THE TACOMA TIMES

PUBLISHED EVERY EVENING EXCEPT SUNDAY BY THE TACOMA TIMES PUBLISHING COMPANY
OFFICE—768 COMMERCE STREET

Entered at the postoffice at Tacoma, Wash, as second-class matter.
TELEGRAPHIC SERVICE OF UNITED PRESS ASSOCIATIONS.

PHONES
Business Office ..... Main 788, A1788
Circulation Dept. ..... Main 788, A1788
Editorial Dept. ..... Main 794, A1793

THE TIMES IS TACOMA'S ONLY INDEPENDENT NEWSPAPER.

An Editorial by a Woman for Men and Women---Read It

BY DOROTHY DALE

Every woman and most men who read this bit of sentiment just come out of Wisconsin will smile a little—indulgently. Then they'll stop a minute to think of—oh, well, to think of the things that everybody thinks of sometimes, even though they'd scorn to show it.

The story was dated at Nunah, Wis. It read:

"The wedding on the spot where they met when the groom saved the life of the bride will culminate the romance of Chas. Gehurty of this city and Amy Johnson of Salt Lake City.

"The two were guests at the same hotel in the earthquake district of San Francisco. The man heard the woman scream as the hotel walls fell and fire crept near. He rescued her and her letter of thanks when she learned his name led to the second meeting."

Now, don't you find yourself smiling and lingering a little? If you don't you belong to the scoffers, and there's no hope for them.

Of course this man and woman do what would be practically impossible for the majority. The fact that they go to the Golden Gate, where they first looked into each other's eyes, to say those "I will," is carrying sentiment farther than most could afford to. But the distance covered or the romance of the place are not the important things in this case. The fine thing about it is that they were willing to let their feelings manage the affair at all.

There is only one thing in this brilliant, struggling age of progress sadder than the way people marry. That is the way people do after they are married.

Everything is patterned on the busines world. Its hurry and brusqueness is stamped even on the wedding ceremony. Most of the marriages now, statistics show, are made in places no nearer heaven than the dull back offices of the nearest church or justice's court.

Then after the schedule-time ceremony, what? Too often just an endless scheme of schedule-time kisses and work and worry and deprivation and loss of liberty, with never a little spontaneous gift or pretty compliment or impulsive caress thrown in to cheer and brighten the way. And as if this were not enough, another schedule-time set of misunderstandings and disputes and explanations crop out till finally explanations no longer explain.

And all for the want of a daily expression of the sentiment that was there at the start. If it wasn't there, there should have been no start.

When a man looks at a woman and sees only beauty where others see fault of line or coloring, she is beautiful. And when a woman looks at a man and sees strength and fineness where others see only aggressiveness and dandyism, he is strong. The right sentiment has made each what the other saw.

For sentiment, after all, is the blessed pair of magic spectacles colored deep a beautiful rose with the first flush of love. Those who look through them see things rose colored where others see only common gray. And what looks rose is rose.

But that doesn't mean the sickly sentimentality attacked by the scoffers.

One of them wrote some lines about the pen-and-ink devotion of the Italian poet Petrarch for Laura, a woman of his time, which he intended to be illumining. They were.

This is what he wrote:

"Think you if Laura had been Petrarch's wife
He would have written sonnets to her all his life?"

Of course he wouldn't have. And no one would have been better pleased than Laura herself at the omission.

Love can't be written. It has to be lived. It's the living of it that gives rise to that perfect understanding that has no need of explanations and back talk.

The love that throbs cheek 'gainst cheek is too big to be mapped out and carpentered into a 14-line ballad. Its silence tells a story more eloquent than all of the words written or spoken could ever do.

It says: "I know things have gone awry. I know there were mistakes. I know I have done things that I ought not to have done and left undone what should have been accomplished.

"But those are the things of today, and today will not be every day. While this, dear, is of today and tomorrow and all the todays and tomorrows that yet shall be."

Just a little more sentiment, that's what the world needs. Just a little more loving thought expressed in trivial attentions.

Just a little more care to keep the rose colored spectacles of love's first flush bright for everyday use.

Just a little less stress on the value of iron and steel and dinner parties and fine raiment, and a little more on the worth of flesh and blood.

Daily Short Story

By Stuart B. Stone.

From Mentone and Monte Carlo, from Stirling castle and the Prater and the Blarney stone, from all the great and quaint show places of the old world way, I returned across the sea to the place of my nativity, to see Corinne Barth. Miss Barth was reputed beautiful as any Olympian goddess and once upon a time her father had cornered eggs or wheat or butter-beans and amassed a decent fortune. My friends had cabled me home, declaring it the golden chance of a lifetime. Some reckless persons had sung my praises in the lady's ears. It was the boldest attempt at matchmaking; but from what I had heard I was very glad to leave the Riviera for the golden chance. As for Miss Barth—well, I should see her on the morrow. In the meantime I must be amused. My eye encountered the sign: "Bonatelli's Museum of Wonders in Wax."

