

EDITORIAL PAGE THE TACOMA TIMES

Tacoma Has No Business Boosting a North Side Road to Mount Tacoma

Once more the proponents of a North Side entrance to the Mt. Tacoma National park are coming to the front. The local and federal governments will undoubtedly be asked shortly to appropriate money for the new route.

UNLESS TACOMA STEPS IN AND USES HER INFLUENCE AGAINST IT.

A North Side approach to Tacoma's mountain isn't going to do Tacoma the good that many persons are declaring it will. If we look at it from an entirely personal standpoint, which we are entitled to do in a case of this kind, we

would be injured by the new route.

The road would enter the park via White river valley. It would leave sea-level near Seattle. It would be a trifle longer, but a more direct means of getting to the mountain.

But the rub lies in this Seattle angle to the new road.

It looks like another scheme on Seattle's part to take away from Tacoma the one big tourist asset that we possess—our mountain. If that new road were built, Seattle would immediately advertise herself as the gateway to the moun-

tain, and a large per cent of tourist travel to the mountain would go direct from Seattle to the glaciers.

It would be advertised as "Four Hours from Seattle to the Glaciers," instead of Tacoma.

Proponents of the new road declare that anything developing the mountain will be an asset for Tacoma.

Maybe that's true, in a general sort of a way. But Tacoma and Pierce county have spent thousands of dollars on that beautiful mountain boulevard and we'd sort of hate to see all the

tourists and visitors being hauled over another road built through Seattle influence as an out-and-out rival to our own road.

Tacoma is known throughout the United States now as the gateway to Mount Tacoma.

Let's be selfish this time and try to keep our reputation.

We're willing to spend more thousands to make more beautiful the present road, but we don't feel like digging up cold cash for a second boulevard, just to help out Seattle.

Let's forget this north side talk, altogether.

Remedy for Lynchings

The Frank lynching was evidently done by arrangement between the mob and the prison forces. Twenty-five armed guards asleep on the back porch while a state prison is raided by the mob is a circumstance not to be explained away.

If the law had been such that the officers and guards would have lost their position automatically and instantly, whether they were to blame or not, it is safe to say that Frank's lynching could not have been so arranged.

Here is a real remedy for lynchings. Let the laws be so made that any sheriff, deputy sheriff, warden, deputy warden, superintendent or guard employed about a prison and in custody, either actual or legal, of any prisoner, shall cease to hold his position from the moment when any prisoner shall be taken from his control by any outside force, either friendly or hostile to the prisoner and we shall see fewer lynchings.

It may be said that these things are sometimes done without any fault on the part of the officer. Granted but it does not often occur. The people in the mob are the people on whose political favor the public officer thrives. They are often his friends. If his job were sure to be lost by their action, they would not act in many cases. Such a law would array all of the friends of the officer in the community in the ranks of those opposed to lynching or escape. It would nerve the officer up to the point of fighting for his prisoner and his office as well.

Why Our Eyes Close

EDITOR TIMES: Why can't we sleep with our eyes open? Have the eyelids anything to do with sleeping?

JENNIE G. K.

There are two answers to this question. First we cannot sleep with our eyes open because it requires a muscular effort to keep the lids up, and when we are asleep we relax the muscles about the eyes and the eyelids drop.

Another good reason is that we cannot sleep if light shines in the eyes because the light would reach the brain and excite it, keeping us awake. Now to shut out the light from our eyes when we sleep nature causes the eyelids to close. However, if the eyelids could, by some outside effort, be kept open, a person could sleep in a dark room with the eyes open.

THE THIEF!



(The first year of war will have cost the warring nations \$13,000,000,000.—News Item.)

Another Myth Exploded

Our neighbors who demand an embargo on munitions of war have used the argument very successfully that we owe it to Germany because Germany did it for us once.

Their story goes that when we were fighting Spain, it was found that the Spaniards had placed a big order with German firms for ammunition. The American government, getting the tip, asked Germany to stop shipment, which she did, according to the story our embargo friends tells us.

BUT IT'S ALL A MYTH!

Dr. William E. Barton, the noted Congregational preacher of Oak Park, Ill., refused to be floored by this really remarkable attempt to make history. He wrote the state department and has just received the following reply:

"The department has received your letters asking whether it is true that during the Spanish war this government requested the government of Germany not to sell ammunition to Spain, and that the government of Germany acceded to its request. In reply to your inquiry I have to say that NO SUCH REQUEST was made by the government of the United States.

"ROBERT LANSING, Secretary of State."

