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He Wouldn't Fall For It

BY GILSON GARDNER

Two bright star points shine out as a result of President Wilson's trip to Mobile—one to all the world and one shining particularly for the benefit of the people of the United States.

The first, flashing with sharp news, was properly given great prominence in the newspaper dispatches. This related to the president's speech on the United States' future attitude in respect to sister nations in this hemisphere.

The other point carried big news also. It related to the very important subject of farm credits, upon which President Wilson REFUSED to commit himself in favor of Wall street's plan. But the reporters of Mobile didn't see it.

I think it will do no harm for me to briefly summarize for you what the president said at the convention of the Southern Commercial Congress on Mexican intervention and the relations of the United States to the Latin-American republics.

"There shall be no armed intervention in Mexico and no use of the army and navy looking to the acquisition of territory," was the first half of his message.

"Constitutional governments and not dictatorship will receive the recognition and moral support of the United States whether in Mexico, Central or South America."

The keynote of his speech, one of the most significant of all his public utterances, was this paragraph:

"I should rather be a citizen of a poor country that is free than of a rich nation which is no longer in love with liberty."

The next most important message was that to the small Central American republics on the subject of concessions and loans. In plain terms he told these countries that the government at Washington would not follow the dollar diplomacy of the Taft administration, which drove hard bargains in concessions, and after demanding extortionate interest on loans "because the risk was great," proceeded to take steps to insure that the risk should not be great.

To this message the four ministers from Central American republics, sitting on the platform, listened with undisguised amazement. It was a political gospel they have not heard before.

President Wilson's speech was a great surprise, but the surprise was greater to nobody than to Senator Duncan W. Fletcher of Florida, president of the Southern Commercial Congress. Next to him came Clarence J. Owens, secretary and moving spirit of the Southern Commercial Congress.

Both these men had told the local press that "rural credits" would be the theme of the president's address. Rural credits is the fit project of the Southern Commercial Congress. It was desired to have President Wilson's endorsement of the particular plan for rural credits legislation fathered by Owens and Fletcher.

The senator and his friend have a scheme for rural credits which is highly approved by certain Wall street bankers. It is not the farmers' co-operative plan of the German land shaften. In that plan Wall street would not share. The farmers would do their own banking and keep the profits in their own hands.

The Owens-Fletcher plan provides for the incorporation of rural banks and the tapping of the farmers' money chest with a view of draining the money into the big streams which lead to Wall street and speculation.

Whatever President Wilson may think on the subject of rural credits he did not play into the hand of the managers of the Southern Commercial Congress. In this instance he permitted himself to be made a drawing feature of the congress, but he did so because he had a message for the people of North and South America.

Horse Play at Weddings

A wedding is naturally an occasion of joy. At least when it's the right kind of wedding—the deliberate mating of two loving souls, not an impulsive leap in the dark.

For it means the setting up of the most valuable institution there is—a human family. It means that two persons who have received from society life and care are joining to return the compliment. They may not wed with this purpose fully understood, for youth is impetuous and has much to learn. But the marriage of which the wedding is a public ceremony does not truly become a marriage until it blossoms into young lives added to the bouquet of the race; and until it has, through infinite sacrifice and patient care, brought these young lives through to strong maturity and social usefulness.

To set forth upon such a task is properly a joyous undertaking. But it isn't a cheap one or one for coarse celebration. The clumsy clowning by which it is often attended is spared from utter censure because of its kindly intent. Yet it ought to be laid aside along with similar crudities of pioneer days. For it lowers a function which should be held in the highest reverence. Our manners in this respect are undoubtedly improving. The time once was when a couple couldn't hope to get through the nuptial night without a din or noises, tipsy songs and broad jests. To this day the charivari survives in many places, with its motley medley of tin horns and horse fiddles; a method of commemoration more suggestive of savages than of residents within the area of civilization.

Today the fun is finer, but still often far fetched. Perhaps, if we could tone up the manner in which weddings are commemorated, it might help to tone up the subsequent behavior of the wedded and reduce the growing recourse to divorce.

Third of Series of I.B.S.A. Bible Series

Pastor Gillespie of Nebraska, to Speak of the Judgment Day.

Pastor J. A. Gillespie, of Omaha, Neb., has been invited to deliver his lecture on "The Day of Judgment" Sunday evening at 7:45 o'clock, Nov. 2nd, in the Temple of Music, 845 C st. No admission will be charged, and collections taken. The purpose of the meeting is not money-making in any way, but merely to preach the Gospel, pure and simple. The speaker is said to be a man of positive convictions and resolute character, one who believes that ministers should not preach politics, moving pictures, woman suffrage, etc., from the pulpit. These may be ever so good in their places, but they have no right in the pulpit. Let us preach Christ and Him crucified.

