

TIMES EDITORIALS

Let the Truth Prevail!

Sound Cities Sound Asleep!

William Woodhead of San Francisco made an address before the Seattle advertising men the other day. He told them, among other things, that Seattle and the Northwest are asleep because they have not been getting their share of the tremendous summer tourist trade which is the meal ticket of Southern California.

Woodhead ought to know. As editor and publisher of the Sunset magazine, a publication founded and fostered by the Southern Pacific, Woodhead undoubtedly is aware of how excellently that railroad, through the aid of its allies, the Union Pacific AND THE OREGON-WASHINGTON, has tied up the Southern Pacific tourist traffic with round-trip rates which it refuses to grant folks who want to visit the Northwest. Woodhead knows, and comes to the Sound to tell us that we are asleep. For if Seattle is asleep in that regard, so is Tacoma.

Mr. Business Man who does business with the Oregon-Washington (part of the system that is thus robbing Tacoma), what are you going to do about it? Are you going to continue to sleep?

SENTIMENT IN MEAT DIET

Women belonging to New York's League for Animals decry the action of the New York board of health in making horse flesh a legal food.

It has been proved time and again that horse meat is a perfectly wholesome article of diet, like that of other grain feeders. It is sentiment which makes the idea of consuming horse flesh so revolting to many persons.

The horse is, after the dog, man's best friend among the animals.

To persons who have never owned and loved a horse, the idea of eating horse meat suggests something akin to cannibalism.

It is only those who have never had a horse for a friend who will probably go a-marketing at the counters where horse steaks are sold.

WHAT ARE COUNTY COMMISSIONERS DOING?

Those men supposed to be entrusted with county affairs are staging another comedy in business methods.

The picture of our county business managers

buying expert advice with the people's money, then slapping their advisers in the face, would be laughable if it were not so serious.

The whole affair smells of rotten politics which have continued to dominate the board of King county commissioners in particular.

It's time to call Commissioner Williams and other members of the inter-county river improvement board on the carpet to find out just what the game is they are playing.

Today's comedy in the protection of the Puyallup river channel threatened to develop the symptoms of a first-class tragedy.

GO BY THE CLOCK; PRACTICE PAYS

Be prompt. Don't keep the other man waiting. That implies he has time to waste. Which aggravates him, even if it is true.

Don't be too early. That means you have time to waste. Which is a confession that you are not doing business, or that you are not efficient at your business.

When you have an engagement to keep, follow the minute hand of your watch.

Morality Does Become a Habit After All

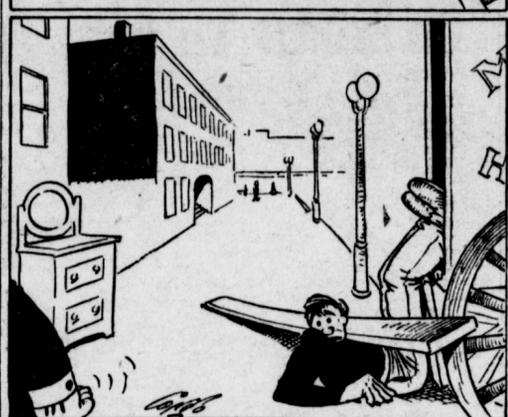
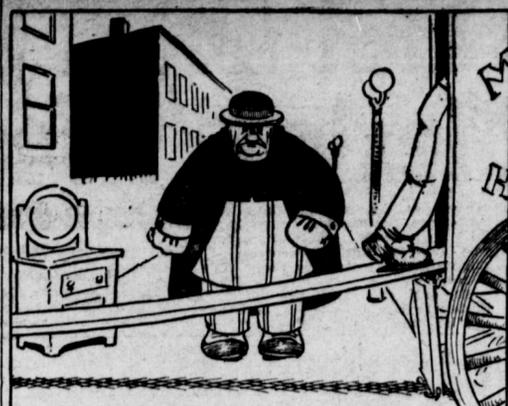
"The temptations of middle life are deadlier than those of early manhood," says Charles Allen Dinsmore in the Episcopal Recorder. This is part of an explanation as to why "so many good men break down in the midst of the years."

