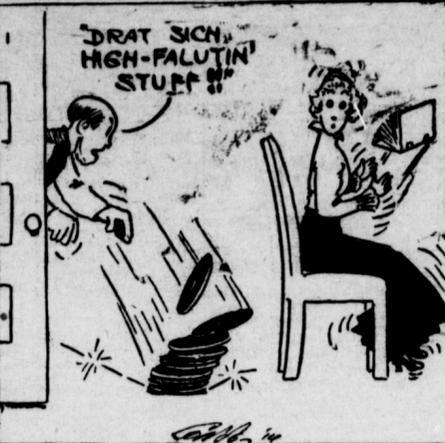
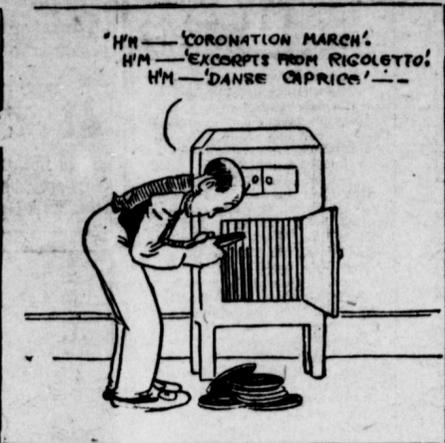
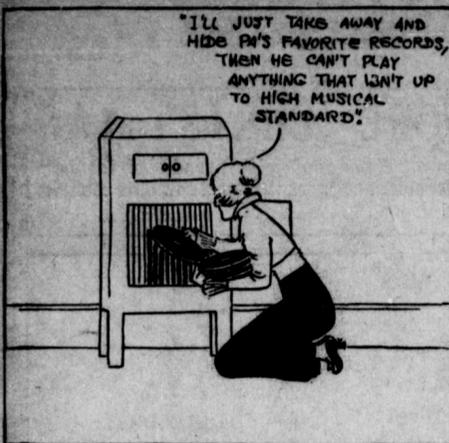


DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" FILM

AFTER HIDING "CASEY JONES"



**B'GOLLY POETS AN' INFANTS ARE SURE WONDERFUL BEIN'S CAUSE NO ONE KIN UNDERSTAND WHAT DEY SAY!**

MADE A HIT.  
"I think I've made an impression on that young lady."  
"Why?"  
"She's trying to remember who it is I remind her of."—Sacramento Union.

Story About a Doll

Once upon a time—the evening of Oct. 31st, 1914—a big department store, in a big city, had already got its display of Christmas bargains in its windows, with electric lights shining upon all the beautiful things and the sides of the windows trimmed with flowers and bright drapings. It was just fine. It fairly made your purse itch in your pocket and almost made you wish that Christmas would hurry up.

There was one big window full of lovely things for father—dressing gowns, slippers, shaving sets, canes, umbrellas, handkerchiefs, tobacco tools and all that.

There were at least three windows of beauties for mother—suits, wraps, toilet articles, hats, lingerie, just hundreds of articles. Maybe they put such lots of things in windows for mothers because it takes a heap of temptation to get women to spend money on Christmas presents. Anyway, it was altogether a display beautiful enough to fairly set the Christmas bells to ringing.

But, really, this story is about things in the last window of all, the window displaying dolls, and this was the most glorious window of all because, when you think of Christmas, you think of the children, little tads in their nightgowns rushing out, early in the morning, to examine stockings hung up the night before and to stand in awe before or dance in delight about a brilliant Christmas tree.

Now, before this dolls' window, once-upon-a-time aforesaid, stood a man holding by the hand a little girl of seven or eight years of age. The child spoke in whispers, for there were dolls in these as big as she and her heart almost stood still through mother-instinct to clasp that big blonde one marked "Price \$6"—that one with the real hair, real fur trimmed cape, real shoes, real everything. But the man's talk was big and cheery and you could tell by his accent that he was a German-American. Now, listen:

"Daughter, that \$6 doll you love, already, and can have it. But you see there are some fine ones marked 'One Dollar', yet."

"Oh, daddy, daddy! Can I really have my choice? Oh, goody, goody! How I do love that big one with real hair to take down and comb!"

"Yes, daughter, and there won't be any little girl in America, or Germany, or France, or Belgium, or England—nowhere—who will have a finer doll than my little Christine. So, here, already, are the six dollars. Don't lose it."

