

TACOMA TIMES

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No Reason to Hurry in Giving Away City's West Waterfront

The judiciary committee of the council yesterday afternoon voted to defer action on the Northern Pacific Point Defiance line franchise. Lynn, Jamieson and Stewart said they were not ready yet to act on this matter, as there are some other things they have in their minds.

Just what they have up their sleeves they refused to say, but Councilman Lynn suggested one thing that is important—that the N. P. wants this line for the distinctive purpose of bottling up the west waterfront.

There has been a strong suspicion from the first that this was the leading reason why the Hill interest are wanting to build this line. Just now the city council has a special committee at work on plans for the acquiring of the Tacoma waterfront for municipal docks. Facts are being gathered which show that the cities owning their own waterfront are the cities that have become great and the ones that let the railroads and private corporations grab the waterfront have settled into a rut and become atrophied.

The people will commend Stewart, Jamieson and Lynn for going slowly on the Jim Hill deal, which, if it goes through, will forever bottle the waterfront completely on the west of this city, as it has on the east.

There are other circumstances a'lo to consider. A. P. Gillies is still working on his big imperia building and subway. He has gone back to New York now on representations from there that it looks good for the project. If this deal goes through there will be no need whatever for the Point Defiance line. It will not be necessary to build one subway from the Flyer dock west to the waterfront under the city and another up by the smelter. If the Gillies project goes through there would be absolutely no reason for building the Point Defiance line except the one of desiring to bottle the west waterfront.

Tacoma right now is seeing how easy it is for the city to get humped on a franchise when it thinks it has fixed it to protect the people, in the Pacific Tracton-Stone-Webster deal. There may be a joker in this N. P. franchise also.

Judge Reid was before the committee yesterday urging the franchise. It will not hurt anything to let Jim Hill wait awhile until the things the councilmen have in their minds develop.

The city can't take back a franchise after it is granted nor recover the waterfront when the railroads have grabbed it. The more the plans of this Point Defiance line are studied the more suspicious they look.

There is no necessity for haste.

A Tired Farmer's Crime

Head About It and Consider the Judge's Action in This and Another Interesting Case.

20 slow miles from the little truck farm in Maryland. The horse knew the way, having traveled the road many times before. It was the custom of the countryman to drive in and take up a stand at Center market. He made his living selling the vegetables raised on the few scrubby acres which he rented, and the chickens which his wife and children helped raise. He did not get rich at it; but he managed to get along.

But it is a long drive over Maryland roads, and the business at Center market begins before breakfast. So the countryman who expects to find a purchaser for his eggs, chickens and vegetables must start early; so early in fact that it is in the night before. This man had started at 1 o'clock. The previous day he had worked at haying and with the cultivator from 6 to 6. So he was both tired and sleepy. And jogging over the long road in the early morning dawn the countryman went to sleep.

The policeman reported finding the man asleep, and the wagon drawn along near Washington circle by the patient intelligence of the unguided horse.

"Ten dollars and costs," said Judge Kimball. "Ten dollars or an equivalent term in the work house."

And the countryman was led away to raise the money or go to jail.

This is the same Judge I. G. Kimball who imposed a fine of \$500 on Robt. N. Harper, president of the Washington chamber of commerce, for violating the pure food law in the sale of a deadly oplate as a "brain food" and headache "cure." The government's attorney asked that a jail sentence be imposed in this case. He pointed out the obvious fact that a fine of \$500 would be no punishment to a man of great wealth like Harper, and urged that the penalties of law be made to bear with equal weight on the rich and poor.

But Judge I. G. Kimball is not that kind of a judge. The president of Washington's chamber of commerce, seller of thousands of bottles of poisoned stuff to unsuspecting invalids, this purveyor of pale death, the incidental director of a prosperous bank, was let off with the payment of a nominal fine—what to him was small change.

But the tired countryman, falling asleep in his wagon, is fined the really, to him large, sum of \$10.

