

Just See Your Pimples Flee

After You Have Used Stuart's Calcium Wafers and Rid Your Blood of All Its Impurities...



"After Using Stuart's Calcium Wafers My Pimples Went Away Like Magic."

The correct and best blood purifier known to science is—Calcium Sulphide...

ALLYN ELECTED

Frank Allyn, Jr., was elected president of the Tacoma Carnival association yesterday afternoon...

When the Children Cough Use MUSTEROLE

No telling how soon the symptoms may develop into croup. And then you're glad you have a jar of MUSTEROLE at hand to give prompt, sure relief...



PEOPLE AT BIG MEETING DEMAND CITY CAR LINE

Municipal ownership. Tacoma development. Service for the people.

These were the dominant notes in the enthusiastic demand of nearly 500 voters who met at Moose hall last night to start the campaign to free this city from the grip of Stone-Webster...

Owing to the abominable night, it was almost a stag affair, only two or three women being present. But the men meant business...

Development Blocked. It seemed to be the unanimous sentiment that development is hopeless for Tacoma if she has to depend on Stone-Webster...

Lorenzo Dow, president of the Tidelift Carline club, which now numbers 3,000 voters, called the meeting to order and explained the situation.

Rogers Speaks. E. R. Rogers pointed out the fallacy of dickerling with Stone-Webster at all. He calmly discussed the case.

"Instead of my paying \$11,000 a year and an increasing amount every year to the T. R. & P. company to build a line on the tide-flats let us keep them paying us the present \$20,000, which will increase annually, and with that money we can build and own the line for the city," said Mr. Rogers.

The idea took root in the crowd, and every man went home to work for the municipal carline.

Dow Talks Transfers. Dow discussed the transfer question. He said the city had plenty of ways of compelling an...

Interchange of transfers just as Seattle and San Francisco have done. "Use the big stick and we will get transfers on the municipal line," said Dow.

Harry H. Johnston said the men who were so industriously writing letters from the Commercial Club favoring a deal with Stone-Webster are the same who have been arrayed against the people in every fight.

"They say we will bankrupt the city, that the line will not pay, that we cannot get transfers," said Johnston. "They said we never could have a municipal lock, that boats could not turn in the channel, that it would bankrupt the city..."

A. H. Garretson told of the machinations of Stone-Webster in their fight to boost rates to the Spanaway and American lake people and the crookedness of their ways before the public service commission...

Before adjournment the meeting adopted a resolution opposing the proposed franchise to Stone-Webster and declaring for municipal ownership...

3 MORE DAYS TO SHOP



It's the early bird that gets the best worms and the early shopper the best goods!

SENATORS MAKE PECULIAR BUYS

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 9.—The contingent fund of the senate for the last fiscal year shows purchases of taxicab rides mineral waters, grapefruit knives gargling oil, arnica, hay, horse-shoes and dinners for the senate pages.

- A Diamond Ring, A Scotch Collie Dog, An Office Safe, A Brass Bedstead, A Typewriter, A Clock to Trade, A Pool Table, or A Gold Watch?

Somebody has wanted each of these articles recently, and has advertised them in the Times classified columns.

before the commission so the people will get justice.

C. H. Dow gives Facts. C. H. Dow, as an old employee of Stone-Webster, who was with them for years and knows the inside workings, declared he could strip \$2,750,000 off the valuation they have put into the public service commission...

Harry H. Johnston said the men who were so industriously writing letters from the Commercial Club favoring a deal with Stone-Webster are the same who have been arrayed against the people in every fight.

Before adjournment the meeting adopted a resolution opposing the proposed franchise to Stone-Webster and declaring for municipal ownership...

STONE-WEBSTER SHOW LOSS IN THEIR REPORT

Stone-Webster makes a very poor mouth to the public service commission in reports filed Monday declaring they are not making any money in their street railway ventures here.

Nobody can tell, however, what the operating cost would be if there were not so much taken up with "management" and other expenditures by the home office which makes it easy to juggle the figures for the purposes of the commission.

TEXAS DEATH TOLL IS 150

HOUSTON, Tex., Dec. 9.—The death list from floods in the Texas lowlands has reached 150, of whom about four-fifths are negroes. Several thousand persons are marooned in houses and cotton mills but are in no danger other than from hunger.

