

THE TACOMA TIMES MEMBER OF THE NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS... Published by the Tacoma Times Pub. Co. Every Evening except Sunday.

HOW DID YOU DIE?

Did you tackle the trouble which came your way With a resolute heart, and cheerful? Or hide your face from the light of day With a craven soul and drearful?

You are stricken to earth? Well, what of it? Come up with a smiling face! It's nothing against you to fall down flat, But to lie there—that's disgrace.

And though you be done to the death, what then? If you battled the best you could, If you played your part in the world of men, Why, the Critic will call it good.

—EDMUND VANCE COOKE.

He's Real Cruel

Roy Slater is real cruel in his correspondence with Senator Wesley Jones.

Wesley came back to Washington posing as a great peacemaker to unite all republicans and progressives and get himself re-elected, but Slater has punctured his aspirations by recalling his senatorial history.

The trouble with the old gang of standpat senators has been that they have not been able to realize the people have memories, and that they are doing their own thinking. It used to be that the party whip was all sufficient, but the lash has lost its sting and as the Dicks and Aldriches and Baileys and the rest of the old guard of protectors for special interests, not forgetting our own Ankeny, have been retired to private life the people have become more and more assertive and their memories are improving too.

Slater, however, rubs it in on the Yakima poser. He asks him to send his speech to the voters of this state in which he branded Roosevelt as Pontius Pilate, the people as the "rabble" and Lorimer, the seat buyer of Illinois, as Christ himself.

Wesley will not take Slater's suggestion. He was banking on their having forgotten this incident in his senatorial career and thought he could pose as a real exponent of this same people whom he dubbed "the rabble."

And now comes Slater and revives the already quite active memory of the public, which is making the patch of Jones anything but a bed of roses in his campaign for re-election in Washington.

It looks very much as if it is all off with Wesley.

The Price of Progress

It used to be thought that a fire at sea embodied the ultimate of human horrors. And the burning of the Volturno, with its intense stories of fright, heroism and sacrifice—the awful slow creeping of the insidious flames, the loss of the lifeboats in the stress of excitement and storm, the ironic assembling of other vessels eager but in a measure powerless to help—presented what seemed irrefutable proof.

Then came the tale of the Zeppelin dirigible explosion in mid-air—a great aerial cruiser proceeding gaily on her trial journey, carrying a mirthful party; one minute a marvel of buoyancy, the next a blast of flame, a noise like the crack of doom, and then a whistling downfall of twisted metal and seared passengers burned beyond human semblance.

And we knew that the wit of man had found the way to a new acme of agony.

But the creeping babe, though weak and wavering, takes fall after fall until from experience it learns how to walk erect. And so will adult humanity, despite the sacrifices of mishap and error, persist in its invasion of the air until it, too shall learn safety. Somebody pays in tears for every human advance.

It's all right of Actress Anna Held to tell us how to hide physical defects by dress, but she mustn't go taking off dress to show us that she hasn't any.

From what one side says about the other, we judge that only an especially fine breed of scoundrel ever engages in New York city politics.

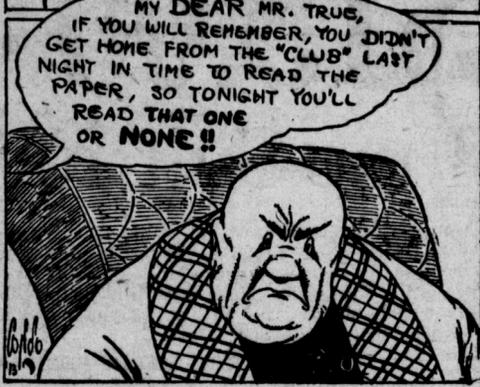
Bureau of labor says 15 million boys are attending school in the U. S. All save three can play first base and the others are utility fielders or pinch hitters.

Ohio Congress of Mothers pledged itself to keep their children from marrying without physical examination. Wonder if hare-lip is still prevalent back there in the Buckeye state.

Wesland's new play will be "The Last Night of New Juan." If he's referring to Byron's Don Juan, that has selected a hero who had one of the finest collections of nights recorded in literature.

Applying electric currents to the base of the brain, a Berlin doctor has found a way to give sleep to the sleepless. Should think it would be a good way to wake up the lazy.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



BRALEY'S POEM TODAY

FEAR I cannot bear to let you go, It's but a little while, I know, And yet my anxious heart picks out A thousand dangers round about, A thousand chances I can see That might take you away from me.

There are such ills that lurk in wait, So many evil turns of fate, So many slinking deaths that leer, So much to fill the soul with fear, That my forebodings will not flee Till you come safely back to me.

For when you gave to me your love So splendid seemed the wonder of That perfect gift, I could not deem That it was other than a dream, A magic vision of delight Which presently would take flight.

Yet now I know my dream is true, I still have fear of losing you, Thinking somehow you are too high Too fair and sweet for such as I, And that some Prince of Love, maybe Will take your love away from me.

There are so many hearts that seek, So many facile tongues that speak, So much of grace and power displayed That I, who love you, am afraid, Afraid of all the world—and so, I cannot bear to let you go! —BERTON BRALEY.



will our pet, Rover, run in front of a 60-horse power touring car and bark at the chauffeur! Dogs are one kind of pedestrians that cause "wimmin" drivers of electric coupes to seek sanitariums!