Oh, law, what injustices are committed in thy name!

INTIMATE CORRESPONDENCE BY BATH

Washington, D. C., July 28. Dear Dad: The ultimate consumer of steam yachts has had his attorney (i. e., lobbyist) in town to secure the addition of this daily necessity to the Taft free list. Of course, the imposition of the 30 per cent duty on imported yachts will enormously increase the cost of living to the Morgans, Goulds and Vanderbilts, and the rest of us who've just gotta have 'em, dont-cherknow. And all was going well, and your Uncle Nels was on the point of quietly "yielding" on this duty, when a shipyard man from Newport News got wind of the game, and has ever since been howling like a locust.

So, you see, there are all brands of ultimate consumers. Just as "raw material" is such only from certain points of view. The hide of the steer is "raw material" for the shoe manufacturer, but is the "finished product" of the farmer; crude oil is "raw material" for the refining company, but is the "finished product" of the man who owns one small oil well; iron ore is "raw material" for the steel trust, but is the "finished product" of the iron miner; coal is "raw material" for the man who owns a mill, but it is the "finished product" of the coal miner. It all depends on who is to be favored, and who is to bear the burden of the tax. If the farmer, the oil well owner and the iron miner do not consent it is only desired to favor the refiner, the steel trust and the rich and prosperous owner of the shoe factory, then it is all right to knock off the little duty on the "raw material" and leave it on the "finished product."

And that seems to be the theory of the Aldrich tariff bill; so let her go.

Won't somebody tell me why Jas. A. Hemenway, ex-senator from Indiana, has offices in the senate office building? Also why he has the rooms next to Aldrich's senate committee rooms? Also why he is on the government payroll at the same salary he drew before he became an "ex-senator"? Also why the government pays his secretary a salary of \$3,000 a year? For the best answers to the above questions the writer will pay, out of the regular office appropriation, five dollars. Write on one side of the paper, and address answers to me in care of this newspaper.

Lost—A letter addressed to T. K. by a gentleman interested in the lumber schedule. Will the capitol employe who found that letter please burn it, and say nothing about the former United States senator mentioned in the letter?

Do you know what I would do if I were Bill Taft? I would let the Aldrich-Payne bill fall. And for these reasons:

The revenues are all right without any tariff revision at the present time. Nobody could kick except the peepal interests, and they wouldn't dare.

Business would be glad of a change to go ahead under the accustomed conditions of the Dingley law.

The country has had its lesson as to the meaning of tariff revision "at the hands of its friends."

The political consequences, now threatening, might in large measure be averted.

Taft would become a popular hero.

Will he see the chance?

Did you know that the first successful flight made by the Wright brothers took place as long ago as Dec. 17, 1903? Such is the fact. At Kitty Hawk, N. C., on that date the first Wright machine flew 552 feet against a wind blowing 25 miles an hour, carrying Wilbur Wright. This was the first performance of a man-carrying, heavier-than-air, self-propelled flying machine. Sincerely, BATH.

Some Fads, Fashions and Home Hints for Women

Woman Lawyer, Ill Turns to Farm Work

Here's a picture of Grace Ballentyne, lawyer, Des Moines, Ia., a woman who does things with a vim.

She won a noted case in the supreme court of her state last winter, against an array of high-priced legal talent of the opposite sex. But because of her long, hard fight and the rush of business that followed it her health failed.

Her doctor ordered immediate outdoor work. Did she go out into the back yard and wearily pull weeds out of her flower bed? Oh, no—not she! She bought a 1000-acre farm near Wallace, Idaho, and with the help of one man she is doing all the work on that big acreage.

Her first crop is now ready to harvest, and if she finds that it pays, and that she is a successful farmer, she'll stay.

If it doesn't pay she'll stay anyway until her health comes back and she can return to her practice of law—for she's plucky and unafraid, is this little woman of large brain.



MISS GRACE BALLENTYNE.

