

PAIR SPOIL G.O.P. GAME

Taft and Herrick Both Fail Lamentably to Produce Three Rousing Cheers

EFFORTS SPILL THE BEANS

Shout of "Prosperity," Made by Democrats, Proves Far Better Battle Cry

(By Percy B. Sovey)
(Special to The Herald)

KANSAS CITY, June 9.—The grand old party, animated by the hope that springs eternal in the human chest, is getting ready for the next national election. Already men prominent in the ranks are scouting around over the country, and state organizations are being bolstered up. The leaders appear to be hopeful of the future, basing their optimism on the last congressional elections, in which the g. o. p. made some gains.

If indications count for aught, however, the republican party is going to have a hard row to hoe. The party will have to beat Wilson, and only a miracle could accomplish that. The president's splendid conduct of affairs has earned him the deep sympathy of the people, and there is every reason to believe he will be re-elected by a handsome majority.

No Cheer in Icebergs
In the last presidential campaign the republican party was destitute of magnetic leaders. Taft, who received a rotten deal during his administration, was the best man in the bunch, and what happened to him is too well remembered to need recital here. The rest of the crowd—fellows like Root, Smith and Murray—did not, and do not, take with the people. Root, for example, is regarded as a man of wonderful intelligence, but he lacks the faculty of warming people up to his ideas.

The party is in the same fix again. Within the past few weeks three big guns in the g. o. p. have been in Kansas City blazing the trail. Two of the three were Taft and Myron T. Herrick, former ambassador to France. You'd expect something worth while from 42-centimeters like Taft and Herrick, but both gentlemen fell down in their mission. They were inclined to be chilly and pessimistic, and there's no cheer in icebergs.

Spilling the Beans.
Taft, in his speech, told us how badly off we were. He said the country was being strangled by labor leaders and by agitators who were constantly seeking the legal destruction of the downtrodden capitalists. He elaborated on the idea that the time had come to let capital alone, and seemed desirous of throwing a scare into the country. Business is just getting good, and people don't fancy the idea of being scared at a time like this. Therefore, Taft's speech were better left unspoken. It was on a par with the Winona speech that helped to cook his goose.

Herrick showed up well in France following the outbreak of the war. He stuck on the job and helped non-combatants who were up against it. Wilson named a new ambassador and Herrick came home to make speeches for the g. o. p. But Herrick has fallen down, too. When he got to Kansas City reporters for the big daily papers sought to interview him. There was just one way to reach him—by telephone. But to the reporters he had but one thing to say—"I'm here to make a speech and can't possibly give you an interview." That was all.

You can imagine the reception he got. The veriest tyro realizes that he must get next to the sources of publicity, and to go about the country snubbing reporters merely invites disaster. Herrick aroused about as much enthusiasm as one finds at a funeral.

Taft and the former ambassador spilled the beans. Folks were looking for someone to produce three rousing cheers, and disappointment was keen. The big democrats go about shouting prosperity, and it's a far better battle cry.

Our Old Friend, the Tariff
The republicans have it figured out that there's one more president in the tariff. They haven't any other leading issue, unless they desire to attack the federal reserve bank system or the parcel post. So they have dug up the corpse of the protective tariff—the dandy little old tariff that filled the dinner pails turned the wheels of industry, made the American workman happy, and incidentally piled up fortunes that can't be expressed in numerals.

There isn't much basis for the belief that the country will swallow the tariff bunk again. In addition, the g. o. p. won't be in position to make people see things. Before the reserve banks came our currency system was under the control of the gentlemen who could apply pressure to prove, for instance, that the tariff regulated prosperity. Nothing like that any more. Now, the tariff can't stand up alone, and it's hard to figure out that there's another president in it, in the light of the altered currency condition.

The party that tries to poke the tariff down the country's throat probably will never get to first base.

What of Terrible Teddy?
The interesting question has to do with the possibility of peace between the radicals led by Terrible Teddy and the ultra-conservatives who remained when the old ship foundered in 1912. Some of the g. o. p. crowd profess to believe that the progressives will come over, but there's nothing to back up the idea. Teddy likes to lead, to say nothing of the fine hatred that exists between members of the two factions. We'd like to see the color of the hair of the gink who could heal this breach.

At all events, it looks like a clinch for Wilson, because Wilson has been safe and sane and progressive. He vetoed the educational test in the new immigration bill, which some of us did not like, but otherwise his statesmanship appears to have given fine satisfaction to the country. Roosevelt excepted. As for the two houses of congress, the democrats suffered losses last year because they were too busy at Washington to get out and campaign. That won't happen again.

