

Editorial Page of The Tacoma Times

Yes, Old Bossy Must Be Blamed for the Back-to-the-City Movement



Unquestionably the cow started the back-to-the-city movement. Sociologists prefer to attribute it to lack of amusement for the young

folks in the rural communities. But the cow has always afforded more or less of a diversion. In fact, she is a whole moving picture in herself at fly time.

Any bank president, who, in his youth, depended upon his mother's butter money for his pants supply, will tell you that, where cows are kept there is always amusement. This same bank president will aver that for real action of the movie type there is nothing like being hauled over a corduroy road on your stomach by a cow who is hunting for her lost progeny.

Many a former country boy who is now riding up and down in his private car over the right of way he was able to purloin from his old neighbors, will also contend that the cow must shoulder her share of the blame for our millions of acres of undeveloped land. Pioneers who have driven deaf oxen all day clearing up a back forty and who have then hunted and slashed all night over several hundred acres of briar patch

for a cow with the wanderlust, won't do it again.

They would rather pay 5 cents apiece for beans than to cut a hole in the wilderness to raise them, depending in the meantime upon the milk money for the molasses and plow points.

A back-to-the-city movement is always started when a boy with a hod full of corn soil in each boot is snaked behind a cow he is trying to lead by a rope. Many a former farm boy remembers these wild rides at the end of the rope; rides where if meant a header into the tornapple trees if one let go and a sore neck where your boots hit you if you hung on.

Many a boy who has been elevated off the milk stool by a cloven hoof that wasn't equipped with a shock absorber, has picked himself out of the cultivator full of dreams. And his dreams were of a city life where he might learn to be a designing engineer. It is these very hists that have histed many of our former country boys into high positions among the profession of en-

gineers. Generally the first thing they designed, too, was a patent milker which made it safe for the operator, but painful for the cow.

Many socialists wonder why it is that country girls take so readily to unknown actors of barn-storming troupes. Merely the pleasing smell of cosmetics. They want a change of smells and many a farmer boy has found himself cut out by a ham-fat actor simply because the presence of the cow cannot be segregated from a ten-dollar suit, no matter if you milk in overalls.

Many a boy, tired of acting as nurse to a wobbly calf that arrived in January, has packed his mouth organ and the red yarn wristlets grandmas gave him for Christmas and has trekked to the city to become chief engineer of a contractor's wheelbarrow. The city movement is always strong with the boy who has been a trained nurse to a midwinter calf that couldn't distinguish the difference, in its ravenous hunger, between a bag mitten and a pail of sour milk!

Why a Corn Hurts

Corns are the result of rubbing and chafing of the skin. Contrary to the general opinion, a corn has no root, but it does have a core which is composed of the successive layers of skin.

Rubbing caused by an ill-fitting shoe causes the top layer of skin to become irritated and then it thickens in an attempt at self-protection. If the irritation is continued then each layer of skin in turn becomes thickened and when the lower layers, with their blood vessels and sensitive nerves are reached, it is a corn as most people know it—and it hurts.

It hurts because there is a wedge of hardened tissue which is pressing against and boring into the deep layers of the skin which contains a network of delicate nerves.

"Corn cures" that guarantee to remove corns over night contain a caustic which destroys the upper layers of the hardened skin, and thus gives some relief, but they do not effect a cure, because, if used until the lower and more delicate tissue is reached, they frequently create a serious ulcerated condition.

Corns can be cured by home treatment, but it is slow work. First, all pressure must be removed and this usually means that shoes which fit well must be purchased.

To soften the horny tissue cells so that they will separate without inflammation, it is best to get your family doctor or druggist to give you a safe preparation of salicylic acid. This should be applied to the corn every night and scraped off the following morning. If the treatment is followed up it will gradually take away the corn without irritation.

