

THE TACOMA TIMES

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE TACOMA TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY OFFICE—748 COMMERCIAL STREET

Entered at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash., as second-class matter... BUSINESS OFFICE: Main 788, A1788

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION: One cent a copy, seven cents a week by carrier or by mail...

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS—Should your copy of the Times fail to reach you by 4 o'clock any evening, please do us the favor to call up...

NO PRIZE FIGHTS HERE

Tacoma after all is not to be made a Mecca for pug and pugilists.

Chief Duley's announcement that he will not permit the pugilists to come here is refreshing. He will have the hearty commendation of the people of this city.

There was nothing ambiguous about the notice of the chief. He declared plainly that anyone aiding or abetting the pulling off of any prize fight or boxing match in this city will be arrested and dealt with according to law.

When the term of Prosecutor Rowland drew toward a close rumors began flying over town that the "lid" was to be tilted. Whether Mr. McMurray, the new prosecutor, had given any encouragement to this idea or not does not appear, but whether or not he was agreeable it is not going to happen.

To avoid grating on the moral sensibilities of the people this "mail" between "Denver Ed Martin" and Doctor Roller was advertised as a "boxing match." It was just to be a starter. Other battles would follow—all "boxing matches."

These third class "boxing matches" are usually fakes or "frame-ups" and they always bring to a city a gang of "undesirables" most easily converted into burglars and hold-up thugs.

Tacoma people, the Times believes, wants none of them. Tacoma has a reputation as a city of culture and refinement, a good place to live, a good place to raise children and build a home. Tacoma does not want and does not need the cheap advertising as a rendezvous for pugs, and Chief Duley does not intend that it shall.

THE ART OF BREATHING

"We have all forgotten how to breathe in our mad race for the almighty dollar."

So declares Mrs. Emily Noble, just from India, to lecture us on the art of breathing.

Since we have stood for lecturing on every other conceivable subject, and from every possible source, it is quite likely that we will patiently listen to the Hindu ideas on "rhythmic respiration."

It has generally been supposed that our breathing is one thing which takes care of itself. True, some scientists stoutly declare that at that remote period when plant life was at the point of evolving into something higher, breathing was voluntary and a matter of concern and occupation. But in the countless stages of evolution and countless ages, the process has become second nature, automatic, and man had fondly believed it was off his mind for good.

But the lecturing woman just back from India brings us to a new awakening. Our breathing must be as constantly looked after as a carefully regulated car, she declares. And not only while we are awake must the breathing be controlled, but while we are asleep as well.

Mrs. Noble charges that we do not really breathe unless we employ our three chest diameters, and our olfactory nerves and eat with our diaphragms.

What we must do, she says, is to bluff the olfactory nerve into imagining the scent of an orchid, a Havana perfecto, or our favorite gasoline wagon, and inhale as if you enjoyed the perfume. That is the way when awake.

Then when you lie down to sleep, think beautiful thoughts as you slip into slumber, and these will turn into sweet dreams that will keep the breathing right until you awake.

This careful control of rhythmic respiration, the woman from India declares, will make the lean fatter and the fat leaner, the sickly healthy, the indolent active, and will keep the heart youthful and the emotions and the face and form youthful in their lines.

The theory has the merit of not costing anything for trial. Whether it has any other merit or not remains to be seen by anybody sufficiently interested in it to try it.

WRIGHT NOT NAMED

In a recent issue this newspaper published a cablegram from Paris to the effect that Wilbur Wright, the aeronaut, had been named as co-representant in a divorce suit by a French officer. The following day the statement was corrected in a cable saying that Wright had not been named as a co-representant, and that the original cable had been prepared and sent to this country through a misapprehension of the facts. The Times again calls attention to the fact that the first publication was entirely unfounded, and expresses regret that an injustice was unintentionally done to Mr. Wright. We desire to do everything we can to recall the false impression which may have been produced by the first publication, and therefore again invite the attention of our readers to the mistake.

FROM MARY'S COOK BOOK

Cocoa Cake. One cup of sugar, 1 tablespoon of butter, 2 tablespoons of cocoa, 1 egg, 2 cups of milk, 1 1/2 cups of flour, 1/2 teaspoon of soda, 1/2 teaspoon of cream of tartar, 1/2 teaspoon of vanilla. Frosting—One tablespoonful of butter, 1 tablespoonful of hot water, 1 cup of confectioner's sugar, 1/2 teaspoonful of vanilla.

