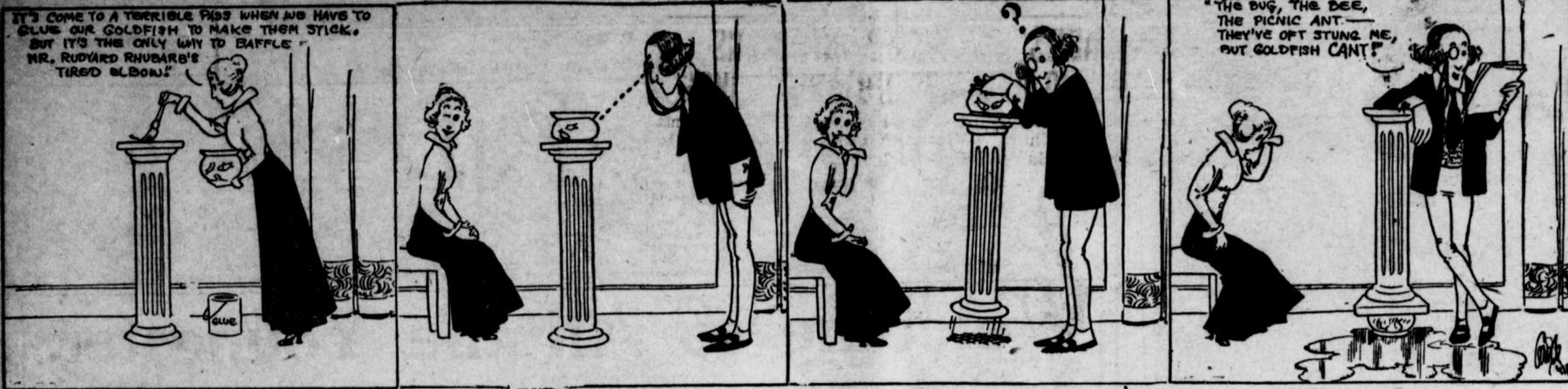


DIANA DILLPICKLES IN A 4-REEL "SCREECHER" FILM

AGAIN THE GOLDFISH LOSE



'T WAS EVER THUS.
"Who are those people who are cheering?" asked the recruit as the soldiers marched to the train. "Those," replied the veteran, "are the people who are not going."—Puck.

Ever Write a Real One?

"The only absolutely safe love letter is the one that is cremated the moment it lights," says one of our eastern writers, which is pushing the "safety first" idea to the limit. Every fellow should preserve his first love letter, if he can get hold of it.

Your first love letter was, possibly, the only absolutely sincere, honest, courageous letter you ever wrote. In all the others there was calculation, concealment, insincerity and, very likely, chicanery in some degree. But that first letter was part of your honest self. It ran something like this, in effect:

You told her that you loved her with your whole heart, her and her alone, and you did. Children, experiences, and the erosions of time may, in later years, impair that exclusive monopoly, but when you wrote that letter, that monopoly was the closest on earth, regardless of what the girl was or promised to become.

You called her the sweetest, best girl alive, and she was—to you. A broader grasp of the female nature may cause modification of this view, later on, but at that time it was your honest conviction.

You wrote that you could die for her, and you could. In mind and heart you were wholly and honestly unselfish and uncalculating, a condition that would not be likely to keep you awake many nights in the future.

To be sure, you put into that letter a lot of gush, a billion of kisses represented by stars like duck tracks in the mud, and the sobs of your soul, the loneliness of your solitary heart, the "ruined life without you," the happiness of the grave with the corpse wearing a fresh mitten—the whole spread of sentimental silliness, from "Darling Beloved" to "Your Suffering Lover."

But you were honest with yourself and with the other party. Have you always been so, since? Your thoughts toward woman were pure. How about this, since? You showed just what you were. How many times have you tried to pass off your counterfeit self, since?

Great Scott! Man, underlying all that romantic gush was your real self, if you were an honest lover. Don't burn that letter, if you've got it! It is a memento of a time when you felt yourself to be a real man, and a genuinely good man. "All the world loves a lover" because he's genuine. The first love letter is a beautiful bird of hope that flies, singing, up into a cloudless sky, and never comes back. It is the blessed glory of anticipation that's later hidden by the clouds of realization. It is the first, and likely your last, uncalculating expression of perfect truth. It is a mirror that reflects not what you now are but once was and might have always been. Its very silliness signifies sincerity and youth, and condemns it not.

A Matter Of Training

A certain school heads its advertisement with a striking picture. It is a morning scene. Two men are leaving home for work. One, "the untrained man," in overalls and blouse, with a parcel of black bread and bologna under his arm, has to start at 6:30 and won't get home till after sunset. His home is a dingy tenement. He will return to it almost exhausted.

The other man, spick and span as a fashion plate, leaves his swell residence at 8:30, hops into a luxurious automobile and is swiftly carried to a comfortable office, where he puts in a few pleasant hours before going for a game of golf to a country club. He gets back home fresher, better rested, than when he left. A well-clad wife will kiss him at the door and merry, rosy-cheeked children will circle around him as he passes inward to the waiting four-course meal. He is the "trained man."

