

Gay Old Broadway Is a Thing of the Past



As America's greatest theatrical season opens the gay white way in the hands of subway builders, resembles a trench on the western front more than the old Broadway of romance.

(Newspaper Enterprise Association)

NEW YORK, Oct. 23.—Broadway—the Broadway celebrated by George Cohn and other poets, publicists and publicans is no more!

There was a time when you would be likely to meet Lillian Russell, "Diamond Jim" Brady, Charles Schwab, Maxine Elliott, Amy Crocker, Ethel Barrymore or other men and women very well known in the business or play life of New York, between Thirty-fourth-st. and Columbus circle, any evening on the historic street.

Today, Broadway, celebrated the world over for its lobster palaces and theaters, is given up to the excavator and the workman who are building a new subway.

Leave Great White Way. "A man takes his life in his hands," said a visitor from the middle west recently, "if he tries to cross the Great White Way at any of the intersections from Thirty-fourth to Columbus circle. 'The whos who'sers,' high in Bohemia and society, have left the Great White Way and like the snows of yesterday seem to have gone forever."

Theaters Are Moving.

Even the theaters are moving from the place supposed to be sacred to them. Most of the New York theaters are now on side streets, between Thirty-sixth and Forty-sixth.

The buyer from out of town no longer eats at cabarets on Broadway, because the pretty girl who acted as model at the wholesale house where he is buying, knows that society, both grave and gay, can only be seen off the Great White Way.

BAD COLD? TAKE "CASCARETS" FOR BOWELS TONIGHT

They're fine! Liven your liver and bowels and clear your head.

No headache, sour stomach, bad cold or constipation by morning

Get a 10-cent box. Colds—whether in the head or any part of the body—are quickly overcome by urging the liver to action and keeping the bowels free of poison. Take Cascarets tonight and you will wake up with a clear head and your cold will be gone. Cascarets work while you sleep; they cleanse and regulate the stomach, remove the sour, undigested food and foul gases; take the excess bile from the liver and carry off the constipated waste matter and poison from the bowels.

Remember the quickest way to get rid of colds is one or two Cascarets at night to cleanse the system. Get a 10-cent box at any drug store. Don't forget the children. They relish this Candy Cathartic and it is often all that is needed to drive a cold from their little systems.

beer and whisky had ate hot-dogs and chili con carne.

On the balcony you drank wine and ate rich foods for which you paid top prices.

I was looking down from the balcony when I saw a big man with a broken nose. It was "Flat-face." But he wasn't fighting this time. He had degenerated a lot. He was weeping and begged a bartender to trust him for a drink.

A waiter came along and threw him out.

In another article Boalt will tell of "Erickson's" reborn as the only prohibition saloon in the world—a place where no booze is sold—a place where thousands come every winter—where they can get anything they want, food, beds, work, companionship—but no booze.

Many Features For New Show

This week's bill at the Pantages theater will have eight features with Herbert Lloyd and his "Peaches in Pawn" as one of the headliners. This is a musical farce in which Lloyd's comedy is combined with singing and dancing by a company of pretty girls.

Lina Regiani and Giuseppe Vogliotti, recent stars of the Mascagni Opera company, have a pleasing musical act. Among the other features will be Chino, the English comique and juggler; Minnie Kaufman, world's greatest woman cyclist; Four Renee Sisters in an elaborately staged singing and dancing act; Neal Abel in blackface comedy; Ward and Faye in travesty, singing and dancing. The eighth episode of "The Crimson Stain Mystery," will be the motion picture feature of the bill.

SEATTLE ROUTE

Steamers Tacoma and Indianapolis for Seattle

Leave Municipal Dock, Tacoma, 7:15, 9:00, 11:00 a. m., 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00 p. m.

Leave Colman Dock, Seattle, 7:00, 9:00, 11:30 a. m., 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:15 p. m.