WEDDING LIQUOR KILLS CHILDREN

NEW YORK, Dec. 9.—Five children at a wedding celebration on the East Side last night drank liquor furnished for the guests and two died shortly afterwards.

MANY HEAR TAFT

SPRINGFIELD, Mass., Dec. 9.—The dedication of a new civic center yesterday at which William H. Taft spoke on municipal government was attended by thousands of persons.

BANDITS KNOCK VICTIM PRONE

George Keniston, 517 South M street, was waylaid by two masked highwaymen last night at 5th and M streets, searched, and felled to the ground with a vicious blow on the head.

CHILDREN LOVE SYRUP OF FIGS

It is cruel to force nauseating, harsh physic into a sick child.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach; and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with counterfeit.

When Glory Ceased!

BY HERBERT QUICK. Author of "On Board the Good Ship Earth," "Virginia of the Air Lanes," etc. (Copyright, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association in the United States and Great Britain.)



"It looked like a great flight of cranes or geese. 'The Flying Column,' I shrieked to Hawkins."

CHAPTER II. Travis went with me when I started with Hawkins for our first flight over the scene of war. He was trying to make up for his tactlessness of the evening before, and explained to me the lay of the land. He made a plan of it on the ground.

"Here's the town," said he. "From here to the harbor the houses are standing. But from here to the neck is cleared ground for the aeroplanes to land on."

I nodded. The besieged had burned off the city like a prairie, leveled and smoothed it, and made ready for the landing of such of the Flying Column of Relief as might still be in flight after passing the lines of the Army of Invasion.

"I wonder what became of the women and children," I said. Travis shook his head and did not look at me.

"Back here," said he, drawing lines, "is the Army of Invasion, five hundred thousand strong at the beginning of the siege. Probably more have come in than have been killed. Away off there is the Army of Relief, nobody will tell how strong, not yet ready for the final dash. In between somewhere is the Flying Column of Relief coming on seventy-five miles a day, and pretty strong. It expects to plane in enough men to enable the forts to hang on—seventy-five thousand will be plenty."

"Yes," said I, "that's what the Managing Editor ordered me to cover. I was there none too soon. The defenders were on their last legs, and the commander of the Flying Column must know it. We could feel it in the explosions that shook the earth even at our camp, as the besiegers pushed their ever-intensifying attack with dynamite, nitro and cannon."

It was a perpetual earthquake. The night sky glowed with configurations in half a dozen quarters. Sweeping the clouds like huge waving swords, in all directions on land and sea went the enormous spreading rays of innumerable searchlights which made my tent so light that I used no other illumination in writing my copy for the paper. I saw now why the Flying Column of Relief could not come in by night.

Against Travis' objections, and the commander of the Flying Column saw the field before the Big Dofel came on—and I wanted to show Travis that he couldn't command me—yet awhile at least. Nobody could tell the newspaper people from scouts, and we expected to be shot at; but there was really little danger owing to the height we maintained. The two camps looked like a map—and one could see that the fighters had come to horribly close quarters.

I shivered as the lines below vibrated with gunfire, the thunders of which were borne faintly upward to our ears. Slowly, as it seemed, a great hole opened below where a fort had been—the huge building wadded upward by dynamite. As the dust settled, little black figures swarmed into the breach the besiegers had blown in the lines—little black figures like ants.

"They are men!" I screamed, and things turned dark before my eyes. In this scrambling as of ants, men were dying amid the mangled bodies of those who had been blown up—dying by bayonet, sword, automatic pistol and hand bombs.

The defenders—a pitiful remnant—retreated toward the town. I thought the forts were taken. Then something like the ribbling of canvas rose mysteriously to my ears. The mingled mass in the crater grew quiet. A ghastly gray haze rose over the jagged hole. A marvellous horror seized me. I had seen the fearful act by which Schwartz' battery had wiped out friend and foe in a withering storm of shrapnel, and brutally turned back the victory of the besiegers.

