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Reforms That Reform

Brother Taft has effected a tremendous reform at Washington, and we ordinary tillers of soil and drawers of water back here in the brush who support Washington ought to sit up and take notice.

It is the custom in Washington to annually have an army and navy ball. The duty of the army and navy, who are quite useful at dancing when they're not fighting, consider these affairs extraordinarily recherche, fin de siecle, or whatever else foreign is the way of description you want to smear on, but in the past a lot of the ordinary uniformed society lions or hyenas have been sneaking in and using the army and navy dance music, to the no small mental and social distress of the army and navy.

President Taft put an end to this at the regular shindig last week by using his presidential influence to exclude the common society pack, or herd, or swine, or whatever you want to call 'em, and the capital newspapers are giving him columns of "favorable comment" for the incandescent and soul-stirring reform. We give a few excerpts because the press associations foolishly failed to carry them:

The glitter of golden epaulets, the splendor of full dress uniforms, invaded the east room, and the calm democracy of this great chamber made way for pagantry or what might have been Versailles in the full glory of the Napoleonic era. The opalescent chandeliers, the myriad candeliers, the riot of reflected color, made the scene one of almost blinding brilliance.

One can almost feel the "calm democracy" of the east room, where we hay and corn raisers from the west used to go to shake the hand of old Abe, making way for a Napoleonic era headed by Bill Taft.

Says John McLean's paper:

It is not in vain that the army and navy reception has gained the reputation of being the most gorgeous of the mid-winter events of the White House. It was abundantly sustained in this pre-eminence last night with a distinction and grace which never has been surpassed in the annals of the executive mansion. There was a homogeneity in the assemblage—a thorough predominance of army and navy men—which distinguished the event from those which have preceded it. Comparatively few civilians were in attendance. The reception was true to its name, and the military guests were enthusiastic in praise of the president for having effected this reform.

We're for any reform that's "most coruscant," every time. There's little use in baiting robber trusts, trying to break the corporation bronchos, and squealing about the aviation of pork and bean prices, while there's a single uncoruscated function at Washington that hasn't been cinched up to the very last hole in the social belt. An Army Reformer Taft went farther than mere exclusion of the uninvited, ununiformed, unwashed society democracy. You'd think he'd stop at such a tremendous reformation, wouldn't you? But he didn't. Listen:

Chaste indeed was the adornment of the mansion. And having accomplished the Augean task of chastening that redolent, reeking mansion:

In the state dining room another characteristic Taft innovation was carried out. This was the serving of refreshments, including an excellent punch, in accordance with the plan of the previous events of the season.

Two reforms, forsooth! Not only punch, but "excellent" punch and seasonable. There's no knowing what is meant by "previous events of the season" in regulating your trips to the bowl of excellent punch, but events have been pretty considerably numerous in Washington, and putting your dipper into excellent punch under a schedule of just plain Washington events must prove to be ten miles more reformatory, socially, than the old plan of trying to get coruscant on unfermented grape juice.

The Age of Flight It's Here at Last

When the locomotive was invented the world remained calm. There was no craze for the new machine. One by one, as the years went by, railways adopted the steam horse, and finally the traffic of the nation was hauled by steam. But the boom in locomotives was a slow and sane one.

So with the bicycle. The motor car was slower still. But the flying machine bids fair to burst on the world like a storm. True, some years have passed since the rumors began to be buzzed about that those two silent Wright brothers had been seen flying round and round their practice grounds. Some years have passed since Langley perfected his "Theory of aerodynamics," and was robbed of his laurel wreath as the conqueror of the air by a niggardly congress and the inability of the public men of this country to stand ridicule. Langley's heart has been some years broken, but yet, the swiftness of the development of the flying art takes one's breath away like the swoop of mighty wings.

The Wrights, Curtis, Farman, Paulhan, Bleriot—the memory falls now to recall the full list of those who actually fly—fly like eagles or condors.

It is perfectly marvelous to be able to make that statement. No man five years ago would have believed it possible. That we can make it calmly shows us to be jaded with marvels. We have lost the power of amazement.

An association has been formed in Chicago called the Aero club, with 113 members. They do not mean to study aerodynamics, but to practice a new art, the art for which the mind of man has longed since the first human being marked the darting of the bird, the art of flight.

They will buy their flying machines in the open market. They will hire flying masters and learn the trick. And Chicago is not the pioneer—she is behind the other great cities of the world. The air will soon be full of flying men and women. The human mind must adjust itself to a new condition. Laws, institutions, modes of life, literature, art, music, the drama, all our multifarious activities called life must adjust themselves to the wonderful new fact that man has become a flying animal.