HOW TO MAKE ENGLISH JAM

BY ALICE GITCHELL KIRK.

Put together in an earthen vessel or stone crock one quart of damson plums and three quarts of blackberries. Add half a cup of water, cover and set in a vessel of cold water, or in the steam cooker. Boil until the damsons are ready to drop from the stones. Remove the stones and stir the fruit until a smooth mass. Add an equal amount of sugar and boil steadily for about 20 minutes. This is a very nice jam for tarts.

MID-SUMMER FASHIONS

Tips from Paris say: More audacious than ever are the newest hats. They quite hide the face on one side and flare high on the other.

There is a craze for all tones of violet from deep purple to palest shades of pink mauve and lavender blue.

Never before have beads been seen in greater profusion. The most fashionable are the small ones of opaque glass, worn in one long, single strand.

Norfolk suits are well liked now for small boys. They are made in linen, duck, khaki, and even chambray for summer wear.

The very latest fad of the society girl is the breakfast cap, made up in swiss, sheer lawns, lace and ribbons.

It is predicted that dull-fin-

ished fabrics are to be used for the smartest frocks this fall.

Extremely stylish belts of black patent leather with genuine harness buckles are seen in the shops.



A pretty cushion cover to be used over a colored slip may be made of odds and ends of white embroidery of all kinds, edgings, insertions and allover scraps sewed together in hit-and-miss fashion.

Another pretty cover is made of fine dotted swiss—the dots an inch in diameter. On every alternate dot a spider is worked with the yellow silk floss, and around the edge a white and yellow cotton cord is sewed.

Keep your candies in the ice box this war mweather. They will remain beautifully upright throughout a whole evening's use if they are hardened first in this way.

SOCIETY

A large delegation of local W. C. T. U. women is in Seattle today celebrating W. C. T. U. day at the exposition. Exercises were held in the auditorium this afternoon and a number of prominent Eastern women addressed the assembled temperance workers. Mrs. Margaret Dye Ellis of Washington, D. C. was one of the speakers. Other interesting features of the program were the children's chorus and the drill by 200 members of the union.

The annual complimentary basket picnic of Vida auxiliary, No. 35, O. E. S., was held today at the summer home of Mrs. E. J. Rose, at Magnolia Beach. Leaving on the steamer Vashon at 9 o'clock this morning, the members and friends of the order spent the day pleasantly, enjoying a picnic luncheon at noon. They will return to Tacoma in the evening.

In honor of their daughter Ruth, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Anderson will give a dancing party at Delano beach Saturday evening. A large number of friends of Miss Anderson are invited. They will go to the beach on an afternoon steamer, returning late in the evening.

The Ladies' Aid society and the Women's Home Mission society of the First Methodist church gave an outing and picnic at Magnolia beach today, being entertained at the home of Mrs. Amy C. Meek.

Miss June Wright returned to the city yesterday after enjoying a delightful visit of two weeks with Miss Leota Warburton at American lake.

Gunder Thorkelson of St. Paul is visiting at the home of his sister, Mrs. Julius Thompson, on North Twenty-seventh street.

The Ladies' Aid society of McKinley park Methodist church will give an ice cream social at the church this evening.

Frederick Winsor Hubbell of Des Moines, Iowa, arrived in Tacoma last evening and is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Anderson.

Dr. and Mrs. E. Schwarz will entertain the members of the Christian Endeavor society of the Westminster Presbyterian church at their home, on South Fifty-sixth street and Sheridan avenue, Friday evening. A program has been arranged for the evening and dainty refreshments will be served.

The Sunday school of the Le Sourd Methodist Episcopal church will hold its annual picnic on the Old Mill site, near Jefferson school, Friday, July 30.

Miss Susanne Graham leaves this evening for New York, where she will remain until September 1.