After a bit I found myself wishing to be back in the Casino gounds of his highness of Monaco—or at the dignity fwypatatat—or at the dainty feet of Miss Barth, heiress. Then I saw the empty pedstal.

Some worthy ancient had grown dingy in service. They had removed him to be cleaned. His blue and yellow robe lay in a heap in the corner. Moved by a mad whim I threw the garish toga about my shoulders, removed my hat and stepped in the absent wax man's place. No one had seen I frowned like Vulcan hen-pecked, and waited.

The first to observe was a tot of 7. "See the old, uggy man, mommer!" he shrieked.

I cannot say that I was greatly enjoying myself. I relaxed my countenence and endeavored to smile. I had no sooner twisted my face into this pleasant repose than a bevy of charming young women, with a group of small children and a dragon of a chaperone, hove into sight. They gathered around and scrutinized me, consulting the catalogues.

"What a large, hideous noise!" observed a girl. "It is probably one of the harpies."

"Nonsense!" said the prettiest. "Napoleon had a big nose. I think the figure is very commanding."

As the others looked at her I squared up my figure tremendously. I was sorry that I sould not fold my arms like the Little Corporal. She was decidedly the prettiest girl I have ever seen.

"Note the gross, carnal features," said the old dragon. "If they were not so hidious I should say it was Bacchus."

"Hideous nothing!" spoke up ym champion. "They are indeed godlike. But more like Mars or Apollus." How my heart warmed to her! How—

THEY GATHERED AROUND AND SCRUTINIZED ME.

I felt a sharp, excruciating pain. One of the urchins terrible had stolen behind and was amusing himself by thrusting a pin into my leg. I stood the pain stoically, but probably I winced. The old dragon chaperone drew closer and started. I think she was suspi—

"Great nebulous wraiths of Ceasar!" I shouted, and achived a new high vaulting record off that pedestal. The imp behind had driven the pin in to the head.

"Oh, the wretch!" cried the old dame. "Put this imposter out!"

The guards hurried up and laid rough hands on me. I had extracted the pin and felt better. "Stand back!" I cried, in my most godlike tones. "I was given permission to stand there and gather material for a story. I am Arthur Langdon Hemphill"—

"Arthur Hemphill!" cried my divine champion, with a heavenly blush. "I am Miss Barth—oh, how foolishly I praised you!"

"You are a goddess," I murmured, bowing low. "But I have cut a ridiculous figre."

"No, no—I adore original men," whispered Miss Barth, dimpling deliciously. Then, under her breath, as I leaned nearer, "Godlike, commanding men—like Napoleon, or Mars, or Apollus. And I shall be at home this evening—Mr. Hemphill."

Of Interest to Women

SOMETHING NEW IN DINNER GOWNS

Who said that short sleeves and the girlish round neck were going out? And that draperies would never come back into favor?

Well, they were false prophets. To prove it—just look at this sketch of a most charming gown for dress-up occasions.

It is made of cashmere in the pretty, soft Japanese blue. The embroidery shows deeper blues and copper and silver threads. The drapery is drawn through buckles covered with the material of which the gown is made.

Says Cynthia Grey

If you are thin, take plenty of sleep, drink plenty of milk or cream, do not worry or overwork and let coffee and tea alone.

If your eyes are inflamed from exposure to the sun, bathe them for five minutes in water as hot as is comfortable.

Parsley may be kept fresh and green for several days if it is put in a covered earthen jar in a cool place. It will last longer than in water.

To keep tins bright wash well with strong, hot soda and water; when dry polish with a cloth and a little powdered whiting.

Tomatoes Saqe the Day! Preserves You Can Afford

DON'T BE WITHOUT GOOD THINGS IN YOUR WINTER LARDER JUST BECAUSE FRUIT IS DEAR—THE HUMBLE TOMATO PROVIDES ECONOMICAL GOODIES, BOTH SWEET AND SOUR.

"I hear the voice of the housewife complain,
"Preserving's too costly. Never again!"

Now, don't take it so hard. There is hope. There is the tomato. The tomato is good, and now is the time when the tomato is cheap. It is a practicable substitute for many fruits for preserving. Indeed, the tomato is the cheapest of all things that can be put up, sweet or sour. You don't have to be rich to have plenty of preserves if you will only pin your faith to the tomato. You can revel all winter on a bushel of tomatoes.

Tomato Preserves.

One-half bushel ripe red tomatoes.

Six pounds sugar (or more if desired).

