

THE TACOMA TIMES

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THE TIMES IS ONLY INDEPENDENT TACOMA'S NEWSPAPER.

A Stone Age Hog

"When a man has enough to live on with a reasonable amount of comfort, he ought to retire at an age when he still has some manly vigor left with which to enjoy life." Thus saith Geo. L. Phillips, an Ohio judge who says he will quit the bench and the law.

Let any number of men get together in the name of reform, and pass a resolution to the effect that when a man has acquired enough he shall quit, and they would be denounced as socialists, or worse.

Yet isn't this the true philosophy of life and of social economies?

By hook, crook or honorable effort a man piles up a million dollars. He can enjoy every comfort on earth, and pure luxuries are always more or less degrading. But, in 999 cases out of 1000, your millionaire doesn't stop at a million. The money-lust, stronger and really viler than all other lusts, has gripped him. He grows old, feeble, vigorless piling up money that means worry, envy and hatred of him while he's living and war among his children when he's dead.

Look at Judge Phillips' plan from a social and economic standpoint, and it appears to be the solution of most all of civilization's problems.

When a man has enough to enable him to reasonably enjoy life to its end, let him quit. Quit what? Why, it's simply quitting the taking for himself what others need and what he doesn't need for himself.

Suppose that, in man's very early days, a big, strong fellow, stronger physically or mentally than the hundred other fellows of his tribe (Society), killed a fat elephant and undertook to keep it to himself, while his fellows went hungry. What would Society of that time do? It would surely eat that elephant, and maybe the would-be monopolist, too. They'd look on the latter as a robber, a hog and altogether a bad thing for Society. If they had no income tax laws to make him divide, they'd make him do it by force of numbers. They would be so socialistic as to not permit him to let rot what meant life to the community and what he had secured by luck, special advantage, or special personal ability. Maybe these barbarians wouldn't think exactly along this line, for they would be thinking with their stomachs. But aren't there a whole lot of millions of people of our own civilized times who are thinking with their stomachs.

Daily Short Story

AN AERIAL ELOPEMENT

By Stuart B. Stone. Farmer Hiram Goodpastures sat upon the tumbling rail fence, his rusty old shotgun across his lap, his gaze turned ever down the Ridgeville turnpike to the east. From the second story window of the old farm house behind him a sweet-faced maiden peeped anxiously out in the same general direction as Farmer Goodpastures. It was his daughter Irene, the prettiest girl in Squeers township, and in Squeers township, as in Paris and Bombay and Chilkoote, beauty brings a train of troubles. Thus it was that Farmer Goodpastures muttered threats and maledictions toward the pinkish east. "Consarn that pesky, new-fangled inventor! He said he would come in a machine he called his Patent Elopement and Peerless Parent Defier and take Irene before my eyes. I'll fill his sassy hide with buckshot!" He pulled out his huge red bandanna and mopped his face, then shook his brawny fist at the comely girl at the window. "She was gazing anxiously over his head, and he turned to see. Someone was flying a kite above the Ridgeville pike. "I'd like to know what son of a Chinaman is flying kites around here," he began, then stopped suddenly. The kite was increasing in size. It was a monoplane. A man in a crazy suit, such as is worn by divers, leaned over and waved his flapperlike hands desirously at the Farmer Goodpastures. It was the inventor. "You glass-faced, tin-pan-coated son of a perpetual-motion crank!" shouted Farmer Goodpastures in rage. He raised the trusty shotgun and fired. The shot rattled harmlessly against the inventor's armor, and that exasperating young man mocked Farmer Goodpastures, then drove the machine across the rail fence and landed insolently in the yard. Farmer Goodpastures called vigorously to his dogs. The five dogs came at a dead hot run, while the inventor stood in his flimsy contraption and laughed through his transparent armor. When the foremost animal arrived, a long spidery steel arm slid out from the machine, throttled the astonished spot and pitched him into the red clover field 50 yards distant. As the other animals arrived they were giv-