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EATONVILLE-KAPOWINS-TACOMA STAGE

Leaves Eatonville daily, except Sunday, 8 a. m., 1 p. m., 8:30 p. m. Leaves Eatonville Sunday, 8 a. m., 2 p. m., 7 p. m.

Leaves Tacoma daily, 8 a. m., 1 p. m., 4 p. m. Leaves Tacoma Sunday, 8 a. m., 4 p. m., 8:15 p. m.

Saturday evening special leaves Eatonville 7 p. m.; leaves Tacoma 7:15 p. m.

Starts from Schoenfeld's store, 11th st., opp. postoffice.

Stand, Croft Hotel, 1519 Pacific Ave. MOOSE AUTO STAGE Tacoma and Yelm.

Lakeview, Hillhurst, Greendale, Roy, McKenna, M. T. McKenna.

Leaves Tacoma 11 a. m. and 4:30 p. m., Sundays 8 a. m. and 9:30 p. m. Leaves Yelm 7:30 a. m. and 1:30 p. m., Saturday nights 6:30 p. m., and Sundays 4 p. m.

OLYMPIA-TACOMA-DUPONT STAGE

Leaves Tacoma Leaves Olympia Donnelly Hotel Kneeland Hotel

6:00 A. M. 8:00 A. M. 11:00 A. M. 1:00 P. M. 1:00 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 4:00 P. M. 6:30 P. M. 9:00 P. M.

Subject to Change Without Notice.

PHONE: MAIN 762

'The Idyl of Twin Fires'

By Walter Pritchard Eaton. Copyright 1914-15, by Doubleday, Page & Co. Next Week "Shea of the Irish Brigade," by Randall Parrish.

CHAPTER I.

I Buy a Farm on Sight

I was sitting at a late hour in my room above the college yard, correcting daily themes.

I had been accredited with "brilliant promise" in my undergraduate days, and the college had taken me into the English department upon graduation. That was seven years ago. I was still correcting daily themes.

It was a warm night in early April. Most of these themes were hopeless. I toiled on.

Near the bottom of the pile came the signature, James Robinson. He was one of the few in the class with the real literary instinct—a lad from some near-by New England village who went home over Sunday and brought back unconscious records of his changing life there.

This is what I read:

The April sun has come at last, and the first warmth of it lays a benediction on the spirit, even as it tints the earth with green. Our barn door, standing open, framed a picture this morning between walls of golden hay—the soft rolling fields, the fringe of woodland beyond veiled with a haze of budding life, and then the far line of the hills. "A horse stamped in the shadows, a hen strolled out upon the floor, cooling softly; there was a warm earthy smell in the air; the distant church bell sounded pleasantly over the fields, and upon the road I heard the rattle of Uncle Amos' carryall, bearing the family to meeting.

The strife of learning, the pride of the intellect, the academic urge—where were they? I found myself wandering out from the barnyard into the fields, filled with a great longing to hold a plow in the furrow till tired out, and then lie on my back in the sun and watch the lazy clouds.

So Robinson had spring fever, too! Then I fell to dreaming. Home! I, John Upton, academic bachelor, had no home, no kith nor kin.

I had my college position, and a shabby remnant of my old ambitions.

"Why don't I go back to it, and give up this grind?" I thought.

I began to play with the idea. I sought for a copy of the Transcript, and ran over the real estate ads. Here was a gentleman's estate, with two butler's pantries and a concrete garage—that would hardly do! Besides I should have to hire help. I must find something practical to do to support myself. What?

I went to bed with a very poor opinion of English instructors.

But God, as the hymn remarks, works in mysterious ways. His wonders to perform. Waking with my flicker of resolution quite gone out, I met my chief in the English department, who quite floored me by asking if I could find extra time—"without interfering with my academic duties!"—to be a reader for a certain publishing house which had just contacted him about filling a vacancy.

I told him frankly that if I got the job I might give up my present post and buy a farm, but as he didn't think anybody could live on a manuscript reader's salary, he laughed and didn't believe me, and two days later I had the job.