One teaspoonful each of these spices, ground: Cloves, cinnamon, allspice and nutmeg.

Cook all together until thick.

It will surprise you how many quarts of rich, spicy preserves this will make, good to eat like any fruit preserve.

Now for the sour stuff: There are a hundred ways of making chow-chow, but here are two tried recipes, either of which will make a cheap and delectable relish:

Chow-Chow No. 1.

One-half peck green tomatoes, one medium cabbage, two stalks celery, two green peppers (the hot kind), one red pepper. Grind or chop these ingredients until fine. Mix in one-half cupful salt, and let juice drain off over night. Then put two quarts vinegar, one pint water, two pounds brown sugar, two tablespoonfuls celery seed and one teaspoonful ground black pepper in a stew pan and bring to a boil. Pour it over the chopped tomato mixture. Then stir and put up in jars.

Chow-Chow No. 2.

One-half bushel green tomatoes, six large onions, six large green peppers (the hot kind), one red pepper, four ounces white mustard seed, two tablespoonfuls celery seed. Grind or chop fine. Add one-half cupful of salt and let stand over night. Then boil this mixture with two quarts of vinegar till tender. When nearly done stir in one pound sugar. Put up in jars.

Society and Personal

The Woman's club will hold its first regular meeting of the season at Sloan's hall, North Second and I streets, next Thursday afternoon. Mrs. Mason, who is assistant labor commissioner, employed by the state, will speak of her work in behalf of the laboring women and children. A large attendance is expected at the first meeting and it is anticipated that the year will be an unusually interesting one for the club members.

* * *

The Needlecraft club will meet at the residence of Mrs. M. E. Connelly, 1521 South D street, next Tuesday afternoon. The club will take up the study of colored embroidery. Mrs. H. F. Carney was hostess for the last meeting of the club at her residence, 1020 North Prospect street.

* * *

Leon Finch left Wednesday for Pullman to resume his study of engineering at the State college.

* * *

In honor of Mrs. Lincoln Gault, who leaves Monday for an extended trip through the East, Mr. and Mrs. Fred Olds will entertain at a whist party Saturday evening at their home on South C street.

* * *

Prof. P. Francis Sloan gave the second of a series of delightful dances of the season at his academy on North Second and I streets last evening. A jolly crowd of invited guests attended and the evening was spent delightfully. Refreshments were served in the reception room and music was furnished by St. Jean's orchestra.

* * *

Miss Ingersoll will be hostess tomorrow afternoon at an elaborate luncheon given at her home on South L street in honor of Miss McIntyre, who is a guest of Mrs Herbert Griggs.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Aldrich and family will leave tomorrow for Grand Rapids, Mich., where they are to make their home.

* * *

Mrs. Rowland Thayer will open her dancing classes tomorrow evening with a party at Masonic temple.

* * *

Miss Agnes Quinn, a talented Tacoma girl, is leaving for New York within a few days to take up a position with one of Charles Frohman's companies. Miss Quinn has a most delightful voice and has been studying vocal for several seasons.

* * *

Vida chapter, Order of the Eastern Star, has completed arrangements for its grand autumn ball to be given at Masonic temple next Monday evening. The affair promises to be one of the memorable events of the season. Mrs. A. T. McPherson is chairman of the committee on arrangements.

The first meeting of the season of the Aloha club will be held next Monday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Alexander Reid on North Sixth and I streets.

"TELL ME A STORY" CHILDREN'S PLAYTIME

MRS. SPARROW GOSSIPS

"I've just been visiting with Mrs. Robin. She has been such a pleasant neighbor I don't like to see her move south next month. She is more aristocratic than we sparrows are, and she is rich, for she goes south every winter. But she is always pleasant. She has such a pretty home well-shaded by green leaves on a swinging branch of an apple tree which is right next to our house. If I do say it myself, our nest is in the best place. Some kind man left a hole in the board under the eaves of his house, and we built in there. It makes such a warm house in cold weather. We have to be particular about that, as we live here all the year round, while Mrs. Robin only camps here in the summer time.

One of her children fell out of the nest one day when she was feeding them. He was so greedy that he leaned far over the edge of the nest to get the worm ahead of his brothers, and he fell right down on the ground in front of a dog. The dog grabbed him in his mouth quick as a wink, but his mistress made him put the bird down on the ground unhurt. Mrs. Robin and I were so frightened that we flew down on the ground chirping loudly, and tried to peck the dog, but he only wagged his tail and didn't seem to care a bit.

I don't mind dogs so very much, but I am so afraid of cats! That is one nice thing about our house. The cats can't reach it, and the door is so tiny I have to squeeze through it, and my children aren't at all likely to fall out. When I bring worms to my children I never have to go clear into our house. I hang on the outside of the doorsill with my feet and just put my head in.