DAILY SHORT STORY

A MODERN BURGLAR

Bill Braden, the most modern burglar who ever sailed the skies in a biplane, softly beat his way toward the palatial mansion of one Millionaire Scraggs, in his airship, against a strong westerly wind. "Ten thousand dollars in bills!" the burglar muttered to himself as he skillfully piloted his machine around a corner of the house. "I don't want any mistake about this, though," he declared to himself again.

While he kept the airship under control with one hand, with the other he began working the wireless. "Is Scraggs at home?" he sent out his query.

From some point nearby came an answer immediately. "Yes," the answer went, "I've had him under my eye for the past week, per your orders, and I know he has \$10,000 in the house tonight. His room is the third from the front in the second story."

"Good," Burglar Bill ejaculated, as he shut the wireless key and brought the car to a level with the third window from the front of the second story.

With the strong little pocket searchlight which he carried, he sent a ray of dazzling light through the window into the room. The ray disclosed Millionaire Scraggs asleep, his mouth open in plebeian fashion and his trousers thrown over a chair near him. From him he light roved around the room until it lighted upon a compact, armor-plate safe in one corner. "Ah," Burglar Bill ejaculated as he saw this and shut the light off quickly.

From his kit he took a delicate little glass cutter and with this he neatly lifted out a small section of the window pane. Following this operation it was the work of a second to insert his hand, lift up the latch and open the window. The window open, his searchlight

But Bill's discomfiture was even further augmented the next day when he read the following in a newspaper: "The simple and old-fashioned expedient of placing his money in his pants pocket saved Millionaire Scraggs the sum of \$10,000 last night. Mr. Scraggs had been informed that an attempt would be made to rob him of this sum, and he simply allowed it to remain in the pocket of his pants, which he carelessly threw over a chair near the bed. When he recovered consciousness this morning, he was deluged by the burst of light from the searchlight which he found his safe had been burned open by electricity, but his

Poor Youth: Sir, how may a young man get his best start? Millionaire: By traveling in the opposite direction from his

Extreme Fashion in Tulle Hats



Copyrighted by J. M. F. F. F.

Hats and semi-bonnets of tulle are said to be on the way to popularity. Here's one for theater or party wear which indicates the style. It is really a turban of soft straw—the brim of which is covered with shirred tulle, and an enormous puff of the tulle decorates one side.

Facts About Woman's "Glory"

When a woman's hair is in healthy condition, it is supposed to grow about eight inches a year, and the life of a single hair is from two to six years. Thus old hair is constantly being replaced by new, and it is obvious that there is some falling of the hair every day.

Yet many women frequently fail to note that this natural change is going on constantly; and because the hair comes out with brush and comb they complain of "falling hair" and interchange views of the subject of tonics.

Most scalp has a certain habit; they develop a fixed amount of hair annually. The amount is determined by conditions of health, and probably by inherited tendencies. Thus one woman will have an enormous amount of hair from youth to age, while another lives in fear of baldness. The first has her hair thinned out regularly; the second vainly spends her days and dollars to outwit nature.

When by artificial means the hair is stimulated, the increased growth continues only while the treatment lasts; hair so developed is weak, brittle and short-lived.

CYNTHIA GREYS CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: I am 18 and have no mother. I would like your advice as I have no one to go to for help. (1) Should I thank a man after he has taken me to a cafe for an after-theater supper what would be nice to order, and what would be a nice toast when taking a social drink? (2) This man is 12 years older than I am. At first he seemed to like me, but now he is very distant. I think maybe he feels that I am too good for him, or that he is too old for me. I think the world of him, and wish you would tell me how to win him back. IGNORANCE.

A.—(1) Certainly. (2) A girl of your age should not go to a cafe after the theater and should never, under any circumstances, take a "social drink." (3) You have probably lost the man's respect, for no true man wants to marry a girl who is willing to frequent cafes and drink with him. Hereafter, go directly home from the theater and tell your friend you have changed your views—if you have—about drinking.

Dear Miss Grey: I expect to give a luncheon soon. Please tell me how to make a fruit salad and what to serve for dessert. L. D.

A.—To make the fruit salad (as I make it) cut oranges, bananas and malaga grapes in small pieces and mix with a very little syrup made of sugar, a little water and lemon juice. Serve ice cold on lettuce leaves and sprinkle with chopped nuts. There is nothing daintier for dessert than sherbet and a delicate cake.