Villa Shows Sense

The A. B. C. mediation plan having apparently died a-bornin', General Villa has announced that he will assume offensive operations in Mexico upon a large scale. Of all the factional leaders in Mexico, Villa is the only one who took kindly to the proposal of the United States and the South American countries. That he has concluded that the plan has failed, is discouraging.

Perhaps, in view of the threatening European situation, it is as well that Uncle Sam abandon his efforts to solve the Mexican problem for a time, at least.

However, it would appear that it would be but an act of common justice, considering the attitude of the other Mexican leaders toward the mediation plan, if this country would lend its moral support to Villa henceforth. Forced to choose from a choice assortment of evils, we should select the least.

Confessions of a Wife

(Copyright, 1914, by Newspaper Syndicate Association)

There are at the present moment, little book, three of the Waverly family at the hospital, Aunt Mary, Mary and Mother Waverly.

Yesterday poor Jack was laid away in the family lot next his father, with Dick, Mollie and I as mourners. Mother Waverly was not able to be present, and Mary was babbling away of the time when she and Jack were so happy together. Mary has developed brain fever—her wound is not serious—and she is seriously ill. Mother Waverly is also in a precarious condition. Aunt Mary, however, is having a respite from her old pain and is already thinking of how she is going to comfort us all when she gets out of bed.

Doctor Atwater tells me that

she will probably never leave the hospital, as the cancer has made terrible strides since her operation.

If Aunt Mary knows her case is hopeless she has never made the slightest reference to it, but I notice she never says a word about coming back to me.

Eleanor Fairlow has been a wonderfully efficient factor in taking care of Mother Waverly. Although she has not finished her training, yet she spends much of her time with Mother Waverly. The head nurse has detailed her on the case.

Mother always liked Eleanor, and she is quieter with her than any of us.

The headlines in the newspapers were simply dreadful and the ghoulish way in which Jack's and Mary's life was paraded for the world at large was sickening. Of course, Pat Sullivan kept as much as he could out of his paper, but the others had Jack's and Mary's pictures, and one of them had even Mollie's and mine. That made Dick furious and he threatened dire vengeance on the person who gave the photographs to the reporter. Fortunately, perhaps, he could not find out who it was.

Mollie took all the newspaper stories in a very different spirit than the rest of us. She said: "Now look here, my dear relatives, you must understand that we are not any better than any one else, and when one of us does something scandalous or tragic or ridiculous we cannot expect to escape the notoriety of it."

"If Dick had taken my advice and gone around to all the newspapers and told them a straightforward story and asked them for the sake of his mother and Mary to make as little of it as possible he would have been treated in all fairness. But his calling up the papers and telling them not to print a word about Jack's suicide made it certain that every one of the city editors in town resolved to show Dick that he could not run them."

"I believe you like getting into the papers," said Dick.

"No, I don't, but I am trying to tell you that when a story breaks, if it be real news, you nor any one else is going to keep it out of a real newspaper, and the best you can do is to walk up to the captain's office and throw yourself on his mercy."

"You can't muzzle the press and the more you want to keep a story out the more anxious the public is to read it, and the more certain it will be printed."

Jack looked very boyish and handsome in his coffin. I broke down completely when I looked at him and thought of the wasted energy, the wasted manhood, the wasted life.

He was not wholly bad, he only had come to the parting of the ways and taken the wrong road. I could not help thinking of what Mary told me early in her wedded life. "Margie, I loved him so much that I would have gone with him up there in the mountains if he had asked me, even if he had not proposed marriage."

"I think in the lives of most women and men That all would go smooth and even If only the dead would know when To come back and be forgiven."

Just now Mary is not remembering anything but those first happy days, and her constant calling of Jack's name is inexpressibly pathetic.

What will she think when her real consciousness returns? Poor girl, I hate to think of her agony when she "remembers."

It's a pretty tough proposition, little book, and yet—yet I still can say "Whatever is best."

Continued Tomorrow.)

Federal Inspector Dies In Auto Smash
SEATTLE, Aug. 30.—Capt. Robert A. Turner, federal inspector of boilers, was instantly killed; his wife, Mrs. Turner, and two friends, Miss Catherine Pesch and Mrs. Hattie Adams, were seriously injured yesterday near Sultan, Wash., when his machine turned turtle on a steep hill, pinning Turner and his wife underneath.