HELP WANTED IN ABERDEEN
And Furnished by the Help of Aberdeen People.

Those who suffer with kidney backache, urinary ills or any little kidney or bladder disorder, want kidney help. Who can better advise than some Aberdeen resident, who has also suffered, but has had relief. Aberdeen people recommend Doan's Kidney Pills. Here's one case and there are many others.

Mrs. N. J. Doll, 406 E. Second St., Aberdeen, Wash., says: "The first I noticed that something was wrong with my kidneys was when my back began to ache. This was soon followed by headaches and dizziness and my kidneys became irregular in action. The kidney secretions were also unnatural. My back at times was very lame. I felt tired and nervous and was all worn out. Nothing I took seemed to help me much until I tried Doan's Kidney Pills. The first box so greatly benefited me that I got another. Now I am feeling good and have little or no trouble."

For sale by all dealers. Price 50 cents. Foster-Milburn Co., Buffalo, New York, sole agents for the United States.
Remember the name—Doan's—and take no other. (28)

PAVLOVA FILLS GRAND THEATRE

Seating Capacity of Local Playhouse Is Taxed for Performance Given on Wednesday

Mlle. Anna Pavlova, the world noted ballerina who, with her Imperial Russian ballet and symphony orchestra appeared at the Grand theatre, last Wednesday, drew a crowd that taxed the seating capacity of the local playhouse. The performance given by the ballerina ranks as one of the best ever staged by Manager George Nye.

Mlle. Pavlova has appeared in three of the most unique theatres in the world. One is the Hermitage, the smallest and at the same time largest playhouse in the world. The Hermitage is part of the Imperial Palace of the Czar of Russia, and is located in Petrograd. It seats 100 persons but has a stage as large and as well equipped as that of the Metropolitan opera house in New York. Performances are given in the Hermitage only every two or three years; the last performance was five years ago when Pavlova was the star.

Another unique Russian playhouse where Pavlova has appeared, is the famous Greek theatre at Peterhoff, about 20 miles from Petrograd. Quite recently Pavlova has held the honor of being the first professional to appear on the stage of the National grand opera house at Havana, Cuba. This theatre cost \$4,000,000 to build and is jointly owned by some 30,000 stockholders.

Ovations must fall upon Pavlova, but that given by her Aberdeen audience last Wednesday evening was sincere.

GRAND PUT ON WONDERFUL PICTURE PLAY LAST NIGHT

Splendid Photoplay Is Shown, Depicting Recreative Side of Life of U. S. Bluejackets

"Say, you're dead up there!" was the message that floated from the captain's bridge of the battleship Wyoming to Lyman H. Howe's camera man perched high on the main mast of the flagship during the battle maneuvers of the Atlantic fleet in Mexican waters a few months ago.

Every super-dreadnaught of the American navy and most of the battleships were in "action transformation" to permit the photographers to make the splendid moving picture spectacle, which showed at the Grand theatre, Friday and Saturday.

Aside from such tense phases of life in the navy, the series also depicted its lighter of recreative side—scores of bluejackets plunging overboard for a refreshing swim, and a visit up on the forecastle, the "ship's playground," where groups are squatted on the deck playing "acey-ducey," cards, tangoing, etc.

The romance of industry as expressed in the making of a cash register constitutes another feature of the program. The Philippines of today and yesterday form another noteworthy subject of vital and absorbing interest, besides many other features of rare charm and beauty, not to mention entirely new animated cartoons which always from such a welcome and pleasant diversion.

Home For a Holiday

Some men on a home holiday thinker all day long, others bring with them a great many books which they never read, and the result in both cases is that housekeeping becomes a prolonged picking up. All men at home on a vacation eat a great deal more than other men or than at other times, but with the sole exception of the anomalous academic, who is always concerned for his gastronomy, they will eat anything and enjoy it and say so. A man at home for his holiday is always vociferously appreciative. His happiness is almost enough to repay a woman for the noise he makes and the mess, yet statistics could show that during any man's home vacation the women of the house lose just about as many pounds as the man gains. But what are women for, or homes?—April Atlantic.

Moore and "Lalla Rookh."
It was in 1815 the Tom Moore set himself to produce his original romance "Lalla Rookh." The poem, says the Pall Mall Gazette, was the subject of one of the most curious agreements ever made between poet and publisher, Longman undertaking to pay Moore 3,000 guineas for an eastern poem and to take it for better or worse at any time that suited the author's convenience and without any power to suggest changes or alterations.

