just been divorced from a wealthy rancher, because of her relations with the minister. Mrs. Smith has given up her luxurious home and her two sons, 14 and 16, and is supporting herself as a clerk in a department store. She lives in one small room in a lodging house, while she, too, is waiting.



MRS. LULU SMITH.

The story of Jensen and Mrs. Smith reads, in papers, like the story of Jere Knode Cooke, the Long Island clergyman who eloped with Floretta Whalley and went to San Francisco to earn a living. The affection between Mrs. Smith and the pastor began last April. Both say it was because they were unhappy at home. Mrs. Smith had previously been divorced, but was persuaded by friends to return to her husband. But happiness, she says, did not return.

Jensen, who was married 20 years ago, had worked his way through school and had learned the trade of a floor-polisher. No children came to the Jensen home. For many years, he says, there was no love between his wife and himself. For months Jensen and Mrs. Smith kept their secret. Finally there was gossip. When it became general, Jensen resigned. Mrs. Smith told her husband she was to blame, consented to an uncontested divorce, and left her home. "I have given up the ministry," says Jensen, "because I did not want to hurt the work. I have done wrong, and I have not deeded it. I have not given up my religion nor my faith. It was the man, not the minister, who fell."

STERLING, Ill., Oct. 29.—Charged with stealing his former fiancée's wedding trousseau and sprinkling it with indelible ink, Almond Frick, a wealthy farmer, is held in jail here today. The girl, Miss Genevieve Riley, and Frick were sweethearts until Elwood Macomber came here. He met Miss Riley and she forgot all about Frick. Macomber and Miss Riley were married yesterday, the bride wearing a borrowed gown.

Is Your Mother-In-Law Comic?

One dollar will be paid for the funniest or the most sorrowful mother-in-law joke sent in this week; contest ends Saturday.

Now it may be that YOU are not certain that there is anything FUNNY about your own particular mother-in-law; if that be the case, write in something about somebody else's mother-in-law.

All mothers-in-law are not alike, and all jokes about the peculiar species will differ, maybe.

Be that as it may—send in your own little wheeze and the dollar may be yours.

Simply address the JOKE EDITOR of The Tacoma Times.

SMILE AWHILE

Lucky Codfish
"The codfish," said the professor, "lays considerably more than a million eggs."
"It is mighty lucky for the codfish that she doesn't have to cackle over every egg," said the student who came from the farm.—Indianapolis Journal.



"She's a business woman, eh?"
"Yes, indeed. She can even open a telegram without trembling." — Detroit Free Press.

Can't Afford To.
Friend—You and your husband seem to be getting on well together just now. I thought you had quarreled.
Wife—Can't do that these days when our dresses fasten down the back.—Pele Mele.

Poor Count
"Did your daughter take the count?"
"No; the count took the count when he told my husband that he ought to be willing to pay \$2,000,000 for the honor of having our family identified with his." — Chicago Record-Herald.

Fitting Fate.
"Why do you want to railroad this man to prison?"
"Why not? Isn't he a train robber?" — Mobile Register.

A Fabulous Age
Spratts—Miss Elder is much older than I thought.
Hunker—Impossible!
Spratts—Well, I asked her if she had read Aesop's Fables and she said she read them when they first came out. — Ladies' Home Journal.

Inanimate Salesmen
"Are those good graphophones?"
"The goods speak for themselves."
"That's so. Well, wind one up and let's see if it can effect a sale." — Louisville Courier-Journal.



Careful
"You say Cholly is rather particular about germs?"
"Yes. He carries around his individual street car strap." — Pittsburg Post.

Paw Knows Everything
Willie—Paw, do horses eat wild oats?
Paw—Well, the ponies in the ballet do.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