BUY NOW Fruits and Vegetables For Canning

Italian Prunes, 45c
box 39c
Peaches, first-class, 95c
Elberta, box 60c
Cantaloupes, Yakima, 65c
box, 50c and 35c
Bartlett Pears, 75c
box 25c
Ripe Tomatoes, 70c
home-grown, box 75c
Pole Beans, young 20c
and tender, 50 lbs. 25c
No. 1 Cucumbers for 1.50
pickles, 100 for 70c
No. 2 Cucumbers for 75c
pickles, 100 for 50c
Dill Cucumbers, 50c
per sack, \$1.00 and \$1.50
Potatoes, home-grown, equal 70c
to Yakima, 75c
per sack 50c
Extra Fancy White, 50c
per sack 50c
Onions, Walla Walla, 50c
first class, sack 50c
Cabbage, 75c
sack 75c
Carrots, \$7.00
Cabbage for stock, 75c
a ton \$7.00
Potatoes for stock, 75c
a ton \$7.00

Special sale of Flour, and all kinds of Poultry Feed.

WASHINGTON FRUIT & PRODUCE CO.
Main 1026.
Cor. 13th Market St.

THE FOOL AND OUR FOREST DOLLARS

BY E. T. ALLEN.

Goodbye to the fool with the empty gun;
Forgotten his bid for fame,
Though he kills his friend, it only counts one,
And that, nowadays, is tame.

The fool who playfully rocks the boat
Is on the front page no more.
He may rank high with the fools afloat,
But his glory is gone ashore.

There's the fool with women, the fool with wine,
And the fool who games with strangers,
And the joy-ride fool (he does well in his line
By combining these ancient dangers).

But they're all still down in the primer class,
Mere novices taking a flyer,
Compared with the prize-taking criminal ass,
The fool in the woods with fire.

A few hearts break for the deeds they've done
In their pitiful amateur way,
But fire slays dozens where they slay one
And scourges a state in a day.

For the ruined home and the smokeless stack
And the worker unemployed
Know a hundred years shall never bring back
The things that his match destroyed.

TODAY'S BILLS AT THE MOVIES

COLONIAL
"Sold," with Pauline Frederick.

LIBERTY
"The Spendthrift," with Irene Fenwick.

MELBOURNE
Charles Chaplin, in "The Edin Johnnie."

APOLLO
"The Second in Command," with Francis X. Bushman.

Jap on Motorcycle Killed By Machine

Swooping in the middle of the road to avoid another machine on the Pacific highway yesterday, I. T. Richmond hit K. Nakanishi, riding him so seriously that he died at a Kent hospital two hours later. Richmond did everything he could to aid the injured Oriental. He was told to report to the prosecuting attorney today.

DEATHS
Mrs. Rachel J. Jones, age 82; Sunday at 3211 oSuth 9th st.; C. C. Mellinger has charge of the body. Funeral Tuesday at 2 p. m.; from Mellinger's; interment Md. Speedily relieves auburn.

Likes to Do Work For Her Dollies



—Photo by Jackson.

HELEN JEANETTE BRENTON

Helen Jeanette does not differ in many respects from any other little girl, with the exception that she may be just a trifle sweeter and a little more consistently so than many other girls.

She is feminine in that she likes dolls, pretty clothes and all that.

This little girl of the curly locks is the daughter of Dr. and Mrs. P. R. Brenton, 3305 So. 8th st.

Puget Sound Electric Ry.

FOR SEATTLE—Limited Trains every hour. Time of Limited Trains seventy minutes.

Trains Leave Eighth and A Sts., Tacoma

REGULAR TRAINS 7:35, 8:35, 9:35, 10:35, 11:35 a. m.; 12:35, 1:35, 2:35, 3:35, 4:35 and 5:35 p. m.

ALL Limited Trains Stop at Auburn and Kent.

REGULAR TRAINS leave 6, 8, 10 a. m., 12 m., 2, 4, 6, 8, 10:35 and 11:35 p. m.

FOYALUP SHORT LINE—Trains will leave Tacoma at 6:30, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 10:10, 11:10 a. m., 12:10, 1:10, 2:10, 3:10, 4:10, 5:10, 6:10, 7:10, 8:10, 9:10, 11:30 p. m.

Fruit & Pickles For Canning

Cucumbers, 20c
100 for 2c
Green Beans, 1c
per pound 1c
Watermelon, 95c
per crate 95c
Peaches, 39c
per box 39c
Tomatoes, 30c to 50c
per sack 60c to 80c
Cabbage, 50c
per sack 50c
Dry Onions, 75c
per sack 75c
Green Corn, 10c
dozen 10c

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