Some Fads, Fashions and Home Hints for Women

THE UP - TO - DATE SWEATER COAT



Somebody who is in the manufacturing business has been giving more thought to the sweater this year than has been given heretofore—for that once homely garment has come to be a "thing of beauty and a joy" to the wearer. It is soft and warm, has graceful lines, can be bought in all lengths, and it has a high collar buttoned tightly about the throat, or if you like it, has a low cut vest neck. The athletic girl surely ought to be happy this fall, for she can buy a sweater of any color, any style or any length she likes, and be smart as well as comfortable.

PLEASE TELL ME WOMEN'S QUESTIONS ANSWERED BY CHITTY GRAY.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I rid a new mattress of bedbugs? A READER.

A.: First thoroughly wash and varnish your bedstead and springs and set them aside in another room to dry. Then examine the picture molding and the woodwork near the bed. Little black spots on the wallpaper near will betray the presence of the pests. There is nothing to do if you find them there but to repaper the walls and varnish the woodwork. Now the mattress. Take it outdoors, if you can. But if you live in a flat and cannot do that open the windows wide, see that there's no fire around, and pour gasoline around the edges and into the buttoned-down places, until the cloth is well soaked. Be thorough—that's the secret—and you will get rid of the bugs. Look out for fire.

Dear Miss Grey: I received an invitation to a party in the form of two calling cards. How shall I reply and what does "R. S. V. P." mean? HOMESTEAD.

A.: Two of your friends are doubtless giving the party together, hence you will enclose two of your cards in one envelope addressed to the one at whose home the party is to be given. Your acceptance or regrets should be written on each card. "R. S. V. P." is an abbreviation of a French phrase, which in English means "reply if you please."

Maxine Elliott, the actress, has made a great hit with King Edward—which means a social triumph in England.

Grass stains, as well as those from fruit, can usually be removed by alcohol.

"TELL ME A STORY" Children's Playtime

THE WONDERFUL CUSHION

It was just the fattest, softest and prettiest red velvet cushion you ever saw, with great gold tassels at each corner. It was so beautiful it was kept in the living room at Benjamin's home.

This day Benjamin was playing king, and he coaxed his mamma to let him have it in the nursery for his throne. Little boys soon grow tired, and after a while Benjamin lay down on the cushion and went sound asleep.

He had hardly closed his eyes when somehow or other in some mysterious way, he saw four white doves fly in the window. Each one took a tassel of the cushion in its bill and lifting Benjie right along with the cushion they flew out of the window and up and up to the sky.

At first Benjie was terribly frightened, and held fast to the cushion, but when he saw that they were carrying a snow-white castle he became so interested he forgot to be afraid.

Straight in the castle door the doves flew and carefully laid the cushion and boy before the throne of the king. Benjamin was surprised to see that on the king's throne was a cushion just like his and to hear the king say, "Little boy, your throne was a wonder cushion, blessed by my fairies, and whosoever puts his head on it to sleep shall have pleasant dreams. Today the fairies have brought you to visit me, and you shall see how a fairy king lives."

After showing Benjie the beautiful horses and hounds that he used when he went hunting. He even allowed the little boy to be placed on one of the horses for a ride, and he blew the hunting horn just as loud as he could. As they started back to the castle the



doves came flying up with the cushion, and the king told little Benjamin it was time for him to go home.

The doves had just carried him in the nursery window and laid him down, when he heard his mamma call him. She said: "Dear, you must have been having pleasant dreams because you were smiling in your sleep."