Tacoma Playhouses Tacoma Theater—"Stop Thief," the Cohan & Harris ludicrous farce, tonight and Saturday; "The Chocolate Soldier," Monday night.

Turn to the Want Ads

Lord Ballyrot in Slangland



One day on a business thoroughfare, I was attracted to a spot where a crowd of persons were curiously gazing upon a suitcase, which lay on the sidewalk. Its owner, apparently, was unknown. I stooped to examine the tag on the handle, when I was ordered back by a police officer who spoke thusly: "Back up! Don't wind your fins around the handle on that satchel. How do you know it ain't full of dynamite an' safe-blowers' soap? Maybe it's loaded with Russian Nihilist grapefruit and Sylvia Pankhurst biscuits. Don't you dare monkey with that kiestler. I'm going to soak it in a bathtub before trying to frisk the grip."



"A woman came into the hospital the other day, and she was so cross-eyed that the tears ran down her back." "You couldn't do anything for her, could you?" "Yes," we treated her for bacteria.



Kind Old Man—Why do you cry, my boy? Johnny—I loaned one of the Smith twins a penny, and don't know which one it was!



"She has just returned from a finishing school." "What do they teach them there?" "Oh—how to carry one-self, walk gracefully and all that sort of thing."



LOOK FOR THE BIG RED SIGN MOORE-COMBER FIDELITY CLOTHES 15

Grand Opera, Excellently Staged, Well Sung, Now Within Reach of the Masses!



Twelve prima donnas of the future, now beginning their vocal careers in the chorus at the Century Opera House. Top row, Lenore Beck, Helen Alberts, Ethel Snyder, Ida Allen, Adriaene Michel, Amanda Brown, Katherine Jessup; bottom row, Minerva Lee, Lola Demerville, Amelia Hausman, Florence Lane, Florence Hyman.

BY NORMAN NEW YORK, Oct. 21.—At either end of the balcony in the Century Opera House there is a sort of observation platform, where one may stand and look into the body of the great auditorium.

reach of the pocketbook of the masses, was successful in Europe; had been for many, many years—but was New York ready for it? From all indications, New York was. New York has filled the gallery seats, and the balcony seats (at 50 cents to \$1.50) and pretty nearly filled the big expanse of \$2 orchestra seats, through a week of "Aida," and a week of "Gloconda," and a week of "Tales of Hoffman," and a week of "Lohengrin." This week Wolf-Ferrari's "Jewels of the Madonna" is the bill.

UNCLE TED'S CIRCLE

THE GHOSTLY FIRE (Here is the first of a series of little entertainments for Halloween for members of the Circle.—Uncle Ted.)



Your Appearance Can Be Made a Business Asset

Nothing contributes more to wholesome appearance than GOOD CLOTHING—not necessarily expensive—but apparel that is tasteful, becoming and well fitting.

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HERE'S AN IDEAL BARGAIN

A WEBER PIANO, COLONIAL STYLE, SAN DOMINGO MAHOGANY CASE GOOD AS NEW

How long have you been waiting for an ideal bargain to present itself in a strictly high grade used piano? Such bargains as this are rare.

TACOMA PUBLIC MARKET

Corner 11th and D Streets Saturday Specials SPECIAL FOR SATURDAY Choice Yakima Spuds Per 100 lb. Sack 90c

PIONEER OYSTER & FISH CO. SATURDAY SPECIAL Three nice fresh Crabs for 25c

SATURDAY SPECIAL Large 10c Coffee Cake for 5c DICKSON BROS. Stall 30.

PURITY BUTTER STORE Stall 36 SATURDAY SPECIALS Fine Creamery Butter, 3 pounds for \$1.00 Good Butter, per pound 30c

STALL 27 Ladies, if you ever expect to own a really beautiful Ostrich Plume, make it a point to visit us this week.

MIKE'S OYSTER HOUSE Stall 42, Upstairs. Oysters served any time of the day in any style you want.

STALL 38. Phone Main 250. SATURDAY SPECIALS Choice Pork Spareribs, 2 pounds for 25c Extra Fancy Shoulder of Young Mutton, per pound, 9c

FUGI GARDEN CO. SATURDAY SPECIALS Sweet Potatoes, 10 pounds for 25c Great Big Cabbage, per head 5c

STALLS 12 AND 13 Inside of Building. Phone 1550. SATURDAY SPECIALS King and Northern Spy Apples, per box 90c

SATURDAY SPECIALS Fancy Process Butter, per pound 30c Fancy Minnesota Creamery Butter, per pound 35c

CRESCENT BUTTER STORE Stall 20. SATURDAY SPECIALS Fancy Process Butter, per pound 30c

STAMIRIS BROS. Phone 3443. SATURDAY SPECIALS 3 lbs. for \$1.00 Apples, per box \$1.00

SATURDAY SPECIAL Nica Chrysanthemums, per dozen 50c

WATSON, FLORIST 11th St. Entrance. COME EARLY—Those who come early in the morning always get first choice.