

THE TACOMA TIMES

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THE TIMES IS ONLY INDEPENDENT TACOMA'S NEWSPAPER

A Wise Judge Plugs the Fountain of Evil

A great wave of moral reform has inundated Washington, D. C. They're going to make the capital so pure that you'll have to blow your nose before entering the Pennsylvania depot, and clean your finger nails before climbing the Washington monument.

It has been known for some time that the social evil flourished in Washington as nowhere else in the land; that society was pretty much devoted to bridge whist gambling, and that a statesman or government official who wasn't an adept at draw poker hadn't much standing. But all this is to be changed.

Three little boys were arraigned before Judge Kimball the other day for playing marbles for "keeps." Judge Kimball is the magistrate who let old Harper off with a small fine for selling headache dope, but he knew when he had real enemies of public morality before him, and so he said to these little boys:

"The playing of marbles for keeps is a violation of the law, and as long as I am on the bench I propose to break it up!"

Such judicial perspicuity, determination and courage have been needed in Washington for many years, and it is good to record that the moral sentiment is to be backed by the magistracy.

United States senators have been sued and shot by their women. Federal judges have been caught red-handed at poker, congressmen play the stock market, and the rage for whist stakes that has obsessed the first society ladies of the nation has long tainted our national morality. All efforts at reform in these matters have been nil. No progress toward moral betterment could be made while the boys were playing marbles for "keeps."

We regret that our archives contain no picture of the great soul who is behind this reform movement at the capital. We have a good picture of a jackass, but it represents one with four legs, and it would be slander on a very useful creature, comparatively, to use it in this connection.

"BALLINGER SHOULD GO"

Collier's Weekly, in its latest issue, publishes the following leading editorial under the caption "Ballinger Should Go:" Don't mix up Ballinger and the president. Many newspapers, statesmen and others will assure you that those two gentlemen stand for law, whereas Mr. Gifford Pinchot, Mr. Newell, Mr. Garfield and Mr. Theo. Roosevelt represent lawless impudence. Mr. Taft does in reality care for legal impartiality and calm. Mr. Ballinger, wearing that cloak, cares somewhat too much for "business interests." The contest between him and Mr. Pinchot should not be sidetracked on some irrelevant side issue. Mr. Pinchot is not a master of safe legal statement, but everybody who desires to do so can readily understand his actual meaning. Nobody proposes to violate the law, even to benefit the public. The question is merely how to use the discretion which is left to men in power. Let us see how Ballinger has used his.

Mr. Ballinger makes a speech about not limiting private enterprise. If we pay any attention to what is really happening to power rights all over the United States, may we not omit anxiety about struggling private enterprise? Mr. Ballinger declares at Seattle and Chicago that the interior department is not to be run by Mr. Pinchot. We can well believe so much. Will the secretary declare also that his department is not to be run by Senator Heyburn? The alliance between Ballinger and Heyburn is an alliance for special interests, surely as the alliance between Roosevelt and Pinchot and Garfield was an alliance for general interests.

Not long ago a few constituents, giving no reason, asked Heyburn to use his influence to have certain lands eliminated from a forest reserve in Idaho. Heyburn hurried it to Ballinger, with an urgent request for immediate action. About the same time Heyburn received a very different petition from others of his constituents. These gentlemen asked for the withdrawal of lands, "because as home-makers we believe it necessary that this area be placed under national forest administration for the equitable distribution of grazing rights, protection of the timber and our watershed." What does Heyburn now? This petition does not go to the department. The senator replies: "I do not desire any more forest reserves in Idaho and shall not willingly consent to the creating of any more." He also says: "You could not live on it and it would be closed to settlement." Dear reader, if you will turn to your files of the Congressional Record for 1906, April, May and June, you will observe Senator Heyburn helping to pass the law which provides for settlement in forest reserves. Just what did he mean, therefore, by his threat to his constituents? A senator and a secretary of the interior makes a powerful working team. Officers of local land offices are appointed upon the nomination of senators, so are federal district attorneys.