"TELL ME A STORY"

CHILDREN'S PLAYTIME THE NAUGHTY FAIRIES

One evening when the fairy queen was out riding on the back of her favorite toad, she passed by the home of some grass fairies who lived in the tall meadow clover. Here she heard quarreling, so she drove her toad up to the window and peeped in.

Beside the door sat a big grasshopper, who said, "Who broke my new grass blade down and spoiled my house?"

On the floor nearby sat a little fairy called Katy, crying. Her brother, standing near, pointed to her, saying, "Katy did it."

"I didn't," said Katy. "Katy did," retorted her brother, as he tried to slap her. "I didn't," again said Katy, crying harder.

The fairy queen doesn't like to hear her subjects quarrel. She knew, too, that Katy and her



brother had been swinging on the grass blade. Of course she knew they didn't mean to break it, but it displeased her very much that Katy should tell an untruth and her brother put all of the blame upon her.

The queen interrupted the quarrel by saying, "You know you both broke the grass blade. You should have been good fairies, and told the grasshopper you were sorry and that you hadn't really meant to break it."

"For being so wicked you shall take the shape of grass-hoppers for a thousand years. Your bodies will take the shape of grass-hoppers and be the same light green as your fairy dresses. You may keep your fairy wings."

"In daylight you will hide in the grass, and at night you may fly as high as the treetops, but never again can you fly to fairy land."

Katy was so ashamed of herself that she is always silent, but often on a warm night you can hear her brother screaming, "Katydid, Katydid."

Comic and Humor Section

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Becomes Entangled in a Sea Serpent Romance—But That's to be Expected at the Seashore. By Fred Schaefer.



THE SEA SERPENT WAS IN EVERYBODY'S MOUTH AND EVERYBODY SEEMED EAGER TO SWALLOW IT.

Business at the shore is picking up. A sea serpent has been sighted. Sea serpent fanciers are coming in by the trainload, and the Blomborough-Marbleheim is putting cots into all the rooms except Mr. Finn's. Mr. Finn keeps his room all to himself. He must have a very strong drag with the management.

We rode on the merry-go-round and played Japanese rolling ball, and then he took me back to the hotel. Such was the mad evening we spent. (Continued.)

"I thought you was at work all day," I continue, trying to

JOSH WISE SAYS

"It makes a poor man's heart sink when th' price o' liver rises."

Berlin's population is decreasing. In 1858 the first Atlantic cable was laid. Of every thousand people born, less than half reach the age of 50.

Ten suffragets have been trying to starve themselves in Holloway prison, which is indeed a hollow way of enjoying life.

Those McKees Rocks workmen who purchased jobs at the Pressed steel car works certainly weren't getting a wonderful bargain.

"Wot's yourn?" asked the waiter of a quick-lunch patron. "Doughnuts and black coffee," was the reply. "And the waiter sent in the order to the cook by wireless: 'One in the dark an' two rubber tires!'"—Chicago Daily News.

A Missouri girl killed a snake at a picnic instead of screaming and fainting, which indicates that the picnic must have been a hen party.

A giant mushroom, which weighed 3 pounds 4 ounces, stood 17 1/2 inches high and was 26 1/2 inches in circumference, was grown in a garden at Bonneville, in France.

OSCAR AND ADOLF

Listen, Adolf. I understand dot in France epigures eat snails. Don't you think id is strange dot dose epigures eat snails? "Nod ad id, Osgar. A snail is less a hart shell angworm."

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Stomach, Intestinal and Nervous Diseases a specialty. Glasses Fitted. Offices 116 1/2 Pacific Ave. Phone M. 246. Hours 9 to 12:30 and 2 to 5 p. m. Treatment at other hours by appointment.

Elaborate Evening Coiffure

In the evening coiffure the real popularity of the bangs is seen. Until recently bangs did not play any part in hair dressing for evening affairs, but so many fashionable women have fringed their hair that the girl who wants to be stylish must fringe hers.