Why question the slaughter of their own brethren-in-arms? What were they there for? However the question be answered, this sinister dimming of the outlines of men and bodies of troops, this sudden cessation of movement in the hellish pit below me as if it had been breathed on by a blast of cyanogen—this was one of the things that set in motion the world-wide moral phenomenon which followed the Battle. It was so concrete—like the insult offered Wat Tyler's daughter by the tax gatherer—that it caught the imagination of an already nauseated world.

To me it was but a passing thrill of horror. At that moment something bigger came out of the western sky, as if—as was really the case—in co-operation with the blowing up of the fort. The teamwork was not perfect, for the supporting play was a little tardy—like a delayed steal in baseball. But it came splendid and terrific.

Hawkins showed it to me as he steered our airplane in great circles over the inferno below us. He was pale, and his lips moved silently as he tossed his head over toward the west. I looked—and saw deploying the beginning of the first great aeroplane movement in war!

It looked like a great flight of cranes or geese; but I saw at once that it was an unprecedented movement of aeroplanes—thousands and thousands of them—either going away, or standing head on toward us.

"The Flying Column of Relief!" I screamed to Hawkins. "No," he shouted. "They're Bleriot's!"

As soon as he mentioned it, I saw that they were monoplanes—and we knew that the Flying Column of Relief used Wright's. These aviators belonged to the Army of Invasion. Why were they making this sudden great demonstration in the air? I looked at Hawkins inquiringly.

"They're trying to beat the Flying Column into the town," he shouted. "Now we'll see whether or not airmen can land in the face of a foe!" (Continued Tomorrow.)

When Glory Ceased!

BY HERBERT QUICK. Author of "On Board the Good Ship Earth," "Virginia of the Air Lanes," etc. (Copyright, 1913, by the Newspaper Enterprise Association in the United States and Great Britain.)

had been—the huge building wadded upward by dynamite. As the dust settled, little black figures swarmed into the breach the besiegers had blown in the lines—little black figures like ants.

"They are men!" I screamed, and things turned dark before my eyes. In this scrambling as of ants, men were dying amid the mangled bodies of those who had been blown up—dying by bayonet, sword, automatic pistol and hand bombs.

The defenders—a pitiful remnant—retreated toward the town. I thought the forts were taken. Then something like the ribbling of canvas rose mysteriously to my ears. The mingled mass in the crater grew quiet. A ghastly gray haze rose over the jagged hole. A marvellous horror seized me. I had seen the fearful act by which Schwartz' battery had wiped out friend and foe in a withering storm of shrapnel, and brutally turned back the victory of the besiegers.

Why question the slaughter of their own brethren-in-arms? What were they there for? However the question be answered, this sinister dimming of the outlines of men and bodies of troops, this sudden cessation of movement in the hellish pit below me as if it had been breathed on by a blast of cyanogen—this was one of the things that set in motion the world-wide moral phenomenon which followed the Battle. It was so concrete—like the insult offered Wat Tyler's daughter by the tax gatherer—that it caught the imagination of an already nauseated world.

To me it was but a passing thrill of horror. At that moment something bigger came out of the western sky, as if—as was really the case—in co-operation with the blowing up of the fort. The teamwork was not perfect, for the supporting play was a little tardy—like a delayed steal in baseball. But it came splendid and terrific.

Hawkins showed it to me as he steered our airplane in great circles over the inferno below us. He was pale, and his lips moved silently as he tossed his head over toward the west. I looked—and saw deploying the beginning of the first great aeroplane movement in war!

It looked like a great flight of cranes or geese; but I saw at once that it was an unprecedented movement of aeroplanes—thousands and thousands of them—either going away, or standing head on toward us.

"The Flying Column of Relief!" I screamed to Hawkins. "No," he shouted. "They're Bleriot's!"

As soon as he mentioned it, I saw that they were monoplanes—and we knew that the Flying Column of Relief used Wright's. These aviators belonged to the Army of Invasion. Why were they making this sudden great demonstration in the air? I looked at Hawkins inquiringly.

"They're trying to beat the Flying Column into the town," he shouted. "Now we'll see whether or not airmen can land in the face of a foe!" (Continued Tomorrow.)

TOMORROW'S CHAPTER OF "WHEN GLORY CEASED."

"Dying men made into deadly missiles spreading their death as a contagion!"