That middle age has its peculiar temptations is a comparatively modern discovery. We are all fairly-fixed in the theory that most people are pretty well "settled down" by 40. Those who were properly trained in their youth in the way they should go are supposed to be following the straight path in middle life. The untrained are supposed to have fallen by the wayside in youth, or to have profited by their experiments in folly, if they have survived them.

And on the whole, this ancient theory holds true. The last of life is a sequel to the first of life. The young man who acustoms himself to put temptations aside will not succumb to them suddenly at any later time.

Those who break under temptation at 40 must previously have had a few screws, of their moral mechanism loosening up somewhere.

OUTBURSTS OF EVERETT TRUE



gabird gab



Ford refuses to buy new duds for the lady peace voyagers to spruce up on their visit to The Hague. (The worm turns.)

I saved the lives of two people the other day—they were just about to step on the park ice when I fell through. Ha there, girls!

Frank M. O'Brien, the humorist, recently moved to a small town in Long Island. A week later he met one of the village characters on the street.

"Understand," said this person, "that you don't like the Weber house?"

"It's full of leaks, there's not enough heat, no water and no accommodations," said O'Brien.

"Well, drawled the native, 'I recall the time when there wasn't no house there at all!"

OPPORTUNITY (From the Buffalo News.) Non-smokers! I will buy your Xmas present cigars.

Mr. Littleton is a coal merchant in Wilmington, Delaware. (Bet his customers watch the scales!)

Twenty years ago an Idaho man left home for Washington, D. C., to patent a device. He has just returned.

IF YOU HAVE RHEUMATISM Kidney, Liver, Stomach, Bladder, Nervous or Catarrhal Affections, Skin or blood diseases in any form—The Great Constitutional Remedy

KAR-RU is what you need. It moves the cause, and restores vigor to organs of the body. At all druggists. Get testimonial booklet, or write Kar-Ru Co., Tacoma, Wa.

Card in window of Fort Wayne, Ind., dry goods store:

FOR SALE—A nice mattress by an old lady stuffed with feathers.

"I cannot understand what you are laughing about," he said somewhat sulkily.

"Well, my dear husband, I will tell you," I answered. "For the first time in your life you have given me credit for appreciating sex attraction, which is the one great law of nature and which every woman feels quite as much as man. Up until now you have steadily ignored the idea that possibly I might, as you have done, like to kiss a man, even though I did not love him."

"I have never kissed a man I did not love him."

NEEDS IT

Blinks—You motor and fish, but that don't help you. You need some leg exercise, old fellow.

Jinks—Well, I kick the servants now and then!

CONFESSIONS OF A WIFE

I SUCCEEDED IN SHOCKING DICK.

Dick came home last night with that "I've-eaten-the-canary" sort of expression on his countenance, which he always wears when he thinks that he has "put over" some wonderful deal. I had his favorite beefsteak dinner and I made his favorite salad at table. Our conversation was of the most formal description.

"Have you seen Harry and Eliene since the wedding?" asks Dick.

"No, but I talked with Eliene over the 'phone," I answered.

"Did she say anything about Harry standing for mayor on the people's ticket?"

"Well, he is going to," Dick hurried on, evidently thinking he had at last found a subject that he could talk on without leading to any embarrassing complications.

"What is the people's ticket?" I asked.

"It is the one put up in opposition to the machine tickets of both the democrats and republicans," Dick informed me. "Harry is making very good these days," he continued, and then he turned red for he had inadvertently referred to Harry's escapade.

"Yes," I answered, "Harry seems to have settled down and become a very respectable and respected member of society, but I have often wondered if he has been able to restore Eliene's illusions and her faith in man."

