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DON'T SQUAWK, IT'S "FOR THE GOOD OF THE PARTY" THAT THEY PULL YOUR FEATHERS

If you felt a strange hand in your pocketbook, you would try to grab the stranger. Failing, you would set up a great yell and, at the head of a mob, chase him five miles, though your pocketbook contained only a street car ticket.

If your wife awoke in the night and saw a villain crawling out of a window with your silver or tin coffee pot, you'd fire your pistol, get out all the police and never get over talking about how your house was once burglarized.

If, while going homeward some night, a fellow put a pistol to your head and made you surrender all you had on you and sign a chattel mortgage for what you had at home, you'd put him down as the champion for brutality and nerve, and curse the police for all time

if they didn't at once catch and punish him.

But how did U. S. Senator Bristow's expose of the Rubber Trust, recently published in these columns, impress you?

Bossing the senate, Aldrich bosses through congress legislation putting raw rubber on the free list, with prohibitive tariff on manufactured rubber goods. A Rubber Trust is formed, by Aldrich's near relative, and prices are raised on your rubber boots, your babe's rubber nipples, the hospital patient's hot water bottles, your wife's waterproof, your suspenders, the poor man's overshoes, the rich man's auto tires—everything into which rubber enters. Old and young, rich and poor, sick and well are legally ROBBED that Aldrich's relatives may be millionaires.

Moreover, desiring to be returned to congress to do more robbing, Aldrich's tools and even some of your president's cabinet members are going to invade this state and tell you that this thing is good for us. They think you so stupid that you didn't feel the hand in your pocket, see the fellow looting your house at night, or realize that there was anything wrong in stripping you with a pistol at your nose.

You are going to be told by the fellows who helped Aldrich rob you that it's all right because Aldrich helped their relatives rob you in respect of the schedules on cotton, wool, hides and fuel.

You are going to be told by the finest orators that the Rubber Trust and other Trusts can hire or President Taft lend "for the party" that fellows like La

Follette, Beveridge, Murdock, Norris, Poindexter and others who object to your being robbed are traitors to your party and not to be trusted because they will not stand for the scheme of skinning you to make Aldrich's son, or son-in-law, or nephew, or daughter-in-law rich.

The bi-annual campaign of pulling out your feathers without causing you to squawk is on. Once again, as in every second year that comes along, you are to be fooled into "fostering infant industries" whose titanic feet already crush your neck.

Will you be fooled, "for the good of the party," this time? Not if you are half as careful about casting your vote as you are about what the pickpocket, the burglar and the footpad may do to you.

In the Editor's Mail

Short letters from Times readers will be printed in this column when they are of sufficient general interest. You may write about anything or anybody so long as personal malice is not your motive.

FLOWERS OF APPRECIATION.

There is no greater kindness in this sad, glad old world, than just the kindness of appreciation sincerely expressed. Yet how miserly we are with it, much of the time!

And it costs so little to say the few words of approval, of admiration, of gratitude—so little, compared with the amount of sweetness and encouragement which those same words carry.

If we only realized—and I—how many hungry hearts there are, all about us, we would not withhold our gifts of money or food from the saving of a starving body.

Yet there are souls, with whom we come in contact, every day, who are starving for the one little loving word of appreciation which it does not occur to us to give.

Appreciation is not only a comfort and a joy, but it is a never-failing spur to flagging ambition.

Many an utterly disheartened man and woman, seeing no results from their honest efforts, and ready to cry, "What's the use? Nobody cares!" have been given new courage, and interest, and inspiration, by some kindly word of praise, that has come tardily, but not too late.

Ah, that "too late!" Is there any sadder tragedy than that of the writer whose body starves in a garret, while his soul pours out its life-blood of beauty for a world that pays no heed—until he is dead?

Yes—there is one. And that is the tragedy of the mother, or wife, the husband, or father, or friend, whose life of unselfish devotion is lived and goes out, "unloved, unhonored, and unsung"—and is then appreciated, too late!