As a newer incident in this controversy, let us note that indications were to be seen in the recent extra session that Senator Heyburn did not at all like the president's appointment of Geo. W. Woodruff to a federal judgeship in Hawaii. It happens (perhaps it is a coincidence) that this Woodruff, once assistant attorney general for the interior department under Garfield, rendered a legal decision which caused Ballinger to resign from the land office, which he then decorated, but where, as far as the general public is concerned, he never, never would be missed. Garfield had been struggling to limit to reasonable proportions land and timber grabbing in the west. Ballinger, soon after he became commissioner of the general land office, executed radical changes among the special agents, sending men of experience and vigor to new and distant territories where they would be less destructive to private enterprise. Roosevelt came to the assistance of Garfield, directing the co-operation of the forest rangers with the officials of the land office. Ballinger resigned and hid him away to Seattle, where the wood combine thrived, and seems likely to thrive for a long time yet. One more remark about Ballinger, showing him using the power of transfer in his present office, and we close. Just why did he recently send the man in charge of the land fraud investigations in Idaho to distant regions, replacing him with a mere youth, whose father is federal officeholder and friend to Ballinger? What does the Barber Lumber Co. think of that? Why no tears?

Our appreciation of President Taft reaches enthusiasm. His treatment of the Philippines, his administrative ability in Mr. Roosevelt's cabinet, his tact in foreign missions, some of his appointments, his endeavor to hold his party to its tariff pledges, his promise to help reform criminal procedure, his conspicuous honesty, all make us rank him high. The course against which he most needs to guard is pliant yielding to the soft conception of harmony; it is the acquisition of peace by warily placating gray wolves; it is the policy of silencing their growls by throwing them an important office when they have been howling all the day and night.

Some Fads, Fashions and Home Hints for Women

Pretty Has Just from Paris



Here's a jaunty hat of heavy corded silk in the very latest Parisian shape. Note the sharp turn-up on the left side and the decided turn-down on the right—all of which makes an attractive frame for a pretty profile. And the way the feathers are put on across the crown is unusual. The many looped bow of gold galleon is also a new wrinkle. It is safe to prophesy that our girl will keep the left side of her face turned toward the man she hopes to impress, for she undoubtedly does look charming enough to melt any man's heart.

LISTEN BACON GREASE IS 100 PER CENT GOOD

Better Than Lard, More Than a Rival of Butter—Great as a Flavoring for Stewed Vegetables—Best for Frying—A Pound of Bacon Gives a Pint of Grease—Never Too Dear When There Is No Waste.

"Some nice breakfast bacon," said a grocer to a housewife of slender pocketbook the other day. "We love it," was the answer, "but, dear me, it is too high." Yes, it is high. But sometimes bacon is so high as to be a crime. That is when housekeepers fry bacon and pour the grease into the sink or into the garbage can. A mint of gold on dollars has been wasted in this way, all through plain ignorance. Bacon is no higher than any other good food, if there is no waste. There is no excuse for ANY waste in bacon. And it IS good food. Bacon is a breakfast dish for convalescents in every hospital. Now, here is the key to the economy of bacon: the grease. Bacon grease is the best available medium for frying. It is the most toothsome and the purest. Contrast the cleanliness and flavor of bacon grease with the insipid, unattractive taste of that pallid, ghastly-looking product known as lard, made from who knows what. Pure leaf lard is tempting savor of bacon is vastly preferable. Bacon, properly prepared for those who do not engage in heavy manual labor and therefore do not need much of the rich, heat producing fat, should be fried to a crisp, until it is to all intents entirely lean. Then it is a dish fit for gods, and for mortals who know what is good. Then there is left the grease, golden brown and delicious. Now the usefulness of bacon only begins. Hear this! From one pound of breakfast bacon you get one pint of precious bacon grease. What do with it. That's easy. Fry eggs in it. You will never again use lard. Even butter is inferior to it. Season boiled string beans with it. It is a substitute for cooking bacon with them. Two or three tablespoonfuls will give the proper flavor. Put it in potato salad. It beats olive oil. Melt and pour over the potatoes. Fry onions in it. They will taste like something, then. Fry liver in it. You won't have to fry bacon with the liver. Season potato soup with it—the finest soup that can be made without soup stock. Fry apples in it. Yes, apples. Use it for German fried potatoes. They will get nice and brown. Flavor stewed cabbage with it. Fry green corn with half butter and half bacon grease. Oh, the aroma of this dish! Fry mashed potatoes in it, and with one-half butter get that much desired, appetizing crust. Season mashed pumpkins with it. It is just the thing for frying cornmeal batter cakes. It is the thing to shorten Johnny-cake with. Grease the tins with it when baking corn bread. Let other misguided persons throw away their bacon grease, but YOU hang on to it. It is 100 per cent pure and wholesome. Sooner throw away your creamery butter than bacon grease. N. B.—If the bacon is too salty, before frying let it simmer in the pan covered with water a few moments. This will boil out the excess of salt, which can be poured off with the water. You will lose no grease. If bacon or bacon grease sticks to the pan, it is a sign it is too salty.