It would be a secret to disclose my salary, but to a man who had been an English instructor in an American college for seven years, it looked good enough. Then came the Easter vacation.

Professor Farnsworth of the economics department had invited me on a motor trip for the holidays. (The professor married a rich widow.)

In the course of our wanderings we reached, one night, a certain New England village noted for its views and its palatial summer estates, and put up at a hotel there.

The professor, whose hobby is real estate values, fell into a discussion with the landlord on the subject.

The landlord, to our astonishment, informed us that building sites on the near-by hills sold as high as \$5,000 an acre.

"What does farm land cost?" I inquired sadly.

"As much as the farmer can induce you to pay," he laughed. "But if you were a farmer, you might get it for \$100 an acre."

"Where is there a farm for sale?"

The landlord looked at me dubiously. But he volunteered that a certain Milt Noble might sell, and told me how to find him.

The next morning we sought out Milt Noble. When the car stopped before the house, I instantly knew it for mine.

I jumped from the motor and started toward the house on the run.

"Whoa!" cried the professor, laughing, "you poor young idiot! Then, in a lower tone, he cautioned: "If our friend Milt sees you up the place so badly, he'll run up the price. Where's your Yankee blood?"

I sobered down to a walk, and together we slipped behind a century-old lilac bush at the corner of the house, and sought the front of the dwelling unobserved.

The house was set with its side to the road, about one hundred feet into the lot. A long ell ran out behind, evidently connecting

the kitchen. The side door, on a grape-shadowed porch, was in this ell, facing the barn across the way. It was a typical house of the carpenter-and-builder period of a century ago.

The front door faced an aged orchard. The orchard ran down a slope of perhaps half an acre to the ferny tangle of the brook bed. The winters had racked the poor old orchard, and great limbs lay on the ground.

But, as I stood before the battered doorway and looked down through the storm-racked orchard to the brook, I had a sudden vision of pink trees abloom above a lawn.

There is no need to go into detail over the deal. Milt Noble was a Yankee, and so was I. But at last we struck a bargain, and I became possessed of the house, barns, 30 acres of land, a horse and two Jersey cows.

CHAPTER II.

My Money Goes and My Farmer Comes.

Three days later I closed the deal, took an inventory of the farm implements which went with the place, made a few hasty arrangements for my permanent coming, and hastened back to college.

There I remained only long enough to see that the faculty had a competent man to fill my unexpired term, and to consult the college botanical department. Professor Grey of the department, assigned his chief assistant at the gardens to my case. He took me to Boston and, armed with my inventory, in one day he spent exactly \$641 of my precious savings.

"There!" he cried at 5 p. m. "Now you can make a beginning. I told 'em not to ship your small fruits—raspberries, etc.—till you ordered 'em to. You won't be ready for some weeks."

"You're damn cheerful about it!" I cried. "You talk as if I were a millionaire, with nothing to do but spend money!"

"That's about all you will do, for the next twelve months," he grinned.

This was rather disconcerting, and the next morning I left college forever.

I landed at Bentford station, hired a hack, and drove at once to my farm, and my first thought on alighting was this:

"Good Lord, I never realized the frightful condition of this orchard! More expense!"

"It's a dollar up here," said the driver of the hack.

I paid him brusquely, and he drove away. Milt Noble had gone. So had my enthusiasm.

I heard my horse stamping in the stable, and saw my two cows feeding in the pasture. A postcard from one Bert Temple, my nearest neighbor, had informed me that he was milking them for me—and, I gathered, for the milk.

Well, if he didn't, goodness knew who would! I never felt so lonely, so hopeless, in my life.

I tossed my suit case into the barn, and began a tour of inspection over my 30 acres.

