

THE TACOMA TIMES

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THE TIMES IS ONLY INDEPENDENT TACOMA'S NEWSPAPER.

Remember Henson

We demand settlement of that North Pole controversy at the earliest possible moment. It is becoming too complicated for human endurance, for now comes Henson, the colored man who went to the pole, or thereabouts, with Peary, with claims of his own. He saw the pole as quick as Peary did, ate just as much dog, going and coming, has just as many frozen toes as Peary, and with the help of four Eskimos, did all the cheering when the flag was raised.

A Misunderstanding as to Rotten Eggs

We notice that so sedate, dignified and conservative paper as the Cleveland Plain Dealer suggests that rotten eggs are likely to be cast at Mr. Taft when he recommends to western audiences that Aldrich head the movement for monetary reform, and we surmise, with some trepidation, that our worthy fellow publisher in northern Ohio doesn't understand either western people or rotten eggs.

Daily Short Story

THE DECOY PEANUT

A habit becomes a passion. Nathanson, as was well known, had built up a fortune at Kimberley by purchasing illicit diamonds from the natives employed in the compounds. The risks were enormous—and yet Nathanson could not stop.

But all good things come to an end. One afternoon a native boy entered the store, engaged Nathanson in conversation, and departed. Five minutes afterward Detective Dale, with two members of the mounted police, came galloping up. They flung their reins around a hitching pole, sprang to their feet, and burst through the open door.

"Game's up, Nathanson!" shouted Dale. "I've got you this time for sure." He paused at the back door in astonishment. Nathanson was sitting lazily in an arm chair, placidly feeding peanuts to a colony of meerkats, small, squirrel-like animals that lived in a neighboring ant hill.

"Hush!" said Nathanson, holding up a warning finger. "Don't frighten him away. Ain't he a pretty little fellow? Look at them marks on his coat." He flung a peanut to the animal, which seized it in his paws, sat up to nibble it, changed its mind, and scampered away with it to its nest.

"Drop that foolery, Nathanson," said Dale, roughly. "You've just bought a diamond from a native boy, and you'd better hand it over before we search for it."

"What me buy diamonds?" cried Nathanson. "Why, it's against the law. I ain't bought no diamonds." "It's no use," replied Dale. "That boy was in the government service and we've got you. D'you want us to search?"

How Can a Couple Live On \$18 Per Week in Tacoma?

"Paid in Full," Eugene Walker's great play, which comes to the Tacoma theater Sunday, September 26, deals with the problem of a young couple living on \$18 per week. Joe Brooks, the young husband, finds it impossible to keep up his home on that amount, and steals.

Some Fads, Fashions and Home Hints for Women

Big Beaver Hats and Broad Felt Furs

Big beaver hats and broad felt furs are to be popular this winter. Lynx fur is high in favor.



Measure of Human Love Is Service

The sum of happiness is a very little of the grievous affair we make it out to be. The measure of human love is service. Mere words, though we speak with the tongue of a poet or write with the pen of a Shakespeare, mean little. If we love, we serve.

woman of keen intellect with nothing particular to do, and no very pressing duties to engross her attention. It is impossible for a man to understand the situation. It is equally impossible for the average woman cumbered with a multitude of cares, even to the edge of nervous prostration, to realize there is a large and rapidly growing class of women who have, literally, nothing to do.

Desirable as this may seem to the tired woman worker, it is really a tragedy. Can a healthy, energetic person, with every faculty at its keenest and best, be content to stand aside and see the world go on without longing to lend a hand? Is it happiness to be rid of all burdens, even the burden of love and human service?

There can be nothing but discontent and unrest when we feel we are not needed. That is the supreme tragedy of old age—to be no longer NECESSARY to the happiness of someone—to have no longer a real place in the world—to be of no benefit to our fellow creatures.

How much more tragic to see this condition of senility forced on a person in the full vigor of health and strength! And yet hundreds of women spend their lives in just such a state of uselessness. Often the means for happiness is so close at hand it is overlooked by those who declare their effortless lives a burden.

There is scarcely a person living who has not someone within the circle of blood relationship that does not need assistance of some sort. It may be a boy or girl straining every nerve to get an education or to learn a trade or profession; perhaps a crabbed old uncle or an ill and peevish aunt who needs human companionship to sweeten their names; often aged and lonely parents, too unselfish to ask what they should have by right—a young arm to lean upon and a fresh young voice to read the print they can no longer see.

Outside the family circle there are more than enough unfortunates to fill the world with fruitful service. Such effort is not a matter of charity, but a co-operative partnership for obtaining happiness. As we give we receive, and addition is a necessary factor in the sum of happiness. One plus one—or any number you like—equals a heart and mind at peace, but one cannot solve this magic problem alone.