As a proof of how some poor Christians are searching in vain for proper food, he quotes an advertisement from the New York World: "Wanted—A live Evangelical church to attend Sunday evening, where the Gospel is preached; no fight talk; no pictures; no politics, but plain, simple Gospel. This is God's panacea for all evils."

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



MRS. TRUE!—WHAT IN THE SAM HILL ARE YOU BURNING OUT THERE IN THE KITCHEN?!!



WELL, FOR ONE THING, IT'S NOT A ROTTEN OLD STOGIE!!

"THE SECRET PRIED LOOSE"
Miss Dillpickles Relates How She Nearly Had Justice Winging by Her Obstinacy in the Parsnip Trust Prosecution.
A "SCREECHER FILM" IN SIX REELS
BY FRED SCHAEFER.



"Jail is jail, even if they let you stay in the parlor!"

REEL V.
They DID send me to jail. I'm in contempt of court. I couldn't—just couldn't—COULDN'T testify to what Mr. Mockorange, the Parsnip magnate, said to me that afternoon after court. I refused, even to tell them the subject of the conversation. You see that's just as well told WHAT he said. His trial for promoting the parsnip trust has temporarily halted until they break my proud spirit. They won't even hear Mr. Mockorange's version. They fear, I suppose, that whatever he would say would be a cue for me. They don't place much confidence in the integrity of gentlemen with dollar marks on their clothes nowadays. Still I'm content that it's so. I don't want ANYBODY to tell. It would be too embarrassing.
I just hate that nasty old judge. And I just hate Mr. Mockorange, too, now. Why couldn't he have kept his fool mouth shut, saying things to me that embarrass me so.
(Continued.)



will I ignore the sign, "Bridge Out," and speed by it, thinking some farmer put it in the middle of the road for a joke. There are all kinds of signs, but the sign that strikes terror in a fellow's heart is, "Do Your Christmas Shopping now."

NEWARK, N. J., Nov. 1.—A big Holstein cow paid a hurried visit to the business part of Newark and after taking in the sights of Monmouth, Spruce, Washington, Spring and Broad streets, made a vain attempt to enter the store of A. L. Braus.
The thick plate glass of the doorway gave way before the cow's horns but it was sufficiently strong to hold the animal prisoner, with her head and forelegs inside the store and the rear part of her body outside. It was necessary to call a fire department truck and the police reserves before the cow could be extricated.



"I thought you learned how to draw at school! You haven't a tail on your cow!"
"Oh, that's all right, pop; the teacher says for us to pay no attention to details."

CHICAGO, Nov. 1.—Faces of sweethearts, wives and babies of Illinois Central trainmen will no longer beam from the crystals of their watches.
"Suppose an engineer" flips open the case of his watch to get the time and sees his best girl's face," said Vice President Parx, explaining the new order today. "His attention is distracted for a moment and we may have a wreck."
"It is the little things that count."



The Newrich family recently received an invitation to spend a week-end with the Bluebirds. At breakfast on the morning following their arrival Mrs. Newrich, in trying to chip off the top of an egg with her knife, exercised so much strength that the egg was knocked out of the cup and rolled under the table.
Not knowing the correct thing to do in such circumstances, she appealed to her husband.
"John," she whispered, "I have dropped an egg. What am I to do?"
"Don't cackle," replied the matter-of-fact John.

The Family Cough Medicine.
In every home there should be a bottle of Dr. King's New Discovery, ready for immediate use when any member of the family contracts a cold or a cough. Prompt use will stop the spread of sickness. S. A. Stid, of Mason, Mich., writes: "My whole family depends upon Dr. King's New Discovery as the best cough and cold medicine in the world. Two 50c bottles cured me of pneumonia. Thousands of other families have been equally benefited and depend entirely upon Dr. King's New Discovery to cure their coughs, colds, throat and lung troubles. Every dose helps. Price, 50c and \$1.00. All druggists. H. E. Bucklen & Co., Philadelphia or St. Louis."

UNCLE TED'S CIRCLE

My Dear Nieces and Nephews:
I hope you did not think that I had forgotten you this week. It was all my own fault. I forgot to tell you last week that the Circle corner wouldn't be in the paper every night after this. We will have a big column every Saturday and Monday, and during the week we will have whatever stories and pictures that I can write.

You see, the Editor has so many other things that he wants to put in the paper that sometimes there isn't room for the Circle.
My mail basket was filled to the brim again this week. Evelyn Nygard of Parkland, one of the new members, gets first prize. There are many others, and so many come in each week that I hardly have space to print them. Other letters came from John R. Trippier, Edna Nygard, Mildred Boyle, Mazzie Morris, Bernice Van Kewen, Anna Maywood, Pearl Woodne, Rhea Ravenberg, Neoma Rosenfeld, and many others.
Yours as ever,
UNCLE TED.