There was a lot in that turn! Twenty of my acres lay on the south side of the road, surrounding the house. The other ten, behind the barn, were pasture. The old orchard led down a slope half an acre in extent to the brook. That brook ran south close to the road which formed my eastern boundary, along the entire extent of the farm.

I walked down through the orchard, and as I followed the brook into the maples and then into the sudden hushed quiet of my little stand of pines, I thought how all this was mine—to develop, to walk in, to dream in!

My spirits rose like the songs of the sparrows from the roadside trees beyond.

I continued to my western boundary, where my acres met the cauliflower beds of my neighbor, Bert Temple.

A single green pine stood at the stone wall, just inside my land. Then and there I saw my book plate, with the pine in black on the key block!

Then I reflected how I stood on soil which must be made to pay me back in potatoes for the outlay—and dreamed of book plates!

"Somebody ought to get amusement out of this!" I said aloud, as I set off for the barn, gathered up my suit case, and climbed the road toward Bert Temple's.

If I live to be a hundred, I can never repay Bert Temple. Bert and his wife took me in, treated me as a human, if helpless, fellow being, not as a "city man" to be fleeced.

After supper Bert took me in hand. "First thing fer you to do's to git a farmer and carpenter," he said. "I kin git yer both, if yer want I should, an' not sting yer. Most no' folks thet come here git stung."

"I'm clay in your hands," said I.

"Wall, yer don't exactly know me intimately," said Bert with a laugh, "so yer'd better git a bit o' granite into yer system. Neow, ez to a farmer—there's Mike Finn. He lives 'bout a quarter of a mile from your corner. He'll come an' his son'll help out with the heavy work, such ez plowin', which you'd better begin tomorrow. We'll walk down and see him neow, of yer like."

I liked, and we set off down the road.

"Wal, then, ez to carpenters," continued, "thar's Hard Cl-

der Howard, Hard Cider's forgotten more about carpent'rin' than most o' the rest ever knoo. But he looks upon the apple juice when it's yaller. I kin keep Hard Cider sober while he's on your job. He'll treat yer fair, an' see thet the plumbers do."

We came to a small settlement of white cottages. At one of these, Bert knocked. We were admitted by a pretty girl into a tiny parlor where a middle-aged Irishman sat smoking a pipe.

"Hello, Mike," said Bert, "this is Mr. John Upton, who's bought Milt Noble's place, an' wants a farmer. I told him you wuz the man."

"Sit down, sor, sit down," said Mike, offering a chair. "Sure, let's talk it over."

"Well, now," Mike was saying, "sure I can run a farm, but what do I be gettin' for it?"

We settled on what seemed to me a reasonable wage, and then Mike asked:

"But what be yer runnin' the place for, Mr. Upton? Is it a real farmer's job?"

"A real farmer," I answered. "Why?"

"Well, I didn't know. Onct I worked fer a literary feller that married rich, and he was always fer makin' me try new-fangled things. Begorra, he nigh drove the life out o' me with his talk. I've heard say yer wuz a literary feller, too, Mr. Upton, and I have me doubts."

"Well, I am a sort of a literary feller," I confessed, "but I never married a rich wife."

"Sure, yer're not so old to be past hopin'," Mike replied.

I shook my head. "It's you I want to write a poem in potatoes. Mike put back his head and roared. "It's a pome yer want, is it?" he cried. "Sure, it's an oration I'll give ye. I'll grow ye the real home rule potatoes."

"Well," said I, rising, "do you begin tomorrow morning, and will you son help for a few weeks?"

"The mornin' it is," said Mike, "and Joe along."

"I'm going to like Mike," said I to Bert, as we walked back up the road.

"I knew yer would soon ez I seen yer," Bert replied.

"Well," said I, "now I suppose I've got to find a housekeeper, as soon as the house is ready to live in. Do you know of any?"

"Reckon I dew. You leave it to 'er old lady."

"Mr. Temple," said I, "seems to me I'm leaving everything to you."

"Wal, neow, yer might do a heap sight worse!" said Bert.