Here are two views of the very latest method of dressing the hair for full-dress occasions, and it defies description. It is just an elaborate mass of waves and puffs and curls, and the more you can pin on the better, and the more fashionable you are.



IS GRANTED DIVORCE AND \$50 ALIMONY

Rose Hittler was granted a divorce from George Hittler yesterday by Judge Clifford on the grounds of desertion and non-support. They were married in Ohio in 1896 and have three children, aged 7 to 12 years, who are left in the custody of the mother. She was also granted \$50 a month alimony.

Daily Short Story

On the day of the beautiful pink-and-white wedding Mr. Weston kissed Mrs. Weston 173 times. Mrs. Weston kept careful tabs. On the second day of their wedded life the tab bounded up to 202—the record. And Mrs. Weston has that blessed date un-derlined in red. After that came the decline.

And then at last came the woe-ful, woe-ful day when Mr. Weston arose excitedly from the breakfast table.

"Great Scott!" he cried. "It's the day of the Ferndale lots sale. I must hurry."

"Albert," called Mrs. Weston, standing suggestively in the doorway. "Haven't you forgotten something?"

Weston patted every pocket. "Nn-no. Got car tickets, gloves, grocery list—got everything I know anything about."

"Very well," said Mrs. Weston, in a strange low voice. "You may go ahead then."

As Weston descended the steps three at a time, the door of No. 19 banged with a crash. When he reached the office the clerk addressed him. "Your wife rang for you a bit ago, sir."

Weston hastened to the phone. "Don't you think by this time that you forgot something, Albert?" asked his wife.

Weston went through his pockets again. "Nope—everything present or accounted for."

At 11 o'clock she put the same query. Weston began to be worried. "Look here, Clara, if I have forgotten anything, tell me. I don't know what you're up to."

"Oh, don't you!" came the snapping answer, and Weston experienced a mysterious feeling of uneasiness.

At 12 o'clock he was astounded to have his mother-in-law call. "I've come down to see you about Clara," said the irate lady. "She complains that you have forgotten."

By the time that Weston finished sputtering his indignant surprise, the minister appeared and asked for private audience. I am greatly pained to learn that so valued a member of my flock has

"Forgotten!" roared Weston. "I'll forget myself if you people don't leave me alone!"

After the minister had abruptly departed, Mr. Cox of Cox & Bagby, attorneys, entered. "I have been retained by Mrs. Weston," he declared. "I will say, however, that her grounds of complaint are as yet somewhat vague to me. It seems that you have forgotten—"

"Forget it—forget it—forget it!" bellowed Weston, wild with rage and worry. "I'll go and see my wife and find out just what I forgot."

On the way home Weston strained his imaginative faculties, but could not recall the fateful omission. Then it was that he conceived a brilliant idea. Stepping into a dry-goods store, he purchased a spool of red silk thread and securely tied a yard of it about his little finger. When he entered apartment 19 pretty Mrs. Weston sat red-eyed with unshed tears.

Weston advanced with a broad, nervous grin upon his face. "How foolish it was of me to forget that I had placed a red string upon my finger to remind me that there was something you desired me to get matched," he rambled.

But Mrs. Weston began to cry softly. "It was not that," she sobbed.

Weston took her into his arms and kissed her. "I declare I haven't kissed you today," he murmured. "But I can't for the life of me think what I have forgotten."

Mrs. Weston clung to him, weeping happily. "That was it!" she cried.

"What?" puzzled Weston. "The kisses," she pouted. "Oh!" said Weston, with a long sigh of understanding.

The next day the No. 214 was registered in the little morocco-bound book of secrets. It was the record to date, and as such Mrs. Weston underlined it in red.

Str. Flyer will make special exhibition trips DAILY, leaving Seattle 9:30 p. m., leaving Tacoma 11:15 p. m.

CLOSING OUT SALE

Don't miss this opportunity to buy the extra articles of furniture you need for your home. Everything in the store being sold at LESS than factory cost.

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