Well, I guess I'd better fly down to that nice puddle in the street and take a bath now, and then go home to the children. Goodby, Mrs. Wren. Come to see me some day."

Rather Quick.

From Tacoma to Seattle via steamer Flyer. Five round trips daily. Actual time each way one hour and thirty minutes. Leaves Tacoma 8:35 a. m., 12:15, 3:55, 7:30 and 11 p. m. ***

TIMES HUMOR DEPARTMENT

"Vere iss Fritz lately, Adolf? I don'd see him so often as I don'd like to."

"He iss ouid of town; id seems hiss uncle is sick und he vent ouid Vest to recuperade."

HEARD IN A DRUG STORE

The Matron: What are you buying? Is someone ill?

The Bride: Oh, no. Harry said he would like sponge cake, and I just dropped in for some sponges.

MR. SKYGACK, FROM MARS

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

JOSH WISE SAYS:

"Rey-eye causes many a black eye."

India produces about 7,000,000 tons of coal yearly.

Minister Knowles is to be decorated with the Star and Cross of the first class of the Order of St. Salva by King Peter of Servia. It seems bad enough for a decent man to be sent to the Servian court, but to have a thing like that pinned on by that man Peter and then call it "honor," seems like rubbing it in.

Summer is officially gone, but the iceman still lingers.

With the price of milk going up every day, no doubt Dr. Cook wishes he had remained a milkman.

Wife: In a battle of tongues a woman can hold her own.

Husband: M'yes, p'r'aps she can; but she never does!—Exchange.

Taft went over the great divide in Colorado, but some think reached the other slope at Wilnona.

In every mile of railway there is 7 feet 4 inches not covered by the rails—the space left for expansion.

They are throwing all sorts of rare menue into Explorer Cook, but after candles and gum drops he thinks he can stomach the fare.

The smallest bird is an East India humming bird, which is hardly larger than an ordinary horsefly.

Have you seen the elegant Hats we are selling at $5.00, $10.00, $15.00.

They come in Moires, Bengalines, Satins and Velvets.

Lots of large shapes for the younger ladies, and a fine assortment of medium and small Hats for elderly ladies.

Beavers

They're scarce, but we have them.

Ready to wear Hats for young girls, $1.25, $1.50, $1.75.

The F&W. MILLINERY CO
Atkinson & Wilson
941 C ST.

ANTI-RHEUM,
THE TESTED REMEDY
FOR RHEUMATISM.
McMILLAN BROS.
Druggists.

The Strongest Suit and Over-House in the State

AND now comes the need of a Fall Suit and our splendid stock answers HERE! And what a great gathering of leaders it is—Fashion's own favorites, mighty in the force of convincing arguments by reason of their own merit.

THE PRICES, that's the best part of the whole proposition.

A special order of superior grade of clothing, all hand-tailored, from the leading tailors of New York that you would have to pay $45 for are in our window positively marked at—

$25.00

We have others as low as $12.50 and $15.

HAT THE KINGSBURY BEST ON THE MARKET $3.00—TRY ONE ON—$.300 HAT

The strongest $12.50 and $15 Suit House in the state.

Kaufman Tailored Ready

1323 Pacific Ave. Corner 14th.

Look Here Son !

Your father had it pretty hard in his day. There was no way for him to get the special training essential to promotion. With the opportunity offered young men of to-day by the INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS, it's *easy for you!* If you don't get a high position and a good salary it's your own fault.

To-day I. C. S. students are holding the most highly paid positions all over the country, as manufacturers, superintendents, overseers, foremen, and experts.

Every month several hundred students voluntarily report increases in salary and position through the help of the I. C. S.

What the I. C. S. has done for them it will do for you. It will give you the right start, train you to advance in your present line, or help you to change to an occupation that suits your inclination.

Mark the coupon as directed and mail it to-day. The I. C. S. will advise you freely how to qualify for an advance. This advice will cost you nothing but a stamp, and put you under no obligation. If you are open to conviction, if you are ready to grasp the hand held out to you, do not be deterred by fear that you cannot succeed.

If You Really Want More Salary SAY SO QUICK

STUDY This Coupon

SPECIAL OFFER

This ad is worth $20 to you on almost any one of our 208 courses if brought to my office before 10:30 Saturday night.

Nearly every young man can look back—and not so very far back, either—and say: "I wish I had taken that chance, for I realize that I would have been better off now." Drop in and get a free book on anything your are interested in. We would be glad to talk the matter over with you.

SUNSET MAIN 1147.	HOME A3128
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Window Trimming	Structural Engineering
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Mechanical Drafting	English Branches
Teaching	Preparation for U. S. Civil Service Examinations
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