Such is the language in which Herbert Quick tells us what may happen in the next big war. Tomorrow's paper is almost the

CINCI IS DRY

CINCINNATI, O., Dec. 9.—The breaking of a 60-inch main Saturday has caused a water famine in half of the city. It was said today that the break cannot be repaired before Thursday.

"Itching Eczema Drives Me Wild!"

SEMO Stops Itching Instantly! Buy a 25c Bottle Today and Prove It!

Itching vanishes instantly by using SEMO. This is absolutely guaranteed.



Stop the Agony! SEMO is Guaranteed to Stop the Itchy Itching Instantly!

SEMO will be a surprise to you, just as it has been a surprise to thousands who have already tried it. Your first application of SEMO will bring instant relief or your money is refunded.

Pain and itching, raw scorching eczema sores, prickly heat, pimples, scalp itching, rash, tetter, blackheads, skin irritation or inflammation stops.

Dandruff is nothing but scalp eczema; watch SEMO cure it and stop scalp itching. It gives blessed relief to baby's skin troubles.

Don't miss it for 25c. SEMO is a clean, antiseptic solution, applied on the skin. No ointment or paste. But three applications of your highly-valued medicine had the desired effect for eczema and awful itching. Sold everywhere.

First-class druggists everywhere sell SEMO, 25c a sealed bottle, or sent direct on receipt of price by W. Ross Medicine Co., St. Louis, Mo. Sold and guaranteed in Tacoma by Crown Drug Co., 1133 Pacific Ave.

Cure for Baldness is Found

Scientist Makes Hair Perfect

At last the Migge Treatment for the Hair, one of the most remarkable achievements of science during the present decade, is to be distributed generally to everybody who is in need of it. This news has just been sent broadcast by the associates of Friedrich Migge, the eminent German scientist, director of the famous Migge Laboratories of Seattle, and the announcement is one that will be welcomed by men and women the world over who have sought so fruitlessly for some sure means of preventing the hair from falling.

FAMOUS TREATMENT FOR FALLING HAIR TO BE GIVEN EVERYONE

Because of the many requests received from almost every portion of the world for the distribution of the famous Migge Treatment for the Hair, which is the application of science to the problem of falling hair and baldness, Friedrich Migge, director of the Migge Laboratories, one of the most eminent scientists in the United States, has decided to distribute the treatment direct from his private laboratories to all who request it.

There has been no scientific achievement of late years that has attracted so wide an attention as did the announcement from the Stanford University laboratories two years ago by Friedrich Migge, the distinguished bacteriologist, of the discovery of a method of removing the bacteria which destroys the hair. And there has been no scientific discovery of recent years that promises so much of good to men and women in general as did this accomplishment of the bacteriologist whose microscope, incubators and chemistry, revealed for him the way to make the hair healthy.

The Migge Treatment immediately was given clinical tests in almost every university in the world, in the great medical colleges of Berlin and Vienna, and in the population centers of every portion of the United States and Europe. It was found to be even a greater achievement, as far as the restoration and invigoration of the hair is concerned, than the scientist had claimed for it.

However, until recently it has been impossible for the general public to receive the benefits of the Migge Treatment for the hair, because of the necessity of the personal attention of the scientist himself to almost every case submitted for cure. A great deal of time was required for the preparation of the treatment, for

Who He Is

FRIEDRICH MIGGE Bacteriologist and Pathologist

PAST ASSOCIATIONS University of Berlin, Bacteriologist and Pathologist The Laboratories of Dr. Powell Ehrlich at Frankfurt Bacteriologist

Breslau Hospital, Breslau, Germany, Pathologist. Carnegie Institute and Bellevue Medical College, New York Bacteriologist, Pathologist, Histologist

Gerbersdorf Tubercular Hospital, Gerbersdorf, Germany Bacteriologist and Pathologist

PARKE-DAVIS & CO. LABORATORIES Detroit, Mich. Bacteriologist, Pathologist, Experimentalist

Stanford University Laboratories Director of Many Noted Private Laboratories

Director of Migge Laboratories Biology, Bacteriology, Pathology

Discoverer of Migge Method of Eradicating Bacteria That Destroys the Hair

the bacteriological tests necessary, and correspondence relating to each case. This condition has made it possible for a continuation of the sale and advertisement of the various nostrums which are advertised as being of benefit to the hair but which do not, actually, do it any permanent good because of their failure to remove the bacteria at the hair roots which cause the unhealthfulness of the hair itself.