Fruit Hermits. Cream 1 cup of butter and 2 cups of brown sugar, add 3 beaten eggs, then 1 cup of flour sifted with 2 teaspoons of baking powder and 1 teaspoon of allspice, add 1 cup of seeded raisins, 1 pound of citron dredged with sugar, then add sufficient flour to hold and roll out. Cut into squares with a sharp knife and bake.

Marble Cake. Two cups sugar, 1 cup butter, 1/2 cup sweet milk, 3 cups flour, 1/2 cup soda, 1/2 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1/2 pound of thickly sliced raisins.

Dark Part—Yolks of 6 eggs, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, 1/2 cup allspice, 1/2 cup of milk, 1/2 cup of soda, 1 teaspoonful of cream of tartar, 1 pound of seeded raisins, 1 pound of currants, wine glass of wine or branched spice to taste. The light and dark part to be marbled together.

Grandma's Cookies. Four eggs most thoroughly beaten, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup butter, these three ingredients are creamed until very light and smooth, flavor, 2 heaping teaspoonfuls baking powder (or 1/2 teaspoonful soda and 2 teaspoonfuls cream tartar), 4 cups flour many times sifted; more flour if required to make the mixture easily handled. There is no other wetting than the eggs and butter. Press into the center of each before baking a large plump raisin.

Almond Wafers. Cream 1/2 cupful of butter, add slowly 1 cupful of powdered sugar and 1/2 cup of milk drop by drop. Then add 1 1/2 cupfuls of bread flour and 1/2 teaspoon of almond extract. Spread very thin on the bottom of a dripping pan inverted and buttered, mar kin squares, sprinkle with almonds blanched and chopped rather fine, and bake in a moderate oven about 5 minutes. Roll and shape while warm.

TIMES' HUMOR DEPARTMENT

MR. SKYGACK FROM MARS.

He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wise-ness Observations in His Notebook.

ON BOARD SWIFT-MOVE-JOLT VEHICLE HARD PRESSED FOR FOOT-HOLD ACCOMPANIED BY CLOSE-TOGETHER-STANDING EARTH-BEINGS HOLDING FUME-PRODUCING SUBSTANCE IN MOUTHS WRITING DIFFICULT; BREATHING MORE SO IF ALIVE AT DESTINATION, WILL ADVISE YOU.



CLASSIFYING HIM.

Angry Individual: Sir, I am nobody's fool! Bland Bystander: Sort of a maverick, eh?

RIGHT ON THE HEELS OF STYLE.

"There is a woman who follows the styles very closely." "She doesn't look it." "Nevertheless she is the woman who comes to buy the cast-off gowns of the society women."

HARPING ON ONE THEME.

"Scribbleaire writes a great many things that play on the heart strings of the people." "Yes, he seems to think that everybody's heart is a ball of twine."

HAIR OIL HARRY DOESN'T SEE WHERE THE "JOY RIDE" IS SO MERRY

For, You See, He Was Out With One of Those Auto Fiends and Knows Just Whereof He Speaks.



Hair Oil Harry

Old Muttonchops, his boss," went on Harry, "but once in a while he cuts loose, steals the touring tumbrel, and with a party of pickled pals, gives an imitation of a daredevil gone dippy. I'm hoarding up a penny to buy an extra when he skids off a bridge some sad and somber morning.

"You never know how alecky a chaper can get until he has himself self-pnotized into the idea that he's a genial host. He starts off on the high gear and don't slack up for anything less than a concrete abutment. There was six of us in the crowd. Of course, half of them were skirts, and the cheerful chaffer succeeded in getting a yelp out of them twice to a block. The male contingent was supposed to be game, and their prayers were silent ones. What they said so you could hear them was not from the palms. We sidestepped a street car, outprinted three bicycle cops, unhorsed a milk wagon, went through the gates of a railroad crossing, and wilted the radiator against a lamp post. We ran out of gasoline long before our friend ran out of gladness. When we climbed out we found an apple woman's shawl festooned on the front axle, and we're wondering if it sticks out on me."

"Notice any silver threads among my raven tresses this morning?" asked Hair Oil Harry, as he entered the pharmacy and slipped into his white jacket.

"Hardly any," replied the Prescription Clerk, making a look. "Nothing but dandruff. Better try Dr. Scalpum's Follicle Exterminator, 'Sold by All Druggists, Recommended by None.'"

"Aw, this is on the level," protested the Soda Dispenser. "I had the scare of my life last evening, and I'm wondering if it sticks out on me."