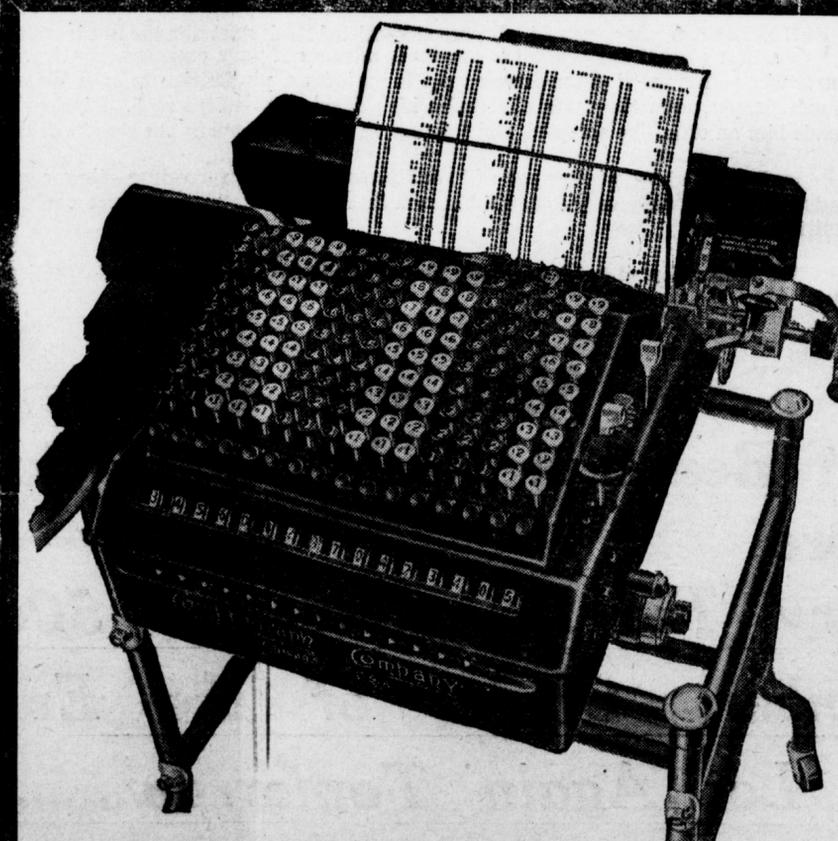
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(Paid Advertisement.)
GEORGE P. FISHBURNE
Democratic Candidate for Prosecuting Attorney
Submit the following as his platform:
This above all others: I will enforce the law. If you do not like the law, repeal it.
First—My entire time and attention will be devoted to the duties of the office to the exclusion of all outside business—a requirement exacted of attorneys working for any large business organization.
Second—I will employ only three assistants instead of five. A Prosecuting Attorney, with three assistants who are always on the job, can transact the business of the office.
Third—My deputies will be chosen because of their ability, honesty and efficiency, and not on account of their politics.
I am a graduate in law of the University of Virginia. I have practiced law in all the courts of Washington for seven years; two years associated with Judge O. B. Ellis and Hon. John D. Fletcher. I am now associated with A. H. Denman. As to my ability, I refer you to the judges and other lawyers of Pierce County.
You choose your lawyer, not on account of his politics, but on account of his honesty, ability and efficiency. Give your county the same chance.

Choir Invisible
An old farmer and his wife lived near the village church, says the New York American. One warm Sunday evening, while they sat dozing on the porch, the crickets set up a loud chirping.
"I just love that chirpin' noise," said the old man drowsily, and before the crickets had stopped he was fast asleep.
Soon afterwards the church choir broke into a beautiful chant.
"Just listen to that!" exclaimed his wife, "ain't it beautiful?"
"Yes," murmured the old farmer sleepily, "they do it with their hind legs."

(Paid Advertisement.)
Geo. M. Thompson
Republican Candidate for
Justice of the Peace
I have been a resident of Tacoma eleven years; have practiced law in Tacoma five years. For the past year and a half I have been Deputy Prosecuting Attorney in charge of prosecution of State cases in Police Court.

ALMOST A MIRACLE.
One of the most startling changes ever seen in any man, according to W. B. Holsclaw, Clarendon, Tex., was effected years ago in his brother. "He had such a dreadful cough," he writes, "that all our family thought he was going into consumption, but he began to use Dr. King's New Discovery, and was completely cured by ten bottles. Now he is sound and well and weighs 218 pounds. For many years our family has used this wonderful remedy for Coughs and Colds with excellent results." It's quick, safe, reliable and guaranteed. Price 50 cents and \$1.00. Trial bottle free at Ryner Mastron Drug Co., 938 Pacific avenue.



I'm Always in Good Health

When I work for you I'm on the job every day—nights too, if you ask it. If I'm given just reasonable care, I'll never lost a minute in promoting business interests.

If I am badly handled and my health suffers thereby, you have but to call my specialist. I have a doctor—really a specialist—right in your neighborhood who understands me thoroughly.

I can prepare your sales reports, your pay roll, your bank statement—thousands of different, important, difficult mathematical stunts—ALL painstakingly, accurately—without an error, a complaint or an excuse.

No matter how peculiar or different the conditions and requirements of YOUR business, I'll work into a life job if you'll give me a trial. My references include the names of banks, trust companies, insurance companies, railroads and manufacturers all over America. My name is

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