FASHIONS

Row after row of the simple chain stitch, done with heavy silk, is used as a finish to many a handsome evening gown.

White tailored linen shirts with the fronts, collars and cuffs piped with the color of the suit are smart for girls.

Flowers for the new hats are lovely when fashioned from tulle braid and lace. Fringe is being used on many of the turbans of draped straw or silk.

In princess garments there are examples with apron fronts wrinkled into the side back seams, or narrow, and confined to the front breadth so as to suggest a stole treatment. On the other

hand, there are trimmed and wrinkled stoles that, contrarily, are draped and suggest the apron.

There seems to be a rage for brocade blouses veiled with mouseline or chiffon and worn without plaits or trimming, relying upon the richness of the material for effect.

LACE AND PONGEE EVENING COSTUME



In this evening dress embroidery figures largely. The blouse is of ecru lace and the skirt of pongee in the natural shade. Brown and gold flowers are appliqued on the overskirt, and are joined by an embroidered design in cords. The short sleeves and low cut neck add a touch of girlishness to this costume.

Miss Jean Gordon of Louisiana, the only factory inspector of that state, is fighting the attempt to exempt "first-class theaters" from the child labor law. The 40,000 members of the Central Trades and Labor council of New Orleans unanimously indorsed her efforts.

Rev. N. P. Nelson, superintendent for the Scandinavian Independent Mission, Poona, Bombay presidency, India, will deliver an illustrated lecture on his work in India tonight at the Sendinavart Salvation Army hall, 515 South Thirteenth street.

PLAYTIME STORIES

The Gray Squirrels were the oldest squirrel family in Central park. They had a fine home in a large maple tree beside the lake. This winter the young daughter of the family was ready to come out in society, so they wished to give a grand party for her.



They had been saving nuts all the fall, so they could have a splendid feast. But Miss Squirrel had set her heart on serving almonds at this party, and they had none. All the people who came into the park with nuts for the squirrels had peanuts—always peanuts. For several days the whole family had been scouring the park on the lookout for almonds, with no success.

Now there happened to be in the park a dashing, frisky young squirrel who had admired this belle of squirreldom for many months, but he was not invited to the party. He and Mr. Gray Squirrel had had a quarrel last summer over a bag of nuts, and none of the family would speak to him.

was very fond of feeding the squirrels and always had his pockets full of nuts. This day he had brought almonds. When the little fellow discovered this he had an idea. If he could take to Miss Gray Squirrel almonds enough for her party, maybe she would forgive him and be friendly. He was very busy the next half hour carrying almonds to a hiding place. Then he went to the mansion by the lake and offered them all to Miss Squirrel. She was so pleased she forgave him at once. He was invited right in and he found himself the guest of honor at this great "coming out" party.

SOCIETY

Dr. Royal A. Gove will address the health class of the Central Christian church, North L and Steele streets, this evening on the subject, "Some Causes of Early Decay."

Complimentary to former residents of the New England states the New England club will entertain with a social and business meeting at the Tacoma Music Hall next Monday evening.

The Winthrop Heights Whist club held its regular meeting this afternoon with Mrs. D. L. Demorest of North Twenty-ninth street.

A large number of the younger society matrons were entertained at luncheon yesterday by Miss Avis Ingersoll, at her home on South L street, Mrs. Albert Armstrong, formerly Miss Emilie Thomas, was the guest of honor.

In honor of the recently organized General Wright circle, Ladies of the G. A. R., Mrs. Alpha Wright will entertain tomorrow evening at her home, 1418 South I street. All G. A. R. friends are invited.

A benefit dinner in the interest of friends for the new parsonage of Our Savior's Evangelical Lutheran church will be given at the church parlors this evening.

The regular meeting of the Tacoma chapter of the American Woman's league was held this afternoon at the home of Mrs. John Mason on North Washington avenue.

A large audience of music lovers filled the auditorium of the High school last night to greet the Orpheus club in the first concert of the season. An attractive program, in which Max Steindel, the young cellist of the Seattle Symphony orchestra, ably assisted, was presented.

In honor of her 66th birthday, Mrs. J. James was entertained Tuesday evening at a surprise party given by some of her friends. The affair was marked by the presentation of eight Haviland china plates to Mrs. James by Mrs. J. H. Sumpter in behalf of the guests.

Mrs. Catharine Stone of Seattle, recently from Cleveland, Ohio, will give an address in the First M. E. church next Sunday evening on temperance. The following week she will speak at different places in the city on the question of woman's suffrage.