Acrobatic Feat.
"Percy gets along all right at these afternoon teas."
"Does, eh?"
"Yes; he can hold a plate of salad in one hand, a cup of coffee in the other and balance a dish of ice cream on his left shoulder."—Louisville Courier Journal.

Why He Was Late.
"Sam, you are late this morning."
"Yas, boss. I lost mah hat, an' I did have t go after it."
"Did you walk or run after it, Sam?"
"Neither one, boss. Dat onery mule kicked me after it."—Yonkers Statesman.

Birds' Nests.
Birds in the construction of their nests almost without exception avoid bright colored materials, which might possibly lead to the discovery of their place of abode by an enemy.

"BUCK THE LINE," CUT OUT EXCUSES

It was on the football field at one of the larger colleges. A big tackle had been brought over to the varsity team from one of the class eleven. It was his first experience with the big team. He played a fine game until the other side had the ball. Then he did not "break through" as he should. The coach finally stopped the play and went over to him.

"What is the trouble? Why don't you get through?" he said.

"The man opposite me is not playing fair. He is holding me," said the tackle.

"If he holds you again I'll put you off the field!" flashed back the coach.

Of course, as the tackle said, it is against the rules to hold an opponent unless he has the ball, but the coach wanted results and not excuses. His position was that a man ought somehow to break away; that no man must let himself be held. And that is true, no one ought to let himself be held. The excuse may be excellent, but a player who is held is put out of the game as effectively as if he were off the field. He might just as well be off the field.

The people who accomplish things worth while in the world are those who will not let themselves be held. There have always been things enough to hold them. They might have found excellent excuses, but they have not had to use any excuses—Youth's Companion.

SNAPSHOTS AT NOTABLE PERSONS

Rear Admiral W. S. Benson, New Naval Chief.

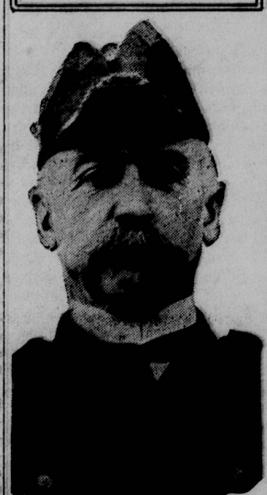


Photo by American Press Association.

Rear Admiral William Shepherd Benson, recently appointed chief of naval operations, is generally conceded to be one of the ablest officers in Uncle Sam's navy. The new office, which was created by the last congress, gives the rear admiral control of and makes him responsible for the preparation and maintenance of plans for the use and efficiency of the feet in and for war, and in effect also makes him the active head of the navy.

The creation of the office of chief of naval operations does not disturb the general board of the navy, of which Admiral Dewey is chairman. Before his appointment Rear Admiral Benson was one of the senior captains and in the ordinary course of events would have been promoted to the rank he now holds by virtue of his office next November. Born in Georgia on Sept. 25, 1855, the new chief of operations is young enough to hold his present post for the full term of four years. He entered the Naval academy in 1872 and was graduated four years later, and during a sea service of twenty-two years since that time has cruised practically all over the world.

Since 1898 Admiral Benson's sea duty included the command of several important ships and also service as chief of staff of the Pacific fleet. His most recent sea service was as captain of the super Dreadnaught Utah and temporarily as commander of the first division of the Atlantic fleet. In July, 1913, he was detached from the Utah to become commandant of the Philadelphia navy yard, where he has demonstrated exceptional executive ability.

Railroad Wage Arbitrator.
Charles Nagel of St. Louis, neutral member of the board of arbitration which settled the wage dispute of en-



By American Press Association. CHARLES NAGEL.

gineers, firemen and hostlers on thirty-eight western railroads, was formerly secretary of commerce and labor. Since the award the railroad brotherhoods have by resolution demanded a congressional investigation of the appointment of Mr. Nagel as arbitrator. The railroad workers claim that Mr. Nagel was not neutral. "Inasmuch as it was clearly established that he is a co-

operator and co-trustee of the estate of Mississippi Hirsch, who is estate trustee in railroad securities.

A native of Texas, his parents moved to St. Louis during the civil war and Young Nagel was educated at St. Louis where he took a course in law and subsequently studied law and political economy at the University of Berlin. Returning to St. Louis in 1873, he was admitted to the bar and soon took an active part in municipal affairs. He served four years as president of the city council and also served as a member of the Missouri legislature. He was a member of the Republican national committee from 1908 to 1912 and was secretary of commerce and labor during President Taft's administration.