PLEASE TELL ME WOMEN'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY CYNTHIA GREY.

Dear Miss Grey: Is there anything I could use to make my eyebrows heavier and darker? J. A. F. A.: Try rubbing vaseline in thoroughly each night. It will thoroughly each night. It will cause them to grow and naturally, heavier eyebrows will look darker.

Dear Miss Grey: Tell me how to clean a pink silk mull dress. MRS. H. E. C. A.: Make a strong suds with good white soap and water, add half as much gasoline, and sponge the dress up and down in the mixture. Press gently between the hands, but do not rub. Rinse in cool water when clean, wring, and roll up in large cloth. Let lie four or five hours, then iron dry.

Dear Miss Grey: Are they going to wear large drooping hats this fall, or small turbans? C. E. A.: Both large hats and turbans will be worn. The large hats will be turned up on one side as a rule. Some of them, of course, will droop. Turbans promise to be larger and higher than we have seen in late years.

Dear Miss Grey: Would it be proper for me to marry a man three years younger than myself? We love each other dearly. M. E. L. A.: I surely would. One of the happiest marriages I ever knew was one in which the wife was 11 years her husband's senior. However, that is too great a difference as a rule.

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WORK THAT NEVER DONE

Cook a milk pudding or custard in a moderate oven.

Serve boiled rice and tomato sauce with lamb and mutton.

Horse radish root will retain its strength if buried in sand.

Breakfast cereals should be sparingly eaten by fleshy people.

Wash canned peas and beans in cold water before heating them.

Baking in a dirty oven will spoil the flavor of delicate dishes.

It takes seven or eight hours to cook a ham in a fireless cooker, one and one-half hours to cook potatoes and five hours to cook beans.

FROM MARY'S COOK BOOK.

Chocolate pie is made by mixing together one-half cupful sugar, one-half cupful flour and one-quarter teaspoonful salt with two cups scalded milk. Stir slowly until the mixture thickens, then add one and one-half ounces of grated chocolate, one-quarter cupful of sugar and the beaten yolks of three eggs. Season with cinnamon and bake in a deep pie tin lined with good pastry crust. When cool, spread with a meringue made of six tablespoonfuls of sugar, and the beaten white of three eggs.

MOST ANYTHING

Smithsonian institution from Teddy. Now will you scoff!



Gary, Ind., merchants are giving away a bottle of beer with each purchase in lieu of trading stamps—and the men folks are becoming interested in shopping.

The Japanese Ladies' Educational association publishes a magazine in which are printed all the speeches made at the club meetings—something which is done by few if any local women's clubs in the United States.—Philadelphia Record.

Indeed, it would be simply impossible, it would be simply impossible, it would be simply impossible.

While warning our girls from the lure of the stage, we'd also better do something to keep our boys from the lure of the stage door.

Speaking of that "101 ranch" offer for the Jeffries-Johnson fight, 100,000 acres ought to be hidden in brine have reached the plenty of room to fight in.

AT THE TABLE

Mrs. Tite: Oh, we've forgotten to leave anything for the cook to eat. Mr. Tite: Her own fault, for forgetting to hold out on us.