To make peach tapoca, soak one teacupful of tapioca over night in a double boiler, add one cupful of sugar and a saltspoonful of salt. Butter a pudding dish and half fill it with sliced peaches of fine flavor. Pour over them the hot tapioca, and bake until peaches are tender. Serve hot or cold, with thick cream.

Peach salad is one of the most delicious of fruit salads. Select highly colored peaches, peel them, cut them in halves, and chill them. When ready to serve, place them on a bed of lettuce with a spoonful of mayonnaise in the cavity of each. Cover with whipped cream, and garnish with one salted almond, one candied cherry and a stripe of preserved ginger.

Smart Design in Fall Suit and Hat



This sketch shows a handsome walking costume of mustard yellow cloth, trimmed with brown moire, large moire covered buttons, and bias pipings of the silk. The hat is a wide one of soft felt, with rolling brim faced with the brown moire, and trimmed with a full bunch of short brown feathers. It will be noted that the full frills at the front of shirtwaists are back in high favor again, and also that pleated skirts are still popular.

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

Dear Miss Grey: I have a young lady friend who invites herself to my home every other week. She expected to call upon me one Thursday evening, but I received word late in the afternoon that it was impossible for her to call until the following day, Friday. But I had made other arrangements for this day, and told her I could not see her, whereupon she felt insulted. And would you not wonder why? She never invites me to her home. What do you think of it?

A: It is not an easy matter to advise others under such circumstances. It would seem as if you are the one to be offended, and not your ungrateful friend. Unless her society is so pleasing to you that it more than atones for her lack of courtesy, you certainly should tell her frankly what you think of her actions. It might do her good.

Dear Miss Grey: How can I whiten my teeth?

THE DIAGONAL STREET COAT

Tell me how to get rid of pimples on my face. What can I do to make my hair soft? LORETTA.

A: 1.—Use powdered pumice as a dentifrice once a week. Clean the teeth well after each meal. Wash gums and teeth once a week with diluted peroxide of hydrogen.

2.—Simplify your diet. Eat fresh fruit, drink water freely, walk in the sunshine every day. Give your face a daily bath in hot, then in cold water, changing from one to the other several times. Do not pinch the skin.

3.—Brush the hair thoroughly every night, which brings out the oil and makes the hair soft.

Dear Miss Grey: Please tell me how to make tea fromcelandine leaves and roots, to remove superfluous hair. G. E. A.: Celandine tea is used as a purgative. It has no effect on superfluous hair.

Dear Miss Grey: Is an agent for a toilet preparation required to have a license. C. E.

A: Ask the city clerk.

Dear Miss Grey: Is it proper to send one's cards on receiving announcement of a wedding? M. T. K. A.: Yes, if the couple live out of town. If they live in the city, call within two weeks, and leave one of your own and two of your husband's cards.

Dear Miss Grey: Is a girl of 14 too young to keep company with a young man 21 years of age? IGNORANT.

Yes indeed. A girl of 14 should be in school and should be content with girl friends.

Dear Miss Grey: I am 14 years old, weigh 112 pounds, and I am five feet, two inches tall. Please tell me how long I should wear my clothes? ANXIOUS.

You are large for your age, but be a girl as long as you can. Wear your skirts medium length.

Dear Miss Grey: I am only 16, but have lines under my eyes. Will you tell me how to remove them and how properly to massage. GIRL.

A.—Bathe the eyes with hot water, followed by cold water. Wrinkles are often due to squinting or peculiarities of expression. The squint may be from defective sight. See an eye specialist. Rub the skin from the nose outward. Avoid bright lights shining into your face.

TELL ME A STORY CHILDREN'S PLAYTIME



FRANKLIN'S KITE

When Benjamin Franklin was a very little boy he used to fly kites just as little boys do now, and have just as much fun. But as he grew older he often watched the storms and wondered what it was that caused the lightning's flash, and he finally decided that it must be electricity. But how could he prove it? He knew of nothing that would reach up half as high as the clouds.

Then one day as he was coming home from work at his printing shop he stopped a minute to watch some boys in a vacant lot flying kites. "Why, that is the very thing!" he said to himself. "A kite will fly up higher than houses and may be as high as the lightning. I'll try it, anyhow."

He hurried home and made a big kite just like the ones he had when he was a boy. Then he tied a key to the end of the tail of the kite to see what would happen.

A few days later a thunderstorm came up, and he brought out his kite. He had a little boy hold the kite, and he ran pulling the string to start it up. Up and up it went, ever so high, and very soon the lightning hit it and made little blue sparks of fire fly from the key. Then Mr. Franklin knew for sure that the lightning was electricity.

So he made queer needle-like rods having long wires to reach from the housetops to the ground. They were called lightning rods, and were intended to draw the lightning, if the house were struck down the wires to the ground without burning the house or hurting any of the residents.

Something Better. Steamer Flyer to Seattle, making FIVE round trips daily. Leaves Tacoma 8:35 a. m., 12:15, 3:55, 7:30 and 11 p. m.