W. C. T. U. friends of Mrs. Jennie M. Bone, of 3114 North Twenty-fourth, met with her Tuesday for a surprise visit. They presented her with the Life of Frances E. Willard, gave a fair program and served refreshments.

After a separation of 26 years a very interesting family reunion occurred today at the Lindum hotel. The members of the party were: The Rev. J. Chulow and wife, Mr. and Mrs. R. C. Dally of Newton, Iowa, Mr. and Mrs. Richardson, Seattle; Mr. and Mrs. John Chulow, Tacoma; Mrs. D. H. Rowland, Tacoma, and Lillian and Will Chulow, who are at present attending the university of Seattle.

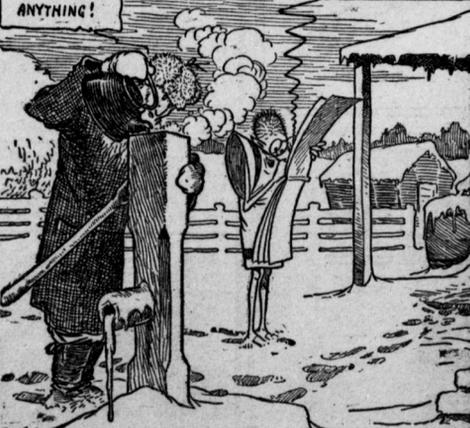
The Vida auxiliary, O. E. S., No. 35, will meet tomorrow afternoon with Mrs. William Lowden, 3320 North Eighth street.

Twenty-five cents to stop that itch. Eczema sufferers who have never tried the oil of wintergreen compound (known as D. D. D. Prescription), are now enabled to get a trial bottle of this recognized remedy at only 25 cents. This is a special offer, this compound having sold for over ten years in \$1.00 bottles.

Daily Comic and Humor Section

MR. SKYGACK, FROM MARS

He Visits the Earth as a Special Correspondent and Makes Wireless Observations in His Notebook.
"SAW MALE EARTH-BEING POUR COOKED WATER INTO UPRIGHT WOODEN MECHANISM—BY JIGGLING, UP AND DOWN, TAKE-HOLD PORTION OF MECHANISM COOKED WATER REAPPEARED TOGETHER WITH OTHER WATER NOT COOKED WHILE EARTH-BEING CEASED GRUNTLING MUST CONFESS AN COMPLETELY MYSTIFIED."



AN OSGAR-UND-ADOLF PLEASANTRY

BY FRED SCHAEFER.
"I am drying to dink why Eliza crossed der Ohio rifer on der Do you remember?"
"Sure; id was becoss id w as vinter."

SIGN POST OF SUCCESS



Poor Youth: Sir, how may a young man get his best start? Millionaire: By traveling in the opposite direction from his

MOST ANYTHING

"Do you know that in milk there are over 3,000,000 bacilli to the cubic inch?"
"Bal Jove, is that so! But I'm not surprised—everything is so beastly overcrowded nowadays."

France has established a high school for aeronauts.

Mrs. Brown: Goodness, Mary, what a kitchen! Every pot, pan and dish is dirty, the table looks like a job lot sale, and—it will take you all night to clean things up!
Mary: Sure, ma'am, the young loddies has just been showin' me how they bile a pertater at their cookin' school.

This is the year 4610—in Chinatown.

"Football!" growled the angry father. "Ugh!"
"But surely," said his friend, "your son won high honors in football at his college?"
"He did," grimly assented the father.

"First he was a quarterback?"
"Yes."
"Then a halfback?"
"Then a fullback?"

Some time ago, in Paris, M. Vincent and Mlle. Scherin waltzed in a ballroom for six hours and three-quarters without a moment's rest, while a Berlin man waltzed for 16 consecutive hours—from 9 a. m. to 1 o'clock next morning.

"How will you want your hair cut, sir?" said the talkative barber.
"Minus conversational prolixity," replied the patient.
"Wow! that, sir?"
"Yeh, abbreviated or totally eliminated narrations."
"I—er—don't quite catch your meaning, sir."
"With quiescent mandibulars."
"Which?"
"Without effervescent verbosity."
"Sir?"
"Let diminutive colloquy be conspicuous by its absence."
"Excuse me, you'll have to explain."
"Is silence."

A LIMERICK . . . . . By Steel

A milkman who loved to be nobbily dressed Would don a creamy white satin vest; But a source of much humor Was he to the consumer When he also wore "pumps" with his Sunday best.



Was he to the consumer When he also wore "pumps" with his Sunday best.