

THE TACOMA TIMES MEMBER OF THE SCRIPTS NORTHWEST LEAGUE OF NEWSPAPERS. Telegraphic News Service of the United Press Association by direct leased wire.

The Schoolboard Election

The increased vote for school election Saturday afternoon is a hopeful sign. It shows the people are going to be more alert in the future in looking after school matters.

The vote probably would have been much larger but for the storm that broke over the city in the evening and also for the fact that the election was Saturday afternoon when merchants and clerks are practically prohibited by their employment from getting to the polls.

Claude Gray, re-elected by a bare plurality of 44 votes, expresses satisfaction that the school board has been endorsed. If Gray can get any satisfaction out of an endorsement by 1396 votes out of a total of 5313 he can figure more than most citizens will be able to do.

At that, Mrs. McQuestin, one of the opposition, beat him by over 1000 votes.

The Times believed it important to change the school board policy and opposed Claude Gray in the opening of the campaign.

It refused to endorse any of the opposing candidates at the finish, however.

They all insisted on playing politics. All publicly pledged themselves to boost the salaries of teachers, each vying with the other to grab the organized teachers' vote.

The Times is not against good pay for teachers. If everything considered is found advisable then they should be boosted, but for candidates who manifestly cannot know the inside workings of the school business to, in advance, play for the teacher vote with promises of salary increases, shows a political weakness as bad as anything charged against the old board.

The Times refuses to be a party to any such game and it refused to be a party to the election of any of the candidates who thus pandered for votes even to beat Gray.

What is needed in the school board is members who will play square with the whole people, not considering the interests of any faction, any clique in or out of the schools whether it has many or few votes or whether it represents relatives of board members or just plain American citizens.

End of All War!

Today the Times starts publishing the first chapter of a serial story which is more than a story.

It is a story which will hold the interest of every reader. You should read the first installment, for if you do not, you will be put to the trouble of getting the numbers you miss.

But it is more than a story. It is literature. It is philosophy. It is the most tremendous comment on war published in years.

Will we have "peace on earth, good will to men?" Will wars always desolate the earth? It seems impossible. And if wars ever cease, how will they cease.

Our great feature gives Herbert Quick's guess as to how they cease. In his ideas as to war Quick may be accused of inconsistency. For in "On Board the Good Ship Earth" he says that he can not see the end of militarism. At the same time he insisted that some time it must end.

The story tells how he thinks it may end.

China, too has been hit. Price of rice has jumped 50 per cent since 1911.

Prof. Rippman of London, announces that girls begin to talk earlier than boys. Yep! Earlier, oftener, longer and later.

There are more than 700 registered clubs in London. Must be a lot of "going out to the club" excuses made by London hubbies.

Indictment of those Colorado mine union officials for "maintaining a monopoly of labor," when nobody's working, sounds funny.

Chicago women insisted on remaining in court room while "studies" of Mazdazan "Sun ent" were explained. No second hand reports of such a warm case for them.

Wages in Victoria, Australia, have increased 25 per cent in 20 years, says report. Pretty good place to live, that—if cost of living hasn't increased 40 per cent.

Turn to the Want Ads

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



The Confessions of a Wife

"DO YOU STILL LOVE ME?" CHAPTER XIX.

"You must look your prettiest tonight, Marge," said Dick as he came from the telephone at luncheon time, "for Mr. Beiden and his wife have invited us to go to the theater and then they are going to take us to one of the swell Bohemian places. I've never seen Beiden's wife, but they tell me she is one of the best looking that frequents the Broadway restaurants."

"Well, dear, I'll wear my brown and gold evening gown." "Do you mean that glittering, beady thing you showed me the other day at Buffalo?" "The same," I answered with a laugh.

"Then I'll bet she'll have to go some to stack up beside you, dear, for I am sure you'll look like a shimmering sort of a dream in those shades of red, brown and burnished gold which just match your eyes and hair." "Goodness, Dick!" I exclaimed, "I didn't know you were so observing. I'll have to be very particular how I dress."

"You suit me always, Marge, but I think I like you best in brown." "All right, Dick; I'll remember that." "Don't worry about my taste when you are picking out your clothes. I never intend to be one of those masculine pests who goes with his wife when she buys her hats. I don't want you to pick out my clothes, and I am sure you know what is best for yourself."