The following morning was a balmy first of May, but realism again compels me to confess that, having read manuscripts the night before till 2 a. m., I did not leap lightly from my couch at the breakfast call.

Bert hustled me off immediately after the meal to meet Hard Cider Howard, whom, by some rural wireless, he had already summoned.

As we walked down the road, I saw my horse and Mike's hitched to the plough, with Joe driving and Mike holding the handles. Across the green pasture already four rich brown furrows were shining up to the sun.

"Well, Mike didn't wait long!" I exclaimed. "I wonder why he started to hold me to," said Bert. "That's goin' ter be yer pertater crop this year."

"Is it?" said I. "Why?" I felt a little peeved. After all, this was my farm.

"Cuz it's pasture land thet's good fer pertaters, an' yer don't need it fer the cows, an' it kin be worked ter give yer a crop right off, even thet 'twant ploughed under in the fall," Bert answered. "You trust yer Uncle Hiram for a bit, sonny."

(Continued in Our Next Issue.)

SELL LUMBER TO FOREIGN MARKETS

Charles E. Hill, manager for the Tacoma Mill Co., secretary of the new Douglas Fir Exploitation & Exportation Co., will look after its affairs in the north. It is announced. The company is organized to sell lumber in foreign markets. The mills that have actually subscribed to stock have a capacity of 6,790,000 feet in 10 hours. The general offices will be opened in San Francisco, Nov. 1.

TACOMA BUSINESS MEN FOR FERRY

Approval of the demand of Gig Harbor and vicinity for ferry services from Tacoma was expressed by W. J. Fisher, H. A. Rhodes, Frank B. Cole, A. H. Bassett, T. H. Bellingham, C. B. Welch, R. M. Claggett and J. H. Weir, who visited Gig Harbor yesterday at the invitation of residents expressed through George Woodbridge, secretary of the Rotary club.

SPUDS BRING \$36 IN NORTH YAKIMA

NORTH YAKIMA, Oct. 23.—Yakima farmers were paid \$36 a ton for potatoes and \$13.75 a ton for alfalfa hay Saturday. One operator cleaned up \$2,025 on a potato deal last week. Bank clearings are jumping at the rate of \$250,000 a week.

Biggest, Toughest Dive In Portland Boalt Finds to Be Greatly Changed



Scene at Erickson's before John Barleycorn departed; inset, a drawing of "Flat-face."

By Fred L. Boalt.

PORTLAND, Ore., Oct. 20.—I have just renewed acquaintance with Fritz and "Erickson's."

Fritz said to me: "You ain't changed much since you were here the last time."

I said to Fritz: "You haven't changed, either. But 'Erickson's' has changed a lot."

"Yes," said Fritz, "it ain't much like the old dump, is it?"

He laughed comfortably.

"How's business?" I asked.

"Never better," Fritz replied. "Prohibition pays!"

Before I tell you about "Erickson's" reborn as the only prohibition saloon and workingman's resort, I must tell you about the "Erickson's" I used to know.

There's a new name for it now—"Fritz's Workingman's Resort."

Fritz isn't any philanthropist, let me tell you. He's a business man. His motto is: "Get the money!"

Fritz was "getting the money" at "Erickson's" before Oregon went dry on Jan. 1.

The first time I visited "Erickson's" it was the biggest, toughest saloon I ever saw. It had three bars, one the longest in the world.

These bars were manned by 50 bartenders who worked in two shifts, 30 in each shift. "Erickson's" sold more beer and whisky than all the other saloons in Portland combined.

There was a continuous variety show, and the girls "worked" the boxes.

There was wide-open gambling—faro, roulette, craps, poker, solo, every kind.

Never have I seen such a motley crowd as was in "Erickson's" that night.