Dick looked pained as he rose and came around the table, evidently with the intention of taking me in his arms. I cannot explain to you, little book, the peculiar feeling that came over me as I realized that he was intending to kiss me. I was almost physically nauseated. Before I could control myself, I rose to my feet, and I knew that I had a look of shrinking on my face, as I put up my arm in defense. "Don't Dick," I said.

"If you feel like that about it, I won't," he said in a annoyed tone, "but aren't you ever going to let me kiss you any more?" It was only last week that you were complaining that I was neglecting to kiss you."

"Last week was last week and tonight is tonight, and all heaven and hell yawns between them."

Dick looked at me in silence for a few moments, and then he seemed to take a sudden resolve.

"Do you mean to tell me, Margie, that it would be hell for you to kiss me?" Do you mean that even if you did not love me any more, you could not find some pleasure in a little caress?"

I laughed until I grew hysterical; to put forward his own claims he had attributed to me the same human impulses that he had himself, impulses that he had, until this moment, always vehemently denied to those he called good women.

"I cannot understand what you are laughing about," he said somewhat sulkily.

"Well, my dear husband, I will tell you," I answered. "For the first time in your life you have given me credit for appreciating sex attraction, which is the one great law of nature and which every woman feels quite as much as man. Up until now you have steadily ignored the idea that possibly I might, as you have done, like to kiss a man, even though I did not love him."

"I have never kissed a man I did not love him."

Thin, brittle, colorless and scraggy hair is mute evidence of a neglected scalp; of dandruff—that awful scurf.

There is nothing so destructive to the hair as dandruff. It robs the hair of its lustre, its strength and its very life; eventually producing a feverishness and itching of the scalp, which if not remedied causes the hair roots to shrink, loosen and die—then the hair falls out fast. A little Danderine tonight—now—any time—will surely save your hair.

Get a 25-cent bottle of Knowlton's Danderine from any drug store or toilet counter, and after the first application your hair will take on that life, lustre and luxuriance which is so beautiful. It will become wavy and fluffy and have the appearance of abundance, an incomparable gloss and softness; but what will please you most will be after just a few weeks' use when you will actually see a lot of fine, downy hair—new hair—growing all over the scalp.

Danderine is to the hair what fresh showers of rain and sunshine are to vegetation. It goes right to the roots, invigorates and strengthens them. Its exhilarating and life-producing properties cause the hair to grow long, strong and beautiful.

TRAVEL INFORMATION

| Leave | Destination | Arrive |
|------------|--|------------|
| 12:10 a.m. | Spokane Limited—No. 1 | 8:15 a.m. |
| 1:40 a.m. | Portland Night Exp.—Via Pt. Defiance | 8:30 a.m. |
| 6:10 a.m. | Seattle from Portland via Pt. Defiance | 1:30 p.m. |
| 8:00 a.m. | Atlantic Exp.—Spokane, Helena, Butte, St. Paul | 10:50 a.m. |
| 8:00 a.m. | Chicago | 10:50 a.m. |
| 8:00 a.m. | Wilkeson, Carbonado, Fairfax | 7:05 p.m. |
| 8:30 a.m. | Grays Harbor Line—Via Point Line & Olympia | 4:30 p.m. |
| 9:35 a.m. | Portland Local—Via Yelm and So. Tacoma | 5:25 p.m. |
| 9:35 a.m. | Raymond & So. Bend via Yelm and So. Tacoma | 5:25 p.m. |
| 10:10 a.m. | Seattle Local—Seattle and intermediates | 5:25 p.m. |
| 12:45 p.m. | Seattle—From Portland, Raymond and So. Bend | 8:15 a.m. |
| 2:00 p.m. | Yelm and So. Tacoma | 12:35 p.m. |
| 4:30 p.m. | Grays Har. Local—Via Point Defiance | 1:50 p.m. |
| 4:40 p.m. | Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance | 8:00 a.m. |
| 5:00 p.m. | Oriental Carbonado, Buckley, Kanasket | 4:20 p.m. |
| 5:00 p.m. | Portland Special via Pt. Defiance & Centralia | 10:50 p.m. |
| 5:45 p.m. | Raymond & So. Bend via Pt. Defiance | 5:25 p.m. |
| 5:45 p.m. | Grays Harbor Exp.—Via Lakeview & Dupont | 12:30 p.m. |
| 7:40 p.m. | So. Coast Lim.—Spokane, Butte, St. Paul, Chic. | 8:30 p.m. |
| 12:45 p.m. | Seattle—From Grays Har. via Pt. Defiance | 12:30 p.m. |
| 5:40 p.m. | Seattle—From Grays Harbor via Pt. Defiance | 8:40 a.m. |