We have such a little way to go together, we fellow-humans; why do we not scatter more flowers in each other's path? God knows, the road is rough enough, at best!

Editor Tacoma Times:— Says the Post-Intelligencer, of July 16, 1910: "But the republicans of this state will probably not give Mr. Poindexter another chance to betray them."

Is that so? Well, if voting for a "square deal for every man no more, no less," for a "government of all the people, by all the people, for all

the people," to "preserve and perpetuate the republican party and to save it from the domination of privileged interests," to eliminate "the baneful influence of Aldrichism and Cannonism from public affairs," is betraying the republicans of this state, then, indeed, will Mr. Poindexter be given another chance—not "only another," but many of them. LUE F. VERNON.

So did Lydia. Something ripped something dropped upon the floor, followed by a stream of small, glittering stones—fiery red, dazzlingly white, scintillatingly yellow.

"Diamonds—pearls—carbuncles!" gasped Mrs. Stevens. "Oh, my child—what fortune!"

But Lydia had gone upstairs to pray for the soul of Solomon Dunkley.

FASHIONS

Many very large flat hats are seen, trimmed underneath the brim.

New handbags are made of black velvet and colored suede leather.

A novelty in the binding of hats is to take a ribbon about three inches wide, gather at each edge, and draw up to fit over the brim edge as wide on the lower as on the upper side.

The guimpe of plain sheer tulle or net is more frequently used than that of tucks. The yoke is extremely shallow and flesh tint is the usual color.

Wreaths of simple white roses lie flat upon the broad brims of plain black hats for those who would avoid the flaring brim.

The kimono and obi scarf effect is strongly hinted at in some of the new Paris costumes, which lean toward orientalism.

Pumps of Panama straw for warm weather wear are made with moderately thick soles.

Papir-labull, jade, malachite, ruby, crystal, and coral are among the stones most frequently used for earrings.

Pumps of black satin are finished with simple flat bows.

CYNTHIA GREYS CORRESPONDENTS

Dear Miss Grey: My hands perspire very much, making it impossible for me to wear gloves, even in the winter. I wish you would please tell me what to do for them. INQUIRY.

A.—Improve your general circulation by long walks. Take a hot bath twice or three times a week, followed by a cold sponge or spray. Rub your entire body vigorously with a rough Turkish towel morning and night. Dust a little talcum with one-sixth part powdered alum in it, into your gloves.

Dear Miss Grey: A schoolmate has been playing a great deal of attention to me. He is engaged to a girl who is away, but he never goes to see her unless he goes on the sly, and he does not mention her to me. I invite him to call, and he says he will, but he has called only once. How can I find out if he means to be true to me? My mother is also anxious. My father is dead. Please advise me. LILLIAN.

A.—If you know this young man is engaged, you are doing wrong in accepting attentions from him. It looks as if he may be a would-be "mascher." If he does not care enough about you to call at your home, he certainly is not worthy the thought you are giving him. Drop him.

Dear Miss Grey: I had some word done with the electric needle, and brown scars have resulted. What can I do for them? GREENHORN.

A.—Better consult the operator who did your work.

For the first time in the history of Sweden two women have been elected to the municipal council of Stockholm. One was elected by the Conservatives and one by the Socialists.

ALL AROUND THE HOME By Cynthia Grey

Garments which are being washed in flour must be treated exactly as if they were in the wash tub. They must be lifted out with as much flour in the folds as possible and rolled in a clean towel for a day. A good shaking and ironing will then restore them.

Wash-leather gloves require yellow soap and lukewarm water—not hot. They should be dried on the hands or on wooden trees if possible, in the sun or close to a fire. Like flannels, the quicker they dry the better.

For tender feet soak them well and rub thoroughly with olive oil mixed with enough ammonia to make it thick and creamy.

Softened lemons that are hard from long standing by covering a few moments with boiling water.

Clean steel with a paste made of emery powder and oil.

Water bottles may be cleaned with salt and vinegar—a dessert spoonful of salt moistened with vinegar. Shake until stains are removed.