The child took the money, but she had suddenly become quiet. Over her innocent face had come the look that Jesus must have cast upon the thief crucified on the cross beside him. For a minute she clutched the money and gazed thoughtfully at the dolls, then soberly:

"Daddy, is it true that many, many little Belgium girls have no dolls, or shoes, or clothes, or beds, or bread, as teacher reads us?"

"Yes, it's so," and the big German-American held the child's hand tighter.

A struggle in the soul of the child, and then the victory came—

"Daddy, I can get along with that dollar doll there, and you will send the other five dollars to those little children for shoes and bread."

The big frame of the man shook. His eyes grew moist, his lips came tight together, a lump rose in his throat. He straightened up in military style and muttered:

"Hoch der kai—" but the lump in his throat choked him.

"Hoch der—" he repeated. Then he swept the child up to his breast, with both arms, and roared:

"Hoch die kinder!"

Where Do Your Children Play?

How much attention, father and mother, are you giving to your children's play?

You take pains with their food, with their clothing. You make sure that they go to school. But have you fixed up a playroom for them? Do you encourage them to have parties and dances and frolics AT HOME, where the surroundings are clean?

One of the new things of recent times is called the "social survey"—a census of the facts about how folks live. When carefully taken it gives food for thought.

Springfield, Ill., has just had one. A phase of it is especially interesting. Boys and girls of high-school age are in a critical time of life. The Springfield survey made a study of the high-school youngster.

Practically all of them go to the movies. Four-fifths like the theaters and go when they can. Half are fond of dancing. But IN MORE THAN HALF OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE'S HOMES SOCIAL GATHERINGS ARE NEVER HELD. These budding men and women, when most in need of wholesome play, have to seek it away from home—in public dance halls, in theaters, on the street.

Who is to blame if some of them go wrong?

Right around the corner is the public schoolhouse, each night dark and idle. If home isn't big enough for dances or parties, they might be held there. A little extra tax would equip it as a people's clubhouse, open to all.

Then the small parties could be held at home and the larger ones in the next best place.

Picture to yourself 5000 corpses of drowned Germans floating about in the dykes of Belgium! Human imagination hasn't yet invented a hell more awful than civilization presents in actuality A. D. 1914.

The "Undeserving" Poor

The mayor of Chicago says he believes in "prompt relief for the DESERVING poor," but that bums and loafers must keep away.

Perhaps the mayor classes as undeserving the brute-faced bum who scoffs at work and boasts that the world has got to provide him with a living on his terms.

But that bum was once a dimpled baby, smiling, angel-like, to a mother's caress. The difference is not wholly of his wilful making. Somewhere, somehow, the rest of us interposed, by act or neglect, to make him what he is.

If in the mayor's home circle one had been born a weakling or a cripple, had been started in life's race with less than the average chance, we're quite sure his honor wouldn't say to this unfortunate: "I stand for the survival of the fittest; you must starve."

Where, then, are the undeserving poor?

Where, among all the sons and daughters of men, high or lowly, rich or poor, is there a human soul of whom it can be justly said: "You deserve nothing but to famish and die?"

We shouldn't care to assume the responsibility of making such a selection.

Would you?

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OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



**HIS OWN DISCOVERY.**  
The wife of the great botanist beamed at him across the supper table.  
"But these," she exclaimed, pointing to the dish of mushrooms that had been set before her, "are all for me, are they?"  
"Yes, Mabel," he assured her. "I gathered them especially for you."  
In five minutes she had devoured the lot. At breakfast next morning he greeted her anxiously.  
"Sleep all right," he inquired.  
"Splendidly."  
"Not sick at all—no pains?"  
"Why, of course not, Charles," she responded.  
"Hurrah, then!" he exclaimed. "I have discovered another species of mushroom that isn't poisonous."

**A DIPLOMATIC REBUKE**  
A well-known Western senator recently visited a barber shop where the barber, failing to recognize his patron, was very talkative.  
He ventured on all the timely topics of the day, and although the senator did not apparently enter into the spirit of the conversation very keenly, the tonsorial artist's enthusiasm was not vividly dampened.  
Finally he asked:  
"Have you ever been in here before?"  
"Once," said the senator.  
"Strange that I don't recall your face."  
"Not at all," the senator assured. "It altered greatly in healing.—Harper's Magazine."  
Lillian Walker's pet poodle was exhibited in a Brooklyn show some time ago. Mr. Bunny was joking her about it, saying the dog couldn't win a prize anywhere. Miss Walker retorted:  
"Well, I'll exhibit him to show what no dog should be like then."  
Mrs. Maude Thaden and Mrs. J. H. Davis are entertaining the Eureka Rebekah Card club this afternoon at the Odd Fellows' temple.



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