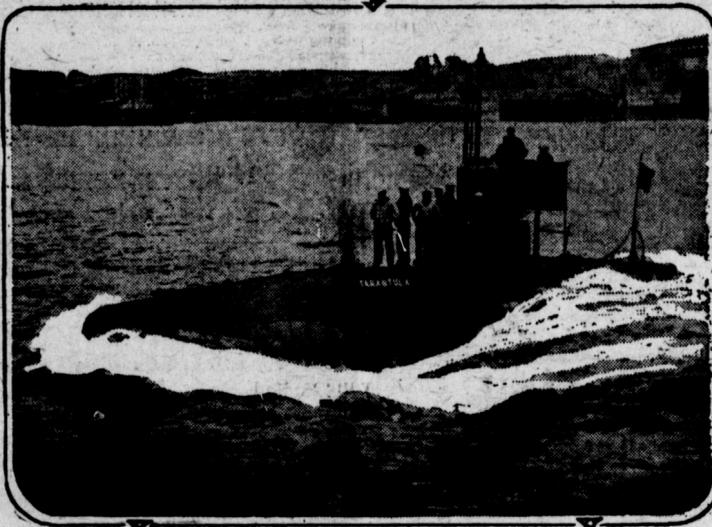
But the only real cure for corns is shoes that fit.

The fellow who has money coming usually is at the station a long time before train time.

The editor of Puck got married; perhaps to the woman who laughed at one of the jokes.

War sympathizers put sand in the cylinders of a certain make of American automobiles. We'll just bet the fellow next door to us got one of those cars.

Ruling the Waves Not Enough Today Flowers In Our Bedrooms



A SUBMARINE IN SURFACE ACTION—THE TARANTULA WITH HER CREW.

WASHINGTON, D. C., May 10.—England rules the waves, but what nation rules beneath them? The daring of the German submarines in the present war made naval constructors face another problem.

According to Secretary of the Navy Daniels three lines of defense are needed to guard the United States from invasion. These are:

1. A first line battle ship fleet of sufficient numbers and gun-power to meet the enemy on the high seas and prevent any near approach to our shores.
2. Coast defense squadrons of submarines, torpedo boats, destroyers and second line battle-ships sufficient to sink, cripple or drive away the enemy fleet if it should evade or defeat our battle-ship fleet.
3. Sufficient harbor defenses

of submarines, mines and land fortifications to prevent the bombardment of coast cities and the landing of troops. And we have only 30 underwater craft while England has 75, France 64, Russia 30 and Germany 27. Furthermore we are only building 19 more at present while England is building or has authorized 22 more. So is France while Russia is building 19 and Germany 18.

Editor The Times: I have been told that it is unhealthy to keep flowers in my bedroom at night. Is it, and why is it?
MRS. M. R. T.

If your room is large and well ventilated you need not worry about the flowers, but if it is small and poorly ventilated keep the flowers in another room at night.

Because you breathe while you sleep as well as when you are awake and, of course, absorb the fresh air in the room. Flowers breathe, too, you know, though much less than you do, and they make a double drain on the air, and the room soon becomes "close" and unhealthy. If the flowers are cut flowers they are dying all the time, and decaying things throw off poisonous substances that are not good to breathe.

In the daytime when the room is full of sunshine the sun acts on the chemical substances in the green leaves of the flowers and helps to purify or freshen the air. It's only when they are in the dark that flowers are likely to be unhealthy.

Opening For Italy

If Italy is downright anxious to help the allies, a better time than now could hardly be found. If the reported Russian defeat is true, the situation is critical for Russia and an attack by the highly efficient Italian army on the west of Austria-Hungary might save the day.

Sherman has been proved wrong. In the British shipyards they lay off Wednesday and Saturday afternoon to get double time pay on Sunday.

The Chinese minister went to Chicago to eat chop suey. It's up to our guy over there to go to Peking and order a steak smothered in onions.

What's that about good coming from evil! One hundred Chicago saloons are closed and one reason was the high cost of free lunch.

That ill' ol' star spangled banner does mean something, doesn't it? There are now 142 foreign built ships flying the U. S. A. flag.

