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EDITORIAL PAGE OF THE TACOMA TIMES

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Back to the --- Office!

Greater New York has a population of over four million. A city report just issued shows that three-fourths live in flats, paying rent.

What's more, they are paying very much higher rent each year. Many old buildings have been torn down, and the new ones, built under the regulations of a new housing law, demand much higher rentals.

In Manhattan, where 2,000,000 people exist in flats, the raise was marked. In that district, the rents in the 4000 new flats are 200 per cent higher than in the old. Just a few have secured better flats in the outskirts at the same rental.

Some of these 2,000,000 go to sleep in their little holes-in-the-cliff to wake up in a little dream cottage with a vine growing over the door. This cottage hasn't any landlord to raise the rent. They hear the chanticleer calling the sun out of his bed of red, gold, purple and pearl, the curtains of which are seen just over the woodlot. No smoke or skyscraper hides the sun. They breakfast on real eggs that didn't stop off to cool at the storage resort on the trip from chanticleer's harem to the table.

Then they wake up in the crowded flat, grab a patent breakfast food, dash into the subway and on their way to the office-shop-store prison, read the newspaper ads labeled "Farms for Sale."

The Horse's Prayer

Did anybody here in Tacoma ever hear a horse pray? If you did this is probably what he said:

To Thee, My Master, I offer my prayer: Feed me, water and care for me, and when the day's work is done, provide for me to lie down in comfort.

Always be kind to me. Talk to me. Your voice often means as much to me as the reins. Let me sometimes, that I may serve you the more gladly and learn to love you. Do not jerk the reins, and do not whip me when going up hill. Never strike, beat, or kick me when I do not understand what you want, but give me a chance to understand you. Watch me, and if I fall to do your bidding, see if something is not wrong with my harness or feet.

Do not check me so that I cannot have the free use of my head. If you insist that I wear blinders, so that I cannot see behind me as it was intended I should, I pray you be careful that the blinders stand well out from my eyes.

Do not overload me, or hitch me where water will drip on me. Keep me well shod. Examine my teeth when I do not eat, I may have an ulcerated tooth, and that, you know, is very painful. Do not tie my head in an unnatural position, or take away my best defense against flies and mosquitoes by cutting off my tail.

I cannot tell you when I am thirsty, so give me clean, cool water often. Save me, by all means in your power, from that fatal disease—the glanders. I cannot tell you in words when I am sick, so watch me, that by signs you may know my condition. Give me all possible shelter from the hot sun.

I try to carry you and your burdens without a murmur, and wait patiently for you long hours of the day or night. Without the power to choose my shoes or path, I sometimes fall on the hard pavements, which I have often prayed might not be of wood but of such a nature as to give me a safe and sure footing. Remember that I must be ready at any moment to lose my life in your service.

And, finally, O Master, when my useful strength is gone, do not turn me out to starve, or sell me to some cruel owner, to be slowly tortured and starved to death; but do thou, my master, take my life in the kindest way, and your God will reward you here and hereafter. You will not consider me irreverent if I ask this in the name of Him who was born in a stable. Amen.

Daily Short Story

NO RESPECTER OF PERSONS

By A. Robert Groh.

We will grant, righter here in the beginning, that clothes speckled with fish scales, and hands permeated with the odor of fish, do not belong to the ideal hero in a "best seller." Nevertheless, it must be admitted that Cupid is not by any means a respecter of persons.

Marcus Lacey is a case in point. Marcus was the proprietor of a fish wagon drawn by horsepower. The wagon was equipped with scales (both fish scales and scales on which to weigh fish. Laughter), knives and wrapping paper. Marcus tood on a step at the rear. You should have heard him cry "Fish."

Marcus was known as a successful man. He saved his money, too, and it was rumored that he would soon launch into the wholesale business down at the river.

Marcus was driving up Second street one summer morning and a close observer might have noted that he was carefully washing his hands and arms in a bucket of water which he kept in the wagon. He also produced a comb from his pocket and smoothed out his black curly hair. S. Holmes himself might have been puzzled to know the reason for this fastidiousness. People do not expect a fish huckster to be as spotless as a school teacher or a bank cashier.

As the wagon proceeded, the voice of Marcus was heard less and less, and he seemed to spend more and more time trying to see a certain place.

Aha, Marcus, now we have discovered what interests you so deeply. Now we do not require the services of Mr. S. Holmes to solve the mystery of your fastidiousness. The attraction is Leah, eldest daughter of Max Strauss. She is the handmaid at present in charge of her father's fruit stand.

We can unhesitatingly commend you for your good taste, Marcus. For Leah is certainly good to look upon with her full form, those fish eyes and that peachy complexion.