URGES PRINCIPLES OF ORDER ON MEMBERS

George J. Wolff Delivers Excellent Sermon for K. P. Lodge That Applies to Community

Under the caption, "If I were a Critic," George J. Wolff, local dry-goods merchant, has an excellent layman's sermon, in the May issue of the Pythian Record. While the sermon is directed at members of the K. P., it might as well have been written for the community.

"It is an undoubted fact," says Mr. Wolff, "that all who live up to the principles of Friendship, Charity and Benevolence are good and true no matter what station in life they occupy. It is also true that if a man leads a Pythian life, he is a good citizen, a loving husband and father, and a friend of all mankind.

"The lesson of Pythianism teaches everything that is good and true. Thousands of our members are living up to the teachings and endeavor to make this life brighter and better. Are you among those who live up to our teachings?"

"The lesson of Pythian friendship as taught in the ritual of our order, embraces all the rules of man's conduct towards his fellowman, necessary to human happiness. Are you one of those who live up to the lesson of Pythian friendship? If you are weak and feel in your own conscience that you can improve, why not try your best endeavor?"

"Charity we teach and for the weakness of others are pledged to the same charity we would ask for ourselves. By charity we do not confine ourselves to financial aid; charity of words, consideration and kindness reaches the heart and is often greater than financial aid.

"We are taught that unkind words are not an asset but a liability. A wrong-spoken word can never be redeemed. It does not benefit the speaker and carries through years and years poison with the trade-mark of his baseness, and identified with his personality.

"If you have any compliments or words of praise for your friends, be as kind and as benevolent as you can be, while you and your friends live. Do not show your devotion by sending flowers to his grave. If you have any benevolence to distribute, do it now."

"Do noble things, Do not dream them all day long And so, make life, death and That vast forever, one grant, sweet song."

The Sun in Alaska.
Noon on Dec. 21 at Fairbanks, Alaska, is identical with midnight, June 21, at the same place except that it is usually 130 degrees colder and there is snow on the ground. In winter the sun in interior Alaska rises about 10 o'clock and sinks out of sight again about 2 in the afternoon.

The temperature in the latter part of December usually is 40 degrees below zero. Sometimes it goes down to 60 below. In summer the thermometer on June 21 will often show 90 degrees in the shade, thus giving a range of 150 degrees.—Popular Mechanics.

Exchange of Courtesies.
One of the keenest journalists and wits, Moritz Gottlieb Saphir, had the better of the irate stranger against whom he ran by accident at the corner of a street in Munich. "Beast!" cried the offended person without waiting for an apology. "Thank you," said the journalist, "and mine is Saphir."

From an Author's Journal.
I mortgaged my home to purchase an automobile; then the auto, in a humorous freak, ran down and disabled for life the man who held the mortgage. And to think I had so many enemies! I had hoped to put out of business with that same machine—Atlanta Constitution.

At Our Boarding House.
"We become what we eat," said the theosophist without any excuse whatsoever.
"No wonder I feel like a menagerie," volunteered the cheerful idiot. "I've been eating hash for a month."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Bells.
The invention of bells is attributed to the Egyptians, who are credited with having made use of percussion instruments to announce the sacred rites of Osiris.
Neighborly Anyway.
"Is he an apostle of humanity?"
"Is he? He has twelve children and won't let one of them take a single lesson."—Philadelphia Ledger.



THE GOOD JUDGE DOESN'T KNOW HOW MANY FRIENDS HE HAS.

YOU can go a long time on one small chew of "Right-Cut"—the Real Tobacco Chew

—and all the time you'll be getting the satisfying taste of rich, mellow tobacco, seasoned and sweetened just enough. It's a ready chew—the taste comes steady and easy like.

Everybody likes it—you hear men say it's better than the old kind and more lasting. Get a pouch for yourself.

Take a very small chew—less than one-quarter the old size. It will be more satisfying than a mouthful of ordinary tobacco. Just nibble on it until you find the strength chew that suits you. Tuck it away. Then let it rest. See how easily and evenly the small tobacco taste comes, how it satisfies without grinding, how much less you have to spit, how few chews you take to be tobacco satisfied. That's why it is The Real Tobacco Chew. That's why it costs less in the end.

It is a ready chew, set fire and chew about so that you won't have to grind on it with your teeth. Getting on ordinary smoked tobacco makes you spit too much. The cheap, low, rich tobacco chews are used to be covered up with molasses and licorice. Notice how the salt brings out the rich tobacco taste in "Right-Cut."

One small chew takes the place of two big chews of the old kind.

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