

THE TACOMA DAILY TIMES

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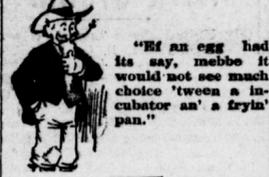
Daily Comic and Humor Section

And They Say the English Have No Humor!



"Waiter, 'ow d'yer expect this lady, to eat 'er peas with a knife like that?"—London Tatler.

A Word from Josh Wise.



"If an egg had its say, maybe it would not see much choice 'tween a incubator an' a fryin' pan."

The bivalves on the ocean bed In their cradle of the deep, Prefer a mattress jetty when They retire to sleep.

If Love ever edits a paper he will doubtless call it "The Cottage Organ."

Omaha has a fighting preacher. Wonder if his congregation can testify that he is there with the "sleep producer?"

"How do you tell bad eggs?" queried the young housewife. "I never told any," replied the fresh grocery clerk, "but if I had anything to tell a bad egg I'd break it gently."

The name "blue laws" was given to the first collection of laws framed for the government of the New Haven colony. They were published in collective form in 1650, the volume being in a blue cover, which gave rise to the name that has clung to the laws ever since.

As near as Dustin Farnum could describe it, Mrs. Gould's hat was "one of those large ones with a lot of fuzzy things on top." This is indefinite. "Fuzzy things" may be pussy willows or caterpillars.

The investing army of Young Turks thinks it is entitled to a dividend.

Although he will be proud to present medals to the Wright brothers, President Taft will still think their work is incomplete until they trot out an aeroplane that will lift a 350-pound passenger.

Lloyd Griscom went up in Wright's aeroplane, but King Edward, who was present, had to decline because he was a king. A plain American citizen has it on a king every time.

The old Celts had an odd way of remembering the ages of animals, as follows: Thrice the age of a dog is the age of a horse; Thrice the age of a horse is that of a man; Thrice the age of a man is that of a deer; Thrice the age of a deer is that of an eagle.

N. B.—This verse is not verified by T. R. nor John Burroughs.

The bulls in wheat aren't paten (pun) themselves on the back as much as they were.

A HIDDEN DANGER



Rusty Rudolf: Bein' a artist must be a easy life. I'd like ter be one. Dilatory David: Be careful, bo; yer might have ter be one o' de kind dat makes wood cuts.

HE KNEW BETTER

"This," said the art gallery guide, "is a genuine Rubens." "You may think so, young feller," snorted Uncle Josh, "but I kin tell you that rubens don't wear ostrich plumes in their hats, nor yet barbered goatees on their chins, by heck."

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL

A delightful program was given last night by the Standard Bearer of Mason Methodist church. Vocal and instrumental solos furnished the largest part of the entertainment, while some choral work given by "Sixteen Girls of Sweet Sixteen" was especially good.

The Y. W. C. A. girls are observing May day this evening with a program in the University of Puget Sound gymnasium. Miss Elta Saar may queen and an elaborate program has been arranged in her honor.

The Ladies' singles and mixed foursomes, postponed from last Saturday, are being played off this afternoon at the Country club golf grounds.

The Swedish Glee club, assisted by Prof. Olof Bull, Prof. W. E. Knox, elocutionist, and John W. Jones, basso cantante, will give a May day entertainment this evening at Valhalla temple. The program will be richly interspersed with humor, drama and sweet music.

The Women's Union of the First Free church will hold a May tea next Wednesday afternoon, May 5, at 2 o'clock, in the church parlors. Mrs. Ashley Minter and Miss L. Allen will be the hostesses. A splendid musical and literary program has been prepared for the occasion.

Much interest is manifested in the comedy drama to be produced under the auspices of the ladies' drill team of the Modern Brotherhood of America Thursday evening, May 6. A general invitation is extended to friends of the order and the public.

The Modern Brotherhood of America is arranging for a picnic to be held in the near future. A committee on arrangements for the affair was appointed at Thursday night's lodge meeting.

The Kappa Gamma fraternity girls of Whitworth college will entertain this evening with their annual May day party, for which a large number of invitations have been issued. A clever program has been arranged, and will follow the pretty traditions of May day.

Amelia E. Barr, novelist of the old school, has just celebrated her seventy-eighth birthday. She is still writing.

Mrs. Susie A. Algood, Atlanta society woman, is at the head of a company manufacturing Billy Taft possums.