For months Marcus made it a point of driving past the fruitery of Max Strauss every morning. His extreme bashfulness, however, had prevented him from advancing any further in the acquaintance of his divinity. To see her, that was sufficient for him—except when he saw someone else talking to her. Several times he had seen a dapper young man, well dressed, laugh-



"HIS LONG LEGS SOON BROUGHT HIM UP WITH THE YOUNGSTERS."

ing and talking to Leah in an off-hand manner that seemed almost sacrilegious to Marcus.

As he approached nearer now he saw this same young man engaged in animated conversation with Leah. The heart of Marcus dropped. He felt impelled to get out and throw the dandified fellow into the gutter. He could have done it with one hand.

Suddenly Leah turned with a scream and Marcus beheld two boys running away with their hands full of oranges. Almost before he thought, Marcus was off his wagon and in pursuit. His long legs soon brought him up with the youngsters and he collared them both. Making them pick up the fruit they had dropped in their flight, he led them back. A crowd had gathered and Mr. Strauss himself, roused from his breakfast, appeared on the scene. "I am much obliged to you, sir," he said shaking Marcus' hand and inquiring his name.

Marcus' eyes were on Leah. "My daughter Leah," said Mr. Strauss. Leah blushed. Marcus mentally compared her with an angel, rather to the disadvantage of the angel. The dapper young fellow had done the same. Before Marcus drove away he had accepted an invitation to call the next evening. Their wedding may not have been in the society notes, but their marriage license is of the same size and shape as anybody's and cost just as much.

Afternoon Frock



Transparent cottons, figured or plain, become more and more the accepted material as summer waxes. They are usually made in the quaintest fashion possible, and frequently tax the ingenuity of the designer.

The one illustrated was in a wonderful tone of faded rose and trimmed with simple bands of embroidery. Elbow length mandarin sleeves are used and the neck of the bodice is cut out in the most approved fashion.

CYNTHIA GREY'S CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey:

Will you give me a recipe for graham bread? BACHELOR.

A.: Following are two recipes for graham bread: 2 cups sour milk, 1 cup molasses, 1/2 cup butter or lard, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 teaspoon salt, graham flour to make stiff batter. Bake in moderate oven one hour.

2 1/2 cups graham flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 1/2 cups white flour, 1/2 cup molasses, 1 pint milk, 3 teaspoons baking powder.

Dear Miss Grey:

Is there any way to meet a girl you don't know except by an introduction? BEWILDERED.

A.: There is no way by which a young man can make the acquaintance of a real lady except by the introduction of a mutual acquaintance. Try to meet some man friend of the lady whom you wish to know.

Dear Miss Grey:

1.—How can I clean a brown undressed leather purse? 2.—How can I take white paint spots from mahogany furniture? 3.—What can I use on my face in place of powder? My face is so rough and powder shows.

4.—How can I bleach a linen dolly embroidered with strawberries, that has become yellow from being laid away? NEELY-WED.

A.: 1.—With art-gum. 2.—The furniture will have to be re-finished. 3.—Change the soap you are using; use soap only before retiring; dash pure cold water on the face in the morning and your face will not be rough.

4.—It cannot be done without also bleaching the colored embroidery.

Dear Miss Grey:

1.—I am very fond of a young man who calls frequently, and buys me books, flowers and candy, yet never speaks of love. How can I find out whether he cares or not? 2.—Can one love more than once? 3.—What is an appropriate picnic dress? 4.—Would one with brown hair be called blond or brunet? 5.—Will white slippers and long white silk gloves be worn this summer? NOBODY? DARLING.

A.: 1.—If he asks you to marry him, you will know he loves you. 2.—Yes. 3.—Gingham, chambray or linen. 4.—Neither. 5.—Yes. White shoes should never be worn except with white dresses.

Deafness Cannot Be Cured

By local applications, as they cannot reach the diseased portion of the ear. There is only one way to cure deafness, and that is by constitutional remediation. Deafness is caused by an inflamed condition of the mucous lining of the Eustachian Tube. When this tube is inflamed, you have a humming sound or impaired hearing, and when it is entirely closed, deafness is the result, and unless the inflammation can be taken out and this tube restored to its normal condition, hearing will be destroyed forever. Also cases put off are caused by Catarrh, which is nothing but an inflamed condition of the mucous surfaces.

We will give One Hundred Dollars for any case of Deafness caused by catarrh that cannot be cured by other means. Write for our literature. Address: P. J. CHERRY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists. Take Hall's Peppery Pills for constipation.

SOCIETY

The Needlecraft club will meet Tuesday afternoon at the home of Mrs. Ben Olson, 2110 North Prospect street.

The Orpheus club has completed arrangements for an open air concert to be given in the stadium Wednesday evening. The concert will be complimentary to the public, all expenses being defrayed by the club.