Boil yellowed linen in a lather made of one pound of white soap to one gallon of milk. Rinse in two waters, adding bluing to the last water. This is grandmother's way.

A teaspoonful of chloride of lime in a quart of water and strained twice will take out mildewed spots if the garments are laid to dry in the sun.

Little fans must match the evening gown in color and material, and the same pattern of embroidery must be used for their decorations.

WHY NOT TAKE A VACATION FROM YOUR FAMILY?

(By Cynthia Grey.)

Right her in the midst of the vacation season I want to make a suggestion. If you have already "vacated" this year, think it over for next summer.

Instead of the usual family vacation, taken all together at the lake or the farm, or whatever it may be—why not take a real vacation from yourselves, each going his or her own way for the week, or two weeks, or four weeks?

Even the most congenial persons sometimes get upon each other's nerves. Families aren't often made up of the most congenial, and though the various members of a home group, inspired by affection and association, get along very well most of the time, it will do every one of them good to take time once a year for refreshing and entirely new associations.

Scarcely any two members of a family have the same idea of holiday enjoyment. If each were allowed to choose, one would seek a popular summer resort, another would go to some quiet place by the river or lake, a third would visit in another city. By all going together the rest sacrifice to the preferences of one or two. Then most of the family return home without the renewed health and pleasant association which a holiday after their own heart would have given them.

For 11 months of the year you can't escape your family, even if you want to. Surely, a short period of separation will be most desirable for the tired mother of the family—a time when she will not need to think of and worry about and prepare for the others. The conventional holiday means only a continuation of the harassing and anxious daily life for "mother." She needs rest far more than any of the others, yet rarely gets it on a holiday trip. Let her have a few weeks' emancipation from family cares—say with her daughter for a companion—and she will return home renewed in health and strength, glad again to "mother" them all.

I know a happy and united family which separates each year for the vacations. Each returns home delighted to see the others again, with a wealth of experiences to recount and pleasures to remember.

And I know another happy family of two—husband and wife—who started their married life with the same idea of a vacation from each other at least once a year, believing this annual separation would be good for them and keep the fires of love burning all the more brightly. They tried it once and were so miserable they never will do it again.

Perhaps it's a matter of individuals and families. Perhaps the idea will not work out well for all. Think about it, anyhow.

About Other Women. Miss Mabel Nutting of the Massachusetts Teachers' college is actively promoting the introduction of handwork into institutions for the insane and invalids. It gives them content.

RHATZ! LEOPOLD WANTS A NEW NAME NEW YORK, July 27.—It's a far call from Rats to Roses, but every time any one called Leopold Rhatz all the dogs in the neighborhood came running up in anticipation of a fine meal.

So Leopold doesn't want to be called any slang phrases any more.

Illustrative of the Regular tendency: "Our watchword is forward and we stand pat."—Ex-Senator Lamb of Kansas.

There are more than 200 fishing vessels on the Great Lakes. Nobody cares particularly about J. Pierp Morgan's big red nose. It is his big yellow "wad" that compels attention.

The principal work of the United States secret service is to detect counterfeiters and protect the president.

Twelve million, hundred forty-four thousand children go to school in this country.

Daily Short Story

THE SAILOR'S BELT

By Stuart B. Stone

At the rat-tat-tat of a cane upon the sidewalk, Lydia stole through the front doorway. Well she knew it would be old Solomon Dunkley, the cobbler, limping home. About his waist would be the wonderful black belt of cobra's skin, and maybe he would be singing some outlandish sailor's chorus, or maybe swearing round seaman's oaths.

The latter supposition held good and Lydia, after listening fascinatedly for a moment, put the ends of her pink fingers into her ears. Something was the matter with old Solomon. Something was always the matter, to judge by his language, but today it must be worse. Lydia could tell by her mother's face, as she came forth to rescue her child.

"Come here this minute, Lydia Stevens," called her mother.

"But I want to see the funny belt," protested Lydia.