"For this relief—much thanks," I quoted, dropping my high lord a low curtsy. "One of the trials of married life that I thought was in store for me was having you compare a hat on a beautiful millinery model and then on me."

Dick grabbed me and pulled me down to his lap. "There is no woman in the world, sweetheart, that will look better in any old hat than you."

CYNTHIA GREY'S LETTERS

Dear Miss Grey: I am a young girl 17 and have gone wrong. About two months ago I was on a car when a young man got on, and sat down by me, and did not let me get off at my home.

I don't dare tell anybody at home, as they would not have me as one of the family any longer. So, I have come to you. It is this, Miss Grey, I am to become a mother, and it's a well known man in this city that is at fault.

I was going to school, but changed my mind. You know I cannot. Please, Miss Grey, tell me what to do. I'll die rather than tell my people, for I know how good they are, and they will never want to see me again. Sometimes death is the only way for a girl like me. Answer soon, please, as soon as possible.

A GIRL WHO IS BROKEN-HEARTED. A.—First of all, I want you to know that I will stand by you to the very last. I am not alone in that feeling, for I know good men and women broad enough to help when the family is too good (?) to do so. Maybe you are misjudging your family. Your mother might take you to her very heart if you would let her—maybe she wouldn't, for I'm sorry to say there are women who bear the name of mother in whom the quality of motherhood seems to be lacking. You have not committed an unpardonable sin, and should not be condemned. You are responsible, and were so when you allowed the young man to detain you on the car, for you could have called the assistance of the conductor if necessary, and the car was full of people who would have helped you had you but given a sign.

The young man is even more at fault than you; but I do not want you to make the mistake of throwing all the blame on another. He will have enough to bear as it is

—so will you. Your life is NOT ruined. It is not what the world thinks of you, but what you really are that counts. I want you to call up or write the Florence Crittenden Home. There you will have the best of care without a cent of cost. You will have quiet and time to think what is best for you and your child. Do not hastily decide anything about the little one. That question will work itself out if you will do as I say.

Dear Miss Grey: Will you please print a recipe for removing ink stains from a soft brown silk waist, and oblige, A READER.

A.—A good authority gives a solution of water and oxalic acid for silks; but I am afraid it will remove the color with the stain. You might try it on a scrap first. The proportion is one level teaspoon oxalic acid crystals to a cup of lukewarm water. If you will inquire of a druggist or chemist you will no doubt get a harmless recipe.

Dear Miss Grey: I understand that in taking training for a nurse one has to skin a cat alive. Can you tell me whether or not this is true? ANXIOUS.

A.—I do not think such barbarism is required of nurses. The way some surgeons carve up people one might think they were required to pass through just such training. I often wonder how long it will be before people insist on making an exit from the stage of this life with all their members rather than to give them up in the operating room. There are a few cases where sane surgery is necessary, but the highest men of the profession claim that by far too many operations are performed that are wholly unnecessary.

So, if any training employs inhuman methods, change your vocation.

Lanplight Stories for Winter Saturday Nights

REFUGE A Modern King Cophetua and the Familiar Beggar Maid. BY STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN Illustrated by Jay Hyde Barnum