ANNOUNCEMENT THAT INTERESTS ALL WHO NEED HAIR RESTORED

The associates of Friedrich Migge have at last persuaded him to distribute the Migge Treatment direct from his private laboratories, which will enable him to dispose of each case submitted by mail for treatment quickly, and bring to each the benefits of a relief from falling hair and other unhealthy conditions of the scalp in a very short time.

It will be necessary for all who desire the Migge Treatment for the Hair, which will immediately stop the hair from falling and cause restoration of what has been lost and make these results permanent, to first send the scientist two or three samples of the hair plucked from different portions of the scalp, with a description of the general condition of their hair. When these samples have been submitted to examination the proper treatment in each case then will be forwarded to the patient, with directions and instructions that will permit the scientist himself keeping in personal touch with the progress in each case. The average time required for the completion of the treatment is six to eight weeks. The treatment is applied at home without inconvenience.

Those who are in need of the treatment may write, if they wish, to the nearest distributor they desire, although it will expedite the receipt of the treatment if they send their own hair samples to the scientist. This is the nominal fee decided upon to defray the expense of the bacteriological examination, preparation of treatment and diagnosis. All communications relative to the hair should be addressed direct to Professor Friedrich Migge, director of the Friedrich Migge Laboratories, Fifth floor Central Building, Seattle, Wash.

Look back at your childhood days. Remember the "dose" mother insisted on—castor oil, calomel, cathartics. How you hated them, how you fought against taking them.

With our children it's different. Mothers who cling to the old form of physic simply don't realize what they do. The children's revolt is well-founded. Their tender little "insides" are injured by them.

If your child's stomach, liver and bowels need cleansing, give only delicious "California Syrup of Figs." Its action is positive, but gentle. Millions of mothers keep this harmless "fruit laxative" handy; they know children love to take it; that it never fails to clean the liver and bowels and sweeten the stomach; and that a teaspoonful given today saves a sick child tomorrow.

Ask your druggist for a 50-cent bottle of "California Syrup of Figs," which has full directions for babies, children of all ages and for grown-ups plainly on each bottle. Beware of counterfeits sold here. See that it is made by "California Fig Syrup Company." Refuse any other kind with counterfeit.

HOW THE AMERICAN RED CROSS IS WORKING IN OLD MEXICO



(Taken in Tivoli Hospital, Juarez, by Staff Photographer W. H. Burroughs.) The American Red Cross to the rescue in Mexico. Expert nurses for U. S. now caring for the hundreds of wounded in Tivoli hospital, Juarez. The picture shows Miss Catherine O'Grady, one of the leading Red Cross nurses, caring for a wounded rebel.

LOOK HERE

There Will Be A Big Surprise and Treat For Times Readers Tomorrow Night "Down Comes the Building"



Now is the time to buy your Mince Meat and Plum Pudding

- Best Seeded Raisins, full size pkgs., 3 for 25c. Loose Muscatel Raisins, 4 lbs. 25c. Sultana Raisins, 3 lbs. 25c. Orange, Lemon and Citron Peel, 25c. lb. Botted Cider, very heavy, qt. jars, 40c; pt. jars, 25c. Genuine Confectioner's Sugar for candy making, 2 1/2 lbs. 25c. Color pastes, 15c jar, 2 for 25c. Fine new Persian Dates, 10c lb.

ANOTHER BREAD SPECIAL

- 3 lb. loaves of the finest bread in Tacoma, just from the oven, 10c. 5 loaves to a customer and only while the 500 loaves set aside for this sale lasts. Order early. 20 lbs. best Granulated Sugar for \$1.00. Ghirardelli's Ground Chocolate 25c lb. Baker's Premium Chocolate, 25c lb. Pure High Grade Cocoa, in bulk, 25c lb. Very fine Rice, 5 lbs. 25c. Excellent Butter, 5 lbs. 25c. E. C. Corn Flakes, 5 lbs. 25c. MacLean Bros. Inc. FIVE STORES