"Been to a seance where they materialized a salary loan shark?" The Pill Pounder was mildly sarcastic.

"Worsen't that," said Hair Oil Harry seriously. "I was on one of those joy riders with a chaffer friend of mine. I'm here because I'm alive, not because I feel I'm alive. Of all the bughouse performances, the joy ride thing is the most insectiferous."

The Prescription Clerk gasped and made a note of the word on his cuff.

"This chaffer is a guy that looks like a caramel wouldn't melt in his mouth when he is driving

A REVERENTIAL REQUEST.

The Maid: But Waldo, little boys don't kneel to ask for a piece of cake. Waldo: But what I'm asking for is angel cake.



Self-conceit is something others would rather destroy in you than rob you of.

My definition of "drooping lashes" would be a cat o' nine tails in repose.

When a girl finds it hard to blush, she should not lay on the powder so thick.

ZOOLOGICALS

By ADOLF BY FRED SCHAEFER. Knowledge iss power, so I sub-bose horse sense iss horsepower. Der butterfly does nod toll nor does she spin. Neider does she churn, for dot matter.

Ven a dog vags hiss tall id iss a sign dot he iss in goot humor. Ven a voman vags her tongue you haf dree guesses.

Der tonse iss a slow trafeler, but he nefer buys a rount trip ticket. Der crawfish hass nod much sense as a brook trout, but you can'd fool him mit a celluloid minnow.

You can'd wean a calf on der milk of human kintness. Der hippopotamus hass to open a four-bushel mout to swallow von liddle peanut. Diss i call a vaste of space.

A goot vay for a mackerel to preserve himself iss to remain in der fairst brine he fints himself in.

Der boombe bee hass a sweet foot, but his harpoon iss quite bitter. Der hen scratches for a lifing, but der dog scratches to get rit of der lifing.

A Word from Josh Wise.

"Th' reason a man who misses a train gits so all-fired mad is becuz he can't never blame it on th' railroad comp'ny."

They barred Battling Nelson from the St. Regis, New York's ultra exclusive hotel, but Dick Canfield, gambler, was permitted to register—and to remain.

It cost Geo. Gould \$100,000 to introduce his daughter Marjorie to the folks she was acquainted with in New York society.

Night riding will not be so popular since the return of the Union City jury's verdict.

This habit of publishing old love letters is becoming a fad. Now if Lil Russell would get busy—

In 1906 the total sum represented in life insurance policies in this country was \$12,706,810,284.

In 1907 3125 miners were killed in this country.

In 1906-7 the slaughter houses of this country butchered 6,173,898 hogs.

Another American princess is seeking a divorce. It seems that princes are easier to get than divorces.

The king of Portugal rode out to show that he was in good health. At the same time for kings of Portugal to ride out doesn't insure that they will stay in good health.

Total imports to this country in 1908 amounts to \$1,387,337,210, and the total exports to \$1,991,127,472.

If the battleships race home some smart Alecky promoter will try to have the race re-run in Madison Square garden.

Three states will consider bill to license bachelors. The 42 other states are still trying to solve the divorce problem.

The benevolent institutions of the country are divided as follows: Orphanages 1075, hospitals 1493, permanent homes 753, temporary homes 449, deaf and blind institutions 115, nurseries 166, dispensaries 156.

Taft's cabinet is still unknown. Hence no cabinet photo of the bunch.

Politeness is one of the best investments known. It pays enormous dividends.

Fools have their uses now as in ancient times; but their professor carries few honors.

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

AMERICAN WOMEN WHO WORK NO. 4—THE FACTORY GIRL.



A CHURCH DINNER will be given tomorrow in the parlors of the First Congregational church by both divisions of the Women's societies. The dinner will commence at 6 o'clock and a cordial invitation is extended to all members of the congregation and friends. An interesting program will follow the supper.

THE LADIES' AID SOCIETY of the Mason Methodist church will be entertained tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. Getzman on North Twenty-seventh street.

TOMORROW AFTERNOON Mrs. I. N. Hague will entertain the Autumn Leaf Whist club for luncheon and cards at her residence on Pacific Heights. Lunch will be served at 1 o'clock.

THE TWO-HOUR WHIST CLUB meets tomorrow afternoon with Mrs. Frank Imbrle at her home, 909 North K street.

HOOKER CIRCLE, LADIES OF THE G. A. R., will give a card party tomorrow afternoon 1/2 the hall, 913 1/2 Tacoma avenue. All G. A. R. members and friends are welcome.

