

THE TACOMA DAILY TIMES

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Prohibition for Opium

After April 1 the importation of opium into the United States will be prohibited by federal statute, except crude opium for medicinal purposes.

A Woman's Happy Cry

In these days we hear a great deal concerning the lives of "bachelor girls" in the arts trades and professions, especially of the stage.

Harvey J. O'Higgins, a writer of excellent short stories, has just had published a brief piece of fiction entitled, "In the Matter of Art."

She explained, while engaged in making a "foamy omelet," that she had married a young newspaper reporter, salary \$25 a week, and that the farm house was the home they had selected.

The playwright abuses the woman for her choice, credits her with no common sense, says that the public was ready to lie down and roll at her feet, more money than she could use was coming her way, and finally in disgust bawls out, "Cook! cook! There are millions of women to cook. You're an actress."

"I was tired of it. Tired of being a monkey. I wanted a real life of my own—away from all you people that don't see anything except to imitate it, to write it, act it, play the monkey with it. And when I found that I really

could love Jack—that I had enough of the human being left in me for that—I saw my chance, while I was still young, if I could only get away somewhere, with him, where all the rest of you couldn't come around and remind me that I was only a monkey, and spoil it all, and try to coax me back. That's why I hid. I want to live."

It is a story worth while. It isn't often that writers who specialize upon the "bachelor girl" will give the reader a peep behind the tinsel at the human heart, and it isn't often that women with "careers" will admit that the real longing of their hearts is a home, a husband and children.

This story will make women of the kitchen less dissatisfied with their lot if they will only ask themselves: "Would I exchange my baby for a directoire stage gown, would I trade my home for newspaper notoriety, would I forfeit my husband's love for a career that would make me the object of flattery today and an object of derision in old age tomorrow?"

"Cush" Sells Us Out Again

Congressman F. W. Cushman sold out the people to get a stand-in with the machine by voting for Joe Cannon and all he represents in obstruction to needed legislation.

In the meantime the people of his home city are strenuously signing petitions to President Taft demanding in the name of justice to Tacoma that a Tacoma man be elevated to the Federal bench here.

The seismograph can tell you all about an earthquake 5000 miles away. Now for one which will tip off one that's five minutes away.

John G. Wooley, it is reported, has quit the prohibition party, because, he says, "his work is done." And we were quite sure that the man who sat next to us at the theater last night had been drinking.

Of Interest to Women



WAYS TO COOK EGGS Queen Omelet. Beat separately the yolks of eight eggs and the whites of six; add half a teaspoon of salt and lightly beat the whites into the yolks.

MIXED SPICES This is a rule from an old New England family noted for their good cooking. "Take two tablespoonfuls of powdered cinnamon, one tablespoonful of powdered cloves, one tablespoonful of powdered allspice, two teaspoonfuls of powdered mace and one grated nutmeg. Mix thoroughly and sift twice. Put away in a tight glass jar or tin box and keep ready for use."

The spices becoming finer in flavor by long standing, and are much better to use than anyone can buy already prepared.



A debutante this year will wear her hair this way. The ribbon gives the front appearance one of sweet dignity. The curls give a touch of girlishness and youth. Lower and lower the fashion in coiffures is bringing the hair, until now the bulk of the hair rests on the back of the neck. This picture shows the extreme style for evening dress, side view.

An Editorial for Woman

GIVE THE BOY A SHOW By Cynthia Grey.

The boy bounded up the steps, burst through the door with a shrill whistle that set all ears tingling. Shoes clattered with mud, he tossed his cap in his sister's face and threw himself down on the couch.

Perhaps Mark Twain was right when he said: "A boy should be kept in a barrel and fed through the bung hole until he is 21," but I say, give the boy a show, at least to feel that he is worthy of some notice besides criticism.

There lies beneath almost every rough jacket A GREAT BIG HEART, waiting for call to respond to the sympathetic message, not to a command or a threat.

Send him on errands of trust that appeal to his manliness, and just the small matter of letting him serve at table, as soon as he is old enough, will give him a certain dignity and bearing.

TOO GOOD for the boy. Let him have a place to bring his friends, and do as they like. It will compensate in the end for all the trouble. You will have your boy at home, his confidence and companionship, with nothing to fear for his future.

Daily Short Story

BARBARA OF THE HERMITAGE

By Stuart B. Stone.

The Hermitage was set upon a green, steep hill, as far from the haunts of men who yow and snare and protest, as old Dandrige could place it. The laboratory was crammed with grotesque glass tubes, with red and violet liquids, and with strange powders, which some day would hurl old Dandrige above the tops of the towering pines.

The champion had come to the Hermitage limping on the arm of a gloved-and-goggled man whom he called a chauffeur. They had met with accident on the choppy boggy road to the Hermitage.

Barbara was reminded of Sir Landry of the romance when first she saw the man, and at the first opportunity she asked timidly: "Sir, are you a knight?"