Italy reminds us of the fellow who'd mix in the fight in a minute if he could only find somebody to hold his coat.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



TALK 'O THE TIMES

A WORD FROM JOSH WISE:

"Mrs. Newt Friedmush boasts of th' sweetest baby in Rip Van Winkle county. Th' kid fell inter a tub o' fresh maple sugar."

RUMORS OF BATTLE

SOMEWHERE, France, May 10.—The biggest battle of the war is going to take place again. I am sure of it. It'll be a whopper, and well worth seeing. In about two or three weeks I'll read the descriptions of it in the American papers and then I'll send you a fine yarn about it.

PERSONALS

Old Bill Van Voris has been real excited once more. Paul Harper hasn't sprung any words of ten syllables for 24 hours.

HARRY PHELPS has one of the most athletic pipes in the city.

HAS IT ON PERCE

Percy Tyler is not the most optimistic man in the world, after all. There is a boxer in Spokane who thinks he can lick Jess Willard.

Of course there may be nothing to it, but since Ren Dow has become a baseball umpire he has taken to wearing special glasses.

OBSERVATION

Begins to look as if Japan was throwing the bull into China's shop.

SIGNS OF SUMMER

(Some of the unfailing indications that it is almost on us.)
Straw hats.
Peekaboo waists.
Stories about mutts rocking the boats.

An influx of juveniles to the "ole swimmin' hole."
Attempts to borrow baseball passes from the sporting editor.
Happy smiles on the mixers at Dewey's, Muehlebrunck's, etc.

QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS

Q.—I am a young fellow of 84 and I have been keeping company with a nice girl of 79. Lately she refuses to see me, and my heart is almost broken. Does she love me?—Devoled.
A.—You children are thinking

too seriously. Wait a few years until you are older and better able to judge things for yourself.

OUR HEALTHOGRAPH

Do not try and pick a fight with any young waitress living in Tacoma.

THE MISHAPS OF MAGGIE

Or THE TEN DOLLAR MISERY SYNOPSIS EPISODE TEN.
Jack Noble dashes down the street after pickpocket. Maggie is left with Sheza Bare and Jesse, who bundle her into a jitney bus,

DIANA DILLPICKLES IN MOVIELAND



BY SELAH

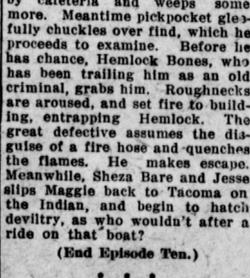
and drive for the wildernesses of Ballard. Jack, unable to find pickpocket, returns. Is likewise unable to find Maggie. In desperation he goes to K. B. Smith, the town gossip, but K. B. can only refer him to Roy Olmstead, the Brilliant Boy Bull. Jack sits down in front of Henry building and weeps. Buys lunch in nearby cafeteria and weeps some more. Meantime pickpocket gleefully chuckles over find, which he proceeds to examine. Before he has chance, Hemlock Bones, who has been trailing him as an old criminal, grabs him. Roughnecks are aroused, and set fire to building, entrapping Hemlock. The great defective assumes the disguise of a fire hose and quenches the flames. He makes escape. Meanwhile, Sheza Bare and Jesse slips Maggie back to Tacoma on the Indian, and begin to hatch devilry, as who wouldn't after a ride on that boat?

(End Episode Ten.)

WE REFUSE TO ANSWER THIS

Q.—How is Przemysl pronounced?—T. A. K.

A COMPROMISE



FORESIGHT



"Now that I've shown you your duties as office boy, is there anything you'd like to ask me?"
"Yes, sir—When do I get me summer vacation?"

SUPERFLUOUS EFFORT

Young Man—I have entled, sir, to request the hand of your daughter in marriage.
Grumbells—Has she accepted you?
Young Man—Yes, sir.
Grumbells—Then what do you want to come around and bother me with your troubles for? —Kansas City Times.

DOG IN THE MANGER



"There is no use of your coming here, Mr. Fatchance. I thought I would tell you."
"Oh, I've know that a long while."
"Then why do you persist in calling?"
"To keep some other fellow away."