"TELL ME A STORY"

Children's Playtime. THE WISHMAKER'S CAVE. Down in a cave in the rocks in Magic Land beside the Enchanted river lives a queer old gnome called the Wishmaker-Man. On the shelves all around his cave are the oddest looking parcels you ever saw. They are the wishes wrapped up and all ready to send away by the fairy elves. But there are some things the Wishmaker-Man is very particular about; that you really deserve the wish; that the wish will be good for you, and that you do all you can to get the wish yourself. He is quite in league with the fairies and often at midnight he brews dream herbs in a huge cauldron outside his cavern, and the smoke dreams floating down to the earth people to show them how to work to obtain their wishes. But he never gives wishes to people who are not good or deserving, or who will not do their best to get their wishes themselves.

SOCIETY AND PERSONAL

One of the largest affairs of the week will be the reception to be given at the Union club tomorrow afternoon by Mrs. E. A. Shores, in honor of her guest, Mrs. J. Allen Foster of Washington, D. C., complimentary to the Tacoma chapters of the D. A. R. Mrs. Foster is chairman of the standing committee of the N. S. D. A. R. on child labor and is one of the most prominent women to visit the city this summer. The affair tomorrow was planned in order to give Tacoma women a chance to hear her speak and become acquainted with her. Mrs. Shores arrived in Tacoma yesterday, and is the guest of Mrs. Shores at the Bonneville hotel.

Miss Helen Evans, formerly of the Tacoma High school faculty, and Mrs. A. L. Avery leave today for New York where they will sell for Europe. Miss Evans will enter the University of Paris, having been granted an honorary scholarship in that institution because of her remarkable work in historical research. While in Paris, she will live at the Students' hotel in the Latin Quarter. Mrs. Avery will take an extended pleasure trip through Europe.

Francis Skewis, son of Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Skewis, and Ralph Thompson, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Thompson, both graduates of the Tacoma High school, have left for Minneapolis where they are to enter the University of Minnesota.

The Women's Auxiliary of Immanuel Presbyterian church meets this afternoon for the first session of the season, at the home of Mrs. George M. Lee, 2901 North Twenty-first street.

Miss Clara Sherrill entertained delightfully last evening complimentary to the Tacoma chapters of the D. A. R.

Miss Louise Stone entertained this afternoon with one of the neat card affairs of the week in honor of her cousin, Miss Katherine Campbell of New York, who has been her summer guest.

William Donald, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Donald, leaves this week to enter his junior year at the University of California.

The Good Templars lodges of the city will hold a joint meeting at 913 1-2 Tacoma avenue this evening to discuss business matters of importance.

The Ladies' Aid society of Bethlehem church will give a social at the church on East G and Harrison streets, tomorrow evening, to which all members of the church are invited.

The Woman's Missionary society of Grace Methodist church will be entertained tomorrow afternoon at the home of Mrs. H. F. Gresham, East Thirty-first street and Portland avenue.

Daily Short Story

THE NEST EGG

By Stuart B. Stone.

As soon as the moonbeams, rose-leaved honeycombs were over, Mr. Atterbury brought home one of those miniature lighthouse banks in which the coins are piled slowly up the red, iron tower until the top is reached, when the precious contents are taken to the big, grided, sure-enough bank upon the corner. "Here goes for a nest egg, dear," he remarked, dropping in a 50-cent piece. "To provide for the rainy day which I hope may never come."

Mrs. Atterbury nodded. "I suppose we ought to economize," she agreed, with a sigh. "I was intending to buy the new novel by the author of 'The Pink Princess,' but I'll put the dollar-eight in the bank instead."

That was the beginning of the Atterburys' rainy-day nest egg. The following day Mr. Atterbury purchased three 50-cent cigars instead of the 10-cent Havanas he had been accustomed to, and deposited the 15 cents thus saved in the bank of the red iron tower. Mrs. Atterbury, not to be outdone, deprived herself of the violet cologne water she had wanted, and put 75 cents in the lighthouse treasury. By the end of the week the toy bank contained \$3.16.