There were loggers in mackinaws and corked boots, fresh from

the camps, their season's pay in their pockets; railroad construction men, similarly garbed; miners come down from Alaska to winter, dust in their pokes; sailors from the ships—of every race; fishermen from the halibut banks; professional gamblers, Chinese, Malays and Mexicans, remittance men, drug fiends, thieves, wantons, beachcombers.

They milled around like stampeding cattle. They got very drunk. They gambled away their money. There were fights. Somebody was stabbed. Somebody fired a shot.

The waiters formed a "V" such as we used to see in football, and charged the milling, drunken mob. They brought out a big man whose face flamed with alcoholic rage. I remember he had a broken nose.

They kicked him into the street.

"It's 'Flat-face,'" said a bartender to me. "He's always starting something. He's a blacksmith—and a good one when sober—and he's stronger'n hell."

Fritz had added an innovation to "Erickson's" the next time I visited it.

"Erickson's" had become fashionable. Ladies and gentlemen from the more "respectable" districts took to organizing "stumping" parties.

Fritz had a special entrance made for them. The entrance led to a balcony. From the balcony you could look down upon the "rabble" drinking, gambling, roaring and fighting.

On the ground floor you drank

WANTED NOTIONS At Greatly Reduced Prices

BROADWAY SALES BOOTH "C"

SEWING SILK—fine quality—comes in black and in a good variety of colors—warranted 100 yards on a spool—specially reduced at, per spool 4c—SEVEN SPOOLS for 25c

COLLAR BANDS—ready made of fine quality cambric—all wanted sizes—specially reduced at TWO for 5c

DRETTERS SILKO COORDONNET—Crocchet and knitting thread in a very complete assortment of sizes and colors—specially reduced at, per ball, 8c

FOUR BALLS for 30c

CROCHET HOOKS—good quality imported steel in all the desired sizes—specially reduced at, each 8c; TWO for 15c

DARNING COTTON—good quality—comes in black and tan only—large 45-yard spools—specially reduced to SEVEN SPOOLS for 10c

KUMPACT FORMS—just the form for the home sewer—comes in sizes 82 to 42—specially reduced at, each \$2.98

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BASTING COTTON—good quality—large 500-yard spools—specially reduced to THREE for 10c

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STEEL SAFETY PINS—standard make—assorted sizes—one dozen on a card—specially reduced to, per card 2c

BRASS PINS—fine quality—needle point—full 300 count—specially reduced to, per package 4c

ENGLISH TWILED TAPE—good quality—8 yards on a bolt—assorted widths—specially reduced to, per bolt 8c

MANY OTHER ITEMS OF DESIRED NOTIONS NOT ADVERTISED ARE INCLUDED IN THIS SALE.

—Broadway Sales Booth "C"



Rhodes Brothers In Every Detail Tacoma's Leading Retail Establishment

LETA SARTORIS MUCH IMPROVED HI GILL SCORES TWO INITIATIVES

Leta Sartoris, the little South Tacoma girl who was so badly burned last February, and whose life was almost despaired of a few days ago, is reported better again by her physician. He believes she will recover.

Mayor Gill of Seattle, spoke at Epworth Methodist church Sunday evening, against initiative measures 18 and 24. Temperance was also the subject in the Norwegian, Danish, Methodist church, and Bethany Presbyterian church.



THE HUMAN ELEMENT

Error is human.

Defects enter into anything that human beings do. The number of defects increase with the number of human beings involved in any operation. It requires approximately three hundred trainmen, and hundreds of other humans, to run our street cars each day, carrying thousands of passengers.

The wonder is not that the service fails to satisfy every person every day, but that it does so many persons so well every day.

A force of experts is working every hour of the day and night to co-ordinate the work of the men who operate the street car system so that delays and errors and defects may be reduced to a minimum.

The operation of a big street railway system is not simple. It is a great, complex, human problem, subject to human failures.

We know it is far from perfect, but you can help it to be more successful, by your friendly interest and co-operation, criticism and commendation and helpful suggestions.

Tacoma Railway & Power Company