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Mrs. Sybilla Schnatz, a Philadelphia woman, has been bed-ridden from paralysis for 54 years.

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Fine Qualities

We pause to admire Mrs. George D. Graham, a distinguished society woman and artist of San Francisco, for her originality and good sense.

Having arrived at a decision to indefinitely separate from her husband, Mrs. Graham on Sunday got up a musicale at which she calmly announced that fact. Of course, it may prove a bit nerve-racking to society ladies to be invited to a musicale and have their Beethoven or Wagner mixed up with a delicate family affair, but, think a moment, and you will appreciate Mrs. Graham's policy.

Under the usual procedure, about 14 reporters would have begun roosting on the Graham porch at the first whisper of a domestic trouble. Mrs. Graham, interviewed, would have told the society reporters a beautiful yarn, which they would have published along with a half dozen other yarns which she didn't tell them.

Or, if she "positively refused to talk" at all, they'd have done the talking themselves, with illustrations. Then, every last society woman would have taken to main fact, cut it on the bias and sewed on passanterie and other embellishments of her own conception, until neither Mrs. Graham nor her George could recognize their own domestic affairs.

Mrs. Graham takes the short cut to "having it over with," robs mystery of its fascination, and gossips of its opportunity. She shows wisdom, courage and a high order of originality, and most any man we've ever met could afford to go south about being cut loose from a woman with such qualities, other things being equal or thereabouts.

Receiving Those Japs

"Palsied be the hand and muto be the tongue, be it Japanese or American, that is ever responsible for sending our two nations to war." This beautiful little curse in advance was the climax of the greeting on Tuesday of this week to the visiting Japanese cruiser folks by Dr. John Baer, who seems to have been the whole cheese in the welcoming act at Pasadena, southern California.

The Japanese visitors sat up and blinked vigorously, whether because the curse was so hot or so silly they don't state. No individual tongue or hand is going to start war between the Japanese and American nations. If war ever comes, it will come because of a demand by a very large majority of the people, so that Dr. Baer has really fired his curse at the people, which is a silly thing to do.

We herein present Dr. Baer's silliness as a sort of object lesson of warning to later coast orators who may be called upon to formally welcome our visitors from Japan. These visitors should be treated royally and generously and sensibly, not in a crawling or toadying spirit. It will be all right to say nice things about Japan. It will be all wrong to hurl advance curses at our nation which may be justly involved in difficulty with the honorable Japs, and it will be both wrong and foolish to imitate Dr. Baer, assume the character of the heavy villain and roar dramatically "Curses! the beautiful maiden can outrun me. Palsy to her running gear!"

And we are doing reception committees a kindness by warning them against selecting doctors as their orators. Doctors are necessities and mighty good people, in their places, but instances are rare wherein a doctor took a turn at public oratory and didn't succeed in putting his foot in his mouth, and the feet of most of his friends in addition.

WHYS and WHY NOTS of EATING

Written Expressly for the Times by W. R. C. Latson, M. D., Editor Health Culture Magazine, Author "Food Values of Meat," "Common Disorders," Etc.

THE EVIL INCONVENIENCES

Why are condiments, mustard, pepper, vinegar, Worcestershire sauce, tobacco and similar things condemned by food experts?

Because, in a word, they are irritants and excipients. Because, whatever may be the apparent good result at the moment, the eventual consequences are disastrous.

A bit of food lodged in the wind-pipe will occasion a severe paroxysm of strangling until it is dislodged. Afterward he is exhausted, perhaps fatally. That fit of strangling is the type of all stimulation. The resulting activity aroused by the stimulant is merely the body's struggle to get rid of the irritating matter.

If you would get an idea what mustard or Worcestershire sauce does to your stomach, try holding a teaspoonful of it in your mouth for a few minutes. But don't blame me for the painful result. Blame the poisonous Worcestershire.

What I have said about condiments applies with still more force to those other stimulants, tea, coffee, wine, beer and spirits. All are irritants, all sting the organs to frantic efforts, until the poor body labors like a tired horse spurred up a steep hill. And just as the horse gets to the top of the hill exhausted, so the body suffers from the reaction which must inevitably follow stimulation.

I include tea and coffee with alcohol, because the first two are not less dangerous than the last named. In fact, I am deliberately convinced that tea and coffee do more harm than alcohol, because of their wide usage and because few people realize to the full their evil effect.