SOCIETY



The long and ever useful traveling or street coat is made of diagonal material, with simple straight lines and little or no trimming. The more strictly tailor effect, the more smart the garment.

SOCIETY

Miss Edith Sparling, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. John Sparling, and Mr. John L. Cavanaugh, son of Frank Cavanaugh, were quietly married this afternoon at St. Leo's parish house. Rev. Father Hylebos performed the ceremony. The young couple will leave for a brief wedding tour, following which they will be at home at 1503 South J street.

Miss Mae Eidemiller returned to Portland today to resume her work at the Good Samaritan hospital after spending her vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Eidemiller.

Mrs. W. S. Dimmock is entertaining with a novel bridge party this afternoon aboard Mr. Dimmock's private car. The affair is given in honor of Miss Niles, Mrs. Dimmock's niece, who is visiting with her.

A card party of much interest is that to be given the Young Ladies' sodality of St. Patrick's church this evening in the church parlors, North Twelfth and J streets. During the evening refreshments will be served and a jolly evening is anticipated. Friends and members of the parish are invited to attend.

Miss Mary Atkinson leaves today for the Canadian Pacific railway for Boston, where she will enter her senior year in Wellesley college.

Mrs. Melbourne Bailey is entertaining at the union club this afternoon with the first of a series of luncheons and bridge affairs. Mrs. Hadley Seeley, who has been a summer guest in Tacoma, is the guest of honor.

Bishop and Mrs. Frederic W. Keator have as guest for a few days, Bishop Spalding of Salt Lake City.

One of the most prominent nuptials of that month will be celebrated Saturday evening when Miss Marie Hewitt, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Henry Hewitt, will become the bride of Mr. Albert Sutton of San Francisco. The wedding will take place at the family residence on North Fifth street, in the presence of a small gathering of relatives and intimate friends.

FROM MARY'S COOK BOOK

Mutton broth is a very nourishing food for a baby 16 to 18 months old. Take neck of mutton one pound, water one pint, pinch of salt; cook very slowly for three hours down to one-half pint, adding water if necessary; carefully strain through a fine cloth; set aside until perfectly cold, then remove every bit of fat. You will now have a delicious jelly which may be warmed into a broth or fed cold as a jelly.

Make croquets to use up cooked oatmeal left over from breakfast. To two cupsful of oatmeal add one well beaten egg, half a saltspoonful of salt and the same amount of soda. Shape into small croquets or balls, roll in cracker crumbs and fry in deep fat. Or drop the batter by spoonfuls onto a well greased griddle. Serve with syrup or jelly.

Comic and Humor Section

MR. SKYGACK, FROM MARS

He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wireless Observations in His Notebook.

"SAW FEMALE EARTH-BEING GOING THROUGH REMARKABLE ANTICS AT DISCREPANT SIGNAL FROM CHUFF-CHUFF VEHICLE. FEMALE DARTED EXCITEDLY HITHER AND YON IN COMPOUND CURVES, TRIANGLES AND OTHER INDESCRIBABLE GEOMETRICAL FLOURISHES. VEHICLE CAME FINALLY TO STANDSTILL, WHEREUPON FEMALE SUBSIDED. VEHICLE EARTH-BEING ANGRY."



"When bill collectors come into your office, what do you do?" "I kick them out, sir!" "But don't they resent that?" "Well, no. You see, I pay them first."

JOSE WISE SAYS

Notable revival of the train robbing industry also. Oh, well, if congress is going to thrash out that Ballinger matter, goodness knows whether here'll ever be an end o' it.

Well-known prima donna says woman's toilet to be perfect requires an hour and a half of preparation. This is probably exclusive of the time required for her husband to button her dress up the back.

The Lick observatory man scoffs at the idea of life on Mars. On the other hand, probably the Martians are skeptical of such a thing as Stilton cheese inhabiting the earth.

Mrs. Harriman is now the richest woman in the world. From now on her mail will be a burden.

It seems that 200 Kansas City high school girls have never seen a hog—and they have been riding in street cars all their lives.

St. Louis crank fainted when his demand for \$24,000 was refused at a bank. Had he gotten it, he would have dropped dead.

HIDE-AND-SEEK IN THE ARCTICS



Unsuccessful Explorer: Say, Tell me, how did you come to reach the pole? Successful Explorer: Well, you see, I ran out of grub, and your supplies were cached so near the pole that I had to find it to get them.

JOSE WISE SAYS

After next Christmas you can see the Halley comet with the naked eye, but that's no sign you have to wear smoked glasses now.

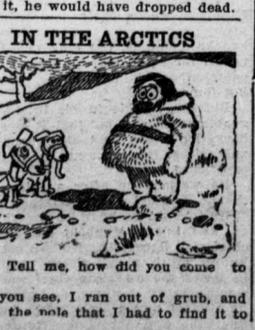
"A good many times graft's th' coin that th' other feller beats ye."

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