



Adolf Doesn't See the Eclipse, and He Has Smoked Glass Too.

Wrote by Schenck
Wrote by McDonald

BOYS' SCHOOL CLOTHES



All wool Suits and Overcoats of heavy durable materials in dark serviceable shades. Ages 6 to 18 years, \$5 to \$10 priced . . . \$5 to \$10

A RAIN COAT

For the boy will keep him dry and also keep the colds away.

OUR HATS and CAPS for boys are the latest in styles and are equal to hard wear.

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TELEGRAM

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Turn to the Want Ads

THESE GIANTS WILL BE SEEN IN TACOMA

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—The personnel of the Giant team that is to tour the world with the White Sox, has been announced by Manager McGraw. Several of the players are not New Yorkers. Here is his roster: Meyers of New York and Wingo, St. Louis, catchers; Mathewson, Fromme, Tesoroa, Hearne of New York, and Perdue, Boston, pitchers; Merkle, New York, first base; Doyle, New York, second base; Doolan, Philadelphia, shortstop; Lobert, Philadelphia, third base; Lee Magee, St. Louis, and Snodgrass, McCormick and Jim Thorpe of New York, outfielders. The White Sox have not yet decided upon their lineup.

Short Sport

In an exhibition game yesterday the New York Giants and the Phillies went the full route of nine innings in the remarkable time of 31 minutes.

In the first post-season game between the Cleveland Naps and the Pittsburg Pirates the Naps romped away with the game, 3 to 0. Cy Falkenberg holding the Pirates to two hits while Adams was knocked out of the box. LaJolie made three hits, one a double, while Wagner did not get a safety.

Harry Vardon and Edward Ray, the English golf professionals, have been invited to play upon the Tacoma course. Should they do so, it is likely they will be matched with James Barnes and some other good golfer.

Iron Man McGinnity and Cy Neighbors were interested spectators at the demonstration of the Star ball player at the Tacoma theater yesterday afternoon.

Billy Speas is tied with Earl Maggart in the Coast league for premier batting honors, with an average of .316.

Unofficial batting averages for the major leagues give Daubert the lead in the National with .355 and Cobb in the American with .388. Hendricksen of Boston in the American league and Earl Yingleton of Brooklyn in the National league, each batted .400, but they did not play many games.

The interleague series between the White Sox and the Chicago Cubs starts today. Cheney and Archer work for the Cubs while Russell and Schalk will make up the battery for the Sox.

Jim Thorpe was quite prominent in the game at New York yesterday. In the game he made two runs and a double and triple, leading both teams at the bat. Hans Lobert beat him out in the field day sprints, but he won the fungo hitting contest.

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Our successful cures for human ailments are due to the merits of our compound of the powerful root herbs and bark which are possessed of curative qualities and give permanent relief for the sick where other remedies have failed. If you are ailing and cannot be cured why not call and see our Private Dispensary, THE W. O. CHESSER MEDICINE CO., 1123 1/2 South 3 St., Tacoma, Wash.

Chirps & Chatter

BY JAMES W. EGAN.

Whenever we hear a motorcycle rider tell how he is going to break records we feel moved to remark he is more than likely to break his neck.

OH, MURDER!

Judging by the way Killilay hit the pill Sunday we might say that Kill made a killing. (Somebody is going to make a killing quick.)

Some time ago it was thought that the Cubs were through with Needham but they still seem to "Needham." (Run, Rollo, there is blood in that man's eyes.)

SARCASTIC.

"I do love to see one of these sweet games of football," chirped Joe Bonds Saturday. "It is such a relief after the brutality of boxing. Oh, piffle!"

Joe did not bring his motorcycle to the game. He did not want to excite it.

QUITE LIKELY.

A fighter in the East is named George Chip. Got the name from carrying a chip on his shoulder, probably.

An Eastern paper tells us Tommy Gavigan, the boxer, has a chance to meet the champion of France. How exciting!

Latest news tells us that Snodgrass will not play. This ought to encourage Christy Mathewson.

A BURNING QUESTION.

Who is going to spike Baker this year?

Connie Mack will not write on the world's series. Connie is not what you could call garrulous.

HE HAS BEEN STUNG!

Horse racing is the sport of kings, all right; but takes the income of a king, too.

With a Groom and lots of Love on the team Washington ought to McBride happy. (Tar and feathers, somebody, tar and feathers.)

Our idea of nothing at all: Betting a dollar on the Giants and then putting one on the Athletics.

SNOOP HAS MERRY TIME BUYING TICKETS

♦♦♦♦♦ Snoop has arrived in New York and here is the story of his experiences trying to get a seat for the opening game. According to his article, our dub reporter must have had a strenuous time. ♦♦♦♦♦

SNOOP, THE DUB REPORTER. (Staff Special.)

NEW YORK, Oct. 7.—Oh, believe me, this world's series is great stuff.

As this time of writing I'm sitting propped up in bed, with a bowl of broth at one elbow and a bottle of medicine at the other. I have the worst cold I ever had in my life.

I have been out after tickets to the opening game—and this is the result:

A couple of days ago I arrived in New York and made a bee-line for the Polo grounds to buy a seat or two. Strangely enough, there were several people ahead of me. In fact I got onto the tail end of a line about three miles long. I was just ten blocks I guess, from the box office. It was then 5 o'clock in the evening.

I was a couple of blocks closer when the church chimed on Times many hall (or whatever it may have been) tolled the hour of midnight. I was shivering like an Arctic explorer and my Tribbles were sweetly slumbering—like I wished I was.

Along came a young grafter with a bundle of camp stools, which he was hawking among me and my fellowfortunates. I yelled at him and told him to sell me a stool quick.

"Five dollars a night," he said when he handed it to me.

"I said camp stool," I explained sently. "I do not wish to rent a suite in the Waldorf."

But he was obdurate and I had to kick through with the gold piece. About two hours later a fellow came around selling hot coffee. I was desperate and ready for anything, so I took a cup. He told me it would cost me 25 cents. I gave him a dollar.

"Take this," I said sweetly. "Don't try and palm anything cheap off on me. I would not like it." Then I drank the coffee which was hot—the week before.

I really don't see how anyone can be poor in New York.

I stuck in that line all night and until noon the next day. It was mighty hot then and I was in the throes of a fever from which I still suffer.

Late in the afternoon I reached the window. Just as I stuck my head toward the aperture, a white-sleeved gant bawled out the cheerful information there

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was not a reserved seat left and slammed down the window with a violence that nearly severed my nose.

Oh, no, I was not angry. Not me. I'll bet I loosened more profanity in the next half hour than has ever shocked New York since the days old Stumpy Struvevant. But it did not get me

anything—except near a patrol wagon.

I had a notion to go down the Bowery and hire a couple of gunmen to aid me in murdering some successful purchaser of tickets.

And then an old newspaper friend ran across me and offered me an extra ticket for the

game. I almost swooned, but he did not have to repeat his offer.

Then I came right home to this third class hotel with first rate prices where I have been in bed since with fever, rheumatism, and the Lord knows what, ever since.

But BELIEVE ME I'll be at that opening game just the same.



My friends are legion. I am known in every village, town and city in America. The reason for my nation-wide friendship is this—

I am a perfect Turkish-blend of pure, wholesome tobacco that appeals to men who know real, genuine quality. And I am quantity as well as quality.

My simple package, costing but a trifle, saves the expense of a fancy box, and you get the difference in extra smokes.

I am FATIMA, the cigarette of the nation.



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