In his next article, Dr. Latson attacks pie as a menace to health, to beauty, and even to comfort.—Editor.)

LETTERS FROM TIMES READERS

Short Communications From Times Readers on Subjects of General Interest Will Be Printed in These Columns From Day to Day.

WHY THIS DISCRIMINATION? Editor Tacoma Times: Appreciating your well known attitude for fairness, I desire to call your attention to what may at first glance seem a little thing, but which in reality is a most decided discrimination and a continuous "knock" against the city of Tacoma. The proposition is this: Passengers on Interurban trains going to Seattle, on payment of fare, receive a transfer good on any car line in that city. This, too, without "ifs," "ands" or question. Passengers on Interurban trains coming to Tacoma, on payment of fare, will also get a transfer, for the asking, but must give name of line on which it is to be used—as Point Defiance, South Tacoma, McKinley Park, etc. To a Tacoma coming from Seattle and getting a transfer, this works no particular hardship, but to the thousands of passengers traveling over the line and coming to Tacoma, unfamiliar with the city, its car lines and conditions, the problem is no small one for either passenger or conductor. In fact, as has been witnessed by myself in numerous instances in the last few weeks it is a most vexatious of spirit for

that the company got cheated by the issue of transfers as formerly and as are still issued to persons going to Seattle. But if the company gets cheated on this end of the line, why not on the Seattle end, and why this discrimination against Tacoma? It is doubtless true that there was some "crookedness" under the old system of issuing transfers, but the transfer problem has been solved by no city in the country, and the present "saving" (if any) to the company is more than offset by the loss of time by conductors and the trouble, annoyance and inconvenience caused passengers.

The first impression one gets of a new city is generally the lasting one, and passengers arriving here in an unenviable frame of mind, do a little thing, can do the city of Tacoma an incalculable amount of harm.

Will the company officials please explain? C. C. D.

To the Editor of the Times: Will you kindly allow space for a brief comment upon our public market. From the attitude of certain councilmen and city officials from some source is being exerted to compel them to fight the public market. That this influence comes from competitors of the public market is morally certain, if not susceptible of actual proof. The attitude of wholesale dealers toward the market, however, proves beyond a reasonable doubt the animus behind the campaign of abuse directed at the D street market. This arises from one

fact and one alone. The market has demonstrated its ability to sell produce to the consumer at a substantially lower figure than the average retail merchant. Practically every commodity in the market is sold at from 10 to 25 per cent under the price charged by members of the grocers' association. This is an absolute saving to the consumer who purchases his table supplies at the market.

And now comes the indefatigable commissioner of public works and discovers some cabbage leaves around the booths, and forthwith the edict goes forth that the last enterprise that offers relief from the extortion of a grocers combine must lose its most essential feature, the booths. If the booths are to go, the market will be so seriously crippled that its usefulness is questionable. It may be true that the booths have been careless in allowing vegetable matter to be scattered around, but they appear to have been reasonably careful in gathering it up at night. It is entirely proper and certainly commendable to compel them to keep their booths absolutely clean.

But why destroy the business of these little merchants when dozens of grocers in the city keep establishments that in comparison are absolutely filthy. I can take this commissioner of public works into prominent groceries between Ninth and 7th sts. on our principal thoroughfare and show him open cases of dried fruit such as figs, raisins, prunes, peaches, etc., sitting at an angle against show cases and on the floor. Every time the floor is swept the dust flies right into these boxes of fruit, and a slight examination will reveal the interior of the box and its contents coated with dust and dirt from the floor of the store. This dust is carried in on the shoes and is collected from gutters and sidewalks. The dried sputum of consumptives may form one of its most dangerous elements. Cheese, meats and other delicate food-stuffs all suffer the same contamination.

Here is really a serious menace to the health of a store's patrons, but do we hear a loud outcry from the health department? Take a quiet little trip through some of the large groceries of Tacoma and see these conditions yourselves, if you doubt this statement. Why not be impartial, Mr. McGregor, and compel grocers to observe the most simple rules of cleanliness? I am not interested in the public market and very seldom visit it, but as a matter of fair play the market should be given the same treatment as its competitors.

A READER OF THE TIMES.