"That snake belt will uncoil from around old Solomon's waist and bite you one of these days," warned Mrs. Stevens.

Lydia heard and ran to her mother screaming. But old Solomon, late of the Seven Seas and the Southern Cross, hearing, too, turned and directed his volleys at the alarmed mother, who, shivering, conducted her sobbing darling into the house.

Lydia nestled in the darkened parlor and sobbed. Then the fascination of the cobra skin belt came upon her again—the mad, eerie charm of the black belt, which old Solomon wore about his waist night and day, and which half the town believed to be a baleful Hallsman. The longer the child's thought lingered upon the strange belt, the more irresistible the charm became. After a bit she stole out of the house and slipped down the ill-smelling alley to the dingy abode of old man Dunkley.

Before she got to the house she heard a groaning, so fierce and terrifying that her courage almost failed. But, drawn in spite of her fears, she entered the dilapidated cabin. On a miserable bed in the corner lay the old cobbler, who seemed, yellow face contorted with pain. At sight of her he reared his wild abuse. Lydia held her breath until he had finished,



"ARE YOU SICK?" SHE ASKED GENTLY.

Efery Clout Hass a Greenback Lining; Dey Begin to Get Real Money by Mail

Adolf, Who Is a Cheap Skate, Wants to Go Sont Mit Der Svag Right Away, But Osgar Knows Id Is Too Soon For Der Post-office Inspectors Already—Dey Gife Advice How to Send Your Savings.

By Fred Schaefer. LAVA LEDGE, Idaho.—A fool iss growing up efery minute. We know diss, me und Adolf, becoss our mail iss becaming heafy from dose prospectuses vich we sent out to make der public buy our golt mine away from us so we can go home again. Reading maybe makes a full an, but a prospectus makes hiss pockets empty.

Diss ding of mine brotation iss a better graft as efen running a church biazare, becoss beople dink dey iss going to quick-get-rich. I obened der mail und remofed der money, und Adolf read der letters out loud to himself. "Say, we got enough," said Adolf, "led us make a skipplings." Adolf neder hat any moral courage. I demandet him to valt—it wass just starting. I dink der fairst mail brot us \$178.66, und our frents vil doubtlessly concrack-lete us on re-establishment our standing in der business vorit.

Von insolent feller sent us hiss obxress money order for a hunter tollars und addet in a post-scribble dot he tot he voutl like to come out und see der mine becoss he wass senting efery cent he hat in der vorit. I ordert Adolf to write back to him und tell him hiss iss no place for a man mit-out money. Dumbhead!

To some fellers vich hat failed to sent any collateral we returned a circular vich adviced dem as follows: "Efen ef id iss only 10 cents, sent us der money in larch denominations. Ef der packetch velds more as four pounds, do nod sent id by mail, but by obxress, prepaid in advance, please. It should be prepaid in advance or we don't maybe haf enough small change to pay charches und get id out of der obxress offs. Golt cash should be shipped in refrigerador cars. We close, vishing you voutl hurry."

I dink dot vill felicitate matters. Yours, mit noddings but contempnd for pikers like der Dalton Boys und Cheese Chasars. OSGAR.

Thy purpose firm-is equal to the deed: Who does the best his circumstance allows, Does well, acts nobly; angels could not more.—Young.

A Russian has patented a substitute for gutta serena. It is made of asphalt, colophony, turpentine und linseed oil.

Uncle Joe Cannon seems to be getting "in worse" every day, und the insurgents seem to be ascending to power. If this be treason,



Most Anything

"People who go to th' seaside, fer fresh air git stung; all they git is salt air."

"I contend that a cow should be milked on the left side, but a friend of mine says she should be milked on the right side. Who is right?"

"A cow should be milked on the udder side."

Experiments are being made in Brazil to produce new varieties of native fruits.

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SOCIETY

Brigadier General Maron P. Chautauqua. Mrs. Scott's sister, Maus was the guest of honor at an elaborate dinner at the Union club given by the tournament committee of the Chamber of Commerce last night. Several prominent army officials were also present.