FIRST PRIZE

"Parkland, Wash.
"Dear Uncle Ted:
"I am going to tell you what I am going to be when I grow up. I am thinking of becoming an author and write stories about birds, flowers and trees found in the woods, and about the grassy meadows and the rippling brooks, to amuse the sick and poor children of the cities who are not able to enjoy all the nice things found in the country."
"I would like to write stories for the rich children, too, telling about the lives of the city children who live in bad and closed-in places. It would arouse their sympathy and the rich children would help make their lives less miserable. I would write beautiful stories like you have done, Uncle Ted, to help the children have nice thoughts."
From your loving niece,
"EVELYN NYGARD."

FIRST HONORABLE MENTION

"5418 So. Oakes st., Tacoma, Wash.
"Dear Uncle Ted:
"The occupation I would like is that of a mechanical draughtsman. The reason I chose it is this: it is a clean job and on a nice day you can take a walk and plan in your mind how you are going to draw something, and therefore you get exercise, and on rainy or cold days you can do your work indoors."
"By JOHN R. TRIPPIER, age 13."

SECOND HONORABLE MENTION

"Parkland, Wash., Oct. 26, 1913.
"Dear Uncle Ted:
"I am going to join your circle if you wish. My twin sister has joined the circle and I would like to try, too."
"I have been thinking ever since I was about six years old, that I wanted to be a farmer, because I would like to have many horses and cows and sweet little calves. I would also like to have an orchard with many apple trees. Then you could visit me and eat nice, juicy apples."
"I would try the best I could to raise the largest and best pumpkins, potatoes, cabbage and other such vegetables, and get the grand prize at the fair. I will send you a big pumpkin pie for Thanksgiving, Uncle Ted, if I ever get to be a farmer."
"Your loving niece,
"EDNA NYGARD."

THIRD HONORABLE MENTION

"No. 3 Rosemount Way, Tacoma, Wash.
"My Dear Uncle Ted:
"When I am a young lady and can fit my hair on the top of my head and I consider myself quite old, I will start an Aunt Mildred's Circle in the Tacoma Times, and let all the little girls and boys be in it."
"When I was smaller I thought I would own a candy store so I could have all the candy that I could eat. But now since I joined the Uncle Ted's Circle that thought never comes to my mind."
"I would like to make all the children happy, and when their father comes home they would say (like I do to my dad): 'Papa! Where is the Times? Is it in your coat pocket?' And then how they read it over two or three times and it seems to be better every time they read it."
"By LIEUT. MILDRED BOYLE, age 11."

FOURTH HONORABLE MENTION

"Dear Uncle Ted:
"When I am grown I want to be a teacher in some school. All studying interests me. From church to swimming hole.
"And I would be a writer too. One just like Uncle Ted. And be a lady kind and true, And called Aunt Winifred."
"Your niece,
"E"

QUAINT CUSTOMS OF THE WORLD'S QUEER PEOPLE

PRAYER WITHOUT CEASING BY MEANS OF WATER WHEELS IN MYSTERIOUS TIBET



The folks who live in the mysterious country of Tibet, in Central Asia, are the most prayerful people in the world. They pray, and pray without ceasing. You retire at night, you rise early in the morning, but long after you are asleep and long before the sun has risen the voice of prayer has filled the air.
They pray everywhere, utilize everything movable and immovable to help in their devotions. The wind waves their prayer flags in the air and the streams revolve their cumbersome prayer wheels such as those shown in the illustration.
In his praying wheels, with the aid of a fairly rapid stream, he will accomplish in a very short time what would perhaps be a burden to him personally. Little strips of paper bearing orthodox prayers are affixed to the wheels, and at once they are revolved again and again by the grateful worshippers.

BRALEY'S POEM TODAY

THE RIGHT ROAD.

Where's the road to happiness,
Where's the joyous way?
Where's the path to Arcady
Ever blithe as May?
Here be many roads to take,
Wisdom, there, ahoy!
What's the proper turn to make
For the road of joy?

"Take whatever road is straight,
Carol as you go,
Help a comrade bear his pack
If it bends him low,
Take your chances as they come,
Famine days or fat,
If Dame Fortune treat you ill
Dare to laugh at that!"

What's the road to Happiness?
How then shall we make it?
"Tisn't just the way you TAKE,
But the WAY you take it!"
—BERTON BRALEY.

QUALITY AND QUANTITY
Olde Amsterdam Linen stationery; 100 sheets of paper and 50 envelopes to match all for 50c.
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Expert Examination Free of Charge.
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EXPERIENCE HAS SHOWN that it not only saves much time but is also safer to pay all bills by check and secure the best possible receipt.
We invite accounts subject to check, whether large or small.
SCANDINAVIAN AMERICAN BANK OF TACOMA
Pacific Ave., at Eleventh.