FROM MARY'S COOK BOOK

Apple croquettes are made in this way: Select tart apples, and cut them in small pieces. To two cupsful of the dice add a scant tablespoonful of butter and one of water, and cook in a double boiler until dry; mash with a spoon. Make a smooth paste of one-third cupful of flour and a little water and stir into the apple. Cook in a double boiler for 15 minutes, season with salt, add one egg well beaten, and stir until egg is cooked. When cool, drop by spoonfuls

Daily Comic and Humor Section

THE THIRD READER BY FRED SCHAEFER

CASABIANCA When children are bid to mind, how prone the generality are to disdain the behests of their elders! To all such there is a warning in the story of a little boy, about 13 years old, whose name was Casabianca.

The little boy went with his father on a ship-of-war to the seas. In a distant part of the world the ship entered into a terrible battle. Heedless quite of peril, the lad stood valiantly by the side of his father, while a rain of shot and shell flooded the decks knee deep in gore. Casabianca's father forbade the boy upon any account to leave the post till he should call him away. Then he went elsewhere to watch the progress of the battle.

In this the father was successful, in that he soon discerned



himself pierced by a cannon ball of the bigness of a beer keg. He at once gave up all thoughts of home.

Not being made sensible of what had happened, Casabianca waited. The fearsome battle raged on, through and over him, the vessel burn up, and the sailors betook themselves to flight.

Did then this noble-hearted lad retire him to safety? O, no! Not he. The reason of his determination to tarry was that he would not disobey his father, whatever befell. You may fancy with what a wishful glance his ears were strained for permission to falter. Yet, not even when charred to the waist, was he so craven as to run.

After having passed some moments in this manner, the vessel was riven quite violently. To be sure the obedient boy was so faced, but it is easy to see that his motives remained perfectly good. The following beautiful lines are by Mrs. Hemans, who was the last to leave the ship:

The boy stood on the burning deck, The flame that lit the battle's wreck As born to rule the storm; He called aloud, "Say, father say," A proud though child-like form.

There came a burst of thunder sound: "My father, must I stay?" With mast and helm and pennon fair The wreathing flames made way.

They wrapped the ship in splendor wild, The boy?—oh, where was he? A creature of heroic blood With fragments strowed theoposed chiefly of ice—but there's a stick in it.

PROF. NOAH LOTT'S DEFINITIONS



BARGAIN: Something advertised when you are just out of money.

PATRIOT: One who dies for his country but generally has to be killed before he does it.

LIGHT: That which you can not see unless it is dark.

PUDDING: An article the proof of which is in him who ate it.

HUMORIST: Person suffering from necrosis of the funny bone.

AUTOMOBILE: The beam in your brother's eye.

COMPLAINT: A peevish listened to but not heard.

RUM: Article warned against in the Third Reader but seldom encountered except in barber shops.

JOSEPH WISE SAYS:



"Everywhere there's a peanut ye'll find a shell, an' sometimes nothin' but th'shell."

It is stated by a German biologist that the two sides of a face are never alike; in two cases out of five the eyes are out of line; one eye is stronger than the other in seven persons out of ten; and the right ear is generally higher than the left.

Married women live longer than unmarried.

Queen Wilhelmina of Holland has a most successful and paying dairy farm not far from her place at Het Loë.

July derives its name from Julius Caesar, who was born in that month.

For short distances the salmon is stated to be the swiftest fish.

The Cook cocktail will be composed chiefly of ice—but there's a stick in it.

FROM DIANA'S DIARY

Miss Dillpickles Joins a Bloomer Girls' Base Ball Nine and Pursues Her Ambition to Make a Home Run.

By FRED SCHAEFER.



"MA," I WHIMPERS, "YOUR PRODIGAL DAUGHTER HAS COME BACK."

VI. The Lisle Sox have raveled. The windup came at Sugar Beet Siding. Mr. Splash, the manager, tried to crowd in a double-header, when all the bloomer girls could hardly last out a nine-inning contest without kneeling over— they were that started for lack of foot.

We had a mutiny right at the ball park and refused to go on unless all back salaries was paid and overtime allowed for double-headers. What was said to Mr. Splash at that time will burn in his memory long after he has started burning himself. Even Kittle Valencia, the Grand Old Lady of Baseball, screamed against him and said she'd see that her grandson would horsewhip him. Mr. Splash

made a sudden getaway after our catcher, Virgie Montessor, spit in his eye, which was, I must say, ungentle even if vivacious.