Mrs. L. R. Manning is entertaining today complimentary to Mrs. and Miss Williams of Lakeville, Conn.

Miss Helen Jeffries of Jamesville, Wis., and Miss Margaret Gaffney of Seattle are guests of Miss Ella Todd of Pacific Heights. They were all classmates in Mt. Vernon seminary.

Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Scott have gone to their summer cottage at

Chautauqua. Mrs. Scott's sister, Carrie Shaw Rice, is with them and later Mrs. Leonard Pearson will join the party.

The regular Wednesday evening of the Tennis club this evening will be presided over by Mrs. Foster, assisted by Miss Mabel Opie and Miss Hazel Howe.

Miss Halstead of Sockford, Ill., is the guest of Mrs. Clinton Smith for the summer.

Daughters lodge, I. O. G. T., will give a baby show and reception for old members Thursday evening at 8 o'clock at Fraternity hall, 1117 1/2 Tacoma avenue. Babies of Good Templars only will be admitted. They must be under four years of age.

PLAYTIME STORIES

PLAYING HOOKEY

Bobby and Jamie didn't want to go to school. It was so nice and sunny outdoors.—"Just the day for fish to bite, too," pouted Jamie.

"Let's play hookey and go to the creek," suggested Bobby.

They agreed that it was a good idea and off they trudged. Bobby had a hook and line in his pocket and it was easy enough to cut a rod from one of the saplings by the creek. It was jolly to go swimming and then sit on the bank and fish.

They caught two nice trout, but what would they do with them? They couldn't take them home, 'cause then the folks would know they hadn't been to school. They couldn't eat them raw and there wasn't a match to be found in their pockets. At last they decided to give them to old Mrs. Hollis on their way home. She lived alone and didn't have anybody to catch fish for her.

They started through the field back of Mrs. Hollis' house. Jamie carrying his shoes and stockings because he wanted to go barefoot. But what was that terrible roar? They looked back and there stood a fierce-looking cow!

How they yelled and ran. Bobby got safely over the fence, still holding the fish. But poor Jamie couldn't run as fast, as the stubbles hurt his feet. Behind him came the cow. He fell down at last expecting every minute the cow would toss him on its horns. But the cow only nosed him over and continued to the fence where Mrs. Hollis now stood.

"Why, boys," said she, "Bossie isn't cross, she just thought you were carrying something for her to eat."

When Bobby gave her the fish the wise old lady smiled as she thanked him, adding: "I'm afraid you played truant today. Maybe it was just for punishment that Bossie scared you so."



In Little Old New York

(By Norman.)

NEW YORK, July 27.—Spoon- ing cannot truthfully be classed as an infant industry, but it is to have protection, nevertheless. Couples who bill and coo in New York's parks are to be guarded by coppers with blue lanterns, who will hoveo around benches and guard the happy beings from attacks of marauders.

For some weeks there have been repeated complaints that lovers in Van Cortlandt, Bronx, Claremont, Crotona and St. Mary's parks were set upon by wicked ruffians, who threw ink on girls' dresses or ripped them with knives, stole men's hats, and sometimes beat unfortunate persons. The park department has decided this is all wrong, and special policemen will do their best to stop it.

"Where do the chauffeurs come from?" is a question that is being answered in examination papers of men seeking to qualify for licenses under the new state law. Some are former motormen and fer.

W. H. Hutton, retired merchant of Cincinnati, is "in good" with the married clerks at the Plaza hotel. Hutton has a fine large touring car, and has placed it at the disposal of married clerks, any one of whom may have the machine for an afternoon's outing, for the asking.

Why Hutton bars bachelor clerks is not announced. Perhaps he fears they would have joy parties with chorus girls and wreck his car; perhaps he favors matrimony and thinks the single pen-wielders may decide to wed in order to take advantage of his offer.

Old Straw and Felt Hats Made New Don't throw your old hat away. Bring it to me, I will make it new again. Expert Panama bleacher. Tel. M. 7650. Union Shop.

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