PIERY CUSTARD PIE ROASTS MAN'S FEET; MAY CUT THEM OFF LAKE CITY, Mich., May 1.—Morris Piper, a farmer, stepped into a sample of red hot custard pies that his wife had just taken out of the oven and as he was in his stocking feet the toes on both feet are so badly burned that amputation may be necessary. Piper arrived home from town late at night. As he was cold he pulled off his boots to warm his feet on the heater in the living room. Then he went into an adjoining room.

It was on the floor of this room that Mrs. Piper had placed two red hot pies to cool. Piper put his right foot in one and with a howl of pain unwillingly put his left foot into the other. The hot milk custard worked itself through his socks and before they could be removed his feet were nearly roasted.

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INCLUDED TWO EXTREMES

First Grave Digger: Methinks you auto smells to high heaven. Second Grave Digger: What boots that, when 'tis headed in the other direction?

LOOKING FAR AHEAD

"What did Mr. Grouchski say when his wife presented him with girl twins?" asked a neighbor. "All I heard him say," replied the member of the family, "was, 'Drat it, more expense for graduation gowns!'"

OSGAR UND ADOLF BY FRED SCHAEFER



"Was you going to rent dot house from Schmalzbengel, Adolf?" "No, Osgar; he deceived me about id." "How so, please?" "He tolt me der windows hat diamant panes, und ven I examined id, der panes wass glass."

OF INTEREST TO WOMEN

House Gown Much Trimmed, But Dainty



The dainty house gown follows the lines of the long straight mode, and is elaborately trimmed. Light wools, foulards and summer silks—all are used.

What Women Are Doing

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Daily Short Story

THE LUCK OF CASEY By Frank H. Williams. "Them two yeggmen are in that there building," declared Casey's chief, pointing a stubby finger at a ramshackle tenement house. "You, Casey, go in that there front door, and you, Maguire, go around to the back door. I'll fix the other men so's they can't get away, and one of you fellows ought to nab 'em."

As he spoke the chief turned a cynical eye on Casey. Casey, with mouth too widely open, was gaping at the structure. Down in his heart Casey knew that he was afraid, horribly afraid, and he felt that the chief knew it also. All Casey's pride in his bright new police uniform vanished, and he felt like tearing off the garments and scurrying back to his more menial job of coachman. Then came before him the picture of Norah's flushed, proud face as she gazed at him that morning when he appeared before her for the first time in his officer's garb. At this vision Casey gulped hard, and ran into the building. He would not make Norah ashamed of him.

Inside all was dark and fearsome. He could scarcely see his hand before his face, but somewhere in that building were the two yeggmen who had been terrorizing the city, and it was up to Casey to find them.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a cautious footstep. Instantly Casey was on his guard, but, like the amateur that he was, he made his presence known by speaking. "Who's there?" he cried, with a tremor in his voice.

For answer there came a rush in his direction. Someone drove, a hard, heavy fist into his face, and Casey sank to the floor with a dull groan, while he felt someone leap over him.

When Casey came to himself man, I'm all bunged up, I know, again he could not at first realize that he had happened. Then it burst brother!

upon him with full force. He had allowed one of the yeggmen to get away. He was disgraced! What would Norah say?

Then the sound of scuffling farther down the hallway brought him to attention with a start. Perhaps he was not too late to help Maguire in capturing the other yeggman. Casey hurried down the hall, rather unsteadily, because of the whirling in his head. When he reached the spot where the noise had come from, he stumbled over a body on the floor. By the light of a match which he struck, he saw both of the yeggmen, terribly cut and bruised about the face and head, lying on the floor groaning. Evidently, in the darkness, each had thought the other a policeman, and in the resulting fight both had gone down and out.

Oddly enough, Casey, green as he was, had sense enough to hand-cuff both of them and lead them to the street. A surprised look passed over the chief's face when he saw Casey leading out the two.

"Well, you've done yourself proud all right, all right, Casey," said the chief. "I didn't think you had it in you."

"I—It wasn't me!" Casey started to blurt out, when one of the prisoners lurched forward. "Let me speak to Mr. Casey in private a minute, chief?" he asked.

The chief consented, and to Casey the yeggman cried. "You crazy nut! Don't you see how lucky you are? Take all the credit on yourself for getting us!" Casey gasped. The advice was good and instantly he decided to follow it. But who was this yeggman who voluntarily gave such valuable information to his captor. "Who are you?" questioned Casey, tensely.

"Look at me!" cried the yeggman. "I'm all bunged up, I know, again he could not at first realize that he had happened. Then it burst brother!"