Then Atterbury looked up at his wife and remarked, with some hesitation: "If we could let Bridget go, dear, we'd soon have the bank full."

Mrs. Atterbury demurred, but was finally won over, and they placed the first week's savings into the greedy red tower. Mrs. Atterbury, in the enthusiasm that resulted, resolved to do without the spring chicken they had planned for dinner, and 75 cents was placed in the red treasure tower.

The next week Atterbury, after sitting silent for half an hour, pointed out the handsome sum that could be saved monthly by taking a cheaper apartment.

"I think this is going a little too far, dear," Mrs. Atterbury frowned; but in the end the voracious red tower triumphed; and Mrs. Atterbury renounced the projected visit to the grand opera. It was necessary to take the red tower to the big bank next day.

The filling of the red iron tower became a commanding passion with Atterburys. Time after time it was filled and taken to the big bank on the corner. Sacrifice after sacrifice was made. Atterbury walked to the office, gave up smoking, bought shoddy clothes, cut off the donations to the pastor, shaved himself. Mrs. Atterbury did the family washing, made fancywork to be sold at absurdly low prices, ceased to visit the folks in the distant home, and worried her beautiful complexion into crow's feet and wrinkles. As the voracious red tower filled and refilled, the Atterburys became sullen and recriminating.

"If you would stop buying these foolish chocolate creams," fretted Mr. Atterbury. "We could save an occasional nickel." "If you would stop taking that old evening paper, we could put 50 cents a month in the bank," half-price. J. S. Meyer, 917 C St.



THE FILLING OF THE RED IRON TOWER BECAME A COMMANDING PASSION WITH THE ATTERBURYS.

retorted Mrs. Atterbury. In the end they each made the sacrifice suggested.

At last, and after many a weary year, came the day that the greedy red lighthouse tower had accumulated \$3000 for them. As a special concession to the occasion, Mr. Atterbury ordered a generous Sunday dinner, the first they had had for many a year. Under its warming influence they both relaxed and became almost gay.

"It's a fine nest egg," said Mr. Atterbury, rearing back in his chair, "but it has cost many a good time in the making."

Mrs. Atterbury sighed. "It's a pretty stack of money, but the years have been dull." "It's the first decent dinner we've had in an age," persisted Mr. Atterbury.

"Let's have another tomorrow," suggested Mrs. Atterbury. "And then we'll go to the opera," continued Mr. Atterbury, "the first time in three years." "I'll order some flowers," volunteered Mrs. Atterbury, "loads of them."

The end of the whole matter was that the Atterburys set out the following week for a four-month tour of England, Scotland, France, Italy, Egypt and the Holy Land. When they returned the nest egg was scattered from Land's End to the River Jordan. But the Atterburys were very, very happy, for they had made up the years that the greedy red bank had stolen.

SAYS CYNTHIA GREY.

An essence of pennyroyal is very objectionable to mosquitoes and flies. An application of kerosene, in which a quantity of this is placed, will assist in keeping them away. It can be rubbed on the screen doors and places in saucers if the insects are in the house. One excellent method for killing either insect in the house is to close all doors and windows, place a lump of burning coal on a skillet and pour over this 10 cents worth of carbolic acid. Do not inhale the fumes. By the time the smoke has settled the pests will be dead.

THE ARTLESS ANSWER



A WOMAN OF TASTE. "Why do you allow your wife to pick your company?" "She's a good judge—she picked me."

A MODERN NUISANCE. "You accuse this aviator of trespassing in your garden?" "Yes, judge; I caught him among my air currents."

THE TONSORIAL ART. "What's become of the man who used to have the third chair?" "He's left us to become a soda clerk." "Rather out of his line, isn't it?" "Nope. He shaves ice."

AT THE RECEPTION. "Is that your mother-in-law over there, smiling at you?" "No. If she is smiling at me, it isn't my mother-in-law."



"How you like your ch-b mit Pfefferle as bartender, Adolf?" "Ferry fine. He lets me pay myself from der drawer." "And you in danger of getting behind mit him?" "Nod ad all; I draw my salary two weeks in advance every week."