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(Continued From Saturday.) The same afternoon she was resting on one of the green sofas in the shop, which happened for the moment to be empty. Beside her reclined the forewoman, who, while recounting wittily an intimate adventure of a friend of hers, managed to exhibit, as if casually, a new ring set with a large emerald. Listening absent-mindedly to the forewoman's story, replete with details of a sort which nowadays did not disturb her in the slightest, Bertha looked up and saw entering the room a young woman and a young man, both strangers. The young woman was blond, handsome and well dressed. Her companion, following with that self-conscious pose of tolerance which men are apt to assume when lured into such places, was the embodiment of Bertha's dreams! He was tall and heavy about the shoulders, his smooth-shaven face was finely modeled; his yellow hair, clipped short, rippled above his white forehead. He and the woman with him looked alike; evidently she was his sister. She wanted a new ball dress in a great hurry; she had been everywhere else, but had not found anything to suit her. Perhaps the forewoman had something already made, from Paris, that would fit her with a few alterations? The forewoman, with suave and competent manner, produced from a wardrobe a low-neck gown of silver tissue, covered with minute embroidery, all in one piece. The customer, assuming the illegible expression of a bargainer, examined it, while her brother snapped his watch case, yawned, and began indifferently to inspect the sales-girls. "But the price is exorbitant!" "Oh, madame! Not for this robe! Just look at it. If you could only try it on—it's exactly your size, I'm sure." The customer, whose street dress looked as if putting it on had been an ordeal, demurred. "If you wish to see it on one of the girls, then? Bertha?" Bertha, with her heart beating hard, took the dress away. Presently returning in it, she saw approaching her from a distance a beautiful woman with white shoulders and arms exposed, slender, exquisite, to whom clung a gown of silver, trailing behind her, tumbling over the green carpet like foam in moonlight. It was herself, reflected in a mirror. Suddenly she felt frightened. She could not help looking at the young man. Staring at her, he was perfectly pale. She sped home; in the black

POP KNEW.



"Pop, what's a 'lidle jest'?" "There are no 'lidle jests,' my son; they are all working all the time."

WHAT'S YOUR HURRY, MISS?



During a lecture a well known authority on economics mentioned the fact that in one country the number of men was larger than that of women, and he added, humorously: "I can, therefore, recommend the ladies to emigrate to that part of the world."

DON'T KNOW THEY HAVE APPENDICITIS

Many Tacoma people who have chronic appendicitis, which is not very painful, have doctored for years for gas on the stomach, sour stomach or constipation. French Drug Co., 1156 Pacific av., states if these people will try a SINGLE DOSE of simple buckthorn bark, glycerine, etc., as compounded in Adler's-ka, the remedy which became famous by curing appendicitis, they will be surprised at the INSTANT relief.

TARIFF SALE NOW ON

PITZEN 1232 Pacific Avenue. GREAT BARGAINS

3 Lbs. Best Butter on Earth \$1.10

COW BUTTER STORE Pacific and Jefferson Aves. Look for the Sign of the Cow.

Society

The Ladies' Aid society of the Central M. E. church conducted a most successful bazaar and fair last Tuesday and Wednesday evenings in the church parlors. The literary program Wednesday evening was attended by a large audience.

The garment workers of Tacoma will give the third of their series of dancing parties Wednesday evening at the Eagles' hall. Music will be furnished by Kilgore's orchestra.

The Homesteaders of Tacoma will give a social dance tomorrow evening, December 9, at the Eagles' hall.

Mrs. S. S. King, 418 North I street, will entertain tomorrow afternoon for members of the Logan Social club. There will be a dinner at noon, followed by an election and business session.

One of the most interesting weddings of the week will take place tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. A. F. Cizek on North I street, when Miss Hazel Helen Cizek, of Fort Collins, Colo., and George Cizek, of Tacoma, will be married. Miss Crosby has a host of friends in Tacoma, having taught in the public schools here and published several books of children's librettos. Mr. Cizek is one of the owners of the Western Syrup Manufacturing company and has lived in Tacoma all of his life.

Mrs. O. T. Mather will entertain the Tuesday club tomorrow at luncheon, for the last meeting of the club before the holidays.

Mrs. J. Q. Mason has announced an informal dancing party next Friday evening at her home on North Washington street, at which she will entertain the members of the cast of "On a Roof Garden."

Miss Lura MacFarlane, one of Tacoma's favorite sopranos, will sing in Port Townsend tomorrow afternoon before the Ladies' Musical club of that city.

In honor of Mrs. Emma Gray, who leaves soon for California, Mrs. Harry Kirkpatrick will entertain at cards tomorrow afternoon at her home on North 27th street.

The board of the Rescue Home will hold its monthly meeting at 8 o'clock this evening in the Y. M. C. A. rooms.

The women of Central Christian church are holding their annual bazaar today and tomorrow in the Sherman & Clay company's store. Next Friday the church women will serve a chicken dinner at the church.

Sent sale today for Julian Ellings at Tacoma theater tomorrow night. "Advertisement."