ARRANGEMENTS are complete for the mid-winter musicale of the choral class of Y. W. C. A., to be given this evening in the association rooms. Prominent persons on the program are Miss Grace Haddow, Professor Olaf Bull and Miss Jean Haddow.

THE REGULAR MONTHLY MEETING of the Congregational Brotherhood of the First Congregational church will be held this evening in the church parlors. George T. Reid, who resigned as judge of department No. 4 of the superior court last October, will speak on "The Relation of Labor to Capital."

MARY'S TIPS.

If the alcohol lamp under the chafing dish comes to grief and sets the table cover on fire, as so frequently happens, suffocate the flames by covering them with flour. This is better than water or blankets or any of the other means seized upon to extinguish a sudden fire, and not only quicker but less injurious to water.

Polish your toilet silver a little every day with a soft, dry cloth and it will not need to be polished once a week.

For acute quinsy the following is an excellent remedy. Chlorate of potash, 30 grains; tincture of chloride of iron, 3 drams; glycerine, 4 drams, and distilled water enough to make 4 ounces. Dose, one teaspoonful every hour until relieved.

The beginner who starts in on piece work might earn more money doing housework, but she knows that she has greater freedom and independence in the factory than in the kitchen.

"I have my Sundays and evenings off anyway," she reasons, way.

"and that's more than I get as a housemaid."

She knows that when she does extra work in the factory she gets extra pay, and that's seldom the rule in housework.

The factory girl generally lives at home, and comes and goes as she likes. She has her own friends and social interests. She entertains her gentleman friends in the family parlor, and not in somebody's kitchen.

The girl who works in a factory is generally able to take care of herself. Sometimes her fists are quite as lively as her tongue. Mashers beware!

Matrimony generally cuts short the factory girl's employment period. Old maids are a rarity in her set.

But, should adversity come to her little home and the husband's earning capacity be lost to her, she is in a position to cheerfully take up the burden she dropped at the marriage fount and go out among the toilers to make her way.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER BEAUTY DOCTOR



By Priscilla Prim. Is the photographer a beauty doctor as well?

He doesn't dabble with face bleach and freckle cream, but doesn't he accomplish wonders just the same?

The woman bent on improving her looks must first of all learn to know herself as other see her. To do this, she must appeal to the photographer.

It's easy enough to sit before the camera and obtain a photograph—anyone can put a plate into the camera, snap the shutter and make a print. But what woman will be satisfied with the result?

When one is hard up in beauty points or wrong in general make-up, or has some prominent feature, like the nose, that insists in spreading its image over a large section of the plate, then the operator must be tactful, suave and prompted by his art sense. And he must train his subjects in the ways of graceful carriage and repose of face and manner.

That is why specialists in beauty culture lay particular stress on the importance of frequent sittings before the camera and advise their patients to take this certain beauty

ty cure. No one save the expert photographer can detect mannerisms of facial expression that are marring in effect, and to him defects in carriage or mistakes in hair dressing are at once apparent. The correction of these errors can frequently be traced to his credit alone.

The effectiveness of the camera method of beauty culture is plainly set forth in the accompanying illustrations.

The first picture shows the subject as she appeared at the time of her initial visit to the studio. The head is thrust awkwardly forward on the neck. The lips are too thick for beauty and the lines about the mouth sag toward the chin. All these drawbacks to beauty are but the indications of bad habits of facial expression and laxity of carriage. As such they are not beyond remedy.

Photograph No. 2 shows the subject greatly improved in appearance as a result of her own efforts guided by the photographer's suggestions. In the interval between the time of the first sitting and that of the second she has paid special attention to improving the carriage of her head.

She has acquired the habit of holding her lips a trifle compressed and has also cultivated a pleasant facial expression.

A wonderful transformation of the subject's original appearance is shown in the third sitting. Dignity and grace of carriage have been acquired. The facial expression has been remarkably improved. The lips are thinner and more mobile. Sagging lines no longer mar the cheeks and chin.

These pleasing results not only do credit to the persistence and adaptability of the subject, but they also mark the triumph of a new phase of the photographer's art. On the strength of transfigurations such as this the photographer is hailed as one of the most reputable beauty doctors extant.

Reseda green is a favored shade for evening gowns.

Muffs are worn suspended by long gold chains.

A small piece of charcoal dropped in a kettle of boiling cabbage will lessen the odor.

Embossed velvet belts in all the desirable colors come with cut steel buckles.