The Mason M. E. Sunday school will hold its annual picnic at American lake Friday, July 22. Arrangements have been made with the street car company to have cars leave the church at 10 a. m.

Mrs. Pryor will be hostess Wednesday afternoon for the Ladies' Aid society of the Central Methodist church at her home, 1507 South Yakima avenue.

Mrs. William Thompson will entertain Monday evening at her home on North Twenty-sixth street in honor of her niece, Miss Bessie Weston, who is spending the summer in Tacoma.

The Ladies' Aid of St. John's English Lutheran church will meet next Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. M. Laffaw, 606 South Yakima avenue.

The Orpheus club will hold its annual picnic outing next Friday evening at Magnolia Beach. An

informal musical program has been arranged. Mr. and Mrs. Frank Shields announce the engagement of their youngest daughter, Bessie, to Joseph Fallon of Helena, Mont., the wedding to take place in the early fall.

Mrs. Fleet and daughter, Mrs. George Chapman, entertained the ladies of St. Andrew's Guild Thursday afternoon at their country home. A luncheon was served on the lawn late in the day.

The Missouri Woman's club will be entertained Tuesday at the summer home of the club president, Dr. Bertha L. Thomas, at Spring Beach, for a picnic outing. Those attending will leave Point Defiance at 11 a. m. by boat.

The Fraternal Aid club will entertain at cards Tuesday evening at its hall, 1117 1/2 South Tacoma avenue. An invitation is extended to members and their friends.

The American Woman's League will hold its regular monthly meeting in the W. C. T. U. rooms, 810 South Ninth street, Thursday afternoon.

The annual picnic and business meeting of the Pierce County Wisconsin association will be held at the pavilion at Point Defiance park August 3.

PLAYTIME STORIES

THE MAGIC BASKET. It was a queer little grass-and-reed basket, made by an old Indian woman, and it hung just outside the open flap of the tepee.

"Wandering Bird," the chief's daughter, often carried the basket with her when she set out to the forest for berries or nuts. No one else dared touch the basket, for 'twas said that when the new moon shed its light over the forest the basket was inclined to do queer tricks.

This day "Wandering Bird" had been out gathering nuts in the basket and as night had come on, while she was still a long way from home, she curled up under a tree to sleep, with the basket for a pillow.

No sooner had her eyes closed than the basket slowly rolled out from under her head. She opened her eyes and there stood a dwarf, peeping out of the basket!

"Ho! Ho! Ho!" he chuckled, "this used to be my home before somebody broke these reeds for the basket. The wind used to sing through them on the marsh. Listen!"

"Wandering Bird" listened and such wondrous music as she heard from the basket! "You have no tepee to sleep in. Wish for one!" he commanded.

The Indian girl did as she was bid and over her head the basket changed into a beautiful tepee. She slept soundly in it all night and when she awoke in the morning the tepee was gone and the basket was in its place under her head.

At his home were 47 of the 51 descendants he has in this country. Levy partook liberally of gefillte fish, smoked two pipes of tobacco, and took a stiff horn of rye.

Hilliard Throckmorton has his pet snapping turtle back. He got it unexpectedly. He was bathing in Green pond when something grabbed him by a toe. He swam to shore, yelling loudly. There two friends, armed with a poker and a chisel, pried a turtle loose from Throckmorton's foot. On the turtle's shell was carved "H. T., 1888." It had been caught by Throckmorton 22 years ago.

A Fair Warning

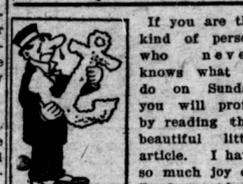


Lady of the House: You'd better get away from her or you'll get your feet frost bitten." Tramp: But, ma'am, we ain't got no Newfoundland climate. Lady of the House: That may be—but we have a Newfoundland dog

TIMES HUMOR DEPARTMENT

How to Spend a Pleasant Sunday

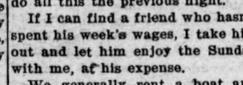
BY A. LOWE BROWT



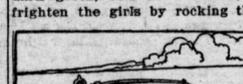
If you are the kind of person who never knows what to do on Sunday you will profit by reading this beautiful little article. I have so much joy on Sundays that I always carry a goodly supply of sneeze powder, and blow it to stand in front of the trombone player and suck on a lemon.



I sometimes saunter out to one of the thoroughfares, where the automobiles go by, and toss three or four boxes of large tacks in the roadway, then I sit back in the shade and listen to the tires whistle. Occasionally, I chase a cow out in front of a runabout. Great sports can be had stretching a wire across the roadway, just high enough to catch the driver under the chin. It is amusing to see the antics a large touring car full of it is to be in a ladies will go through, after the drunken stupor driver has left the wheel. It seems on Sunday.