TACOMA-EASTERN RAILWAY

| Leave | Destination | Arrive |
|---------------------------------|--|------------|
| 8:50 a.m. | Ashford, Morton | 6:45 p.m. |
| 8:55 a.m. | Grays Har. Spec.—Aberdeen, Hoquiam, Raymond | 6:05 p.m. |
| 8:45 a.m. | Olympian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, St. Paul, Chicago | 8:30 p.m. |
| 6:00 p.m. | Columbian—Spokane, Missoula, Butte, Chicago | 9:55 a.m. |
| G. W. E. & N. Co. (Union Depot) | | |
| 12:45 p.m. | Portland and Grays Harbor Owl | 6:40 a.m. |
| 1:30 p.m. | Shasta Limited | 12:40 p.m. |
| 1:30 p.m. | Portland, east and south | 6:40 p.m. |
| 1:40 p.m. | Seattle Limited—Seattle | 10:45 p.m. |
| 1:40 p.m. | Seattle Local | 11:45 a.m. |
| GREAT NORTHERN RY. | | |
| 12:45 p.m. | Portland Local—Portland and intermediates | 10:30 p.m. |
| 5:30 p.m. | International Lim.—Seattle, Everett, Vancouver | 6:00 p.m. |
| 12:10 a.m. | Portland Owl—Shore Line Express | 6:00 a.m. |

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THERE WAS ONCE, IN A REMOTE PART OF THE EAST, A MAN WHO WAS ALTOGETHER VOID OF KNOWLEDGE AND EXPERIENCE, YET PRESUMED TO CALL HIMSELF A PHYSICIAN. —PILPAY.

Personal - and - Social

The Ladies' Aid society of the St. Paul's Lutheran church will give a picnic dinner this afternoon in the church parlors.

Dr. Burton Lenley is attending a five-day series of clinic lectures on dental subjects given by Dr. Arthur Black under the direction of the University of Washington extension division in Seattle.

LEARN TO PLAY PIANO OR ORGAN IN A FEW HOURS

A Detroit musician has invented a wonderful new system which enables any person or little child to learn to play the piano or organ in an hour or two.

Send us your name and address on a postal card or in a letter, and we shall send you our guide and three sheets of music, absolutely free of charge. Address: Numeral Method Music Co., 181K Trussed Concrete Building, Detroit, Mich.

tendered Mrs. Frances Haskell, retiring president, a farewell. She was presented with several gifts expressing the circle's appreciation of her work.

Mrs. David Outcalt is entertaining today at a bridge luncheon.

Fred Drury will entertain a dancing party Friday in the Drury apartments.

A Swedish program will be given Friday by the Logan Parent-Teacher circle in the school.

Mrs. M. Wright, 925 South Ainsworth ave., will entertain St. Andrew's guild and friends at her home from 2 to 5 o'clock tomorrow afternoon.

VIOLINISTS Strings are the most essential part of your violin. Therefore, use the best. I have the largest stock in Tacoma of the finest and highest grade Viola Strings on the market. Barks' hand-made clarinet and saxophone needs a specialty. T. R. PARKER, Musician's Supply & Repair Shop Room 517 Provident Bldg.

FRECKLES AND HIS FRIENDS

(Nature Always Takes Care of These Little Things)

BY BLOSSER



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