"Not much," he replied. "Men call me a predatory plutocrat." "Ah!" said Barbara, uncomprehending; and after the golden month had slipped by and the champion had gone, she asked her grim father what a predatory plutocrat might be.

"The bane of the earth!" growled the old man. "Dear me!" sighed Barbara. "The scourge of the universe!" snapped the philosopher.

"Mercy!" gasped Barbara. "The oppressor of mankind!" fumed old Dandrige. "Oh, dear!" wondered Barbara. To the girl, he had been the light, the glory, the golden hope of the world; and she could not refrain from decking him with

the plumes and the lance of good Sir Landry and allowing him, in the quaint phraseology of the old romance book, to "tilt mightily with goodie steel blades for ye Laddie Elinor."

But old Dandrige strode into the room and jerked to a pernickious volume from her. "Snares of the world!" he raged. "Read this!"

He placed in her hand a great, fat book of equations; and, as he strode angrily away, the girl read with tear-dimmed eyes: "X is to C as Y is to ?"

It was a sad cry from Sir Landry, and the girl let the dreadful equations fall to the floor and fell to dreaming of the day that the one man from the great outer world had come limping through the Hermitage door. She was roused by a step on the threshold.

"Barbara," said a well-remembered voice. "Little hermit-girl of the hills—I have come for you!"

It was the well-beloved champion of the golden month, strong and erect now, with a cheery smile upon his face and the love light in his eye.

"Come!" summoned the champion, and Barbara sprang with a little cry. Old Dandrige entered the room, mumbling his eternal physics: "The properties of hydrogen."

"Father!" cried Barbara, "the dear, dear scourge of the universe!" while the champion laughed and held her closer. "Here, here!" cried the old man. "Release my daughter, your snare of the world!"

"Dear, dear snare of the world!" murmured Barbara. Then she led the champion and placed his hand in the hand of the philosopher and bowed low before the quavering old man. Old Dandrige regarded them both for a very long minute, while visions of his own long-dead youth must have come to him. Then at the last he muttered: "So be it—and bless you both!"

As he picked up the fallen equations, allowing his dim eyes to hover lovingly over the cube roots and signs, Barbara took the hand of her champion. "Sir Landry," she whispered. "You shall tilt for me!"

Daily Comic and Humor Section



When Robt. Ridley was 12 years old his parents let him go to school by himself. It was not far from his home, and thus he was able to find his way without being led by the hand. Was not Robert the clever boy?

One delightful morning, instead of going to school, Robert served himself to play truant. This would have been horrible enough, but he was afterward tempted to enter into mischief by some idle boys.

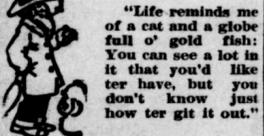


"I am fain to take part in your naughty pastimes," replied Robert to their advances, "but I have been so carefully reared to become a prig by my dotting parents that I fear I will make but a sorry hand at rough and boisterous conduct." Indeed, Robert was the prides prig of all the school, until this evil moment, when he

"Oh, that will wear off," laughed the low lads who were luring him. "Besides, you are already playing truant, and for that will match it. 'Twere as well that you made a prime success of your vacation from virtue."

Thereupon Robert suffered himself to join with them in dawdling the time away. Alas, and also woe, the second step downward is more easy than the first. And after that the descent was as if one were pushed, or, in fact, shoved. And very presently Robt. Ridley was out in the green and flowery fields smoking corn

A Word from Josh Wise.



"Life reminds me of a cat and a globe full o' gold fish: You can see a lot in it that you'd like ter have, but you don't know just how ter git it out."

A Southern general was illustrating the cheapness of Confederate money after the civil war. "Two soldiers met on the road. One was riding a poor, one-eyed, lame skeleton of a horse."

"Give you \$10,000 for that horse," said the soldier on foot. "Ye're jokin'," said the rider. "Well, make it \$100,000 then."

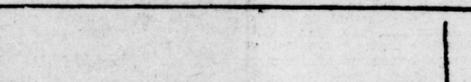
"Run along. I just paid \$125,000 to get him shod."

Secret service men who watch the president can now sport frock coats and silk hats with the assurance that they won't have to go out on any 20-mile ride the first time it rains good and hard.



Granda in the morris chair, Snoring sweetly, nose in air; Mouth was open very wide, Oscar dropped a toad inside; Feovish Granda, ill at ease, Made a turbulent demise; Mamma said, "You naughty dear, That toad will give you warts, I fear."

HER INTUITION VINDICATED



"Hey, Maggie, wot did I tell yer! He's proposed!"



The New Kitchen Help: Goodness me! Her mistress: What's the matter, Nellie? The New Kitchen Help: Why, ma'am, I thought I put out an empty milk bottle last night, like you told me, and here this morning I find it's a full one.

IN THE DIME MUSEUM

Bearded Lady: What ails the Human Salamander? The Tibetan Dwarf: He just put the wrong end of his cigar in his mouth.

ONLY NEEDED A FAIR CHANCE

Maid: Yes, Mr. Jibson is in, but I don't think he can be seen. Callin': Just try me; I assure you my eyesight's excellent.