The inference of the "ad" is that this vivid contrast is wholly a matter of school training. For the purpose of a school with training to sell, such a representation is ingenious. But it is only partly true. Moreover, it holds out false hopes.

If everybody trained for the office job, it would soon be the office man who would have to live meagerly in the black tenement and work the long hours on scanty pay.

We've already more than enough of such training. The woods are full of youths looking for office jobs where they can wear billed shirts and keep their finger nails clean. What is needed is a new kind of training for society at large, not calculated to make the men in overalls ashamed of their job, but to teach the others of us how much we owe to the world's real workers; to secure for them a just place in public respect as well as a just income.

Is Greed to Get the Next Inning?

An observant student of humanity writes: "You will hear less in the next five years about movements for the suppression of traffic in women's bodies and souls, less about the abolition of the city slum, less about more humane methods of dealing with prisoners being punished for crime, less about the improvement of industrial relations."

Why? Because, due to the war and its business opportunities, we are about to "elevate again the rod of material gain and lose sight of the rank abuses

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



that will flourish while we are grasping." In proof the fact is cited that, following every great war, greed springs into the field to reap the harvests of reconstruction; and against its fury the forces of reform make little headway.

It must be confessed that history supports this view. But are you satisfied to have things go that way this time; do you want good causes to halt so that no energy may be diverted from the pursuit of gain?

The decision doesn't rest with history, remember; it rests in this instance WITH YOU.

Adventures of Johnny Mouse

A FEELING OF GREAT RESIGNATION HAS COME OVER ME DEAR MOUSE!



IN OTHER WORDS A FEELING OF HAPPINESS, EH? FAR BE IT FROM THAT!



FOR WHY SHOULD ONE FEEL HAPPY WHEN ONE HAS BEEN REQUESTED TO RESIGN PLEASE TELL ME FOOL MOUSE!



IM NOT A PESSIMIST BUT—



PET NAMES. I bought myself a runabout. My wearied nerves to soothe. I named the car True Love because It never does run smooth. —New York Tribune.

UNEARTHLY CUNNING.



"This German spy system is marvelous, isn't it?" "I should say so. Why, even my butcher has found out where I moved to and has sent me his bill!"

DISTRESSING.



Man—Please, teacher, me little brother can't come to school today because he's sick from eating eggs." "That's too bad!" "No, ma'am, only one wuz."

DAWNING ON HER.



Maid—The dressmaker called with her bill, and I told her you were out. Madam—What did she say? Maid—She said it was beginning to look as if she was going to be out, too.

IT SUFFICED.

He—In what month were you born? She—Oh, you needn't be afraid. The diamond is appropriate."—Boston Transcript.

EXCLUSIVE.

A small boy who was sitting next to a very haughty lady in a crowded subway car kept on sniffing in a most annoying manner. At last the lady could bear it no longer, and turned to the lad.

"Boy, have you got a handkerchief?" she demanded.

The small boy looked at her for a few seconds, and then, in a dignified tone, came the answer: "Yes, I 'ave, but I don't lend it to strangers."—New York World.

GOOD MEASURE.

When little Bennie brought the milk off the front porch one cold morning he found a pillar of the frozen fluid sticking out of the bottle. "Oh, mamma," he cried, "I like our new milkman!" "Is that so? Why?" asked the mother.

Showing her the bottle, Bennie exclaimed: "Our old milkman barely filled the bottle, but this one heaps it up."—Baltimore Sun.

IN PLAIN PROSE.

Young Reporter—The storming hurried his torn and tumbling torrents over the ruins of the broken and dismembered edifice.

Old Editor—What's that? What do you mean, young fellow? Young Reporter—I—er—the flood washed away Pat McCann's cowshed.

THE TACOMA TIMES

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Whiskey, full pint, regular 50c; now	30c	Virginia Dare, regular 75c; now	50c
Whiskey, full 1/2 pint, regular 25c; now	15c	Virginia Dare, regular 40c; now	25c
Old Hunter Rye, regular \$1.25; now	60c	Cream Rye, regular \$1.00; now	85c
Duffy Malt, regular \$1.00; now	75c	Port Wine, regular 50c; now	40c
Lysholm's Aquavit, regular \$1.50; now	\$1.00	Port Wine, by the gallon, up from	75c
Monogram Rye, regular \$1.00; now	50c	Full gallon Fine Old Rye or Bourbon, regular \$2.50	\$1.75

GREAT WESTERN CHAMPAGNE 75c

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Washington . Cube. Butter, per pound ...	30c and 32c
Washington Brick Butter, per pound ...	35c and 37c
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Picnic Hams, per lb.	13c
Boneless Cottage Hams, per lb.	18c
S'gar Cured Breakfast Bacon, per lb.	22c
English Cured Breakfast Bacon, per lb.	20c
California Bacon Backs, per lb.	19c

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Our 35c M. & J. Coffee, Saturday only	30c
Our 30c Java Blend Coffee, Saturday only	25c