We were in an awful fix, our street clothes still being held by the hotel back at Sorghum Corners. But the Sugar Beet Siding folks helped up to Chowderville, and there we played a benefit game which got us enough to get home on.

Thank goodness, I hit the town at night. I got home in my bloomers under cover of darkness. My respected parents opened it. "Ma," I whimper, "your prodigal daughter has come back."

That was as near as I came to making a "home" run. (The End.)

OSCAR AND ADOLF

"Dit you know, Adolf, dot of you see a pin unt pick id up all der day you'll haf goot luck?" "Dot is Narrischkott! I could be stanting right on a pin unt nefer see id."

PURELY PLATONIC NOW "Nella, it looks bad for Mr. Pohan to call on you so long without an engagement being announced." "Oh, that's all right, mother; I jilted him a month ago."

into the bread crumbs, then into beaten egg, and fry in deep fat. Crab salad is very good made in this way: Pick all the meat from the shell of one or two crabs, and shred it finely. Wash and dry a large lettuce and a bunch of watercress. Put into a bowl two tablespoonfuls of best salad oil, pepper and salt to taste, and lastly a dessert spoonful of vinegar. In to this, with two forks, stir the salad, which must be carefully dried, and lastly the crab meat, mixing it in thoroughly. Place in a salad bowl, garnish prettily with slices of hardboiled egg and cucumber. Keep the salad in a cool place till served.

SOCIETY

In honor of Rev. M. L. Thomas, the new pastor for the First Baptist, the congregation will give an informal reception at the church this evening. Ministers from other Tacoma branches will be present and a suitable program has been arranged. During the latter part of the evening refreshments will be served in the church parlors.

Mrs. A. E. Raze is entertaining this afternoon at a bridge tea in honor of Mrs. Arthur Law of Minneapolis, who is visiting in the city.

Miss Genevieve Thornley is entertaining for a few days her old school friend, Miss Bess Cranby, with whom she attended Stanford university.

Captain Douglas Roben, W. S. N., now retired, is a guest at the home of his son, Don B. Roben, for a few days, having come to Tacoma to attend the convention of the Spanish War Veterans. He will leave in a few days for his home in Big Rapids, Mich.

The tenth of a series of musicals given by the pupils of Mrs. A. W. Rays was rendered last Tuesday at Columbia hall under the auspices of the ladies' drill team of M. B. A. lodge and was well received by the audience.

Miss Arline Biggs has left for North Hampton, Mass., where she is to enter school. Accompanying Miss Biggs were two girl friends of Seattle, who will attend the same school.

Mrs. D. E. Roberts is entertaining this afternoon with a luncheon in honor of the members of the study committee of the Woman's Study club. The program for the winter is to be arranged at this meeting. The committee is composed of Mrs. A. E. Danforth, Mrs. Lottie Jacobs, Mrs. A. Howard Smith, Mrs. Harry Stuart, Mrs. E. J. Rose and Mrs. Roberts.

Mrs. C. A. Culbertson of Washington, D. C., formerly Miss Weaver, who for years was a teacher in the Tacoma High school, is visiting in the city as the guest of her cousin, Mrs. A. M. Goodard. She is in the west for the purpose of seeing the exposition.

A pretty wedding will be celebrated Saturday evening at the home of the bride at Stellacoom when Miss Mierva Weston and Calvin Shults are united in marriage. Both of the young people have numerous friends in Tacoma who are deeply interested in the wedding.

Mrs. Jack P. Small of Seattle, and Miss Rosamond Whiting of St. Claire, Mich., were quietly married at Trinity church last Saturday afternoon. Rev. H. Horace Chapman performing the ceremony. The young couple will make their home in Seattle.



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