I can swim beautifully and thoroughly enjoy rocking the boat. I usually send a suitable floral offering, an anchor of lilies of the



Some couples that put all their money on a big wedding are found after cuttin' down their year away clothes ter dress th' baby.

If T. R. is really so anxious on that race suicide score, why doesn't he charter an aeroplane for the stork and facilitate more rapid delivery service?

The busiest canal in the world is the St. Marys Fall canal, connecting Lake Superior with Lake Huron.

Great deposits of oil shale are said to abound in Australia.

Here's a tip for summer resorters: Don't snub the life savers. You may regret it when you feel yourself going down for the third and last time.

In four years New York has built 98 theaters and 32 churches.

A baby is born in the United States ever 12 seconds.

She: I think it is decidedly in bad taste the way Mrs. DeStyke holds up her skirts when she crosses the street, don't you? He: Well, I must admit that it seems good form to me.

Residents of Cape Town, South Africa, get the correct time every night by the switching off of the current in the central power station, causing the winking of the lights in every home.

Autoists must apply for licenses in Chicago at a window which happens to be labeled "Deadly Weapons."

First Lawyer: Going to make an attorney of your boy when he grows up? Second One: I hardly think so. He seems to have a very honest disposition.

Underwear is sold by the pound in some parts of Italy.

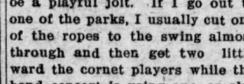
In Michigan 27,996 men are employed in automobile factories.

Drs. Thomas, Fidelity Bldg. You can get a good breakfast, a quick lunch at noon, and we prepare a special bill for dinner at

THADENS Bakery and Coffee House. 918 Commerce St. "The Millionaire's Club"



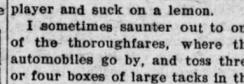
TO BE ALIVE FOR A WHILE, BUT IT'S PRETTY HARD ON THE TELEGRAPH POLES. To thoroughly enjoy one's self, one should have a vein of humor in his makeup. The last policeman who pinched me said he thought I was the funniest proposition he had ever run across. To would never have caught me, but I tripped and fell, and his motor-



cycle ran right over my funny bone. About the rarest sport I know of is to make raw hamburger steak into balls about the size of eggs, and throw them into the summer cars as they pass.



Also, whenever the lights go out in the street car on which I'm riding, I'm the one who starts the kissing sound.



Oh, there is no end of entertaining and amusing things that a person may do, to make the Sunday one to be remembered by every-

body. I would advise every mother to have her sons follow the pleasures I have outlined above, rather than have them blow out on a big bruise every Sunday and get the chin. Just think how terrible it is to be in a drunken stupor on Sunday.

THE THIRD READER BY FRED SCHAEFER

THE SHEPHERD AND NAPOLEON. When Napoleon the Great was mustering his forces for the assault on Saragossa in the Trojan war, he was taught a very valuable lesson in patriotism by a Swiss boy.

The eminent military genius was in the act of crossing the Himalayas at the head of his imperishable Six Hundred when night came on. Chafing at the delay to his plans, he went into camp on the shore of Loch Lomond.

It so chanced that Isidore Gigglewitz, the shepherd boy, had wad set out over the moor to find his flock of ducks that were wont to feed on the edelweiss which grew so luxuriantly along the Rubicon, and was captured by French centurion and brought into the tent of the invader.

Respectfully removing his pibroch, Isidore stood unbowed and waited calmly for the usual insults that are heaped upon the



heads of boy heroes by kings and oppressors in story books. "Lubberly lowbrow!" hissed the Corsican, "in which direction from hence is the Battle of Balaklava?"

"Noble sire, and you, barbarous cutthroats," replied Isidore, bowing to the assembled company, "mother says battles are scenes of riot and ill manners. Therefore I refuse to abet them by telling you where any are taking place." His voice was firm, but trembled with dignity.

At this Napoleon began a long and studied harangue describing his fixed determination to annihilate the foe, even if he had to resort to violence. But all this had no effect upon the intrepid boy, who had taken the precaution to pack a sponge in each of his ears.

Determining to attempt by stratagem what he could not effect by eloquence, Bonaparte ordered the rustic to be bound hand and foot to a catapult and hurled to death in the Hellspont for his insolence. Just as a beetle-browed stvedore was about to touch a match to the powder, the doomed youth pushed back the flaxen hair from his forehead and ejaculated in a low, sweet tone of voice:

"Give me my liberty, or notify an undertaker!" At this the tyrant's baffled ruy charged suddenly to admiration. Leaping from his perch on he looked keenly at the lad, and exclaimed:

"By Olympus! Were I not Napoleon the Great I would be with pleasure Isidore Gigglewitz. Yo umay fire when ready, Anatole." And as evidence that the rebuke had sunk into his soul, Napoleon from that moment abandoned all thought of participating in the Battle of Balaklava.