Playtime Stories

OLD RANGER

Old Ranger was a big red setter who lived on a farm. Ranger's mistress was very sick. He missed her and looked so unhappy that his master stopped to pet him when he came out on to the porch with another man, whom everybody called "Doctor."

"No," and Ranger's master shook his head sadly. "She did say she'd like a bit of quail, but after this hot summer they've all gone. Ranger and I hunted hours yesterday, but we didn't see any game at all, did we, old boy?"

Ranger's master was so sad he never noticed that Ranger followed the doctor away, trotting along in the cloud of dust his buggy left behind it. But he missed him at dinner, and when he did not come for supper either, he got worried, for he was very fond of Ranger.

thought, as he went to the gate to look up and down the road for the tenth time, when suddenly, far away, he saw coming a little cloud of dust.

Nearer and nearer it came, and finally out of it appeared four tired red legs and a drooping plumed tail, and then Ranger, dusty, dirty, worn out, but happy, trotted to his master feet and laid there a fat young quail!

And, all dirty as he was, it was in his mistress's room that Ranger had his supper, gnawing the biggest bone he ever had, while she nibbled her quail and smiled over at him. "You dear old doggie—I do believe you've saved my life," she said, patting his head.

Incubators, Brooders, Poultry Fence, Tacoma Imp. & Seed Co., 15th and Commerce.

SOCIETY

AN INFORMAL RECEPTION will be tendered the members of the Iowa College Glee club which sings at the First Congregational church this evening under the auspices of the Brotherhood of the University club immediately following the concert. The Glee club is on a 6000-mile trip, beginning March 13 at Mason City, Iowa, and ending April 13 at Grinnell, Iowa.

THE TUESDAY NIGHT CLUB will celebrate All Fools' day with a social and apropos program tomorrow evening at the home of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Myers, 504 South 35th st.

DANCING and refreshments will be the feature of the regular meeting of Topaz circle, No. 427 to be held this evening in Columbia hall, South Ninth and Tacoma av. A large attendance is desired.

MRS. HINES will entertain the Edelweiss club Friday afternoon at her home, 713 South 17th st.

THE HIGH SCHOOL ALUMNI meeting is to be held in the High School library Friday, April 20, at 8 o'clock. Officers will be elected.

THE WOMAN'S CLUB will hold its regular open meeting tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. J. R. Addison, 911 North I street. Mrs. Emma Smith De Vos, president of the State Suffrage club, has been asked to address the meeting.

THE CRESCENT EMBROIDERY CLUB will be entertained at the home of Mrs. Frank Morse, 1108 South M street, Wednesday, April 7. All members are requested to be present.

PROMINENT AMONG SOCIAL AFFAIRS of the week is the wedding this evening of Miss Myrtle Fleetwood, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. T. J. Fleetwood, to Mr. Roland Edgar Jones, of Dawson, Alaska.

THE LADIES' Aid Society of St. John's English Lutheran church will meet tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Walter, 1512 South M street.

MRS. SCHWARTZ, 2315 South E street, will entertain this evening for Hooker circle of the G. A. R.

A PARTY OF PROMINENT German people of Tacoma will leave tomorrow morning for a summer's trip through Europe. In the party will be Mrs. Robert Hanke and daughter, Miss Florence Hanke, and Mrs. R. M. Schotzko and Rudolph Schotzko. They sail from New York April 20.

DEGREE TEAM of the Modern Woodmen of America will entertain at a social dance this evening in Eagles' hall. Smysers' orchestra will furnish music and refreshments will be served.

LETTERS FROM TIMES READERS

Editor Times, Sir:—The large attendance on Sunday evening at the Temple of Music attests the waxing interest in socialism. The Rev. Stanley did very well in making his stand for individualism, considering he was up against theories that have never been controverted. The decision of the majority was that real individualism can only be fully developed under socialism.

But why do so many of the clergy claim that socialism is opposed to the church? Socialism is not against Christianity. But the socialists recognize that the church has not represented true Christianity to any great extent, and that the latter has progressed more in spite of, than with the aid of, the church. The fundamental basis of both Christianity and socialism is love (not free love as T. R. would have it). You can be a socialist without being a Christian; but you cannot be a true Christian without being a socialist.

AMOR OMNIA VINCIT. To the Editor of the Times: Dear Sir—I have just been in your city a few weeks and like it very much. There is lots of work here and good wages, but there is one thing that Tacoma should be first to do away with, and that is the employment offices." It is my belief that a city like Tacoma could well afford to have and conduct a first-class employment office free for all.

Offices where they charge a fee of \$1 have hundreds of jobs advertised, and at the free employment office as fast as they hang out an ad for help someone is there to take the job.

Why is it that the free employment office doesn't get the hiring of as many men as the ones that charge a fee? Is there a graft, and if so, why not put a stop to it? I think Tacoma ought to be first in this reform, and let other cities follow Tacoma for a while.

Yours, JAMES D. ROSS, Tacoma, Wash.